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HISTORICAL SKETCHES

AND

REMINISCENCES

OF

MADISON COUNTY,

INDIANA.

A Detailed History of the Early Events of the Pioneer Settlement of the County, and Many of the Happenings of Recent Years, as well as a Complete History of Each Township, to which is Added Numerous Incidents of a Pleasant Nature, in the way of Reminiscences, and Laughable Occurrences.

BY

JOHN L. FORKNER

AND

BYRON H. DYSON.

ANDERSON, INDIANA.

1897.

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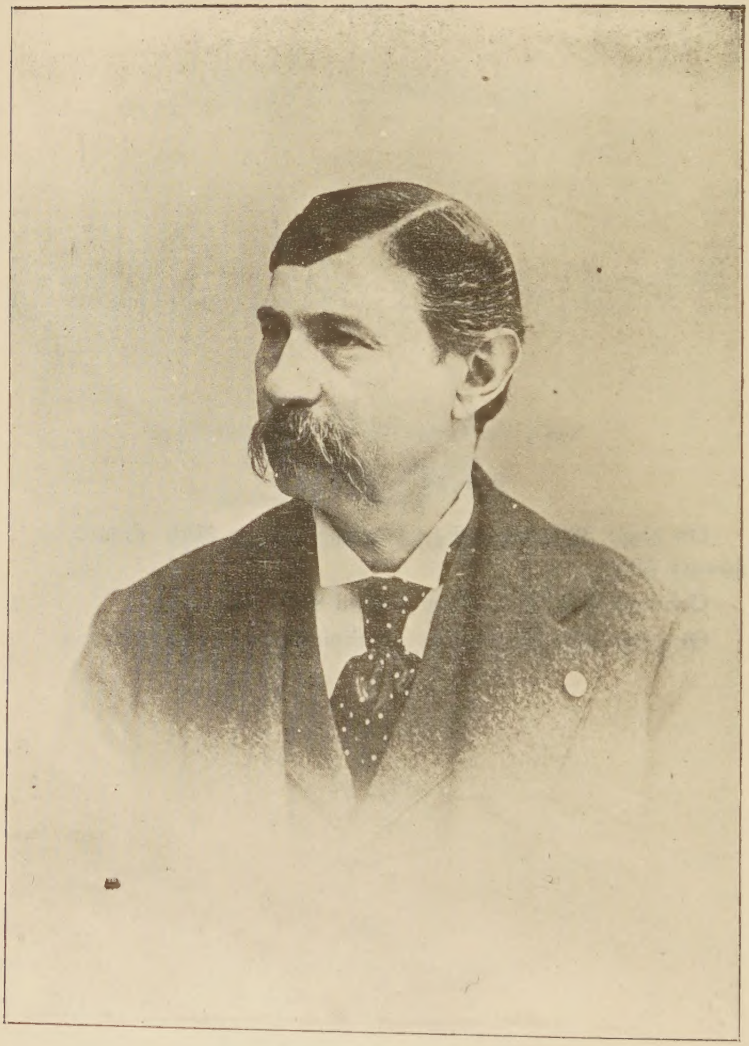
ERRATTA.

On page 399, Postoffice Burglary, June 30th should be January 30th.

On page 321, J. S. Carr should be J. W. Carr.

On page 331, Frank Craven should read Frank Curven.



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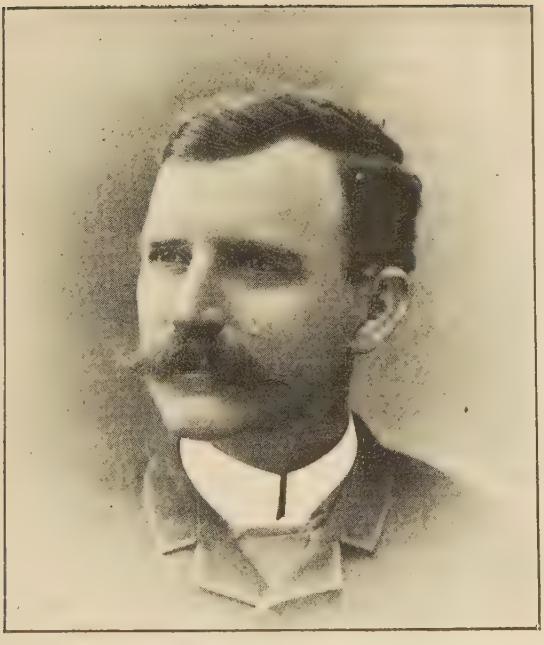


BYRON H. DYSON.

PREFACE.

The publication of this book is wholly a labor of love, without the remotest idea of being reimbursed for the time and money spent in its preparation.

The natural affection for the old-timer, and a desire to perpetuate his memory, and to hand down to posterity his customs and manners was the sole object that first prompted the writers to undertake such a task. As the work progressed it became more evident each day that it would be doing a great county like Madison an injustice not to go further into detail, and to include the new comer, and to treat of the new order of things, since the county has grown, as it were, by magic from a monotonous agricultural district to a bustling manufacturing community. So we have presented to our readers, what we flatter ourselves, to be a statement of facts, and a compilation of useful and desirable information, not found in any other work of the kind extant.

We have endeavored to spice the pages of this work with a few incidents of a mirthful nature, to lighten the pathway of the reader as he passes through the volume, relieving the monotony of the task of reading its contents.

The reminiscences contained herein are taken from real life, many of them having been written by one of the authors for the Daily Democrat and other Anderson publications. The matter contained being in many instances the portrayal of the oddities and customs of the old-timers. It is thought proper to reproduce them in this work.

Many occurrences have taken place in the county, not recorded here, from the fact that to publish all would require a volume many times the size of this, and we have contented ourselves with giving the most important ones, and those of which we could ascertain the most trustworthy information.

Many of the early incidents of the pioneer history of the county have become traditional, as there are but very few of the early settlers left to tell the tale, and no records of such events were kept, and no newspapers printed at that time. It

is wholly from the memories of those who yet survive, that we have gleaned much of the information in regard to such matters.

We expect criticism upon the merits of this work. Its defects will be very apparent to those who borrow it of the subscribers. Its contents will also induce criticism from a few old-timers who cannot be convinced by written records that their recollection of certain events is at fault. The "natural born kicker" who does not know, nor cannot appreciate, the difference between a history of this character and a directory or gazetteer, will likewise remark upon its imprefections because his name does not appear in its pages. And there is the self-constituted critic who cannot write a grammatical sentence in any language, and whose criticisms are always severest upon matters that he knows nothing about; he, too, will find discrepancies and mistakes, not only in the text, but in the style of narration. We are prepared for this—for any and all animadversions. Possibly we have not done our best, but we flatter ourselves that we have done fairly well. We have also learned by experience the significance of Job's desire that his "adversary would write a book." Notwithstanding his patience and long suffering, he had much of human nature in his composition, and wanted to get "even" with his "adversary," or enemy, who was no doubt a critic. We recognize the fact however, that it is the province of a critic to criticise, not to be criticised, and we therefore submit our effort for what it is worth, feeling assured that those who appreciate the difficulties of such an undertaking will over-look whatever of crudities and imperfections it may contain.

HISTORICAL.

CHAPTER I.

Pre-Historic Period of Madison County—The Mounds and the Mound-Builders—Stone Implements—The Mastodons.

A work of this character, and especially of Madison county, would be largely deficient in interest if proper mention were not made of such archæological data as are found within the limits of the territory under consideration. To the archæologist, the scientist, the lover of research and the curious, there are existing evidences of the pre-historic occupancy of Madison county both by men and animals that are of absorbing interest. Until recent years, comparatively, no active or scientific research had been made into the mysterious past of Madison county and other portions of the United States where remains have been discovered, that indicate the presence here, at a very remote period, of a race of beings possessing intelligence superior, doubtless, to that of the North American Indians. The inquiries and investigations that have thus far been made have resulted in the establishment of a number of theories concerning this pre-historic people, but nothing definite or satisfactory has been learned as to their name or character. They are called the "Mound Builders" for want of a better name and for the further reason that, whoever or whatever they were, they left numerous evidences in the shape of immense mounds in different localities throughout the country, that challenge the wonder and admiration of the student and scientist. Eminent archæologists have indulged in much speculation and arrived at conclusions which are fairly plausible concerning this lost race. But "whence came they and whither did they go" will doubtless remain unanswered. This question has elicited no end of learned discussion and a great diversity of opinion has been

the result. There is one opinion concerning them, however, that is generally held in common by archæologists and ethnologists, and that opinion is with reference to their origin. The following from Baldwin's Ancient America upon this subject will be of interest :

"They were unquestionably American aborigines and not immigrants from another continent. That appears to me the most reasonable suggestion which assumes that the Mound Builders came originally from Mexico and Central America. It explains many facts connected with their remains. In the Great Valley their most populous settlements were at the south. Coming from Mexico and Central America, they would begin their settlements on the Gulf Coast, and afterward advance gradually up the river to the Ohio Valley. It seems evident that they came by this route, and their remains show that their only connection with the coast was at the South. Their settlements did not reach the coast at any other point.

"Their construction were similar in design and arrangement to those found in Mexico and Central America. * * * A very large proportion of the old structures in Ohio and farther South, called 'mounds'—namely, those which are low in proportion to their horizontal extent—are terraced foundations for buildings, and, if they were situated in Yucatan, Guatemala and Southern Mexico, they would never be mistaken for anything else. The high mounds, also in the two regions are remarkably alike. In both cases they are pyramidal in shape and have level summits of considerable extent, which were reached by stairways on the outside. * * * All these mounds were constructed for religious uses, and they are, in their way, as much alike as any fine Gothic churches."

Other eminent archæologists take a similar view of the question and advance plausible arguments sustaining the theory that this mysterious people were American aborigines. And yet, the theory advanced by some that the Mound Builders were natives of the far East, who came to the Western hemisphere by way of Behring strait, is not regarded as wholly untenable. Many of the mounds were undoubtedly erected for defense, while others were constructed for religious or devotional uses. They differ in the manner of their construction in different localities, and this has contributed no little to the mystery which envelops them, and the diversity of

opinion generally concerning, not only the race that built them, but the purposes for which they were constructed.

These remains exist in but one locality in Madison county, and in comparison with other mounds in the country are but little known, notwithstanding one of them is as well, if not better preserved than any of the ancient mounds in the country north of the Ohio river. They have been visited by archæologists and scientists in recent years, who have made them the subject of much interesting speculation, but their researches have contributed nothing new concerning them. They stand today as they will stand until the ravages of time effect their obliteration, the mysterious monuments of an unknown people.

The mounds in Madison county are situated on a bluff, four miles east of Anderson on the south side of White river, in Union township. They are eight in number, three of which still preserve their outlines completely. The largest in the group is remarkably well preserved considering the ages that have circled away since it was constructed. It is a circular embankment with a steep ditch on the inside. The "mound" is 1,020 feet in circumference and the ditch at this time 10½ feet deep and 30 feet wide. There is a mound on the inside of the embankment, and an entrance on the southwest side 30 feet wide. Through this passage carriages enter and are driven around the mound, as the ditch terminates on each side of the entrance. The mound is surrounded by the native forests, and a number of large trees are still standing within the enclosure. Several large walnut trees at one time grew upon both the mound and embankment, but they were cut down many years ago and manufactured into lumber. This mound, as well as two other enclosures just west of it, are supposed by archæologists to have been devoted to religious uses, while a mound to the east about a half mile is thought to have been used as a means of defense. Several of the mounds, or enclosures, belonging to the group have become almost entirely obliterated by the plow, the land upon which they are situated being under cultivation.

In 1878 a report on the geology and archæology of Indiana by the state geologist contained a very interesting account of these ancient remains. Their dimensions and situation were illustrated, and all the facts obtainable concerning them given in detail.

But what became of this race of people? Whither did

they go? Did they retrace their steps to the south, assuming that they came from Central America, or did famine, war or pestilence, or all three effect their destruction? That they were here in Madison county there is no question, and that they disappeared leaving nothing behind them to indicate the purpose of their coming, their numbers, or their fate, is a mystery that the patient research of the archæologist has been unable to dispel.

OTHER RELICS OF A BY-GONE AGE.

Besides the mounds there are other evidences that Madison county was inhabited centuries ago. Flint spearheads and arrowheads have been found in abundance in different localities, as well as numbers of other stone implements, used probably for domestic purposes. The stone relics found here belong to the two ages of stone—the rough and the polished. But at what time in the world's history were they used? It is asserted by high authority that there is not a vestige of evidence that would prove the existence of man in Indiana two thousand years ago. He may have roamed over the hills and through the valleys of this territory unnumbered ages before the mounds were built, but there is no evidence to prove it. The flint implements found almost in abundance at an early day in this county, and still occasionally picked up here and there by the husbandman while plowing his fields, were fashioned by human hands, but when, and by whom there is no record. That they were brought here there is but little doubt, as the variety of stone out of which they were made is not found in this part of the country.

In this connection it is proper to make due mention of the fact that at several points in the county the remains of animals have been found which indicate by their enormous size the presence here at one time of the mastodon. In 1871, while some laborers were constructing a ditch on the farm of Mr. John Harmeson, three miles south of the city of Anderson, a number of huge bones belonging to this extinct species of animals were found, and presented to the late Dr. William A. Hunt, a student, and besides one of the best informed gentlemen no doubt in the county, upon archæological as well as other scientific matters.

These remains together with an interesting collection of other archæological and geological specimens were, after his death, presented to the Madison County Historical Society

by his sons, Drs. M. V. and J. W. Hunt. Several teeth of enormous size, one of which was found on the Devault Crowell farm, in Adams township, and presented to the society by the late Harry Irish, of that township, attests the immense proportions of this extinct species of animal, if it be true that there is a relative proportion between the size of the teeth of an animal and the animal itself. Upon this subject Dr. Hunt, in a scholarly and exceedingly interesting chapter, contributed to Hardin's history of Madison county, says: "If this rule is even proximative, and in the vicinity of truth, we attain all that is expected by the comparison. We have in our possession a tooth of an ox that had a living weight of eighteen hundred pounds. As the ox's tooth is to its living weight, so is the matsodon's to its live weight. The rule, if correct, makes the weight of the living mastodon, whose bones were found in the vicinity of Anderson, forty thousand one hundred and twelve pounds. It is not claimed that there is any great degree of accuracy in the calculation, but as good as any from the kind of material we have to reason from."

At what time did these immense animals rove through the forests of Madison county, feeding on the tender branches of the trees, and succulent herbage growing along the margins of marshes and streams? The remains of this extinct pachyderm have been found in nearly every country on the globe, and were as much of a mystery two thousand years ago as they are today. No human remains indicative of great antiquity have ever been found in this locality, and if man ever beheld a living mastodon in Madison county or on this continent, there is no evidence of it. Whether they were few or many is also a matter of speculation, as well as the cause, or causes, of their disappearance as a species. So far as the investigations of scientists are concerned they have thus far been unavailing in determining these questions, and, like the mystery of the mounds and Mound Builders, will probably never be solved.

It is a theory of those who have given this subject much painstaking consideration, that the mastodon's haunts on this part of the continent were around lakes and marshes, and they point to the localities where its remains have been found as proof of their position. The bones found on the Harmeson farm were in a marsh which at one time was undoubtedly a lake covering many miles of territory east and west. Remains of the mastodon exhumed in other localities have uniformly

been found in marshy places where it is thought the animals went to feed and getting mired, perished. The cause, or causes, of the extinction of the entire species, however, will remain unknown.

CHAPTER II.

General History of Madison County.

Of that fair territory lying within the boundaries of Indiana which was named in honor of the fourth president of the United States, it is the purpose of this work to treat, not alone that the early pioneers who settled here and blazed the way for the splendid civilization that now obtains within its borders may be appropriately remembered, but that their descendants may be made acquainted with the difficulties and hardships they encountered as well as the pleasures that fell to their portion as the brave heralds of a destiny that has made the county at this writing (1896) the second in importance in the State. As the work will be confined entirely to local use the authors have adopted a form in its construction that admits of biography and personal anecdote, and consequently a greater latitude in certain directions than is deemed permissible in more pretentious annals.

Madison county is in the shape of a parallelogram and has an area of 450 square miles. It is situated a little to the east of the center of the state, and is bounded as follows: On the north by Grant county, on the east by Delaware and Henry counties, on the south by Hancock county, and on the west, by Hamilton and Tipton counties. The county is thirty miles long from the south to the north line, and is fifteen miles wide.

Indiana originally constituted a part of the Northwest Territory and was first explored probably in 1680 and first settled by the French at Vincennes in 1702, although this has been questioned, there being considerable authority indicating Ft. Wayne as the first place of settlement in the State. The territory of Indiana was admitted as a state, December 11, 1816. Madison county was subsequently organized. During the territorial period and previous thereto, the territory comprising the county, was owned and occupied by the Delaware and Miami Indians, the former making their home along White river, and the latter in the territory to the north along

the Mississinewa and Wabash rivers, they having acknowledged by Article II., of the treaty at Fort Wayne, September 30, 1809, the equal rights of the Delawares with themselves to the country "watered by the White river." This treaty was signed on the part of the Delawares by Captain Anderson or Kik-tha-we-nund, Captain Killbuck and others, and on the part of the Miamis by Pucan, Little Turtle and other prominent chiefs.

On the third day of October, 1818, the Delawares, at St. Mary's, ceded to the United States all claim to their lands in Indiana. By this treaty, "the United States agree to provide for the Delawares a country to reside in, upon the west side of the Mississippi, and to guarantee to them the peaceable possession of the same."

This treaty was signed by Capt. Anderson, also James Nanticoke and Capt. Killbuck, along with other chiefs of the Delawares. The names of these chiefs are given for the reason that they once made what are now the fertile fields of this county their home and hunting ground. That they were chiefs of influence and prominence is evidenced by the fact that their names are attached to the various treaties made by the United States with their tribe. Another Delaware chief, Captain White Eyes, may be mentioned in this connection for the reason that he once lived in this county, his lodge being situated near the land now owned by the county, and used as a poor-farm.

The city of Anderson was named in honor of Captain Anderson, and occupies the site of his principal village. Anderson's domicile consisted of a large, double log-cabin, one side of which was occupied by his son. This cabin stood about where the Madison county jail now stands, the spot being regarded by the early pioneers of this locality as not only very picturesque, but convenient, there being a large spring of clear, cold water at the foot of the hill a little east of the brick block recently erected by Major Doxey on the north side of East Ninth street; also White river flowing at the base of the hill, or bluff, on the north, whose waters at that time afforded abundance of fish.

James Nanticoke also had a village in this county, and was prominent among his people. There is a tradition to the effect that his squaw was a very handsome woman, and gave the name of "Our Town" to the principal village.

Captain Killbuck had a village of considerable importance

in what is now Richland township, and near the larger of the creeks that bear his name. Next to Captain Anderson, perhaps, he is entitled to consideration as a chief and warrior.

These chiefs were on friendly terms with the whites, and advocated peaceful measures in settling the differences that arose between their people and their pale-face brethren. The early settlers found them tractable, and were not molested either in their persons or property. It is probable that this friendly feeling for the whites had been transmitted to the Indians of that day in this county from their fathers, who had been visited by the Moravians. In fact, a mission was established by these people on the farm owned by Mathias Hughel in Anderson township, and the dim outlines of this village were yet visible to the early settlers of this part of the county. In 1821, a house supposed to have been used as a fort, was still standing on the site of this mission. All evidence of the existence of this village has long since been obliterated.

After the treaty at St. Mary's the Delawares began preparing to leave for their new home beyond the Father of Waters, and on the 20th of September, 1821, they started. They went by way of Noblesville to Vincennes, their chattels being conveyed on horses. Many, however, preferred to go by water, and as the Government had provided them with a large number of canoes, they left for their new home by way of the river. "Uncle" John Allen, who is still kindly remembered by the remaining old settlers and their descendants in Anderson township, recalled distinctly the departure of the Indians from this locality. He stated that no less than twenty canoe loads of them left at one point, and that they were the last of the Indians in Madison county.

CHAPTER III.

EARLY INDIAN HISTORY—THE BURNING OF THE DELAWARE VILLAGES NEAR ANDERSON—KIK-THA-WE-NUND AND CAPT. PIPE.

The Delaware Indians, who at one time inhabited Madison county, were originally known as the Leni Lenapes. They began to remove from the eastern side of the Allegheny mountains to the country northwest of the Ohio river about the middle of the eighteenth century. They wended their way into the wilderness of what is now the state of Indiana, and for many years were undisturbed in their wild and savage natures. In the spring of 1801 a few Christian Indians came from the Delaware villages on the Muskingum river, in Ohio, to the lodges of the Delawares on White river, in Indiana territory. These Christian red men came for the purpose of establishing missions for the enlightenment and instruction of the tribes in this locality. The missionary band was composed of the brethren Natuge and Luckenbach from Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, and three families of civilized Indians, among whom was one named Joshua, a national interpreter. These missionaries accomplished much good among the aborigines until about the year 1806, when the Shawnee prophet Ellskwatawa, made his appearance upon the scene and through his wonderful influence, led the peaceably inclined Indians again astray. Thus the good work of the mission was destroyed. The prophet was a brother of Techumseh, the great chief, who with his warriors opposed Gen. William Henry Harrison and his soldiers at the battle of Tippecanoe. They were sons of Pukeesheno, a brave who fell in battle when Ellskwatawa was a child. The Delawares retrograded and again became a war-like nation, although they were never so hostile as their kindred of other tribes and were possessed of many noble traits.

The prophet fought bitterly the intermarriage of Indian squaws with white men, and the selling of lands by the Indians to the whites. He also made a bitter warfare against the christianized Indians who had settled among the tribes,

and accused them of witch-craft. He caused an old Delaware chief of the name of Tat-e-bock-o-she, through whose influence a treaty with the United States had been accomplished in 1804, to be put to death by being tomahawked, and his body burned, on this charge.

The Indian missionary, "Joshua," above referred to was also taken at the instigation of the prophet, and brought before a council held just across the border of Madison county near where the town of Yorktown now stands, and was tried and convicted of witch-craft, and was burned at the stake as a punishment for his crime. The wife of Tat-e-bock-o-she was also convicted and sentenced to death, but was rescued by an Indian warior, and thus escaped a horrible death. Joshua was at the time of his terrible torture and death very old and infirm.

TREATY AT GREENVILLE.

After a long and serious warfare with the Indians throughout the west, a council was called by General Anthony Wayne, to be held at Greenville, Ohio, for the purpose of making peace, and trying to induce the Indians to abandon the war-path and to become civilized. At this meeting, which took place on the 3rd of August, 1795, the different tribes entered into an agreement with General Wayne on behalf of the United States to become citizens of the government and for certain valuable considerations to "cede, sell and convey to the States" large, valuable tracts of lands, composing nearly all territory northwest of the Ohio. At this council there were present many representatives of the Wyandots, the Delawares, the Shawnees, the Miamis, the Ottowas, the Chippewas, the Pottawattomies, the Kickapoos, the Eels and the Weas. The consideration given the tribes to be divided among themselves was an amount of goods and merchandise then paid in hand, $20,000 and the sum of $1,000 to be paid to each of the tribes signing the treaty "annually forever." These to be by the United States delivered at some convenient place north of the Ohio river, and to be reckoned at first cost. It was also stipulated that in lieu of goods or merchandise any of the tribes might take their portion or any part in domestic animals or implements with which to till the soil.

KIK-THA-WE-NUND.

This treaty was duly signed by Anthony Wayne as the party of the first part and by the several tribes by their chiefs

and warriors. The second name signed was Kik-tha-we-nund, or Anderson (his x mark), on behalf of the Delawares. Kik-tha-we-nund was the old chief after whom the city of Anderson took its name.

A treaty prior to the one above recited was made at Fort Harmar, on the Muskingum river, in Ohio, in which the Delawares took part. This was on the 9th of January, 1789, and was signed by Gen. Arthur St. Clair, for the government, to which was subscribed the name of Capt. Pipe (his x mark), on behalf of the Delawares. Capt. Pipe was either afterward a resident of what is now Madison county, or an immediate descendant of one of the same name who resided here as the stream, Pipe creek, took its name from a chief of that tribe known as Captain Pipe.

AN ARMY SENT OUT.

These treaties of peace were afterward broken by the Indians, who were, perhaps, not wholly to blame, as many speculating and unscrupulous whites found their way into the new country and committed depredations among the red men and trouble ensued. The war-like actions of the Indians became so alarming that in the month of June, 1813, a small army consisting of 100 mounted men, organized at Vincennes by order of Governor Posey, was sent out under the command of Colonel Joseph Bartholomew, to move upon the Indians on the west fork of White river, and to destroy their villages and all their means of sustenance. The troops consisted of parts of three companies of rangers, commanded severally by Captains Williamson Dunn, James Bigger and C. Peyton, and a small detachment of militia under command of Major Depauw, of Harrison county.

The army moved on the 11th of June to the upper villages of the Delawares, which must have been situated in Delaware county near where Yorktown now stands, and then down the White river through the present site of Anderson. The description given by the colonel in command in a letter to the governor describes the route covering this territory. He says: "We pursued a course between north and northeast about one hundred miles to the upper Delaware town on White river, where we arrived on the 15th, where we found the principal part of the town had been burnt three or four weeks previously. We found, however, another village that had not been burnt, at a distance of twelve miles below the upper

town. At this point many horses and a goodly quantity of corn were captured and destroyed and the village laid in waste." This is supposed to be at or near where the city of Anderson now stands. Possibly a few miles to the west.

The troops made a tour of the surrounding country and became engaged with some straggling Indians in the neighborhood. In attempting to surround them the Indians were fired upon and one was killed. One of Captain Peyton's rangers was thrown from his horse and was shot by an Indian lurking in ambush and was severely wounded. About one thousand bushels of corn was captured and destroyed. The army returned to its headquarters on the 21st of June, carrying the wounded ranger on a horse litter.

PEACEABLE DELAWARES.

The Delaware Indians were not disposed to go to war with the whites when not influenced by other tribes and were often censured by their red skinned brothers, and accused of friendliness to pale faces. They often sent messages of peace and words of love and affection to General Harrison, who always gave them a kindly hearing.

FURTHER INDIAN HISTORY.

A tradition has been handed down from the earliest settlement of Madison county that Tecumseh, the famous Indian warrior, was at one time a resident of the county. This, we think, is clearly a mistake. In Dillon's early history of Indiana, we find the following allusion to that illustrious personage: "In the early part of the year 1805, the Shawnee warrior and his brother, the prophet, resided at one of the Delaware villages which stood on the borders of the west fork of the White river, within the present boundaries of Delaware county." This clearly establishes the fact that Tecumseh at one time resided very close to the borders of this county; but there is no record of his ever having been an actual resident here.

We wish to state further that there is a difference among the authorities as to the proper name of the Shawnee prophet. Appleton's Encyclopedia of American Biography, gives his name as Ellks-wa-ta-wa, and his birthplace as being near the present city of Chillicothe, Ohio, on the banks of the Scioto river. He was the son of Pu-Ke-She-no, a Shawnee chief. Dillon gives his name as Law-le-was-i-kaw, which signifies a loud voice. He also says that the prophet afterward assumed

the name of Pems-quat-a-wa, which in the dialect of the Shawnees, means an open door.

Tecumseh was born near Springfield, Ohio, in 1768. It is stated on good authority that he once visited this locality, and held a council with Kik-tha-we-nund, or Anderson, the chief of the Delaware tribe which dwelt on the spot upon which the city of Anderson now stands. His mission being for the purpose of enlisting the Delawares in a combination of all the different tribes of the northwest, to take part with Great Britain against the whites in this territory during the struggle of 1812, but it is said that Anderson refused his overtures, and this ended the negotiations.

Many of the older settlers of Madison county claimed the distinction of having been personally acquainted with the Delaware Indians in this county, and to have enjoyed a personal acquaintance with Chief Anderson. This, the writers have the best of reasons to doubt. There is, perhaps, but one living white man now in Madison county who ever saw Chief Anderson, and, if so, it must have been when he was but a child. We refer to the venerable James Hollingsworth, at present a resident of Anderson. Mr. Hollingsworth came to this county with his parents from the state of Ohio in 1820.

According to Dillon's history, on the 31st of October, 1818, a treaty was concluded at St. Mary's, Ohio, whereby the Delaware Indians ceded to the United States all their claims to lands lying within the boundaries of the State of Indiana in which the United States agreed to pay a perpetual annuity of four thousand dollars to the Delawares, and to provide for them a residence country on the western side of the Mississippi river, and guaranteed to them the peaceful possession of the same.

The commissioners who negotiated this treaty on the part of the United States were Jonathan Jennings, Lewis Cass and Benjamin Parke. The Delawares reserved the right to occupy their lands in Indiana for a period of three years from the date of this treaty, at which time, it is said, they took their departure, and, if Mr. Hollingsworth ever saw them at all, it must have been a very short time prior to their leaving.

John Rogers, who is said to have been the first white inhabitant of Madison county, and who came here about the year 1818, and settled on Fall Creek, may possibly, and, in all probability did have a personal acquaintance with this tribe.

About the year 1813, a battle was fought between the United States Army, under Gen. Harrison, with the Miamis and other tribes on the Mississinewa, after which a message was conveyed to the Delaware tribes by Gen. Harrison, through Lieut.-Col. Campbell, requesting them to abandon their towns and to remove to the state of Ohio, and also regretting the unfortunate killing of some of their people in the battle. Soon after these negotiations the main body of the Delawares, together with a small number of Miamis moved into the State of Ohio, and placed themselves under the protection of the government of the United States. The remaining few Indians in this county lingered here with Chief Anderson until his departure as above recited.

The Shawnee prophet, and some of the principal chiefs of the Miamis, retired from the borders of the Wabash, and moved to Detroit, where they were received as the friends and allies of Great Britain.

Gen. Harrison, in giving Col. Campbell orders to proceed to the Mississinewa country to fight the Indians, instructed him to avoid coming in contact with the Delawares on White river, and to pass around their villages in such manner as to in no way disturb them, as they were friendly to the whites. He also instructed him to counsel with William Conner as to his movements, and to court friendly relations with one "Godfroy," a Canadian living in what is now Grant county, who had for his wife an Indian squaw, and was friendly to the white people, and had great influence with the Miamis and other Indians in the country.

CONCERNING WILLIAM AND JOHN CONNER.

Among the first white men to visit the present site of Anderson, if not the first, were the Conner brothers, William and John. The former entered the tract of land upon which the most valuable portion of the city is situated, and subsequently (1823) transferred it to Captain John Berry. The Conners were taken when quite young by the Shawnee Indians and were reared among them. William was intimately acquainted with the great Shawnee chief and warrior, Tecumseh, and being familiar with the language of many of the tribes, acted as interpreter at several treaties. He was at the battle of the Thames, and was the first man that identified the dead Tecumseh after the engagement.

The following concerning his brother John, and his visit to "Andersontown," is reproduced from O. H. Smith's "Early Indiana Trials, Sketches and Reminiscences:"

"John Conner, the proprietor of Connersville, was one of Nature's strong men. Taken by the Shawnee Indians when a mere youth, he was raised and educated in Indian life, language and manners. When dressed in their costume, and painted, it was difficult to distinguish him from a real savage. On one occasion, as he told me, he came to Andersontown, then the lodge of a large band of Indians under Chief Anderson. He was dressed and painted as a Shawnee, and pretended to be a representative of Tecumseh. As is usual with the Indians, he took his seat on a log barely in sight of the Indian encampment, quietly smoked his pipe, waiting the action of Anderson and his under chiefs. After an hour he saw approaching the old chief himself, in full dress, smoking his pipe. I give his language. 'As the old chief walked up to me I rose from my seat, looked him in the eyes, we exchanged pipes, and walked down to the lodge, smoking without a word. I was pointed to a bear skin—took my seat with my back to the chiefs. A few minutes after I noticed an Indian by the name of Gillaway, who knew me well, eyeing me closely. I tried to evade his glances, when he bawled out in the Indian language, at the top of his voice, interpreted, 'You great Shawnee Indian, you John Conner.' The next moment the camp was in a perfect roar of laughter. Chief Anderson ran up to me, throwing off his dignity. 'You great representative of Tecumseh,' and burst out in a loud laugh." The scene of this meeting was probably where the Catholic Church now stands, at the corner of Eleventh and Fletcher streets.

TRADITIONS CONCERNING CHIEF ANDERSON.

The interesting legend contributed to this work by Mrs. Earle Reeve, *nee* Lovett, concerning Kik-tha-we-nund, or Chief Anderson, which may be found elsewhere, is but one of the many transmitted by the early pioneers to their descendants, relative to the fate of the noted chief. There are several others, however, that are worthy of mention. It is said that he came to his death while riding a pony by plunging from the high bluff on White river, just east of Anderson. It is also said that he died before his people left for their reservation beyond the Mississippi, and that he was buried in the

burial ground of his tribe. This burial ground was situated where the residences of Major Doxey, T. M. Norton and Martin Gruenewald, in Anderson, are located.

Another tradition is to the effect that he removed to Ohio with a remnant of his people and died there. And still another that he went west with his people, and, being dissatisfied with the country, started to return to his old home, and was poisoned to death while on his way.

It is a matter of regret that nothing definite is known concerning his last days. He was a noble Indian, and always the steadfast friend of the whites.

CHAPTER IV.

Early Settlement and Organization of the County.

A majority of the early settlers of this county came from Virginia and Kentucky, the former State being more largely represented than the latter. The first man who came to the county for the purpose of locating permanently was John Rogers, an Irishman. Rogers faced the perils and hardships of the wilderness and located in Fall Creek township in November, 1818, two years after the territory of Indiana had been organized as a State, and while the seat of the State government was yet at Corydon. He left the county sometime after coming here, but subsequently returned and located about two and a half miles east of the town of Pendleton, where he reared a family. A sketch of Mr. Rogers will be found elsewhere in these pages.

But it was not until 1820 that any considerable number of pioneers located within the borders of the county. Those who came at that early day, like those who followed, saw that the land was well watered and that the soil with proper cultivation would yield abundantly. They settled in the primeval wilderness and began the arduous labor of cutting and hewing out of the unbroken forests, homes for themselves and their descendants. It was in this year that the nucleus for Madison county's present population settled near the falls of Fall Creek. Among the number were Elias Hollingsworth and family, William Curtis, Nathaniel Richmond and family, John Linsey, Israel Cox, Conrad Crossley, Saul Shaul, Samuel Holliday, Thomas and William McCartney. These were soon followed by Adam Dobson, Manly Richards, Stephen Corwin, the Silvers, William and Thomas, Palmer Patrick and many others who have long since gone to their reward.

About this time other settlements sprang up in the vicinity of Chesterfield, at Anderson and Perkinsville, with a solitary cabin here and there between these places.

Among those who settled in Union township in the vicin-

ity of Chesterfield were Frederick Bronnenberg, sr., William Diltz, John Suman, Daniel Noland and Amasa Makepeace. Those who first settled at Anderson were John Berry, William Allen, Samuel Cory, William Curtis and William Stogdon. These pioneers were soon followed by others who will receive honorable mention elsewhere in this work.

Two families of the name of Kinser and Dewey settled in the vicinity of Perkinsville, and were followed by Benoni Frell, of Ohio. Then came Daniel Wise, who made the first entry of land in Jackson township. In the fall of 1825, William Parkins, with his family, which consisted of his wife and seven children, came from Ohio, and located where Perkinsville now stands. Other immigrants followed and the settlement flourished.

Following the organization of the territory of Indiana into a state, the agitation of the matter of organizing the county began in earnest in the infant settlements and did not cease until the metes and bounds of the territory which now comprises the county were established. At the session of the legislature which assembled at Corydon on the first Monday in December, 1822, an enabling act was passed and received the signature of Governor William Hendricks on the 4th of January, 1823, granting the residents of the county the right to organize a separate and independent jurisdiction for the administration of affairs. That act is as follows:

SECTION 1. *Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the State of Indiana*, that from and after the first day of July next, all that tract of land which is included in the following boundaries, shall constitute and form a new county, to be known and designated by the name of the county of Madison, to-wit: Beginning at the south-west corner of the county of Henry, thence north with the line of the same and to the township line dividing 20 and 21 north, thence west to the north-east corner of Section 5, in Township 20 north, range 6 east, thence south 20 miles; thence west to the north-east corner of the county of Marion; thence south to the north-west corner of Shelby county; thence east with the line of Shelby until the same intersects Rush county; thence north with Rush county to the north-west corner of the same; thence east to the place of beginning.

SEC. 2. The said new county of Madison shall from and after the first day of July next, enjoy all the rights, privi-

leges and jurisdictions, which to separate and independent counties, do or may properly belong or appertain.

SEC. 3. Abijah Bayless, of Harrison county; William Williams, of Jackson county; Jesse Reddick, of Bartholomew county; Rollin C. Dewey, of Lawrence county, and James Dill, of Dearborn county, are hereby appointed Commissioners, agreeably to an act entitled, "An act for fixing the seats of justice in all new counties hereafter to be laid off." The Commissioners above named shall meet at the house of William McCartney, in said new county of Madison on the first Monday in September next, and shall immediately proceed to discharge the duties assigned them by law. It is hereby made the duty of the sheriff of Marion county to notify the said Commissioners, either in person or by written notification, of their appointment, on or before the 15th day of August next, and the said sheriff of Marion county shall be allowed therefor by the County Commissioners of the county of Madison, such compensation as by them shall be deemed just and reasonable, to be paid out of the county treasury of the county of Madison in the same manner other allowances are paid.

SEC. 4. The Circuit and other courts of the county of Madison shall meet and be holden at the house of William McCartney until suitable accommodations can be had at the county seat of said county; and so soon as the courts of said county are satisfied that suitable accommodations are provided at the county seat of said county they shall adjourn thereto; after which time, all the courts of said county shall be held at the seat of justice thereof; provided, however, that the circuit court of said county shall have authority to remove from the house of said William McCartney to any more suitable place in said county previous to the completion of the public buildings if they should deem the same expedient.

SEC. 5. The agent who shall be appointed for said county to superintend the sales of lots at the county seat of said county or receive donations for said county shall reserve 10 per cent of the proceeds of such sale and donations, which he shall pay over to such person or persons, as by law may be authorized to receive the same, for the use of a county library for said county, which he shall pay over at such time or times and manner as shall be directed by law.

SEC. 6. The Board of County Commissioners of said county shall, within twelve months after the permanent seat

or justice shall have been selected, proceed to erect the necessary public buildings thereon.

SEC. 7. Provides for the organization, conduct and support of a county library, as provided by the act organizing Dubois county, approved January 23, 1818.

SEC. 8. The county is attached to and made a part of the Fifth Judicial Circuit of the State of Indiana. This act to be in force from and after July 1, 1823."

It will be seen from the foregoing that Madison county included all of what is now Hancock county and only so much of its present territory north of the White river as lies south of the north lines of LaFayette and Richland townships. With the formation of other counties adjoining the territory designated as the county of Madison the boundaries designated in the original act were changed by subsequent legislative enactments until the county boundaries were established as we find them to-day.

CHAPTER V.

Formal Organization of the County—Circuit Court Organized—First Public Business.

The county was formally organized November, 10, 1823, at the house of William McCartney, within the limits of what is now the town of Pendleton, in accordance with the provisions of the foregoing act. The house of Mr., or "Major" McCartney, as he was usually called by the early pioneers, was constructed of logs and was situated on the lot where the Universalist Church now stands. It had two rooms, and in one of these the county was organized and the first term of the Madison Circuit Court was begun and held. John Roberts, sheriff of Marion county, who had been appointed by the Legislature to conduct the organization of the county, was present to discharge the duties of his office. The record shows that on this occasion "Samuel Holliday and Adam Winsell presented their commissions as associate judges, they having been appointed as such by the governor of the State, William Hendricks. On each commission was endorsed the certificate of John Roberts, sheriff of Marion county, certifying that the person it was issued to had taken an oath to support the Constitution of the United States, the Constitution of the State of Indiana, an oath of office, and also the oath against dueling." The next commission presented was that of Moses Cox, as clerk, upon which was indorsed a certificate that he had taken the proper oath of office. Samuel Cory next presented his commission as sheriff of the county, upon which was indorsed the proper certificate entitling him to enter upon the discharge of his official duties. After these commissions had been received, Sheriff Roberts proclaimed that "the Madison Circuit Court is now open, according to law."

After the court had been organized, it appears of record that "Daniel B. Wick is now admitted as an attorney and counselor at law at the bar of the court. And it appearing satisfactorily to the court that his license is signed by two of the presidents, judges of the State of Indiana, and that the

oath prescribed by law is endorsed thereon, he is therefore admitted as an attorney and counselor at law in this court." Mr. Wick then moved "that Calvin Fletcher and James Gilmore be admitted as members of this bar as attorneys and counselors at law." They were admitted, accordingly, after being sworn by the clerk, and their names enrolled as members of the Madison county bar. These gentlemen have the distinction of being the first attorneys admitted to practice their profession in the courts of Madison county.

The next business of the court was the impaneling of a grand jury. The sheriff returned the venire issued to him by the clerk, and announced the names of the grand jurors as follows: Isaac Jones, John Rogers, Captain John Montgomery, Charles Tharp, Jacob B. Hiday, Jacob Shaul, George Stockton, John Berry, Samuel Vangilder, John Russell, George Cunningham, Saul Shaul, John Montgomery, Henry Sybert, Nathaniel Richmond, Isaac Smith, Frederick Bronnenberg, Sr., and John T. Bridge, the last named being one of the men who was subsequently hanged for the murder of the Indians in what afterwards became Adams township. It will be noticed that eighteen names were announced by the sheriff, but it is probable that only twelve of the venire served as jurors. John Berry was appointed foreman of this jury and James Gilmore prosecuting attorney by the court.

The first case on the docket for trial was that of Henry Nicholson vs. George Stockton, action and assumpsit, which was continued until the next term. The first case submitted for trial was that of Conrad Crosely vs. Andrew Sawyer, for slander. The case was tried by jury and a verdict returned, but the clerk neglected to record it.

The first indictment returned by the grand jury was against one of its own members, Jacob B. Hiday, for assault and battery. Mr. Hiday pleaded guilty to the charge and was fined six and one-quarter cents by the court. This completed the business of the first term of the Madison circuit court.

The second session began on the 8th of April, 1824, at the house of William McCartney, the business being conconducted by the associate judges, in the absence of the president judge.

Oliver H. Smith, afterwards elected United States Senator; Charles H. Test, Lot Bloomfield, James Bloomfield, James B., and Martin M. Ray, Josiah F. Polke, Philip Sweetzer and William R. Morris were admitted to practice in this

court. The grand jury at this term consisted of Amasa Makepeace, Saul Shaul, William Young, Moses Corwin, John Suman, Isaac Williams, Samuel Hull, and James Montgomery. Amasa Makepeace was selected as foreman of the jury. After the jury had been empaneled, the prosecuting attorney, James Gilmore, asked that the court appoint Cyrus Ferich as assistant prosecutor, which was accordingly done. It was this grand jury that returned bills of indictment against John T. Bridge, John Bridge, Andrew Sawyer, James Hudson and Thomas Harper for the murder of the Indians, to which reference has before been made. Two witnesses, Andrew Jones and Stephen Sawyer, were required to enter into bond in the sum of $800, with approved security, for their appearance in court to testify when the indicted parties should be tried. The indicted men, excepting Harper, had been arrested and imprisoned in a jail built of logs hewed square, so that each timber fitted close to the one upon which it rested. There was but one door and no windows in the structure. It was guarded night and day from the moment the murderers were placed within its rude walls. That the wants of the guards were not neglected appears from the following order of court: "Thomas McCartney is allowed the sum of $5 for furnishing whiskey and corn for the use of the guards." The following order was also made at this term of court: "Charles Tharp is allowed the sum of $35 for impaneling a jury and holding an inquest on the bodies of certain Indians found dead in Madison county."

CHAPTER VI.

Concerning the Location of the Seat of Justice—John Berry's Proposition — More Legislation—Pendleton — Anderson Selected.

Immediately following the enabling act of the General Assembly authorizing the organization of the county, John Berry, one of the first settlers to locate at Anderson, made a proposition to the commissioners, designated in the act, to meet at the house of William McCartney on the first Monday in September, 1823, and select a seat of justice; to donate certain lands at Anderson for that purpose. What the conditions of this proposition were are not known, but it is evident that they were not satisfactory to all concerned, as the commissioners met as directed and considered the matter, but failed to select a county seat.

In the meantime justice was administered at Pendleton, by the Associate Judges. Madison county was within the limits of the Fifth Judicial Circuit, the president judge being Hon. William W. Wick. The Associate Judges for the county, at that time, as has been stated, were Samuel Holliday and Adam Winsell. Subsequent legislation placed the county in the Third Judicial Circuit, and Judge Eggleston became the President Judge, presiding at the trials of Sawyer and the Bridges, father and son, for the murder of a number of friendly Indians, an account of which is given in a separate chapter elsewhere in this volume. Hudson, the other murderer, was tried before Judge Wick.

But for various reasons there was more or less dissatisfaction concerning the continuance of the seat of justice at Pendleton, and steps were again taken to re-locate the county seat, as we find that at the session of the legislature of 1825–6 a supplemental act was passed for the purpose of disposing of the matter. The act, which was approved January 13, 1826, is as follows:

Be it enacted, etc., That Benjamin Irwin, of Bartholomew county; George Hunt, of Wayne county; Lewis Hendricks,

of Shelby county; Elisha Long, of Henry county, and Daniel Heaton, of Hamilton county, be, and they are hereby, appointed commissioners, to re-locate the seat of justice of Madison county. The commissioners above named, shall meet at the house of Moses Pearson, in said county, on the first Monday in June next and shall proceed to locate the seat of justice of said county under the provisions of the laws regulating the fixing of the seat of justice in all new counties hereafter to be laid off.

Section 2, of said act provides that the circuit and all other courts of said county shall be held at the house of the said Moses Pearson, until suitable accommodations can be had at the county seat, when all the courts of said county shall be removed thereunto.

There were several other sections of this act, in one of which reference is made to the donation of "John Berry and others to said county at Andersontown, in said county." The section annuls and revokes all previous proceedings with reference to the donation of land for a seat of justice.

But it is doubtful whether anything was accomplished by the commissioners under this act, as we find that an act was passed by the succeeding legislature and approved January 26, 1827, giving authority for the re-location of the county seat. This was the last act of the legislature concerning the matter, and is as follows:

SECTION 1. Be it enacted, etc., that William Shannon, Jeremiah K. Lemon and William C. Blackmore, of Hamilton county; Moses Prewitt, of Shelby county, and John Thompson, of Marion county, be, and they are hereby appointed Commissioners to re-locate the seat of Justice of Madison county. The commissioners above named shall meet at the house of John Perry (Berry), in said county, on the third Monday in May next, and proceed to locate the seat of justice of said county agreeably to the provisions of an act entitled, "An act to establish seats of justice in new counties," approved January 14, 1824, and the act amendatory of the same approved December 19, 1825.

The Commissioners named in the above act met at the house of John Berry, in "Andersontown," on the third Monday of May, 1827, and pursuant to the authority vested in them, proceeded to re-locate the seat of justice. The proposition of John Berry was received, and the terms being satisfac-

tory, was accepted. And "Andersontown" became the county seat of Madison county.

The main provisions of John Berry's proposition are set forth in the deed given by him and his wife, Sally, dated November 7, 1827, to William Curtis, the county agent appointed for the purpose. The tract of land conveyed by Berry and his wife is described as follows: "Commencing at the southeast corner of lot No. 16, in the southwest square in the town of Andersontown; thence north with Meridian street to the northeast corner of lot No. 1, in the northwest square of said town; thence east to White river; thence up said river, at low-water mark, until a line running a due south course till it comes parallel with the south end of Meridian street, will contain thirty acres, being part of the southwest quarter of section 12, town 19 north, of range 7 east * * * so long as the town aforesaid continues to be the permanent seat of justice of Madison county * * * and in consideration of lot No. 7, in the north front of Andersontown, in said county, the receipt whereof is hereby acknowledged.

The boundary lines of this donation circumscribed the site of Chief Anderson's village, but was resurveyed by order of the Board of Commissioners, in 1829, by Samuel C. Woodworth and Normon Way, the original survey having been found to be imperfect. The land thus given to the county for a seat of justice is now the most valuable in the city of Anderson, embracing as it does all that part of the city east of Meridian street between Eighth and Eleventh streets to the river. Along with the donation of land a subscription was raised among those who favored Andersontown as the county seat, but the amount subscribed is not known, neither the names of the subscribers. It appears, however, from the records of the Commissioners' Court that the subscription amounted to several hundred dollars as an entry concerning the building of a jail states among other things that "the Board agrees to appropriate the sum of $200, according to the conditions of a subscription signed at the January session of this Board for 1829." The land donated was divided into lots, platted and sold for the purpose of erecting public buildings. An order made by the Board of Justices at their September term, 1828, reads as follows: "Ordered that Samuel Cory be allowed the sum of $5 as an additional allowance *for whisky* and crying the sale of lots in Andersontown." Another sale of lots took place April 1, 1829, after the town had been resurveyed by

Woodworth and Way. The record with reference to this sale reads: Ordered, that Bricknell Cole be allowed the sum of $3.12½ for crying the last sale of lots at Andersontown, and for whisky furnished for said sale.

At that early day, and indeed for a quarter of a century later, it was customary on important occasions in this and other new states to dispense liquor to the public. In fact, there were but few "gatherings" aside from those of a religious character at which there was not a jug or two of liquor to stimulate the feelings of those in attendance. At house-raisings, log-rollings, corn-shuckings, during harvest and at political meetings, the "little brown jug" usually cut an important figure. Without it there was an absence of that joyous spirit with which the early pioneers usually entered upon undertakings of "pith and moment." And yet, be it said to the everlasting credit of the men who first peopled this great county, that notwithstanding the hospitable customs of their time, but very few of them indulged to excess in intoxicating liquors. They were hardy, sober, honest, industrious and generous, and whatever shortcomings they may have had, their character will not suffer when brought into comparison with the men who have followed them thus far or who may follow them hereafter. Their manners were homely and in keeping with their surroundings, but their ways were honest and their faults were of the head rather than of the heart. We of today may be superior to them in many respects, but it will be generally admitted that from the standpoint of morals we have made no improvement on their time. Their descendants have no cause for shame while perusing their history, for there is but little doubt that they would not have achieved the same triumphs or have been so successful under similar circumstances. They were preeminently the men for the time and the herculean undertaking of subduing the wilderness. That they succeeded, the fruitful fields and fair homes of the county abundantly attest.

CHAPTER VII.

First Public Buildings—Court House—Jail—County Infirmary.

Immediately following the locating of the county seat preliminary steps were taken toward the erection of a court house and jail, and the record shows that a notice of the intention of the County Board to erect a court house was published in newspapers adjacent to the county with an invitation to builders and contractors to submit plans and specifications for the same. One of these notices was inserted five times in a newspaper at Centerville, this State, published by "Septimus Smith, Esq.," for which he was allowed the sum of $2.25 by the Board at the January term, 1829. At the following term it was ordered by the Board that "the agent of Madison county sell to the lowest bidder the building of a jail in Andersontown, according to the plan adopted at the present session, to be finished within six months, requiring bond and security for the performance of the building in a workmanlike manner."

At this time the Board of Justices, or County Board, consisted of the following named members: William Curtis, William S. Penn, Amasa Makepeace, John Busby, Thomas M. Pendleton, Daniel Hardesty, Jacob Hiday, William Nelson, Daniel Wise and Richard Kinnamon. William Curtis was president of the Board. He had formerly resided at Pendleton, but had taken an active part in securing the re-location of the seat of justice at Andersontown. He subsequently moved to the county seat, and the first term of the circuit court was held in his house, after the seat of justice had been removed from Pendleton. His house stood on Main street, about where the hardware store of J. P. Barnes now stands.

It seems that for some cause or other no action was taken with reference to the building of a court house for some time after the first notice was published, for at a session of the County Board in January, 1831, it was, "Ordered by the Board that the agent of the county of Madison, sell to the

lowest bidder, the building of a court house, to be built on Lot No. 17, in the northeast square, in Andersontown, to be built on the following plan, to-wit: One story high, thirty-six feet long and twenty feet wide; to be elevated one foot from the ground and underpinned with stone; the story to be ten feet between floors; the building to be well weather-boarded and covered with good joint shingles; to have a good brick chimney in the west end, with a large fire place therein; ten feet of the end to be partitioned, so as to make two ten foot jury-rooms; all the partitions to be made of good seasoned planks; each of said jury-rooms to have a door to open into the large room; the said house to have three twelve-light windows in the south side and three in the north side; the windows to be so placed that the large room shall have four and each of the jury-rooms one; the under floor to be laid in good, workmanlike manner, the upper floor to be laid of loose planks; house to have one door in front, to open near the partition; the windows to be in, the outside door hung and the house inclosed on or before the second Monday in May next, and the whole work completed, according to the above plan, on or before the second Monday in November next. The sale to take place in Andersontown on the third Saturday in January, inst., the said agent taking bond of the contractors in double the amount for which the work is taken, conditioned for the completion of the work against the 15th day of November, 1831."

At the time designated in the foregoing order the contract for the court house was let to Daniel Harpold, but the building was not completed according to contract, as it appears from the proceedings of the Board at the January session, 1832, that John Drewry and Nathaniel Chapman were appointed a committee to examine the new court house and report if it had been built according to the contract. This committee reported to the Board that the contract had not been fully complied with, and recommended that "$30 be deducted from the amount of the original contract, which recommendation was adopted by the Board and the contractor discharged."

This building stood about where the Lovett block now stands, on East Eighth street, between Main and Central avenue, and answered the purpose for which it was built for a period of about six years, when it was sold by order of the County Board, a new court house having been built in the

public square in the meantime. The building was used as a residence until it was torn down in order to make way for the present business block that now occupies its site. The jail that was built in 1830 was situated about where the west steps of the present court house are situated. The structure was sixteen feet square, a story and a half high, and was made of hewed logs. The entrance to the jail was in the upper story, which was reached by a flight of stairs constructed on the outside of the building. There was a trap-door in the ceiling of the lower room, through which prisoners were let down to the first floor by means of a ladder. After the prisoner was let down to the cell or room below the ladder was removed and the trap-door closed. With the sale of the old frame court house the County Board ordered the removal of the jail from the public square, as it was not only unsightly but insecure. It was accordingly torn down, and from 1837 to 1842 all prisoners that had to be confined for any length of time, or who were considered dangerous, were taken to Indianapolis for safe keeping. During the trial of prisoners they were guarded and securely ironed, which entailed no little expense to the county. The following is a copy of a claim that was allowed at the March session, 1844, of the County Board for this purpose:

Allowed Daniel Williams—

For riveting irons on	$ .25.
For riveting irons on	.25.
For riveting irons on	.12.
For cutting rivets	.12½.
For altering rivets and riveting on	.25.
For fastening handcuffs on	.06.
	$1.05

The names of the parties upon whom the irons were fastened were given in the claim but are omitted here for various reasons.

ORDER FOR A NEW COURT HOUSE AND JAIL.

The order for a new court house to take the place of the frame in which the county business had been transacted was made by the County Board at the September session 1828, but was afterwards revoked, and it was not until April, 1837, that the contract for the new building was let. The description of the building given in the contract is as follows: "Of brick, forty-four feet square, two stories high,

all to be like the court house at Noblesville, except the court room, which is to be on the lower floor; the tower to be like that on the court house at Indianapolis, and the cupola which is to be like that on the court house at Indianapolis." The building was to be erected, according to the terms of the contract, in the public square of Andersontown, and was to to be inclosed previous to the 1st of November, 1837. The contract was awarded to Messrs. Crawford & Meek, of Hancock county, for the sum of $5,770. The building was completed "on time," and according to the terms of the contract, and was first occupied for judicial purposes at the October term of the Circuit Court, 1839. At this time the officers of the court were Judge William W. Wick, who presided over the first court held in the county, Andrew Jackson, clerk, and Joseph Howard, sheriff. William Prigg and Abraham Thomas were the Associate Judges. This court house stood in the center of the public square until the morning of the 10th of December, 1880, when it was consumed by fire, and with it many interesting and valuable records. The fire was undoubtedly of incendiary origin, but no steps were taken either by the county commissioners or other authorities to apprehend the guilty party or parties.

Many matters of interest could be written about the building, as it was for many years the only public place of meeting in Anderson excepting perhaps the frame Methodist church which at an early day stood on the northeast corner of Meridian and Eleventh streets. The record of the commissioners' court shows that one of the rooms was once used as the post office, as it is "ordered that Ninevah Berry pay $3 per month rent for the room which he now occupies in the court house for the post office so long as he remains in the same." Also at the March session, 1846, it was "ordered that the southeast room of the court house, up stairs, be assigned to Mount Moriah Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, and to be kept in good order by said lodge." A lodge of the Sons of Temperance also met in one of the rooms "up stairs" for a number of years. Other rooms were rented for law offices from time to time and also to Justices of the Peace up to 1860, when the commissioners devoted the entire building to the exclusive use of the county.

Shortly after this building was erected notice was given by the board of commissioners that "sealed proposals would be received until the first Monday of December (1841) next

for the erection of a jail in Andersontown." The structure was to be built of hewed oak timber twelve inches square, two stories high, 18 x 22 square; stories to be eight feet high between the floors. "The jail to be built on the public square west of the court house, the north side of the jail to be on a line with the north side of the court house," which was about the same site of the one previously removed. This jail was completed and accepted by the county commissioners June, 1842. It cost but $149, and was not a very secure place in which to confine a restive criminal possessed with ordinary ingenuity and a desire to be at liberty. In fact it soon became a burden to the county on this account, as rewards for escaped prisoners were frequently given, and this, with other expenses for its maintenance, determined the commissioners to provide a new jail. This was accordingly done, the Board at the March term (1852) appointing John Davis, George Millspaugh and William Roach to superintend the erection of a new jail, with full authority "to make contracts and estimates and order allowances, and do all other things in the premises they may see fit."

These gentlemen at once entered upon their duties in the premises, and at the following December session of the board (1852) made a final report, showing that they had discharged their duty as directed, the building being completed and fully adapted to the purpose for which it was erected. This building was a two-story brick, situated at the northwest corner of Jackson and Ninth streets. About this time a one-story brick building was erected in the southeast corner of the court house square for the use of the county officers. The auditor, treasurer and recorder occupied this building until arrangements were made for the erection of the present handsome court house. The clerk and sheriff had their offices in the court house when it burned. Concerning the present court house and jail, it is thought best to make them the subjects for another chapter.

THE COUNTY INFIRMARY.

The practice of "selling" that class of unfortunates who are compelled to depend upon charity for a subsistence, although quite common in the early history of the country, never obtained to any great extent, if at all, in this county. The method of "selling paupers" resulted too often in cruel and inhuman treatment of those "sold," and was considered, besides, too expensive. We find, therefore, that as early as

1834 the county commissioners determined upon a more humane method of taking care of the poor. The record of the May session of that year shows that "Joseph Shannon reported that he had contracted with Jacob Shaul to build a poorhouse for $20; that the same was completed according to contract, and that Shaul was allowed $20 for the same." This poorhouse was constructed of logs, but just where it was situated is not known. It was probably located near Anderson, but the record is silent upon the subject. In 1840 ten acres of land were purchased by the county commissioners in the addition to Anderson now known as South Park. The tract was situated between Nineteenth and Twenty-third streets, and extended from Main street to Pearl street. A new poorhouse was erected on this tract of land by John Jordan, to whom the contract was let by John Renshaw, who was county agent at that time. The record informs us that the building was 20x30 feet square, two stories high, with a stone chimney, and cost $100. This poorhouse was enlarged and greatly improved from time to time, as necessity demanded, and was used up to 1868, when the commissioners disposed of it, together with the land upon which it was situated, and purchased a farm in Richland township of John Nelson, to which the paupers were removed. By the terms of the purchase and sale of the new poor farm Nelson became the superintendent, or keeper, of the poor, which position he held until the county Board decided to purchase a more desirable location and erect permanent buildings thereon that would afford better accommodations for the poor.

The record of a special session of the county Board, held July 5, 1877, shows that the Board purchased of Berryman Shafer a tract of land, containing two hundred and twelve acres, situated about four miles east of Anderson, in Union township. There was a large brick residence on the land and the commissioners very properly determined to use it exclusively as a residence for the superintendent of the poor, instead of converting it into an infirmary. They accordingly advertised for plans and specifications for an infirmary building and on the 18th of July, among a number of plans that had been submitted, those of the late Edwin May, of Indianapolis, were accepted. Notice for bids on the work were made and on the 3d of September, the contract was awarded to William B. Wright, of Anderson, he being considered the lowest bidder. The building cost $7,200 and was completed early in

January, 1878. It is made of brick, two stories high and is situated near to and a little southeast of the superintendent's residence. It is considered admirably adapted to the purposes for which it is used, being well ventilated, commodious, and comfortable. As compared with other infirmaries of other counties throughout the State, it is very creditable.

After the building had been completed and the poor transferred to their new home, ex-sheriff A. J. Ross was appointed superintendent and that gentleman, assisted by his estimable wife, as matron, had charge of the friendless poor of the county for a number of years, when he resigned. He was succeeded by W. A. Swindell, who was succeeded by John Kinyoun, who has since had charge of the poor farm and infirmary, and, like his predecessors, Mr. Kinyoun has given universal satisfaction. His efficiency generally is conceded, as the poor under his charge have not only been well provided for in every respect, but the county's interests have been carefully guarded. Mr. Kinyoun is a practical farmer and a man of sound judgment generally, and his administration of infirmary affairs have thus far been not only creditable to himself, but the county.

Since the above was written, Mr. Kinyoun has been succeeded as superintendent of the infirmary by Augustus Heagy.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Present Jail and Court House—Their Cost, Etc.

The jail mentioned in the preceding chapter, like the one that preceded it, in the course of time became insecure and inadequate, and from motives of economy and other considerations it was considered advisable to dispose of it as advantageously as possible and erect a new one. Accordingly in 1880, the old building was sold, and the Commissioners purchased the site of the present jail, at the northeast corner of Eighth street and Central avenue, the consideration being $1,400. A frame dwelling occupied the lot and this was sold and removed. Notice was duly given to architects inviting them to submit plans and specifications for the new building and at a special session of the Commissioners' court held October, 1880, T. J. Tolin & Son, architects, submitted a proposition to the Board, which, after due consideration, was accepted. Notice was subsequently given to contractors and builders of the intention of the Board to build a new jail, and that bids for the work would be received on the 11th of February, 1881. On that day the Board met and opened the bids, which were three in number. It was considered that the bid of W. H. Myers & Son was the lowest and best, and they were awarded the contract. They agreed to erect the building according to the plans and specifications for $17,989 and gave bond for the performance of the contract. The building was completed in 1882, and has been in use ever since. Although there have been several escapes from the jail, they were not on account of its faulty construction, but rather the result of negligence on the part of those having the prisoners in charge. The first escape was effected through

THE CUNNING OF A WOMAN,

An account of which will be found, not only interesting to the general reader, but may be of benefit to those who are placed in charge of criminals.

The circumstances of the case are these: Louis Kuhn,

the son-in-law of Philip Kellar, a saloonkeeper at that time on the south side of the square in Anderson, shot and wounded a negro who had assaulted Kellar. The grounds upon which Kuhn justified the act was that his father-in-law was a cripple, one of his arms being paralyzed. Kuhn was arrested on a charge of shooting with intent to kill, and not being able to give bond, was placed in jail. His wife, to whom he had been married but a short time when he became involved in the difficulty, was very attentive to his wants and was a frequent visitor at the jail, often taking him his meals. Randal Biddle, who was sheriff of the county at the time, had known Mrs. Kuhn from her infancy and being naturally great-hearted, sympathized with her and permitted her to visit the cell where her husband was confined whenever she asked permission. Kuhn had been in jail probably a month when his wife called at the jail one evening in company with a young negro about the size of her husband. The turnkey was requested to let her and the young negro visit her husband in his cell, and as she had been in the habit of enjoying that privilege, the request was granted as usual. Mrs. Kuhn and her negro attendant had not been in the cell but a short time until they appeared at the circular cage and asked to be let out, which was promptly done by the accommodating turnkey. After getting out of the cage and into the jail office, Mrs. Kuhn and her companion lost no time in quitting the premises. The turnkey thought everything was all right until about two hours after Mrs. Kuhn's visit, when the negro who had entered the cell with her was heard calling upon the turnkey to be released from confinement. As soon as the turnkey saw the negro he realized the situation and at once communicated the fact to the sheriff that Kuhn had escaped. Mrs. Kuhn had gone to the jail with a box of blacking and after she and the young negro, whom she had bribed of course to act as she directed, entered her husband's cell, at once prepared for his escape by blacking his face and otherwise contributing to a "make up" that resembled her negro companion's appearance as much as possible. Her scheme was successful and the escape of Kuhn was the reigning sensation in Anderson for weeks after. Mrs. Kuhn's conduct, while reprehensible perhaps from the standpoint of law, was very generally applauded. She was indicted for conspiring to liberate a prisoner but her attorney succeeded in having the indictment against her "quashed." The young negro who so materially

assisted her in her plans was held in custody for a while and then liberated. Kuhn escaped and was gone a year when he was arrested one night on a train at the Crossing as he was attempting to pass through Anderson on his way to Chicago. He was afterwards sentenced to the Michigan City prison for a term of two years on a plea of guilty to the charge against him and served his term.

THE FIRST PRISONER.

In this connecion it may be mentioned that while it is no part of the purpose of this work to give the names of persons who have been imprisoned in the jails of Madison county, it is permissible to state that the first person to enter the new jail as a prisoner was William Hudson, a well-known character in Anderson at the time it was completed. "Bill," as he was commonly called, had been arrested for some slight misdemeanor, intoxication perhaps, and was "boarding out" his fine, when the inmates of the old jail were transferred to the new one. When he was informed that the prisoners were to be taken to the new "cooler," he requested of Captain Coburn, who was at that time deputy city marshal of Anderson, under Marshal Augustus Heagy, that he be taken to the jail first as he wanted the "honor" of being the first man to enter the institution as a prisoner. The officer gratified Hudson's ambition, and he therefore enjoys the distinction he so ardently coveted.

THE NEW COURT HOUSE.

As stated in a previous chapter, the burning of the old court house rendered it necessary for the Board of Commissioners to adopt measures looking to the erection of a new building. Long before the old building was destroyed, the matter of disposing of it and the erection of a new one better adapted to the times and the needs of the county had been discussed and it seemed to be the general desire of the citizens of the county that a new temple of justice should take the place of the old one. There were therefore, very few, if any, regrets when the old building burned, and had it not been for the destruction of many valuable records and papers in the clerk's office its loss would have been hailed with feelings akin to joy by a majority of the people of the county, rather than sorrow. The old court house had answered the purpose for which it was built fairly well but it had become antiquated

and while improvements might have added to its conveniences they could have contributed nothing to the beauty of its appearance. The progress that had been made in the development of the county and the improvements that had been made in its immediate surroundings emphasized the importance of having a new place of justice that would be commensurate, in some degree at least, with the greatness of the county and the "new order of things." With the old building out of the way therefore it was evident that the hope which so many had long entertained would now be realized and that a temple of justice would be erected worthy of the county. But to erect a building such as the people demanded required time and money and the Board of Commissioners went about the work deliberately. The Board met in special session the day after the court house burned and took immediate steps to provide offices for the clerk and sheriff and also a suitable room in which the sessions of the Circuit court could be held. Rooms were rented in what was then known as Westerfield's hall, and the clerk's and sheriff's offices were moved to the new quarters. The late Edwin P. Schlater, on account of his familiarity with the court records and documents of the clerk's office, was appointed special commissioner to look after the damaged records and papers and see that as many of them could be saved and restored to their proper places and files as possible. This duty was discharged acceptably by Mr. Schlater and it was through his instrumentality that many valuable documents were saved from destruction.

The sessions of the Madison circuit court were held in the hall of the Westerfield block on North Main street for a number of terms, when the Commissioners rented the upper rooms in the Hannah and Boring block on the north side of the public square, and the Circuit court was held there until the new court house was completed — a period of a little more than four years. The clerk's and sheriff's offices were also removed to this block, which made it more convenient for litigants, members of the bar and everybody having business in the circuit court.

The Commissioners prepared for the building of the new court house by levying a light tax upon the taxables of the county, and, after duly advertising for plans and specifications, on the 8th day of February, 1882, the plans presented by architect G. W. Bunting were accepted. Notice was given that sealed proposals for the work and materials would

be received at the auditor's office on Monday, March 27th, 1882, and on that date the record shows that the contract was awarded to McCormack & Sweeney. Their bid was $152,000, and, although there were other bids, and one for a less amount by several thousand dollars, their proposition was regarded as the best presented. They began immediately, with a large force of laborers, laying the foundation of the building. J. E. Redmond superintended the work for the contractors, and Neal C. McCullough, since deceased, looked after the county's interests as local superintendent. There was no interruption in the work, and it progressed as rapidly as was possible until the day designated for the laying of the corner stone. This event will be considered in the following chapter.

It may be mentioned here that as soon as the stone began to arrive for the new court house the little brick office building in the south-east corner of the square, reference to which was made in a preceding chapter, was vacated by order of the commissioners. This building was erected in the good year 1849 — the year of the American Argonauts who flocked to California for gold like those who sailed with Jason after the golden fleece — under the supervision of George Millspaugh, William Sparks and Robert N. Williams, who were appointed for that purpose by the Board of Commissioners.

CHAPTER IX.

Laying of the Corner Stone of the New Court House —Memorable Event—Addresses, Etc.

The laying of the corner stone of Madison county's present court house took place on the 17th day of August, 1882, and in many respects is the greatest event in the county's history. No civic demonstration before or since has equalled it in the "pomp and circumstance" that render such occasions memorable. Extensive preparations were made for the occasion, not only by the Board of Commissioners, but by the city authorities of Anderson, the various fraternal societies and citizens generally. At a session of the Commissioners' court it was ordered that the honor of laying the corner stone be tendered to Mount Moriah Lodge F. and A. M., of Anderson. Invitations were extended to the different social and benevolent orders throughout the county, and also to the Masonic lodges in adjoining counties to be present and participate in the exercises. In fine, nothing was left undone that would contribute to the interest of the occasion. Anticipation ran high, the pride of the people was aroused, and when the day came for the imposing ceremonies, the city presented a holiday appearance. The day was propitious for such an event, being delightfully sunny, yet cool for the season of the year. The early morning trains brought a number of Masonic lodges, several commandaries of Knights Templar, and large delegations of citizens, and by the time the procession was formed and ready to move, which was not until two o'clock in the afternoon, the streets around the square were almost impassable on account of the throngs of people. The parade was a grand spectacle and was witnessed by thousands of citizens who crowded the sidewalks along the line of march. The music of the bands was inspiring and the courtly Knights and Patriarchs in their handsome uniforms rendered the scene and occasion not only interesting but impressive. Major John T. Wildman was Grand Marshal. His aids were J. P. Barnes, C. K. McCullough and L. J. Burr on the part of the Masons,

C. B. Cooper, Capt. C. T. Doxey and W. S. Diven on the part of the I. O. O. F., C. D. Thompson, Jas. Mohan, Peter Fromlet, J. S. Carr and Thos. Gee for the Red Men.

RECEPTION COMMITTEES.

For F. and A. M , J. P. Barnes, J. M. Dickson, T. J. Stephens, Col. N. Berry, C. K. McCullough. For I. O. O. F., W. R. Myers, M. H. Chipman, Jos. Fulton, W. W. Williams, Samuel Myers, W. S. Diven. For Red Men, C. D. Thompson, Jas. Mohan, Peter Fromlet, J. S. Carr and Thos. Gee.

LAYING THE STONE.

It was three o'clock when the ceremony of placing the stone in its proper place began. Messrs. McCormack & Sweeney, the contractors, anticipating the needs of the occasion, had erected a large stand over the northeast corner of the court house foundation for the accommodation of the speakers, officers of the day, invited guests and band. The stand was crowded and a dense throng of people extended across the streets on the north and east sides, while hundreds of people occupied the roofs of buildings and every other "coign of vantage" in the vicinity. After music by the band and an invocation by J. K. Prye, G. C. F. and A. M., Grand Marshal Wildman introduced Hon. T. B. Orr, who delivered the following address of welcome on behalf of the city.

THE ADDRESS.

Visitors and Citizens:

It is a pleasing thought to know that the people, irrespective of party, caste or creed, have met together for a common purpose. And it is a source of great congratulation that you are the actors under the benign influences of this day. The clamoring voice of political passion and prejudice is hushed; the venomous tongue of hatred and malice is stilled; and the withering breath of sectarian bigotry and intolerance is calmed. To-day friend greets friend and stranger welcomes stranger, as worthy members of a great community, each for himself assuming the responsibilities and performing the duties of intelligent, useful and honored citizenship. Your mission here is a noble one; as visitors, as taxpayers, you come to celebrate with us the beginning of a work that, in time, shall stand an enduring monument of the prosperity, liberality and progress of our county. None are more welcome

here to-day than the pioneer citizens of this county, who have battled and overcome poverty and adversity and are now, with their children, enjoying the possessions and comforts of home acquired by the requited toil of busy and useful lives.

We salute you who have come with music and banners and stately bearing. The patriotic spirit and splendid discipline of this day give assurance that, in the midst of industrial pursuits and prosperity, with all of the arts of peace crowned triumphant, our noble state will not be without protectors in the hour of peril. May your mission ever be to serve your state best by encouraging obedience to law; by promoting industry, sobriety, morality, sociability, intelligence, and all the virtues that combine in true and noble manhood. Words of welcome shall be the city's message to the ladies, you who have kindly graced this occasion with your presence and influence. You shall be numbered among the joint owners of the noble edifice that we are now building. And you are this day, by your presence, demanding that within its completed halls the rights of the people shall be respected and asserted, the wrongs redressed and violations of law made odious by an enlightened public sentiment and merited punishment; that the administration of justice shall be such at all times as to command the reverence and respect of officer and citizen, lawyer and client, judge and juror.

Many of our sister cities and counties of Indiana have honored us and honored themselves by their representatives here to-day. It has long been a custom for the people to assemble and celebrate with appropriate ceremony and solemnity the erection of buildings designed for the public use. But it is not alone the force of an established custom that has prompted the city of Anderson to invite your presence here upon this occasion. Above and beyond mere custom, she recognizes that the commingling of sects, orders, societies and peoples gives a new life to commercial intercourse and promotes a broader and higher development of the social and political relation. The period of non-intercourse among enlightened people has passed away and forever. The freedom of an American city has always meant more than the triumphal entrance of a conqueror with his captives and his loot. With us the masses come and go, inspired with the hope of material, social, or intellectual advancement. It is the modern freedom of the city that has stimulated the inventive genius of the age; it has set the white sails of commerce upon

every sea and founded her masts in every land; it has unfolded new principles of business; it has swept away narrow bigotry and given broad liberality; it has broken down the barriers of seclusion and selfishness and opened the pathways of progress, prosperity and philanthropy. Before the grand and steady march of the modern freedom the doubted opinions of yesterday become the fixed principles of to-day; and to-morrow, as it were, we behold them ingrafted into the laws of the State by which we shall all be governed.

In the name of the city of Anderson I extend to you all a cordial welcome to our city to commemorate with us the founding of Madison county's stateliest temple.

At the conclusion of Mr. Orr's address, Hon. Bruce Carr, grand master of the Masonic fraternity of the State, took charge of the exercises. The corner-stone, which weighs five tons, was lifted to its place in the foundation wall by means of an immense derrick amid the profoundest silence of the multitude. A copper box containing a variety of things, data, records, etc., was placed in the receptacle which had been cut in the center of the stone. The Grand Master then proceeded with the further ceremonies, at the conclusion of which he delivered an appropriate address. He was followed by Miss Ola Cooper, who read a very beautiful and interesting address which had been prepared by Miss Violette Swearinger in behalf of the women tax-payers of the county. Miss Swearringer was unable to be present on account of severe illness, and it was but a short time after this event that she was called hence. This young lady was a member of the graduating class of 1879 of the Anderson high school, and was greatly esteemed by all who knew her.

The address of Miss Swearinger was followed by one prepared by the late Colonel Ninevah Berry and read by Hon. John W. Lovett. The venerable Colonel occupied a seat on the speaker's stand, but was too infirm to speak for any length of time. The following is

COL. BERRY'S ADDRESS.

Fellow Citizens: As the oldest living inhabitant of Madison county, and the oldest living native born Hoosier, I have been invited by your committee on arrangements to say something to you to-day relating to the early days of the county. And as I look back over the long line of years that have come

and gone, I find that all of Madison county's history has been made during the period of my life within her borders.

Sixty-one years ago the 4th of March, last, a young and beardless strippling, I came to Anderson with my father from another and older part of the State. At that time there was no county of Madison. The land throughout this part of the State was almost uninhabited except by the Indians. The surveyor's chain had never marked its boundaries, and the large tract of unbroken forests now composing this and adjoining counties was the hunting grounds of the Delawares.

In those days life on the frontier meant a life of hardships and privations. Railroads had not been dreamed of and the only roads were the Indian trail and the ways blazed through the forest. In these days of steam machinery and appliances for the saving of labor, it is hard for the man now in active life to appreciate what it was for their fathers to make a farm in "ye olden time," and how difficult it was to wring from the stubborn earth a sustenance for themselves and their families. The forests were to be cut down and the logs hewed, rails were to be made and log cabins built, with nothing but an ax and a broad-ax for tools. The implements of the farm were of the rudest kind—the old bar-share plow, the sickle and the flail. Wheat was sown broadcast among the stumps, cut with a sickle and cleaned with a flail and sheet. And I remember how fast we thought our progress when the sickle gave way to the cradle, and how we congratulated ourselves that we had reached the summit of human invention, when the old fan-mill came into use for cleaning our grain. In those days the mothers and daughters spun the wool and flax and made all the clothing worn by both sexes. There was not a store within thirty miles. The nearest mill was at Connersville, fifty-five miles distant, and a long and weary way it was to the mill, over the wretched road that was then our only way.

But in speaking of the privations and hardships of our early life, I would not forget its pleasures and enjoyments. The early settlers and pioneers, cut loose from former associations and kindred ties, braving the dangers and enduring the privations and hardships of a conquest of the forest, were bound together with the bond of steadfast friendship and warm sympathy. If the neighbors were few and far between, they were hospitable and kind, and when they gave themselves up to enjoyments and pleasures they did it with a zeal that would be wondered at by the people of to-day. A house

was not then built after the well-considered design of a skilled architect and let out by contract to the builder or mechanic, but the neighbors for miles around would come with their axes and handspikes, and work with a hearty good will until the cabin was raised, and would receive nothing but the good will of the owner and his assistance when help was needed in their own affairs. At night, though tired with the labors of the day, the frolic and dance would begin. All night the cabin in the clearing would resound with the sound of merriment and innocent mirth, which would only cease when the gray light in the east shut out the twinkle of the stars. If the cabin home was rude and homely, yet the latch-string was always out, and within was warmth and good cheer.

The county was then filled with Indians of the Delaware tribe, and our relations with them were of the friendliest character. I recall now with pleasure the noble traits of character of such chiefs of the tribe as Killbuck, White Eyes and Nanticoke.

I wish also to mention at this point some of the honored names of my pioneer associates, most of whom have been gathered to their fathers. Frederick Bronnenberg, Sr., the ancestor of the large and honored family of that name, was among the first settlers of this county, having come here in 1819. Eli Harrison, Robert Stockton, Zenas Beckwith, Conrad Crossley, William Diltz, Charles Fisher, Elias Hollingsworth and James, his son, Amasa Makepeace, Nathaniel Richmond, William Marshall, William Williams, Samuel Holliday, John Suman and William Curtis were all men of this early period, who did much by their labors to advance the interests of this county and state. Madison county was surveyed in the summer of 1821, and the next year the sale of lands commenced. At that sale my father purchased the old home farm at $1.25 per acre. Looking around me to-day, I see upon that ground large and expensive buildings, and lots valued at much more than the whole half-section cost on that day, for upon the old home farm stands to-day the greater part of the beautiful city of Anderson, and the grand and imposing structure now being reared as the court house of our prosperous county, stands upon a part of the same land. Time will not permit me further remarks upon the early days of the county. It is not my purpose to follow it from the primitive times to the present age of culture and advancement. I leave that for younger and abler men. Fellow-

citizens, the young man looks into the future gilded with bright hopes and laden with joyous prospects, but it is the province and pleasure of the old man whose active life is over, whose ambition is quenched, and whose race is nearly run, to look backward over the past, drawn by the golden cord of memory, to the days of youth and early manhood. I assure you it has given me no little pleasure to speak to you as I have of the early days of Madison county, live again in memory times long gone by, and summon from their graves the ghosts of past events, and I thank your committee for the privilege of so doing.

COL. J. B. MAYNARD'S ORATION.

Governor Porter and ex-Governor Thomas A. Hendricks had been invited by the Commissioners to be present and deliver addresses, but owing to the official duties of the former and previous engagements of the latter they were compelled to decline the honor. When it was learned that they could not be present the Commissioners, through Auditor John L. Forkner, extended an invitation to Col. James B. Maynard, at that time editor of the Indianapolis Daily Sentinel, to deliver an oration at the laying of the corner-stone. Portions of the able and eloquent address are as follows:

It has been my good fortune to hear much of Madison county, and of Anderson, its beautiful capital city, and, still better, to know personally a number of her large-souled citizens, who, whether at home or abroad, in public or private life, contribute their full share in giving Madison county an enviable prominence, not only in the affairs of the State, but in the affairs of the Republic. * * * To lay the corner-stone of a school house is an event which invites thinking men to survey the educational field, to note the advancing steps of learning, the development of the mind forces of the communities of the state and of the country. The intimate relation existing between mental culture and the virtues that adorn our civilization is continually furnishing themes for thinkers, and the field broadens as the discussion proceeds. Hence we hail with expressions of pleasure and pride an announcement that a corner-stone of a church edifice summons communities to a reverent thankfulness that another monument to man's fidelity to God is to be created; that the voice of prayer and praise is still to be heard in the land; that another wayside inn is to stand with open doors and free seats,

where the weary pilgrim may eat of the life, drink of the water of salvation, be refreshed and go on his way rejoicing. Thus it has been in the past. So it is now, and so it will be in the future of our great state. When a corner-stone of a benevolent institution is laid humanity expands to still grander proportions. Is it for the blind, for the deaf and dumb, for the sick, for the poor, or for the most unfortunate classes of all, the insane? It does not matter. Heart and soul and brain respond, Amen.

All the good there is within us comes to the front with expressions of approval and gratitude. Such institutions are the snug harbors found everywhere on life's storm beaten coasts, if the people who inhabit the country are governed by the precept to do unto others as they would have others do unto them.

And may we not contemplate with feelings of generous pride, the commanding position occupied by Indiana in all matters pertaining to education, religion and benevolence? What State has marched on the highways of progress with steps more stately, strides more gigantic? What land kissed by the sun in his journey, has been truer to all the demands of our boasted civilization? School houses and colleges everywhere; more churches than are filled; houses and farms for the poor and infirm; asylumns for the sick and unfortunate, dot all her hills and valleys and plains. To keep their machinery in motion requires money every year, with a ceaseless demand for more, and yet the money comes, not grudgingly, but it comes with a princely liberality that gives a fresher hue to the emerald-back bill, makes the dollar of the daddies glow with the brightness of the silver moon; or, if it comes in single, double, half or quarter eagles, adds dignity to the tax-payer, as well as nobility to the bird of Jove, our own proud bird, whose seaward flight symbolizes the march and majesty of our country.

But the occasion which calls us together is to lay the corner-stone of a Court House for Madison county.

It is not her first court house, nor will it be her last. The first court house for Madison county was built more than fifty years ago, when the county was in its swaddling clothes, when the sun of the State was scarcely above the horizon; when as our Governor would say, "Indiana was in her down." But even then, the people of Madison county were ready to put their hands into their pockets and pay $5,700 for

a court house. The people, then, as now, were law-abiding. A court house then had a significance, which, I fear, has undergone, in some regards, serious modifications. Court houses, in early times, however rude their architecture, were regarded as Temples of Justice, not more in name than in fact. Many of us can remember when courts where held in Indiana sometimes in log houses. An incident is related of the days when Hon. E. M. Huntington was circuit judge in the lower Wabash country. A log cabin had to be improvised for a court house. During the session of the court, a stalwart Hoosier driving an ox team halted directly in front of the building and became boisterous—so much so as to disturb the proceedings. The sheriff was ordered to bring the man into court. He walked in with a ten-foot sappling ox-goad in hand, and bringing it down in front of him, awaited events. The judge said to him, "You have been disturbing the court, sir, by your loud talk. What have you to say why you should not be punished for contempt?" The ox-driver replied: "Is this a court house, judge?" "Yes, sir," said the judge. "Beg pardon, judge," replied the astonished Hoosier, "I am sorry, judge. By smacks, I thought it was a grocery." But the days of log cabin court houses in Indiana have passed away forever, and with them has gone much of the primitive simplicity of manners which distinguished our pioneer population, and possibly some of the reverence for law, the decisions of courts, and the verdicts of juries, which were grand factors in moulding society and giving direction to thought a half century ago.

Indiana is now taking front rank for the beauty of her architecture, as displayed in her court houses and other public buildings. I have seen court houses in a number of states, east, and west, and south. I remember nowhere to have seen the equal of the Madison county court house for beauty of design. And it is remarked by those who are familiar with public affairs in Indiana that the counties are vieing with each other in building public edifices, including court houses, to an extent indicative, not only of wealth and liberality, but of an exact appreciation of architectural elegance, and in this regard I am warranted in saying that Madison county, when the court house is completed, the corner-stone laid to-day, will be able to point to it with great complacency as an edifice which in the highest degree illustrates the culture and the high appreciation of the beautiful which distinguish her citizens—a

building which will stand as a monument to the commissioners whose comprehensive minds were abreast of the demands of the age, and who grasp with equal facility the wants of the future. There are men here to-day, doubtless, whose lives include the whole history of Madison county; men who have known it from the days of its wilderness to its present wealth of farm and field, orchard and meadow; from the days of its cabins to the present of palatial mansions; from the day when the corner-stone of the old court house was laid in 1831, till to-day, when the corner-stone is laid of a more pretentious building to be dedicated to law and justice. Within the periods named wonderful changes have occurred. The march of events is a fitting theme for orators and poets. Imagination could scarcely exceed the realities, nor fancy with the freest rein, eclipse by its freaks the magnificence of prosaic facts. The wilderness blooms; the waste places are fruitful; the Indian trail has given place to the macadamized highways. The iron rail has taken the place of the corduroy road. The bridge is where the ford used to be. The old stage coach is superceded by the palace car. The lightning is man's errand boy, and the conversations by telephone are as free and easy as they were in the olden time at a quilting, an apple bee, or a corn shucking. How grandly old things are passing away! * * *

Indiana is a proud commonwealth. She now has 2,000,000 of people, and may have, before the noble structure the people of Madison county contemplate building here, shall give place to another still more stately, 10,000,000 of inhabitants. * * *

For the old court house of Madison county, though I never saw it, I shall always cherish pleasant recollections. From one of its rafters, owing to the kindness of a valued friend, a staff was made and I am its fortunate possessor. When the new court house, so soon to be completed, fulfills its mission and takes its place among the things that were, no rafter from its roof will be carved into a walking stick for me or for you. We shall require no staff to help our infirmities. We shall have passed on to a country where corner stones are not laid and where the buildings never decay. We read of judge and judgments, of rewards and penalties in that seemingly far away land. We read, too, of infinite wisdom which never errs, and of decisions from which there is no appeals say what we may, we have all got to

stand trial. I would not mar the felicities of this occasion by a surmise that any one in this audience will lose his case. I prefer rather to blend with these ceremonies the devout wish that the foundation upon which we have built our hopes is the rock which withstands the storms and floods, so that when the corner-stones of court houses, and of the solid earth itself, give way, we shall find that in our cases justice has been so glorified by mercy that the fruitions of pardon have forever obliterated recollections of error, and that we shall walk out of court realizing that the costs have all been paid by our Elder Brother.

OTHER INTERESTING MATTERS.

The corner-stone is of Berea sand-stone and was taken from the quarries near Cleveland, Ohio. Its dimensions are 6 ft. 3½ in. x 3 ft. 11 in. x 2 ft. 6 in. The face of the stone is neatly dressed and carved, the mouldings forming a panel on which is inscribed:

A. D. 1882.

LAID BY

BRUCE CARR,

G. M. of F. and A. M.

B. F. AIMEN,
J. BRONNENBERG, } Commissioners.
J. F. THURSTON,

J. L. FORKNER, Auditor.

McCORMACK & SWEENEY, Contractors.

G. W. BUNTING, Architect.

J. E. REDMOND, Superintendent.

N. C. McCULLOUGH, Local Sup't.

In each corner of the panel is artistically carved a cluster of fruit or grain.

DEPOSITED IN THE STONE.

The following are the contents of the copper box that was placed in the stone:

History of Anderson chapter, R. A. M., No. 52, with roll of officers; Mt. Moriah lodge, No. 77, F. & A. M., and roll of members; Ovid lodge, No. 164, F. & A. M.; Madison lodge, No. 44, F. & A. M.; Independence lodge, No. 281, F. & A. M.; Alexandria lodge, No. 235, F. & A. M.; Pendleton chapter 51, F. & A. M.

Proceedings sixth annual meeting of Grand Lodge, F. & A. M., Indiana, 1882.

Proceedings Grand Chapter, Royal Arch Masons, Indiana, 1881.

Forty-fifth semi-annual communication of Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., Indiana, 1882.

Proceedings ninth annual meeting Supreme Lodge, Knights of Honor, Baltimore, 1882.

History Quincy Lodge, No. 230, F. & A. M.; Anderson Lodge, No. 131, I. O. O. F.; Ononga Tribe, No. 50, I. O. R. M.; Welcome Lodge, No. 116, K. of H.; roll of membership Madison Council, 334, Royal Arcanum.

Names and addresses of officers Grand Lodge, Indiana F. & A. M.; same of the Grand Chapter, Indiana R. A. M.

Samples of wheat, corn, oats and rye raised in Madison county, Indiana.

Copies, each, of the *Herald*, *Review and Democrat*, of the issue of August 11, 1882.

The *Woman's Journal*, May 13, 1882.

"*Our Union*," July, 1882.

Minutes of the Woman's National Christian Temperance Union, held at Washington, D. C., October 26, 1882.

Bar docket, June term, 1882, Madison Circuit court.

History of Madison county schools with statistics, compiled by W. M. Croan.

Third annual report, Bureau of Statistics.

School laws, Indiana, 1881.

Names of county officials past and present, also of city of Anderson past and present.

Sketches and history of old and new county buildings.

Map of each township in Madison county, with names of owners of lands.

Condensed history of church organizations in Anderson, Indiana.

Hardin's History of Madison County, Indiana.

History of Madison County Medical Society, with sketches of present members.

Copies of the Cincinnati papers of August 16, 1882—*Gazette*, *Enquirer*, *Commercial;* Indianapolis papers—*Journal*, *Sentinel*, *News* and Chicago *Times*.

Indiana railway guide, July 1882.

State agricultural report, 1880.

A Madison county 1865 war bond—cancelled.

Tenth annual report Indiana Reformatory Institution for women and girls.

Photograph of Colonel Ninevah Berry.

Photographic group of members of Board of County Commissioners.

Address of Thomas B. Orr.

Address prepared by Miss Violette Swearinger.

Manuscript history of Star Encampment No. 84, I O. O. F.

Specifications of the court house.

Roll of names of contractors, superintendents and employes, and list of public works constructed by McCormack & Sweeney, contractors.

Photograph and Masonic record of William Roach, Esq., the oldest Mason in Madison county.

Picture of old court house destroyed by fire December 10, 1880.

Printed programmes of the day's exercises.

List of women paying taxes in Madison county.

Photographic group of eighty-one of the old settlers of Madison county, taken in 1877.

Railroad map of the United States for 1882.

THE STRUCTURE COMPLETED.

The work on the court house was prosecuted without serious interference or delay notwithstanding certain objections raised by the local superintendent, Mr. McCullough, who could not agree with the contractors as to certain details in the plans and specifications. His objections to the manner in which the building was being erected were not given the consideration by the Commissioners which in his judgment their importance demanded, and he resigned. He was succeeded by John W. Pence, Esq., who was appointed local superintendent on the 3d of May, 1883. It appears of record that Mr. Pence, also, could not agree with the contractors upon many matters contained in the specifications and filed his objections with the Commissioners, but the record is silent as to the action taken by the Board. It was not until 1885 that the building was ready for occupancy, and then only a portion of it as is indicated by the following order made at a special session of the Board of Commissioners in February of that year:

"By agreement with McCormack & Sweeney, contractors for the court house, the Commissioners are to take

possession of such rooms and parts of the court house as they may desire, and such possession is not to be an acceptance of the building or work thereon. And the Board orders that the Madison Circuit Court hold its sessions in the new court house and that the Auditor, Clerk, Treasurer, Recorder and Sheriff be instructed to remove their offices and all records and papers thereto belonging into the proper rooms in said court house by Saturday evening, February 21, 1885."

The offices were removed to the rooms designated by the Commissioners in compliance with the above order and from that time to the present the county business has been transacted within the walls of "said court house." The building was subsequently received by the Commissioners and with the exception of the raised roof which now covers it, stands to-day in its symmetrical proportions just as it did when it was accepted by the County Board. And while some portions of the work of its construction may have been slighted, it is generally conceded that it is not only ample for the needs of Madison county for years to come, but one of the most stately buildings of its class in Indiana.

CHAPTER X.

County Business in the Pioneer Days — Organization of Courts — Members of the Bar, Etc.

The business of Madison county from the time of its formation in 1823 to 1825 was transacted by the associate judges, but sometime during the latter year three commissioners were elected to look after county affairs. These commissioners were succeeded by a board of justices composed of all the justices of the peace in the county, who looked after the county's business until 1829, when the law was again changed, the methods prescribed for the transaction of the public business being substantially the same as they are at the present time.

The first board of commissioners elected under the law of 1829 was composed of Thomas McCartney, Henry Sybert and John Berry, who met in special session in September of that year and proceeded to make a tax levy for county purposes The Board "ordered that, for the purpose of raising a county revenue for the present year, the following rate of taxation be laid, to-wit: On every hundred dollars' worth of town property, exclusive of improvements, 75 cents; on polls, 37½ cents; on work-oxen, 55 cents; on horses over three years old, 50 cents; on land, at the rate of 50 cents on 100 acres of first-rate land; 40 cents on 100 acres of second-rate land, and 30 cents on 100 acres of third-rate land."

This tax-levy would not be regarded as much of a burden in this day by the tax-payers of the county. But it was sufficient at the time it was made to meet all the necessary expenses of the county.

At a session of the Board of Commissioners held in May, 1831, we find it "Ordered, by the Board, that Aaron Shaul be and he is hereby allowed the sum of $4 for assessing taxes during the year 1830, and for taking the census." It is not known how long Mr. Shaul was engaged that year in assessing property and taking the census of the county, but it is evident that if he had any board bills or traveling expenses to pay he did not "lay up" much of his salary. The duties of

the office of assessor at that early day, however, were not very onerous; in fact, there was but little to do in any of the offices, and the men who were chosen to fill them not being up in the art of taxing "constructive fees" and without education on the beauties of "salary grabbing," seemed to be contented with the meagre compensation allowed them by law for their services.

In 1833, the first delinquent tax list was published, the delinquency at that time for the entire county amounting to only $5.72¾. This list was "published" by being "tacked" on the court house door, there being no newspaper at that time within the limits of the county. Posting notices was the only method from the organization of the county to 1834 of calling public attention to the orders and decrees of the courts. At a term of the Board of Commissioners in 1829 it was ordered among other things that "The clerk make out and put up at the court house door of the county a fair statement of the expenses of the county for the present year." The records do not show what the expenses of the county were for the year named, but they would appear very insignificant—a mere trifle—as compared with the amount of money that is required at this time to run the county. The expense in all the departments of the county government during the '20s and '30s was very small, and even so late as 1848 the total amount of taxes levied in the entire county anounted to less than twelve thousand dollars. The tax duplicate for the past year (1895) shows that the total amount of taxables in Madison county amounted to $26,994,775, and the total amount of taxes $398,568.92! These enormous amounts are very significant and indicate among other things the wonderful improvements that have been made in this county in fifty fleeting years. The early officials who administered the affairs of the county may have indulged in Utopian dreams, but their visions of Madison county's future greatness were tame in comparison with her proud position to-day.

THE CIRCUIT AND PROBATE COURTS.

The seat of justice as we have seen was located temporarily at Pendleton—from the year the county was organized until the summer of 1828—when it was removed to Anderson. The act providing for the location of the seat of justice at Anderson designated the house of John Berry as the place where the courts of Madison county should be held, and the first offi-

cial notice perhaps of the removal of the seat of justice to Anderson was contained in the record of the October term of the circuit court for the above year. This record was destroyed by the burning of the court house in 1882. The house of John Berry was a double log cabin and the same that had been built and occupied by Chief Anderson and his son as a dwelling.

CIRCUIT AND ASSOCIATE JUDGES.

From 1823 to 1852 two associate judges sat with the circuit court in the trial of causes, but in the latter year the office was abolished. The names of the circuit and associate judges from 1829 to 1852 are as follows: Circuit judges—William W. Wick, Miles C. Eggleston, Bethuel F. Morris, William W. Wick (second term), James Morrison, David Kilgore, Jeremiah Smith. Associate judges—Samuel Holliday, Adam Winsell, Andrew Jackson, Charles Mitchell, William Prigg, Abram Thomas, Uriah Van Pelt, David Pickard, George Millspaugh, J. W. Walker, Eli Hodson.

From 1852 to the present, the following named circuit judges have occupied the bench: Stephen Major, Joseph S. Buckles, Henry A. Brown, John Davis, James O'Brien, Winburn R. Pierce, Hervey Craven, Eli B. Goodykoontz, David N. Moss, M. A. Chipman, Alfred Ellison and John F. McClure, who is now on the bench. The names of these judges are given in the order in which they held office.

PROSECUTING ATTORNEYS.

The following are the names of the officials who have prosecuted the pleas of the state in Madison county since its organization. The names of the other officials of the county will be found elsewhere in this work.

From 1823 to the present time the names of the prosecuting attorneys, in their order, are as follows: James Gilmore, Harvey Gregg, Oliver H. Smith, James Whitcomb, William W. Wick, Hiram Brown, Harvey Gregg (second term) William Herod, William Quarles, William J. Peaslee, Jeremiah Smith, John M. Wallace, John Davis, Joseph S. Buckles, Richard Lake, William Garver, Reuben A. Riley, De Witt C. Chipman, David Nation, David Moss, John A. Harrison, Lemuel Gooding, William O'Brien, Joseph E. Elliott, F. M. Trissal, Joel Stafford, A. S. McCallister, F. M. Householder, Thomas B. Orr, W. A. Kittinger, D. W. Wood, A. C. Carver, B. H. Campbell and Daniel W. Scanlan.

In 1823 the common pleas court was established, as previously stated. The prosecuting attorneys for this court until it was abolished were James W. Sansberry, W. R. Hough, Calvin D. Thompson, William F. Wallace, Joseph W. Worl and Washington Saunders.

THE PROBATE COURT.

The Probate Court was established in 1829, and continued in existence until 1852, when it was abolished by an act of the legislature and the Common Pleas Court established. The jurisdiction of the Probate Court was limited in its jurisdiction to matters of estates, guardianships, etc., and the first judge elected to fill the office was James Scott, who served for a period of ten years. He was succeeded by Judge W. H. Mershon, who served from 1841 to 1851. Judge Mershon was a dignified, yet affable gentleman, and is still kindly remembered by the remaining old-timers in this county. He was succeeded by J. N. Starkey, who served from 1851 to 1852, when the court was abolished.

THE COMMON PLEAS COURT.

The Common Pleas district of which Madison county was a part was composed of Madison, Hancock and Henry counties, and the first judge elected to the office was David S. Gooding, of Hancock county, who served from 1853 to 1856, when Richard Lake was elected. Judge Lake served until 1860, when he was succeeded by William Grose, of Henry county. Judge Grose resigned shortly after being elected, and E. B. Martindale, of Henry county, was appointed to the vacancy by the Governor. Judge Martindale also resigned after serving a short time, and Judge Gooding was again elected in 1862 to the judgeship. He served four years and was succeeded by William R. West. Judge West held the office for a period of eight years and was succeeded by Robert L. Polk, who served until 1873, when the court of common pleas was abolished.

THE SUPERIOR COURT.

After the Commpn Pleas Court had been abolished all legal matters over which it had jurisdiction were adjudicated in the circuit court. The business of this court increased to such an embarassing extent with the increase of population and development of the county that it became necessary in

1895 to take steps toward relieving the situation. To this end a bill was introduced at the 59th session of the General Assembly, held in 1894–5, creating a superior court for Madison county. The bill was passed on the 27th of February, 1895, and became a law.

JURISDICTION OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.

Concerning the jurisdiction of the superior court, Sec. 10 of the act says: "Said court within and for said county shall have original and concurrent jurisdiction with the circuit court in all civil cases and jurisdiction concurrent with the circuit court in all cases of appeal from justices of the peace, boards of county commissioners, and mayors or city courts in civil cases, and all other appellate jurisdiction in civil causes now vested in or which may hereafter be vested by law in the circuit court; and said court shall also have concurrent jurisdiction in all actions by or against estates. Provided, however, that said superior court, hereby constituted, shall not have jurisdiction in a matter of probate or the settlements of decedent's estates, but the same shall be and remain within the jurisdiction of the circuit court as now provided by law."

After the bill creating the court had become a law, a petition numerously signed by the members of the bar and leading citizens of the county was presented to the governor asking that William S. Diven be appointed judge. There was but little, if any, opposition in any quarter to the appointment of Judge Diven and he was accordingly honored by the governor with the position, his commission being presented to him on the 1st of March, 1895. Judge Diven was succeeded by the present incumbent, Henry C. Ryan.

THE BAR—PAST AND PRESENT.

Among the early practitioners at the Madison county bar, from 1823 to 1840, were: Daniel B. Wick, Calvin Fletcher, James Gilmore, James B. Ray, Martin M. Ray, Joseph Cox, Oliver H. Smith, Lott Bloomfield, Charles H. Test, David Wallace, Edgar C. Wilson, Philip Sweetzer, William R. Morris, Josiah F. Polk, Cyrus Finch, James Rariden, Bethuel F. Morris, William Carpenter, James Noble, Harvey Gregg, Providence McCorry, Hiram Brown, James Whitcomb, James Forsee, David Kilgore, Thomas C. Anthony, William Herod, John H. Scott, C. D. Henderson, Thomas D. Walpole, Hum-

phrey F. Robinson, Alfred Kilgore, Ovid Butler, Abram A. Hammond, John Davis, Addison Mayo, David Moss, Mason Hughes, William Quarles, Isaac Scearce, Franklin Corwin, Robert N. Williams, Earl S. Stone, Jacob Robbins, William J. Peaslee, D. Lord Smith, Simon Yandis, John M. Wallace, Lucien Barbour.

In this roster will be recognized the names of men who in their time were eminent in the affairs of the State and nation. One at least was a United States Senator, some were elected to the office of Governor, several to the lower house of Congress, and many were chosen at different times as judges. But three—Judge John Davis, R. N. Williams and Isaac Scearce—resided in the county, the others being citizens of other but contiguous counties. Along with the development of the county, however, and the increase of population, the local bar increased in numbers correspondingly until 1887, when, owing to the discovery of natural gas, men of all classes, conditions and professions flocked to the county, and the bar was augmented to such an extent that it now numbers ninety-five members. From 1840 to the present time (1896) the following named persons residing in the county have been admitted to the bar. Many of the persons whose names are given have departed this life, while others have retired from the practice or removed from the county:

Seth Smith, William R. O'Neil, Richard Lake, Hervey Craven, Milton S. Robinson, E. B. Goodykoontz, James W. Sansberry, John A. Harrison, S. W. Hill, Nathan Brag, S. C. Martindale, W. R. Pierse, T. C. S. Cooper, Allen Makepeace, H. D. Thompson, C. D. Thompson, W. R. West, A. S. McCallister, W. A. Kittinger, John E. Corwin, W. R. Myers, J. H. McConnell, John W. Lovett, B. H. Dyson, A. D. Williams, F. A. Walker, W. L. Roach, C. L. Henry, T. B. Orr, F. S. Ellison, D. C. Chipman, J. M. Dehority, M. A. Chipman, H. C. Ryan, E. P. Schlater, W. S. Diven, J. N. Study, D. N. Berg, George Ballard, D. W. Wood, T. J. Nichol, J. B. Kinnard, O. P. Stone, A. W. Thomas, J. W. Hardman, Chas. Nation, J. F. McClure, Frank P. Foster, A. C. Carver, E. B. McMahan, A. J. Behymer, E. F. Daily, S. F. Keltner, E. E. Hendee, C. M. Greenlee, A. A. Small, D. H. Fernandes, S. B. Moore, E. D. Reardon, E. B. Chamness, J. C. Shuman, J. M. Farlow, J. M. Hundley, W. A. Swindell, J. R. Thornburgh, Perry Behymer, L. D. Addison, W. A. Sprong, B. H. Campbell, W. S. Shelton, E. S. Griffin, S. C.

Forkner, M. M. Dunlap, J. E. Wiley, Frank Matthews, D. L. Bishop, John Shannon, W. F. Edwards, O. A. Armfield, F. A. Littleton, Jos. Schumacher, D. W. Scanlan, Mark P. Turner, L. B. Jackson, J. T. Ellis, Nicholas Harper, Isaac A. Loeb, Geo. S. Taylor, A. A. Stiles, R. Broadbent, John Beeler, James A. VanOsda., H. F. Wilkie, H. W. Taylor, Edward Hall, Austin Retherford, J. W. Perkins, A. J. May, Bert Call, J. B. McIntire, W. W. Barton, L. A. Rizer, Charles Bagot, E. S. Boyer, John Finan, Jr., Guy Ballard, J. J. Netterville, A. L. Doss, E. M. Welker, J. L. Crouse, Willis S. Ellis, F. T. Pulse, Alva George, W. H. Jones, A. H. Vestal, W. A. Tipton, Charles Clevenger, Thomas Bagot, W. S. Rector, M. E. Fitzgerald.

CHAPTER XI.

Early Efforts for the Promotion of Farming Interests—Legislation and Organization—Fairs.

When the first settlers located in Madison county the 450 square miles, or 286,997.45 acres comprising its area were, with the exception of a small amount of prairie land, covered by unbroken forests out of whose sombre depths came no echoes save the howl of the skulking wolf, the panther, or the wierd halloa of the roving red man. The pioneers plunged into the vast solitudes with axe and grubbing-hoe in hand and it was but a short time until a number of small farms had been carved out of the wilderness. The soil was fertile, the woodmen unceasing in their toil, and each year added to the acreage of tillable land. Orchards were planted, gardens were laid out "where the brood of serpents used to nestle" and the sturdy husbandmen began vieing with each other in the production of the best of everything a fruitful soil could yield. They were encouraged in this not only by the gratifying results of their toil, but by frequent exhortations from the early governors of the state, who recognizing the fact that Indiana was from the nature of her soil and climate peculiarly adapted to agriculture, urged upon the legislature the importance of passing laws encouraging friendly rivalry among those engaged in agricultural pursuits. Societies for the promotion of agriculture and stock raising were organized in difierent parts of the state and fairs were held, as far back as the early '30s, at which the farmers annually exhibited their stock and farm products.

THE FIRST FAIR

Held in Madison county appears to have been a private enterprise in which Joseph Barnes and Archibald Parker were, as an old-timer expresses it, "the officers, board of directors and managers." This competitive exhibition was held in the year 1837, in "Andersontown" and on the ground now occupied by the court house. The ground at the time was covered with stumps and Ex-Mayor Dunham, of Ander-

son, asserts that the largest pumpkin he ever saw was exhibited from the top of one of them. There was no admission charged at this fair and no premiums were awarded save the traditional red and blue ribbons. This fair did not result very happily so far as its promoters were concerned, as a decision by one of the committee on awards gave rise to a controversy between them which eventually resulted in the removal of Barnes from the county.

The next fair was held at Huntsville in 1839, but whether it was a success or not does not appear. The exhibit of agricultural products and stock, as well as the attendance, was necessarily small and no doubt discouraging. The late Hon. William Roach, of Anderson, was one of the directors of this fair. Conrad Crossley, John J. Lewis, John H. Cook and Isaac Busby also took an active interest in the exhibition, being members of the society under whose auspices it was given. The county evidently assisted this society financially, for at the March term, 1837, of the Board of Commissioners the following order was made: "Ordered by the Board that the sum of $25 of the county funds of Madison county, be, and the same is hereby appropriated to the agricultural society of said county." The society was shortlived and no more fairs were held in the county until 1850, when another society was organized. Col. Townsend Ryan was president of the society. Andrew Jackson, William Craycraft and others constituted the board of directors. After the society had been organized, a tract of land containing twenty-five acres was leased of John Davis at Anderson. This land is now covered with comfortable houses and is situated just west of the Big Four railway (C. W. & M). The grounds extended from what is now Eighth street to "Green's Branch," the entrance being on Eighth street. This street was then known as the "Strawtown road," and was traveled more at that time than any other thoroughfare in the county.

Fairs were held on these grounds until 1855 when the lease expired, and the society having no suitable grounds where they could conduct a fair, passed out of existence.

THE PENDLETON FAIR.

On July 20, 1867, a meeting of gentlemen residing at and in the vicinity of Pendleton was held at that place for the purpose of organizing a Fair Association. At this meeting a committee on grounds and subscriptions was appointed, also

a committee to draft articles of association. The first board of directors was elected February 1, 1868. The directors were Thomas Wilhoit, Robert Blakely, John Z. Patterson, W. G. Walker, John H. Kinnard, Joseph O. Hardy and Hervy Craven. The board organized by electing J. H. Kinnard, president, E. Williams, secretary, and J. W. Bomgardner, treasurer. The association purchased grounds southeast of Pendleton a short distance, where annual exhibitions were given from the fall of 1868 to the fall of 1876, when the association disbanded.

MADISON COUNTY JOINT-STOCK AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

Laws were passed in the meantime with reference to agricultural societies that were more in keeping with the improved condition of agriculture in the State. A number of public-spirited citizens met and organized a joint-stock fair association. This society was organized on the 16th of May, 1868, at Crim's Exchange bank, in Anderson. The presiding officer at the meeting was James M. Dickson. Dr. Townsend Ryan acted as secretary. William Crim was chosen president of the association for the ensuing year, Dr. Ryan, secretary, and John P. Barnes, treasurer.

On the 31st of May, a tract of land was leased across the road and a little to the northwest of the old fair grounds at Anderson. The grounds were eligibly situated and in every respect adapted to the purpose for which they were used so many years. They were at once inclosed, a fine half-mile race track constructed and that fall a fair was given which proved a gratifying success, not only to the management, but to exhibitors and the public at large. Annually for several years improvements were made on the grounds until they became famous throughout the State for their beauty and the accommodations afforded exhibitors and the public. From the time the association was organized until 1887, its yearly expositions were largely partonized, Thursday being the "great day" of each meeting. The best races usually occurred on that day, and thousands of people attended the fair to see and enjoy the sport. From 1887 to 1890, however, it became apparent that the people throughout the county were losing interest in the fair, notwithstanding the attractions and large premiums offered by the association. The awards were always paid promptly and no complaints were ever made of the management. But with the decrease in attendance the society became involved in debt. The growth of the city had extended

beyond the limits of the grounds in every direction and proceedings having been instituted for the opening of streets through the grounds, the stockholders very wisely concluded that it would be to the interest of the association and all concerned to dispose of the grounds, settle up its affairs and terminate its corporate existence. This determination was arrived at immediately after the fair in the fall of 1890, the attendance that year being very small and a lack of interest in its success being manifested generally by its former patrons. That winter the legislature passed an enabling act authorizing the "Madison County Joint-Stock Agricultural Society, of Madison county, Indiana, to sell and convey all her corporate property, distribute the proceeds, and end her corporate existence." After the passage of this act the grounds were divided into lots and sold, and the Madison County Fair Association became a thing of the past. The officers of the association the last year of its existence were: John P. Barnes, president; W. T. Durbin, treasurer; Edmund Johnson, secretary; and C. K. McCullough, superintendent.

NORTH ANDERSON DRIVING PARK ASSOCIATION.

In 1892 a number of citizens, several of whom were interested in fast stock, organized a racing association that was known as the North Anderson Driving Park Association, from the fact that grounds were purchased for the use of the association in that locality. H. C. Ryan was elected president of the association for the ensuing year; W. T. Durbin, treasurer; C. K. McCullough, secretary, and N. A. Free, superintendent. Several large stables were erected on the grounds and a mile track constructed that was regarded by horsemen as one of the finest in the west. Meetings or races, were held in 1892–3, but were not very liberally patronized for various reasons, and this together with the fact that many who had subscribed for stock in the association refused to meet the assessments made against them compelled the directors to close up the affairs of the organization. The grounds and belongings of the association were sold by an order of the circuit court in 1894.

ELWOOD DRIVING PARK AND FAIR ASSOCIATION.

This association was organized at Elwood, October 3, 1895, by the election of the following board of directors: C. C. DeHority, M. J. Clancy, H. G. Harting, F. M. Harbit, D. G.

Evans and P. T. O'Brien. Grounds were purchased about a mile and a half northeast of Elwood, and in the following September, the society held its first meeting. Liberal premiums were offered in the various departments, and the fair was a gratifying success in every respect. The association will hold its meetings annually. The following are the present officers of the association: N. J. Leisure, president; D. G. Evans, secretary; F. M. Harbit, treasurer; P. T. O'Brien, superintendent.

CHAPTER XII.

THE INDIANA CENTRAL CANAL—INTEREST TAKEN IN THE IMPROVEMENT BY GOVERNOR RAY—THE FIRST RIOT IN ANDERSON—THE ANDERSON HYDRAULIC.

Governors William Hendricks, James B. Ray, Noah Noble—in fact all the early Governors of Indiana, were very solicitous concerning the development of the State's resources, and consequently were deeply interested in the public highways, whether they were by land or water. In a message delivered before the Legislature in December, 1826, Governor Ray said: "On the construction of roads and canals, then, we must rely as the safest and most certain State policy to relieve our situation, place us among the first States in the Union, and change of hard times into an open acknowledgment of our contentedness. We must strike at the internal improvement of the State, or form our minds to remain poor and unacquainted with each other!" Governor Noah Noble, who succeeded Governor Ray, urged upon the Legislatures of 1831–4 the importance of a well-defined system of public improvements. The people had become aroused upon the subject and demanded the adoption of measures necessary to the development of the State's resources. At that time canals and railroads were being constructed in various parts of Indiana, and it became necessary that a general system of internal improvements should be adopted. Accordingly, the General Assembly of 1836 passed an act providing for the appointment of a Board of internal improvements. The Board consisted of six persons, appointed by the Governor, "by and with the advice and consent of the Senate and the Canal Commissioners then in office." This Board had general supervision of all internal improvements in the State. Among the important works specified in the act was "the Central canal, commencing at the most suitable point on the Wabash & Erie canal, between Fort Wayne and Logansport, running thence to Muncietown, thence to Indianapolis, thence down the valley of the West Fork of the White river to its junction with the East Fork of said river, and thence by the most practicable route to Evansville, on the Ohio river."

The Legislature appropriated $3,500,000 for the construction of this canal and navigable feeder. Work was begun in 1838 on the division of the canal running through Madison county, but there came a revulsion of public sentiment in 1840 against any further appropriations for internal improvements, and work on the canal was abandoned never to be resumed. In this connection the following

ACCOUNT OF A RIOT

is given, principally for the reason that the circumstances, although familiar to all the old-timers of Anderson at that period, have never been related in any history or "musty chronicle" of Madison county.

The men employed on the construction of the canal were like they are usually on all public works, very largely of foreign birth, and in this instance a majority of them, Irish. While the work was in progress in the vicinity of Anderson, they lived in huts or "shanties" east of town and along the line of the improvement. At that time there was a public house, or "tavern," built of logs and situated on the southeast corner of the thoroughfares now known as Ninth street and Central avenue. The proprietor was an Irishman of the name of Ferriter, who, besides furnishing forth to his guests a sumptuous board, boasted that he had the best "old rye" on White river. Being Irish, he was of course patronized liberally by his countrymen employed on the canal, especially whenever they wanted a draught of anything to drive away "malaria." It so happened that a number of the Irishmen employed on the canal were Orangemen, and between them and the Catholic Irishmen there was, of course, a feeling of bitter hatred which needed but slight provocation to manifest itself in acts of violence. One of the Orangemen had been caught and severely injured by a cave-in of the bank of the canal, and had been removed to the "tavern" where he could be better taken care of by his friends. Another Orangeman described as a bright, active young man, was taking care of his injured friend. One day a party of Catholic Irish came across the river to the "tavern" and after imbibing freely of Ferriter's "malaria" cure, became involved in an altercation with the young Orangeman who, seeing that he would probably be killed, ran from the premises to the house of Willis G. Atherton, Esq., where he unceremoniously took refuge in a bed room. He was pursued by the infuriated Irishmen to the

house, where they demanded that the young man be delivered up to them. Mr. Atherton was a law-abiding citizen, and while somewhat disconcerted at the sudden and unexpected outburst of violence at his door, was brave enough to refuse the demands of the excited Irishmen, who at once began throwing stones at the house. In the meantime the news of the trouble had spread abroad through the village and every man that had a rifle or shotgun, seized it and ran to the scene of the riot. They closed in on the rioters and several of the most violent and obstinate among them were arrested and placed in the log jail. The friends of the imprisoned men were determined on liberating them by force, and it became necessary for the officers and a posse of citizens to guard the jail for several weeks after the disturbance. They sent word to the officials and citizens that they intended to cross the river as soon as they could prepare themselves, and rescue their friends, regardless of the consequences. On several occasions they came as far as the river opposite the village and fired a fusilade with their guns in order to terrify the inhabitants, and one night, believing they had the officers and citizens properly frightened, crossed the river for the purpose of attacking the jail and liberating the prisoners. The officers had been warned, and when the mob crossed the river they found themselves surrounded by as brave and determined a band of men as ever settled in a new country. Their guns and ammunition were taken away from them and they were told that any further demonstrations on their part would be received as the acts of outlaws and the authors of them treated as such. This had the desired effect. There was no more disturbance and the imprisoned men were finally released from custody.

Mr. Mortimer Atherton, who lives on North Meridian street in Anderson, has a vivid recollection of all the details of this affair and says that the officers' posse captured about a half peck of bullets from the rescuing party, many of which had been moulded to fit shotguns. The residence of Mr. Willis G. Atherton stood on part of the ground now occupied by the Bronnenberg block on Main street.

THE ANDERSON HYDRAULIC.

A number of years after work on the canal had been abandoned, certain individuals considered the feasibility of completing that portion of the work lying between Anderson and Daleville and using it for hydraulic purposes. Nothing

came of the scheme, and it was finally dropped. In 1868, however, a number of public-spirited citizens began agitating the question of utilizing the canal. Great interest was taken in the matter by the citizens of Anderson and vicinity as it was thought that the enterprise, when completed, would result in making Anderson a city of the first class. Public meetings were held at which the speakers located mills, factories and other enterprises without number along the hydraulic. Anderson was pictured in glowing colors as the "coming city" in the State. Finally on the 19th of December, 1868, "The Anderson Hydraulic Company" was organzied with capital stock subscribed to the amount of $64,000. The city of Anderson subsequently subscribed $20,000 and issued bonds for the amount. The board of directors chosen by the stockholders was comprised of the following persons: Peter Suman, William Crim, H. J. Blacklidge, N. C. McCullough, George Nichol, Samuel Hughel and James Hazlett. The board organized by electing N. C. McCullough, president, William Crim, treasurer, and C. D. Thompson, secretary. The company proceeded to let contracts for reconstructing the canal and a large force of hands was soon employed on the work.

The canal extended from a point opposite the village of Dalevale in Delaware county to the city of Anderson, being about eight miles in length. To the disappointment of many, the work did not progress as rapidly as had been anticipated and people generally began to lose faith in the benefits that would accure after it had been completed. In the meantime the funds of the company had been gradually reduced and by the time the work had progressed far enough to turn in the water the announcement was made that they were practically exhausted. Water was turned into the canal from White river at Daleville on the 4th of July, 1874, but the banks gave way at several places and it became necessary to shut off the water. The places that had been washed out were repaired but again gave way to the pressure of the water when a second attempt was made to flood the canal. The stockholders had lost confidence in the practicability of the scheme and refusing to contribute further assistance, that which was to have been the glory of Anderson was abandoned. Eighty thousand dollars were expended on this work. It was afterwards sold by the sheriff of Madison county to Edward H. Rogers to satisfy judgments held by him against the company for labor and materials furnished for its construction.

CHAPTER XIII.

Railroads in Madison County—When Constructed—Incidental Matters.

The Indiana Central Canal project had been abandoned but a few years when the subject of a line of railway extending from Indianapolis through Madison county on to Bellefontaine, Ohio, absorbed the public interest along the proposed route. Madison county had no market for her produce, which was increasing yearly as the county developed, and the prospect of securing a railroad was hailed with general satisfaction by the people. There were "croakers" then as now who were opposed to public improvements, and many of the objections urged against railroads in general, and the construction of the Bellefontaine railroad in particular, in the light of subsequent events, are amusing, to say the least. Several citizens of Anderson, who were "molders of public opinion" in their day, opposed the construction of the road for various reasons. One who had occupied several of the most important offices in the county, and stood high in the confidence of his fellow citizens, did not want the road built for the reason that the cars would run over and kill the children! Another prominent citizen urged that the benefits of the road would not justify the expense to the people, declaring that one train could haul all the produce of the county for twenty years at one load! Other objections were urged against the building of the road, but the masses of the people were in favor of it, and we find that at the June session, 1849, of the Board of Commissioners, the following: "Ordered that the County Commissioners, for, and on behalf of the county of Madison, take and subscribe the sum of $15,500, which, including the sum of $500 heretofore subscribed, makes $16,000, as stock in the Indianapolis & Bellefontaine Railroad Company, to be paid in four equal annual installments, and to be expended within the county of Madison." Citizens generally subscribed for stock in the company, and the railroad was built, that portion of it passing through

Madison county being completed in 1852. The road now belongs to the Big Four system, and is operated under the name of the C. C. C. & St. L. railway.

The first station, or depot, built along the line of this road in Madison county, stood about where the present handsome Big Four depot is located in Anderson. The first agent at Anderson was Philip Siddall, long since deceased, but who in his day possessed qualities of the heart that rendered him popular with all classes of people. He was the first telegraph operator at Anderson, having learned the art of telegraphy shortly after it had been adopted by the railway company to facilitate its business. Telegraphy, that is electro-telegraphy, was at that time in its infancy—the first telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore having been established in 1844—and messages were not received by sound as they are at the present time, or as they were several years after Professor Morse's invention had proven itself the greatest triumph of modern civilization, but by means of characters indented by the instrument on a narrow strip of paper or "tape." Mr. Siddall became very proficient in receiving and transmitting messages by this method.

EXTENT OF TRACK.

This branch of the Big Four has nearly twenty-one miles of main track and about six miles of side-track in the county, and is one of the most profitable roads belonging to the system. It is connected with the principal railway systems of the country, and so far as its business in Madison county is concerned, enjoys a prosperity at the present time as compared with its early history that approaches the marvelous. Statistics and other information showing the amount of traffic, both freight and passenger, enjoyed by this company at the present time will be found in the history of Anderson township.

THE P. C. C. & ST. L. (PAN-HANDLE).

What is now known as the Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Chicago & St. Louis railway has been operated under various names, having frequently changed ownership, but it now belongs to the Pennsylvania system. This was the second road built through the county, having been completed in 1855. It was projected as a connecting line between Richmond and Chicago by the management of the Columbus, Piqua & Indian-

apolis, and the Richmond & Covington lines, the two latter lines being consolidated in 1864. The road passes through the county from the southeast to the northwest, having about twenty-two and one-half miles of main track according to the last statement filed with the auditor of the county by the general superintendent. The company also has about eight miles of side-track, and, at the present time is in a flourishing condition, doing an enormous amount of business in the county.

The first agent of the company in the county was Henry Pyle, Esq., who kept his office in a freight car that had been removed from the track and placed at the side of the track about where the present freight depot in Anderson now stands. This depot was also used for the accommodation of passengers up to 1894, when the present passenger depot, just east of Fletcher street, between Ninth and Tenth streets, was erected.

While other enterprises have made rapid strides, and the hand of progress can be seen on every turn, the railroads have not been asleep in the last forty years. There is as wide a difference between the railroad equipments and the mode of railroad management, as there is between the fine coach drawn on the streets today and the old wooden axle carriage of that day. The comparison of one is only a comparison of the other. To illustrate: The Pan-Handle railroad was constructed from Richmond to Hagerstown in 1850–51, extended to Newcastle in 1852, and reached Anderson in 1855. The equipments of the road at that time would be a curiosity to the present generation. The first engine that ran on the road was called the "Swinett." It was a very small affair, not much larger than one of the large traction engines in use now for the purpose of running threshing machines. It had no pilot, or "cow-catcher" in front, like the engines of to-day. No coal was used in those days. The smoke stack on the Swinett was a large affair, spreading out at the top, with a large sieve covering it to arrest the escape of sparks and ashes.

The "Swinett" coming down the road made much the same appearance of a country boy at a county fair with his pa's plug hat on. At night when she was steamed and her fire-box stuffed full of dry wood, as she sailed along through the darkness, she left a string of fire coals streaming over her back like the tail of a comet, often setting fire to strawstacks, barns and fences, and clearing everything in her way. She

had painted on the side of her "tender" the picture of a man with a pig under his arm, the tail in his mouth and he picking on the pig like a banjo. Thus it took its name "Swinett."

The "Swinett" had a twin sister that came on the road about the same time, named the "Julia Dean." She was rather smaller, but much handsomer, from the fact that her smoke stack was painted red. As she came sailing along she looked like a sugar trough with a stovepipe stuck up in the center of it. She, like the "Swinett," had no pilot in front. If either of these engines ever struck a cow it was simply a question of which went into the ditch, the cow or the engine.

The people of those days called a locomotive a "bulljine." It was a great treat for the youngsters to go to town on Saturday and see the "bulljine" come in. After these rude, ill-shaped engines had served their day and the road had reached further into the fields of prosperity, new and modern engines were placed in service. While they were considered in their day the finest in the land, they would suffer in comparison with the monsters of to-day.

Every town on the line of the road of any importance was anxious to have an engine named for it. The officials, of course, in order to please their patrons, named an engine after the county seats through which the road passed. There were the "New Castle," the "Logansport," the "Anderson" and the "Chicago," all handsome pieces of machinery. Then there was the "S. Fosdick," the largest engine of its day, named in honor of a railway official. But of all the locomotives that ever skipped along the rails of the Pan Handle railroad, from the time the road was first begun up to date, the "Old Hoosier" took the "cake." She was the favorite of all the engineers who traveled the road. Mark Smith was the engineer who handled her throttle. He was as much a favorite as was his engine. Every woman, man and child on the road knew Mark Smith, and loved him. The "Hoosier" had a whistle that outwhistled all others. People used to say that the whistle of the "Hoosier" when it was thrown wide open would shake the beech-nuts off the trees along the road.

John Smock was the first engineer to run an engine on the road. He came to the road with the Swinett and stayed with it as long as the engine was in use and for sometime afterward. Smock was a terrible swearer. It is said that he could curse the old Swinett until it would begin to move, without fire,

water or steam. It was his delight to see a team of horses skip out over a cornfield along the road when scared at the cars. He often blew the whistle when there was no earthly need of it, just to scare somebody's horses and see them run.

Among the early engineers on the road was a man named Skinner. He for many years ran the "Old Chicago." She was a monster for that day, built for a passenger run. Extra large drive wheels, with the gearing or side rods inside of the drivers. Skinner was an awful man to swear. He made the air blue when anything went wrong. A man by the name of Grimes was also an early engineer.

Tom Clark was the first conductor on the road. He was a whole team by himself. He knew everybody on the road, and everybody knew him. He swore, chewed tobacco, smoked and drank good liquor, and had a good time generally. He retired many years ago, and lived on a farm near Richmond, where, it is said, he died some years ago. There was only one train each way a day from Anderson to Richmond. It was a mixed train of freight and passenger cars. Tom Clark was the only conductor, and ran the whole business. Afterward separate trains were made up exclusively of passenger coaches, and more conductors were needed.

Then came John C. Huddleston, Charley Lincoln and Elijah Holland, of Newcastle. "Lige" wore a blue cloth "spike-tailed" coat with brass buttons, with a beautiful growth of red whiskers to match. Then there were Thompson, Plimpton, Muchmore, Billie Patterson, Bogart and others whose names are now forgotten. Bogart was a little New York dandy; looked like he had just come out of a bandbox. He was unused to Hoosier customs. The boys along the road used to have lots of fun at his expense. They "kidded" him in many ways.

Thompson died of hemorrhage of the lungs while in the service of the road.

Plimpton was an eastern dude, brought out here by some of the stock-holders and placed on the road. He was universally disliked by all of the patrons of the road as well as by the crews who ran the trains.

John C. Huddleston is still living a retired life in New Castle, and is one of the largest land owners in Henry county. He has acres and acres of Blue river bottom land that one can see as they near New Castle on the Pan Handle train. It looks like the Garden of Eden. He had his foot cut off at

Knightstown in 1860 by the cars running over it. It is said he was there on some political business and did not want it known, but the accident brought it out.

Billy Patterson was the favorite conductor of his day. Everybody was for Billy Patterson from one end of the line to the other.

There was no telegraph line on the road then, and a conductor had to be "up to snuff" to run a train. It was no boy's play in those days to be a conductor.

The engine "Anderson" did service for several years on the road, and was a general favorite among railroaders as well as the public. She finally ended her existence by suicide about the year 1860, exploding her boiler while standing on the track in the town after which she was named, while her engineer was eating a lunch in a small restaurant or lunch room kept by "Buff" Dehority, situated near where Wellington's flouring mills now stand opposite the Pan Handle depot. She was blown into fragments. The boiler was completely demolished and thrown in all directions. H. J. Daniels, ex-postmaster of Anderson, kept a grain house near there, and was a witness to the explosion. No one was hurt, but everybody for a great distance was badly scared and shaken up.

A tragedy of enormous proportions came near being enacted while the road was being constructed. There was a deep cut to be made just east of Hagarstown through the farm of Hugh Allen. The contractors had their stables and boarding houses erected on the farm, spending all of one summer and part of one winter there. There was a man by the name of William Babbitt, who now lives in Dayton, Ohio, who was the "boss" on the work. All of his men were Irish who had not been long in America, brought here by the many public works going on at that time. Babbitt was a good, kind-hearted man, dearly beloved by all his men. Any one of them would have laid down his life for him. From some cause Babbitt was removed from the work, and a man by the name of Sam Finney took his place. This did not suit the men. Finney was a gruff, rough-spoken man, tyrannical in his manners, and was no time in incurring the dislike of the men. Matters grew steadily worse until open rebellion came near being the outcome. Something occurred that so enraged the men that a secret plot was laid to kill Finney. It is said that at night after work had been abandoned

a grave was dug in the bottom of the "pit" and plans were laid whereby Finney, when he came to work in the morning, was to be killed and his body buried in the pit.

There was a man on the work by the name of McDonald, a Scotch-Irishman, who knew of the scheme. He, at the risk of his own life, slipped in the night over to the house of Hugh Allen, where Finney boarded, and told him of the awful fate that awaited him if he went to work in the morning. Finney was brave as a lion, and was not to be scared. He went next morning, armed to the hilt, and met the men, telling them of the conspiracy, and that he knew of their designs many days before, and defying them, he bluffed them out. He was removed from the job and someone else put in his place, and all went on in peace. There are, perhaps, some of the Irish people yet living in Madison county who remember this occurrence, as several of them helped to build the old Pan Handle road. McDonald, who gave the affair away, would, no doubt, have suffered the penalty fixed for Finney had he been known to have divulged it. What became of Finney the writer does not know, but for the remaining years of his existence, from that memorable night, he owes to McDonald, the Scotch-Irishman.

Col. Ninevah Berry was one of the first mail agents on the road. He was elected treasurer of Madison county while running on the road, and John C. Huddleston, while conductor on the same train, was elected treasurer of Henry county. James Blanchard was the first superintendent of the road, and a man of the name of Tinney, who had one "squint" eye, was the first road-master. All of the older people remember Tinney. He was a good business man and an unceasing worker. Tinney was a nervous fellow and could not endure tobacco smoke. One time he was coming up the road on a local freight, riding in a caboose. Tom Clark, the conductor, had a boy, who was a brakeman, and he was a "devil." He was smoking a "barn yard regalia," making the air blue with smoke. Tinney drove him out of the car with his cigar, so he crawled up on top, shutting the door and fastening it outside He took a board, placed it over the stove pipe and sat down on it, so the smoke from the stove could not escape. He smoked Tinney until he got to the next station, when he got down, asking him how he liked that kind of smoke.

John C. Huddleson ran the first regular passenger train

into Anderson over this road. Thomas Clark was the first conductor, but ran a "mixed" train. Huddleson is now over 80 years old.

THE CINCINNATI, WABASH & MICHIGAN R. R. (MICHIGAN DIVISION OF THE BIG FOUR).

In 1869 a proposition was made to the people residing in Anderson, Monroe and Van Buren townships, looking to the construction of a line of road from White Pigeon, Michigan, to the city of Anderson. The company as originally organized was known as the Grand Rapids, Wabash & Cincinnati Railroad. About the same time a proposition was made for the construction of a road through the county known as the Lafayette, Muncie & Bloomington Railroad, and at a special session of the Board of Commissioners held on the 12th of October, 1869, we find that a petition was presented to the Board asking "that an election be held on Monday, November 15, 1869, for the purpose of taking a vote upon the question of appropriating $147,000, by Madison county, to aid in the construction of the roads above named." The election was ordered and resulted in a majority in favor of the proposition. A tax levy was made in accordance with the result of the vote but a number of persons brought suit to enjoin the collection of the tax and after a few years of litigation the supreme court decided against the company and the tax that had been paid to the county treasurer was refunded to the tax-payers.

Nothing further was done towards building the C. W. & M. road until 1874 when another petition was presented to the Commissioners at the March term of that year asking that an election be held in Anderson township on the 2nd of May for the purpose of taking a vote upon the question of donating $28,000 to aid in the construction of the road. At the same time similar petitions were presented from Monroe, Van Buren and Boone townships, the subsidies to be voted upon in these townships being respectively $24,000 in Monroe, $8,000 in Van Buren and $7,500 in Boone. The election was held in accordance with the order of the commissioners and resulted in favor of granting the appropriations in Anderson, Monroe and Boone townships. The proposition was defeated in Van Buren township by a vote of 90 for, to 120 against. There were complaints of illegal votes being returned in favor of the appropriation in Boone township and they were not considered

in the count thereby defeating the proposition. Another election was held on December 15, 1874, in Van Buren, but the proposition was again defeated. Aid was subsequently voted in this township, however, and the work of extending the road from Wabash south was begun. The road was completed to Anderson in 1876, intersecting the P. C. C. & St. L. about two miles north of the city of Anderson. An arrangement was affected with the P. C. C. & St. L. road by which the C. W. & M. used its track into Anderson, until the latter could construct a bridge across White river and extend its track into the city. This arrangement lasted for several months, or until the C. W. & M. bridge was completed and a depot had been erected on the east side of the road between Fifth and Sixth streets. This depot was subsequently burned, but as the road was leased at the time by the Big Four, was not rebuilt, the passengers and freight being handled at the depots of the latter company.

The first president of the C. W. & M. road was Mr. A. T. Gardner, of Michigan, a gentleman of the highest probity and moral worth. He had been very active in his efforts to complete the road to Anderson, and he had no sooner seen the work accomplished, which was early in May, 1876, than he was taken suddenly ill of fever and died at the Stilwell House (now Doxey) after a very brief illness. His remains were taken to his Michigan home for interment on the first passenger train that was run over the road between Anderson and Wabash, and were accompanied as far as the latter city by one hundred of Anderson's business men and prominent citizens.

THE SOUTHERN EXTENSION.

It was the design of the original company operating the C. W. & M. to extend the road as far south as the Ohio river, and into the city of Louisville, Ky., but nothing was done until 1890, when work was begun on the extension. The work was pushed with all possible vigor, and in May, 1891, it was announced by the company that the road was open for traffic from its northern terminus, Benton Harbor, Mich., to Louisville. Ky.

The C. W. & M. division has thirty-one and one-half miles of main track in the county. It does a large business both in handling freight and passengers, and is said to be one of the most prosperous lines of the Big Four system.

CHICAGO & SOUTHEASTERN (ANDERSON, LEBANON & ST. LOUIS R. R.).

The agitation of the construction of this road was begun in 1870, but owing to various circumstances the work of building the road was not begun until 1875. At the September term, 1871, of the Board of Commissioners, Colonel T. N. Stilwell, the first president of the road, and its most active promoter, presented a petition numerously signed by prominent citizens and tax-payers, asking the Board to order an election for Anderson township, the same to be held on the 21st day of October, 1871, for the purpose of taking a vote upon the subject of appropriating money "to aid in the construction of the Anderson, Lebanon & St. Louis railroad." At the same time a petition was presented to the board by a number of representative citizens and taxpayers of Stony Creek township, asking that an election be held on the same date in that township, for the purpose of voting a tax of 20 per cent. on the taxable property of the township, to aid in building the road. The Board ordered an election held in each township, which resulted in favor of granting aid to the road. The construction of the road was begun at Anderson, but on the refusal of many to pay the tax voted, the inability of the company to raise other funds necessary to the accomplishment of the work, together with other obstacles that were continually arising, very slow progress was made in carrying out the designs of the original promoters of the road. The management of the road changed hands several times, and was finally completed to Brazil, Ind., in 1893, by Harry Crawford, sr., of Chicago, who had acquired a controlling interest in the stock.

In 1894 an effort was made to extend the road to Muncie from Anderson, but after the right of way had been secured and a large portion of the road graded, work was abandoned for want of funds and has not been resumed up to the present time. The road has six and one-half miles of main track and a mile of side-track in the county.

So far as the benefits derived from the road by the localities through which it passes in Madison county are concerned, they have fallen greatly below the public's expectation. The road thus far has been a disappointment and from the present outlook the hopes entertained for it by those most interested, will never be realized, although those who are controlling its

affairs confidently assert that it will yet become one of the most important roads in the State.

LAKE ERIE AND WESTERN RAILROAD.

This road runs through Pipe Creek and Monroe townships. It was constructed in 1875–6, and was known originally as the Lafayette, Muncie & Bloomington road. It has fifteen and one-half miles of main track in the county and is one of the most important lines of the system to which it belongs.

THE ANDERSON BELT RAILROAD.

This is a private corporation and was constructed in 1892 under the auspices of a number of manufacturers and others interested in providing better shipping facilities for the numerous manufacturing establishments at Anderson. The purpose of the company was to build a road that would girdle the city, but up to the present time only about three miles of track have been laid. The road begins at a point south-east of the intersection of the Big Four and Pan Handle lines and runs round the city, its present terminus being west of the city near the Cathedral glass works. The president of the company is Mr. C. P. Garvey, who is also president of the American Wire Nail Co., at Anderson; W. T. Durbin is treasurer, and W. L. Finch, secretary.

It will be seen from the foregoing that Madison county is amply provided with shipping facilities. There are but four townships in the county the territory of which is not touched or traversed by a line of railroad. These roads have contributed their share in the wonderful development of the county. They have demonstrated to manufacturers and business men generally, seeking a location, that Madison county is not isolated from the world.

CHAPTER XIV.

Turnpikes or Free Gravel Roads in Madison County.

There are but few, if any, counties in Indiana that are provided with more or better public highways than Madison county. During the early history of the county but little attention was paid to this branch of public improvements for the reason, probably, that the sparse population rendered it impossible. With the increase in population, however, and therefore increased travel, more attention was given to the roads of the county. The legislature enacted laws encouraging as well as requiring the improvement of all public highways in the State. Turnpike laws were passed and companies were organized under them for the purpose of constructing roads that would enable the traveling public generally to go from point to point throughout the State with greater facility and comfort.

Up to 1858 all the roads in Madison county were what were commonly designated as "dirt roads," and farmers experienced great difficulty and inconvenience during certain seasons of the year in hauling their surplus produce to market. The roads very often, in the spring and winter, were almost, if not wholly, impassable and their improvement was, therefore, not only urged, but demanded, by the farming interest.

The first person to interest himself in better roads for the county, under the turnpike laws, was Dr. John Hunt. He early saw the importance of a good road from Anderson to Alexandria, and in 1858 was instrumental in organizing a company and constructing what was known for nearly a half century as the Anderson and Alexandria pike. The road was built to within two miles of Alexandria, when, for some cause or other, the work was stopped and never resumed by the company.

The first board of directors of this pike was composed of Frederick Black, W. A. Hunt, George Nichol and Curran Beall. The first officers were William Crim, president; Neal C. McCullough, treasurer, and Joseph Fulton, secretary.

The officers of the company were never changed until the death of Mr. McCullough, which occurred in February, 1888, when his son C. K. McCullough was elected treasurer.

Not long after the completion of this pike another company was organized in Fall Creek township for the purpose of constructing a road from Pendleton east to Markleville, in Adams township, and thence to the Henry county line. This road was known as the Pendleton and New Castle pike. Although the work of building it was begun in 1857, it was not completed until 1867. The entire length of the line was nine miles, and the cost of its construction $1,500 per mile. This road while operated as a pike was conceded to be one of the best in the county. The first officers of the company were Neal Hardy, president, L. W. Thomas, treasurer, and J. T. Wall, secretary.

The next pike built in the county was known as the Pendleton and Eden turnpike. It was constructed in 1862 and was eight miles long. About this time a number of turnpike companies were organized resulting in the building of the following pikes; Pendleton and Fishersburg pike; Lick Creek pike, running south from a point three miles east of Pendleton to the Hancock county line; Madison and Hancock pike; Anderson and Perkinsville pike; Anderson and New Columbus (short line) pike; Pendleton and Fall Creek pike; Anderson and Fishersburg pike; Anderson and Columbus (east line) pike; Anderson and Lafayette pike; Killbuck pike; Pendleton and Noblesville pike; Anderson and Hamilton pike. This was the last toll-road built in the county, having been constructed in 1872.

These roads were all well managed and some of them paid fair dividends on the capital invested. Taken as a whole, the pikes of Madison county were as good as the best in the State, and it is apparent now that unless better care is taken of them in the future than has been bestowed upon them since they were purchased by the county, the people made a mistake in voting to buy them. The law authorizing the purchase of toll roads was passed by the legislature in 1886, and before the year 1889 had expired Madison county's splendid system of pikes was no more. Elections had been held, and, as the people voted to buy them, the Board of Commissioners acted accordingly. The pikes were bought of the various companies owning them, and the county now has about four hundred miles of free gravel road.

The benefits resulting from good roads are not more apparent anywhere than in Madison county. There is not a township in the county that is not provided with good gravel roads, and not a section of land but is easily accessible. Along these roads may be seen mile after mile of cultivated land, unequaled for fertility, save in a few portions of the state, and homes that compare in beauty and comfort with the more pretentious residences of cities. The log-cabins have disappeared, along with the men who built them. The deep, dark woods are gone, and what were once the "unbroken solitudes" now respond with abundance to the toil of the thrifty husbandman. Truly, "how grandly are the old things passing away."

IRON BRIDGES.

The first bridge built in Madison county was constructed across White river at a point just east of H. H. Conrad's carriage factory on North Main street, Anderson. The bridge was built entirely of heavy hewed timber, in the year 1844, by order of the Board of County Commissioners. Henry and Hugh Rogers, carpenters, residing at Pendleton, were awarded the contract. The timbers for this bridge were furnished by John DeWitt, who at that time owned a portion of what is known as the Myers farm, east of the city. It was a very clumsy structure, but answered the purpose for which it was built until the winter of 1847, when it was swept away by an unprecedented rise of the river.

It is said, by a few old-timers still living in Anderson, that the freshet of that year was the greatest that was ever known before or since in the county. The river and its tributaries were swollen to vast proportions, overflowing their banks, all the low-lands along their borders, and at several points to a great distance back over the level country.

The next bridge of any importance was constructed across Fall creek at Pendleton. This was also a wooden structure but in the course of time, like all the rest of the bridges across the larger streams of the county, gave place to one made of iron. The county now has thirty-seven iron bridges, seven of the largest of which are constructed across White river. The bridges are the best that are manufactured, and were erected at a cost of many thousands of dollars.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS—GENERAL HISTORY OF THEIR PROGRESS IN THE COUNTY—THE FIRST SCHOOL HOUSE, ETC., ETC.

While Madison county has kept fully up with the spirit of the age in the development of her natural resources, it is a source of pride to every citizen in the county that her educational interests have not languished in the general progress that has been made.

To the genius and ability of Milton B. Hopkins, who was elected superintendent of public instruction in 1872, the people of Indiana are indebted more, perhaps, than to any other man, living or dead, for its splendid school system. He systematized the school laws and introduced modern methods, not only in the organization of schools, but in teaching, and today, through his far seeing judgment and devotion to the educational interests of the State, the public school system of Indiana is second to none in the Union.

It was through his instrumentality that the office of county school superintendent was established, and while there are many good friends of the cause of education who do not look upon the office with favor, it will be generally conceded that much of the progress and improvement in the schools of Indiana are due to the efficient labors of the county superintendents.

Up to the year 1830 there was but little need of school houses in the country, for the reason that the sparse population would neither justify their erection nor the employment of teachers. It was some time during the above year that the first school house in Madison county was erected. It was situated two miles south of Pendleton on what was then, and for many years afterward, known as the "Griffith Davis farm." It was constructed in the primitive style of the country and times; of unhewen logs, clap-board roof, puncheon floor, large fire-place in one end, stick and mud-mortar chimney, heavy door hung on wooden hinges and puncheons for seats. The windows were of oiled paper which

rendered it difficult for the pupils to see, particularly on days when the sun refused to shed his friendly light. There were no desks, black-boards, or any of the improved school apparatus of today.

The boys and girls of 1830—of the log-cabin era in Madison county—acquired what little education they possessed under very trying circumstances. They encountered difficulties that would appear insuperable to the boys and girls of today. The curriculum consisted of the three R's, "readin', 'ritin' and 'rithmetic," and a slight knowledge of these branches was all they were enabled to acquire. They were compelled to assist in clearing the farm and perform other labors incident to the settlement of a new country, and consequently could devote but a few weeks during the winter months to the study of books.

We have tried to secure the name of the pedagogue who taught the first school at the Griffith Davis school house from oblivion, but our efforts have been in vain. It was a subscription school, and even the names of the necessarily few pupils who attended cannot be ascertained. There was no public school system in those days, and no school enumeration was taken. The early teachers in the county, as is too often the case at the present time, taught school as a makeshift and not from any desire or ambition to excel in the profession of teaching. A great majority of them were sadly deficient in scholastic attainments, having enjoyed but few educational privileges themselves, but they taught to the best of their ability, and many of the representative business and professional men of the county in later years laid the foundation of their education under their tutorage. The compensation they received for their services as teachers was in keeping with the condition of the communities in which they taught—poor indeed. A salary of $10 a "term" among the pioneer teachers was considered quite munificent, and many of them did not receive even so large an amount as that for their services. With the stream of immigration constantly pouring into the State and county, however, interest in educational matters was stimulated, and the Legislature passed laws for the elevation of the schools and the encouragement of professional teachers. One of the provisions of the school law required the county commissioners to appoint a county school examiner, whose duties were similar to those of the present county school superintendent, though not by any means so onerous. The examination

of applicants for teachers' license was generally oral and private, and the teacher was paid according to the grade of his license. The applicant who had taught school, all things else being equal, received a certificate or license for a longer period of time than the person who had no experience in school management. The standard of scholarship among a majority of the teachers was not so high as it is to-day, but, notwithstanding, there were some very excellent teachers, who not only possessed a thorough knowledge of the branches they were required to teach, but were conscientious and painstaking withal in their efforts to advance their pupils. Considering their facilities and surroundings they were quite as successful, to say the least, as many of the professional teachers of the present day.

SCHOOL EXAMINERS AND SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS.

With the establishment of the free school system in Indiana came the appointment of county school examiners, as has been stated. The first examiner appointed in Madison county was the late Oliver P. Stone, one of the early professional teachers of the county. Mr. Stone was a native of New York and came to Madison county in 1846, locating at Anderson. He held the office for a number of years, when he was succeeded by the Hon. Howell D. Thompson, in 1871, who served acceptably for three years. It was during Mr. Thompson's incumbancy that the present system of teachers' examinations was introduced by the State Board of Education. Before the term for which Mr. Thompson was elected by the Board of Commissioners had expired, the school law was changed by the legislature in many respects, among which changes was the present law requiring the township trustees to elect examiners, or, as designated by the new law, County School Superintendents.

Joseph Franklin was the first superintendent elected under the new law. At that time—1873—partisan feeling ran high and Mr. Franklin, being a Republican, it was not deemed advisable by the local Democratic leaders that he should be elected, a majority of the trustees being Democratic. Mr. Franklin was, and is, an elder in the Christian church, and it so happened that several of the trustees entertained very strong predilections for that church as well as great personal regard for the elder, and when the votes of the fourteen township trustees were counted, it was discovered that he was elected

by one majority. Mr. Franklin made an excellent superintendent and was succeeded by R. I. Hamilton. Since Mr. Hamilton's time the following gentlemen, in the order named, have held the office: W. M. Croan, Dale J. Crittenberger, Willis S. Ellis, Vinton R. Busby, and Manson U. Johnson, the last named being the present incumbent.

INTERESTING STATISTICAL MATTERS.

It is to be regretted that the first school enumeration taken in the county cannot be given in this work, but the report, along with many others, has been lost, or misplaced, and it is impossible to do so. It would be interesting to note the wonderful growth of the population of the county as indicated by the report compared with the report made by the present superintendent in February of this year. The school enumeration for 1869 shows that there were 8,028 persons of lawful school age in the county. In 1876 the enumeration showed a total school population of 9,122. The reports of the early examiners were not so complete in details as those made by the superintendents of late years. For instance, the last report made by the present superintendent shows that the total enumeration of pupils eligible to instruction in the public schools is 17,806, or an increase of 8,784 over the enumeration of twenty years ago. Of this number, less than 11,000 attended the public schools in 1895–6. The number of teachers required in the public schools in the county at the present time, is 294 and their salaries aggregate the sum of $125,000. Out of 200 applicants for graduation in the township schools, seventy-nine were granted diplomas. During the year 1895, $50,800 were expended on new buildings and improvements.

Excepting that portion of the report with reference to the attendance of pupils in the public schools, the showing is a grand one, and the friends of the public school system can find in it much for congratulation. The schools of the county will receive further mention in the various township histories.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Newspapers of Madison County from the Early '30s to the Present Time—Trials of the "Rooral Press."

No branch of human endeavor, perhaps, has kept more fully up with the times in Madison county than "the art preservative." The vicissitudes of the country press became proverbial long ago and no county in Indiana, with one possible exception, can boast of more "dear departed" newspaper enterprises in the past, or enterprising newspapers at the present time than the good county of Madison.

The early history of the press in this county is, from causes, shrouded somewhat in uncertainty and doubt, especially that portion of it relating to dates and names. The recollection of the "oldest inhabitant," which is uncertain about a great many things that happened in the county during the pioneer period, appears to be greatly at fault when it comes to remembering anything of particular importance concerning the early newspapers. It is reasonably certain that the first paper published in the county was the *Federal Union* which made its appearance at Anderson in the year 1834: T. J. Langdon was the publisher and Charles D. Henderson assisted him in the editorial work. This paper did not survive the rocks and shoals of journalism but a short time. The next paper was the *Western Telegraph*, Charles D. Henderson, editor, reporter and "general manager." This paper made its appearance soon after the demise of the *Federal Union* and was probably the same paper excepting the name. It appears that Mr. Henderson did not have to depend entirely upon his subscribers for success, as the commissioners' record for the March term, 1835, shows that allowances were made by the board to Mr. Henderson for legal notices published in the *Telegraph*. The legal printing at that time was not what is vulgarly termed a "snap" by the present race of editors and newspaper proprietors. There was no delinquent tax-list requiring a page or two of a 7-column folio paper for several

publications annually; no legal blanks by the thousands or other papers without limit to be printed in those days, and the publisher's "pickings" from this source were consequently meagre. The *Telegraph* buffetted the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune" until 1838 or 1839 probably, when, like the *Federal Union*, it gave up the ghost.

The next paper in the order of succession was the *Athenæum*, which made its appearance in 1840. The editor and publisher was Dr. Thomas Sims. The paper was highly literary and devoted to the sciences, especially the science of phrenology. The editor and publisher is said to have been a gentleman of rare culture and a gifted writer. His paper was not what the general public wanted or could appreciate in that day and it succumbed for lack of patronage after two years of varied fortune.

Shortly after the *Atheneum* ceased to be published, Joseph G. Jones established the *Whig Eagle* and made a vigorous fight for the Whig principles and Henry Clay in the campaign of 1844. The paper, however, ceased publication in 1846, and was immediately followed by the *Madison County Journal*, which also advocated Whig principles. The name of the publisher of this paper was Gardner Goldsmith, but it is thought that the late Judge John Davis was interested in the enterprise, to the extent at least of supplying it with mental pabulum each week. The paper had a brief existence.

In 1848 the Howell brothers, John. Q. and William L., moved their printing office to Anderson from Marion, this state, where they had been publishing a paper, and began the publication of a journal called the *True Democrat*, in the interest of the Democratic party, which at that time and for forty-five years afterwards was in the ascendency in the county. The Howells, according to Peter H. Lemon, who was employed to furnish the "brains" for the *Democrat*, "were practical printers, but could not edit." The next year, 1849, Dr. Townsend Ryan and Mr. Lemon purchased the paper and changed the name from the *True* to the *Weekly Democrat*. The paper had its ups and downs as all country newspapers had in that early day, and in 1850, in the language of Mr. Lemon, "died of a broken heart."

The *Anderson Gazette* followed the *Democrat*. Dr. James W. Mendenhall, a young man of fair literary attainments, was the editor, and conducted the paper from a neutral standpoint so far as politics were concerned. It was sub-

sequently purchased by J. Fenwick Henry, who converted it into a partisan Democratic organ. He was assisted in the editorial work by Col. T. N. Stilwell, who was at that time an ardent Democrat, and as such, a few years later, was elected a member of the lower house of the state legislature. The paper was short lived.

It was about this time that W. H. H. Lewis began the publication of a paper called the *Madison County Republican*. The paper advocated Whig or Republican principles, and after a brief but gallant struggle went the way of its predecessors. This paper was subsequently known as the *Central Indianian* and was edited by John Patterson.

In 1855 the *Democratic Standard* made its appearance with Thomas W. Cook as editor and Ira H. Cook as associate editor. Thomas Cook was a man of many peculiarities or what would be termed in this day and age, "cranky ways." After conducting the paper through the trials and difficulties of the first year or so of its existence, O. C. Willets came into possession of the plant by purchase or otherwise and controlled its destiny for awhile. It was afterward edited and published by F. M. Randall for a number of years. W. E. Cook, assisted by A. S. McCallister, succeeded him in its management.

During the time these latter gentlemen had control of it, a little paper made its appearance, the mission of which was to "show up" the moral obliquities of a certain class of people who posed as saints, but who were regarded by the publishers as no better than other unrepentant sinners. The paper was called the "*Fire-Fly*," and whenever it made its appearance, which was always at night, when "good people" are supposed to be in bed, it was not long before the gossips of the town were enjoying the salacious tid-bits contained in its columns. It was spicy to a degree and its contents were always relished by everybody that did not receive a "skinning." There was no fixed date upon which it made its appearance and after several publications its sensational career ended, to the great relief, no doubt, of certain citizens who were given to shady ways and immoral practices. It was thought by many that W. E. or "Billy" Cook, whose witty sayings, funny escapades and many genial qualities are still remembered by the older citizens of Anderson, was responsible for its publication. In fact, he never very seriously denied the charge.

It was in 1863 that the *Loyal American* made its appearance as the organ of the Republican party. H. J. Brown was the editor and publisher until 1865, when he was appointed postmaster at Anderson. The paper was published for a while by John C. Hanson, but soon ceased publication after Mr. Brown retired from its mangement. In the meantime the *Standard* was purchased by Mr. Fleming T. Luse in 1866. Mr. Luse was a Democrat, but too independent to suit the leaders of his party in the county, and some time (1867) after purchasing the paper certain democratic politicians and business men organized a stock company and founded the *Anderson Plain Dealer*, which soon became recognized as the organ of the Democratic party in the county. The editorial department was in charge of Edwin P. Schlater and "Billy" Cook. In 1868, the stockholders sold out their interests in the paper to Messrs. Thompson & Myers, who controlled it until the succeeding year, when it passed into the hands of G. D. Farrar, who managed it for a year and a half, when Hon. William C. Fleming became proprietor. Upon assuming control of the paper Mr. Fleming changed its name to that of the *Anderson Democrat*. The business of editing and publishing a paper was not congenial to Mr. Fleming's taste, however, and in the course of a few months he disposed of the property to Charles Zahm, who in the following year (1873) sold the entire plant to M. Y. Todisman. Mr. Todisman had in the meantime purchased the *Standard* of Mr. Luse, and now united the subscription lists of both papers and continued as sole editor and proprietor of the *Democrat* until early in 1877, when he disposed of a one-half interest in the office to W. M. Croan. This partnership lasted until November of that year, when Mr. Todisman disposed of his interest to William R. Brownlee. This firm added many modern improvements to the mechanical department of the paper, which together with well-selected news matter contributed from various sources each week soon won for it greater patronage and popularity than it had ever before enjoyed. The *Democrat* was the first paper in the county printed by steam, that agency being introduced by the proprietors as a motive power in January, 1879. In 1884 H. J. Bronnenberg bought the plant. R. C. and Sumner Glasco became interested in the paper, and it was published by them until the spring of 1886, when W. C. Fleming again took charge of it. A few months after Mr. Fleming took charge

of the editorial and business management, Mr. Bronnenberg, who owned the paper, sold an interest to Captain Hilligoss. The latter gentleman had control of the paper until sometime in 1887, when it was purchased by W. R. Myers. Shortly after taking possession of the *Democrat*, Mr. Myers sold Dale J. Crittenberger a third interest, and subsequently another third interest was disposed of to James J. Netterville. Messrs. Crittenberger & Netterville afterwards bought out Mr. Myers' interest. Mr. Crittenberger had entire control of the editorial department and business management, and the paper prospered as it never did before in its history. In March, 1889, the *Daily Democrat* was launched upon the sea of journalism by Messrs. Crittenberger & Netterville, and both papers were published by them regularly every day and week until April, 1893, when they disposed of the plant to a stock company composed of J. P. Campbell, W. C. and H. R. Bone. The latter disposed of his stock to Manson U. Johnson in the spring of 1895, and that gentleman has since been the nominal editor of both the Daily and Weekly *Democrat*. Both editions have a large circulation which will doubtless increase with the growth of population in the county. The plant as a whole, is the most complete in the county, its facilities for doing superior work in its job department being unexcelled, perhaps, in central Indiana.

The *Anderson Herald* was founded by John O. Hardesty in 1868 and is the oldest Republican paper in the county. During Mr. Hardesty's connection with the paper it was known as the "Red Hot" *Herald* for the reason that the editor in each issue fired more or less "red hot" shot into the Democratic party and its leaders, that party being at that time largely in the majority in the county. Mr. Hardesty was the sole proprietor until November, 1872, when Stephen Metcalf purchased a half interest in the paper. In August, 1873, he purchased the remaining half interest and Mr. Hardesty retired from the paper. The *Herald* was originally an eight-column paper but after Mr. Metcalf became sole proprietor he purchased a new press and enlarged the paper to a nine-column folio. Other valuable improvements were made to the office and for a number of years it was considered the most valuable property of its kind in this part of the state. In the spring of of 1876 Mr. Metcalf disposed of a half interest to W. M. Kinnard, and in May, 1878, Caleb H. Kinnard took charge of the paper and published it until 1881, when Mr. Metcalf and

George McKeown took charge of it. In 1885 the proprietors were Mr. Metcalf and Charles H. Ewing, Mr. McKeown having retired. In April, 1888, the paper passed into the hands of A. A. Small, and in the fall of the same year he sold out to H. G. Doggett. It was but a short time until the latter sold the office to the Chase brothers, and they in turn sold it to J. H. Lewis, who subsequently disposed of it to J. Q. Donnel, Mr. Donnel was a scholarly writer but was given to criticising his party and its leaders so freely that the prominent Republicans in the county become dissatisfied with his management of the paper and in 1895 he found it to his interest to dispose of it to W. B. Campbell, who is now sole proprietor. Several attempts were made to start a daily edition of the *Herald*, but without success until April, 1887, when the publication of the present daily was begun. The daily was originally an evening paper, however, but was changed to a morning edition shortly after Mr. Donnel purchased the plant. The paper has a large circulation and for a party organ is more independent than the average of such papers.

In 1880 George Winter started a weekly paper known as the *Anderson Review*. Mr. Winter was a practical printer and one of the best in the country, but had no idea of management. The paper struggled along until 1883, when George Ross and Thomas P. Harris bought a controlling interest and conducted it in the interest of the Democratic party. Shortly after Ross and Harris assumed the management of the paper, Hon. W. S. Diven purchased an interest, and had charge of the editorial department until 1884, when it was consolidated with the *Anderson Democrat*, the paper being issued for a time under the name of the *Review-Democrat*.

Mr. Winter subsequently embarked in a number of newspaper ventures, publishing at one time a daily called the *Evening Star*, at another the *Daily Review*, and for several months in 1887 a weekly called the *Saturday News*. This paper was also absorbed by the *Anderson Democrat*, and Winter went to Washington, D. C., where he had received an appointment in the Government printing office. But few men were better acquainted with the art of printing, and if he had possessed ability in other respects commensurate with his opportunities he would have been eminently successful, no doubt, in the arena of provincial journalism. He died of consumption at Washington in 1889.

In 1885 Messrs. Dory Biddle, James Knight and Charles

R. Cravens organized the Bulletin Printing Company, and issued the first number of the *Daily Evening Bulletin* on March 23d of that year. The paper started out on an independent basis and has been "hewing to the line" ever since regardless of the consequences. The *Bulletin* was a success from the first issue and for many years occupied the daily field alone in the county. Special mention of this paper is made elsewhere.

The *Pendleton Register* was the first paper published at Pendleton. It was established in 1870 by T. B. Deem. The office was purchased by C. B. Caddy in 1878 and the name of the paper was changed to the *Pendleton Republican*, under which it is now issued by the editor and proprietor, D. W. Barnett, Mr. Caddy having disposed of his interest in the property.

In April, 1896, Robert E. Maranville issued the first number of the Pendleton *Record*. The paper is devoted principally to the interests of farmers and stock raisers.

In the early spring of 1877 the first newspaper published in the north part of the county made its appearance at Elwood under the name of the Elwood *Review*, George Winter, editor and proprietor. The paper had a brief existence, and in 1880 Roy Hannah, Allen Wilson and S. T. Legg formed a stock company and established the Elwood *Free Press*. Roy Hannah was installed as editor and manager. The paper was published for several years and changed ownership a number of times, Jesse Mellett being one of the proprietors. W. E. Plackard and Minor Nuzum also owned and published the paper at one time. In the meantime L. H. Emmons started a paper named the *Review*. This paper was purchased by A. W. Ross in 1888 and published until January, 1889, when A. J. Behymer bought both papers and consolidated them under the name of the Elwood *Free Press*. The paper subsequently changed ownership, M. H. Geyer & Son purchasing the property. They also sold to Jesse Mellett, who in 1893 began the publication of the *Daily Free Press*. The property is now owned and managed by W. F. Vanarsdel. The *Free Press* is a bright, newsy paper, and enjoys its share of public patronage.

The bright future of Elwood attracted other enterprising newspaper men to the place, and on the 19th of March, 1891, a new daily, the Elwood *Leader*, was established by W. J. Spruce. On the 14th of the following November the Elwood

Daily Call was established by E. E. Fornshell. The *Leader* and *Call* were consolidated February 1, 1894, and has since been published as a Republican paper under the name of the *Call-Leader*. Messrs. Fornshell and Bruce are practical newspaper men and have succeeded in making their paper one of the best and most influential in the county.

In 1892 the Alexandria *Record* was established at Alexandria by Moore & Myers for the ostensible purpose of "booming" that thriving little city. They afterward disposed of the property to T. J. Arnold, who in the course of time sold to Tomlinson & Wallingford. In 1893 Harry E. Manor bought the paper and converted it into a Republican journal. Weekly and daily editions are issued, and the paper is in a prosperous condition.

The Alexandria *Press*, weekly and semi-weekly, was established at Alexandria September 25, 1893, by C. F. and C. H. Meyer. The *Press* is Democratic in politics, but enjoys the confidence of its patrons of all parties. It is issued on Monday, Wednesday and Friday of each week. It is in a prosperous condition, and is gradually extending its sphere of influence.

On November 22, 1895, George B. Mickler established the *Gas Belt News* at Alexandria. The paper is non-political and devoted solely to promoting the welfare and prosperity of Alexandria and vicinity. This it does ably and faithfully, and deserves well not only of the citizens of Alexandria but of the north part of the county. The paper makes its appearance each week on Friday.

(The Summitville *Wave* is mentioned in the general history of Van Buren township.)

The Frankton *Leader* was established in 1890 by E. A. Kemp, who is the editor and proprietor.

CHAPTER XVII.

Our Military History—The Part Taken by Madison County in Two Wars—The Soldiers of 1846–8 and 1860–5, With Something of Their Campaigns.

The history of the heroes of Madison county, as well as of the State and Nation, who participated in the Mexican war and in the greater war of the rebellion, has been written time and again and will endure as long as time shall last. Nothing that the authors of this work could say would add to the lustre of their names or achievements. Both have been preserved in the archives of the Republic and will be perpetuated forever by the American people, in song and story, in stone and bronze. It is not the purpose, therefore, of the authors to give a detailed history of the services of Madison county's soldiery, but a general account, together with such local matters relating to the subject as are considered of sufficient importance to remember in a work of this character.

Previous to 1847, the county had no military history, but upon the breaking out of the Mexican war a number of patriotic citizens who had heard the thrilling story of Crockett and the Alamo, availed themselves of the first opportunity to offer their services to the government. This opportunity occurred early in May, 1847, after the second call for volunteers had been made by President James K. Polk. Captain John M. Wallace, of Marion, Grant county, organized a company at that place, which was composed of residents of both Grant and Madison counties. There may have been, and probably were, volunteers from this county under the first call of the President, but there is no means at this time of ascertaining either their names or number.

The company organized by Captain Wallace marched from Marion to Anderson and thence to Indianapolis. From there the company went by rail (at that time the only railroad in the State) to Madison, where it embarked on a steamer for Jeffersonville, at which place it went into camp, and on the 31st of May, was mustered into the service of the United

States as Company A, and assigned to the Fourth Regiment, Indiana Volunteer Infantry, commanded by Colonel Willis A. Gorman.

The regiment left Jeffersonville for New Orleans by steamer the following month and went from there to Brazos Santiago, near the mouth of the Rio Grande. After marching to a point 160 miles up that river and remaining several weeks, it returned to Brazos, and on the 19th of September, sailed with the brigade to which it was attached, for Vera Cruz. The Fourth belonged to General Lane's brigade and participated in some of the severest skirmishes of the war. In December, 1847, it joined the main army under General Scott, in the city of Mexico, where it remained until peace was declared, leaving there for Vera Cruz on the 1st of June, 1848, and arriving at Madison, Indiana, on the 20th of July, where it was mustered out of the service. Of the men who volunteered from Madison county in this war, the following list is given:

Nineveh Berry, commissary; Joseph Hunt, corporal; Reuben Stephenson, Levi Brewer, Jacob Booser, William Collis, John Hicks, Solomon Harpold, Alexander Greenlee, James Moore, Samuel Moore, Isaac Rheubart, David Vanasdell, Benjamin Moore, Jacob Spucher, Thomas Dillon and John Dedman, the last two dying in Mexico of disease. Levi Brewer, who is still living, is mentioned elsewhere in these pages.

THE CIVIL WAR, OR WAR OF THE REBELLION.

Fort Sumter was fired on by the Confederates on the 12th day of April, 1861, and on the 16th of the same month Governor O. P. Morton issued a call to the people of Indiana for volunteers to fill the quota of the State under the call of the President for 75,000 troops. The call of the governor was received with patriotic outbursts of enthusiasm throughout the state and the day following a public meeting was held in the court house at Anderson for the purpose of enlisting volunteers for the war. Patriotic speeches were made by Dr. Townsend Ryan, who was afterwards appointed to a colonelcy in the army, T. N. Stilwell, who also received a commission as colonel of a regiment afterwards, Ralph N. Clark and others. The war spirit was rampant and a company of 100 stalwart men was soon organized. The men were all young and a large majority of them above the average size. The idea prevailed at the time that only men of large mus-

cular development could endure the privations and hardships incident to war. This idea was soon dispelled, however, as it was discovered that small men or men of medium size made equally as good, if not better soldiers, than the men of larger mould. It is recalled by the writer that a company from Logansport passed through Anderson in April, 1861, not one of whom was less than six feet in height, and large in proportion.

The evening after the public meeting the volunteers assembled at the Methodist church and organized by electing Hiram T. Vandevender, captain, and a full complement of officers. The company left immediately for Indianapolis, and went into camp at a place east of the city, called Camp McClellan. On the 22d of April it was mustered into the three-months service, and assigned to the Eighth Indiana Volunteer infantry, as Company "G." The regiment remained in camp until June, when it was ordered to Clarksburg, Va. From there, the regiment went to Buckhannon, Va., and on the 11th of July participated in the battle of Rich Mountain. Company G lost but one man—Joseph Beck, of Chesterfield. This was the only engagement the Company participated in during its three-months service. After remaining in camp at Beverly until the 24th of July, the regiment was ordered back to Indianapolis, where it was mustered out of the service August 6th, 1861, and the men returned to their homes.

The regiment was reorganized, and many of the men who composed it during the three-months service, re-enlisted for "three years, or during the war." This much of the history of Company G is given for the reason that it was the first company to leave Madison county. The muster rolls in the war department at Washington show that 139 officers and men from Madison county belonged to the Eighth Indiana.

Captain Vandevender was mortally wounded in front of Vicksburg, and died May 23, 1863. He was a chivalrous soldier, and was greatly respected by his men. His remains now repose beneath a marble tablet in the Anderson cemetery.

From the day the first company left Anderson to take part in the defense of the government there was almost a continuous stream of volunteers flowing out of Madison county into the army. Every vocation in life represented within her borders contributed men to the ranks of the grand army that was fighting for the preservation of the Union. They marched away to the inspiring music of the fife and drum

from field and forge, hamlet and town, many of them to die upon the field, in the hospital and in prison without hope or desire of a greater reward than the high renown of the patriot who gives up his life in defense of his country. Many of them had not reached their majority, more were of middle age, while not a few had passed the meridian of life. But all were patriots; their county and State were proud of them, and generations yet unborn will commemorate their deeds and honor their memory.

As nearly as can be ascertained Madison county furnished 1,500 volunteers during the war, for which she received credit. A few citizens of the county enlisted in companies organized in other counties and states, and they are credited to the localities where they enlisted. The county was represented in the following regimental organizations: The Eighth (one company), Ninth, Eleventh, Twelfth (one company), Sixteenth (one company), Seventeenth (this regiment bore on its muster rolls the names of 140 citizens of Madison county), Nineteenth (one company), Twentieth, Thirty-fourth (two companies), Thirty-ninth, or Eighth Cavalry, Forty-seventh (one company), Fifty-second, Fifty-eighth, Fifty-ninth, Sixty-ninth, Seventy-fifth (one company), Eighty-fourth, Eighty-ninth (one company), Ninetieth, or Fifth Calvary, Ninety-ninth, and One Hundred and First (one company), One Hundred and Thirtieth (one company) Indiana regiments. These organizations all belonged to the three-years service. The county was also represented in the following organizations: One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Indiana (100-days service), One Hundred and Thirty-sixth (100-days service), One Hundred and Fortieth (one-year service), One Hundred and Forty-second (one-year service), One Hundred and Forty-seventh (one-year service), One Hundred and Forty-ninth (one-year service), One Hundred and Fity-third (one-year service), One Hundred and Fifty-fourth (one-year service), One Hundred and Fifty-fifth (one-year service), Twenty-eighth regiment (United States colored troops). The muster rolls of the Second Indiana Battery—Light Artillery—and Eighteenth Battery—Light Artillery—show that Madison county was largely represented in those organizations.

MINUTE MEN.

The raid of Gen. John H. Morgan, of the Confederate army, into Indiana, in July, 1863, with a small force, was the

occasion of a call for troops by Gov. Morton, and within forty-eight hours after the call was made, 65,000 men tendered their services to the governor. Madison county promptly responded along with her sister counties in the State, and four companies were raised to assist in repelling the invaders. One of these companies was assigned to the One Hundred and Fourth regiment and the other three to the One Hundred and Tenth regiment. As Morgan did not remain in the State any longer than his force could ride from the point where they entered to the Ohio line, the services of the minute men from this county were not needed and they were accordingly mustered out—the three companies belonging to the One Hundred and Tenth regiment, at Indianapolis, on the 15th of July, or three days after they had been mustered into service, and the company belonging to the One Hundred and Fourth regiment, at Greensburg, on the 18th of July.

At the time of this raid great excitement prevailed throughout Indiana, and especially in the central portion of of the State, as it was feared that the State capital was the objective point of the incursion. The excitement at Indianapolis for several days was intense and all kinds of war-like rumors could be heard on every hand. The streets were thronged with excited and fear-stricken people for two days and nights, and it was freely asserted by a few old soldiers, who happened to be in the city at the time, on furlough, that Morgan could have easily captured the city with fifty of his men, so great was the demoralization of the raw troops and people generally.

To write a history of the campaigns of the various organizations with which the volunteers of Madison county were identified, would not only be a labor of supererogation, but would exceed the limits designed by the authors for this work. The story has been told better than we are able to tell it. It is our province to state, however, that the soldiers of Madison county participated in nearly every great battle of the war. They were at the Wilderness, Antietum, Cold Harbor, Chickamauga, Look Out Mountain, Ressacca, Vicksburg, Gettysburg and with Sherman on his "march to the sea." Many of them never returned and are sleeping in unknown graves. Of this number is Major Isaac M. May, of the Nineteenth Indiana, who was killed at Gainesville, Va., on the 28th of August, 1862. Every effort was made by his widow and friends to recover his remains, but in vain. He fell early in the engagement, and was buried by Seth Peden of his home company,

and a soldier belonging to a Wisconsin regiment. Both these men were killed soon after, and with them died all knowledge as to the spot where the Major's remains were buried.

This gallant officer had all the instincts of a great soldier. He was a strict disciplinarian and gave much time to the study of military tactics, a thorough knowledge of which he regarded as absolutely essential to the proper discharge of his duties as an officer. He had great respect for his men and and they in return loved and honored him, not only as a brave and faithful officer, but as a friend. His untimely death was sincerely mourned wherever he was known, and particularly at Anderson, where he had always been held in the highest respect as a citizen. When the Grand Army Post was organized at Anderson there was but one expression with reference to a name for the organization and that was Major May. This Post is one of the largest and most important in the State, and is appropriately mentioned elsewhere in this history.

Major Samuel Henry was another gallant soldier of Madson county, whose untimely death was the cause of much sincere regret and sorrow. He had risen to the rank of Major from that of First Lieutenant of Company B, Eighty ninth Indiana Volunteer Infantry, and the possibilities of the future appeared bright to him and his friends, when he, along with two other officers of the regiment, was shot to death by guerrillas on the 1st of November, 1864, near a small village called Grunton in the State of Missouri. The men had become separated from their command, which was marching to Lexington, Mo., and had just left a house where they had been supplied with dinner, when they were confronted by three men dressed in the Federal uniform, and ordered to hold up their hands. The officers were unarmed excepting Major Henry, who perhaps had on his sword and one pistol. After searching the men for fire arms, they were ordered to mount their horses. They were then taken back a short distance into a woods where they were murdered and robbed. Their remains were found by people living in the vicinity and taken to Lexington where they were identified by officers of the army. Colonel Wolf, commanding the Third brigade, ordered the bodies decently interred in metallic caskets, knowing that friends would want them removed. The remains of Major Henry were soon after taken up and brought back to his native village, Pendleton, and laid to rest in the cemetery at that

place. Major Henry was a brother of Hon. Charles L. Henry, of Anderson, who at this time represents the capital district of the State in Congress. The G. A. R. Post at Pendleton was named in honor of Major Henry.

ANDERSON AS A RENDEZVOUS FOR TROOPS.

While a great majority of the volunteers of Indiana were organized into regiments at Indianapolis, a number of regiments were organized at other points in the State. It was considered advisable, for various reasons, to establish a camp at Anderson, and in the summer of 1861 certain companies, raised in the northern part of the State, were ordered hither. A camp was established on the hill northeast of the bridge which now spans White river where north Madison avenue terminates, and the Thirty-fourth Indiana regiment was organized there on the 16th of September. The camp was called "Camp Stilwell" in honor of Thomas N. Stilwell, who was Quartermaster of the regiment until March, 1862, when he resigned.

A majority of the companies of this regiment had a full quota of men and when it left camp on the 16th of October, 1861, for the front it was as large a regiment as ever left the State.

Madison county furnished two companies for this regiment and 280 men in all during its time of service. The late Colonel Ryan, of Anderson, commanded the regiment at one time. The Thirty-fourth participated in the last battle of the war, which was fought at Palmetto Ranche, Texas, on the 13th of May, 1865, and was one of the last regiments mustered out of the service.

PATRIOTIC EFFORTS OF MADISON COUNTY CITIZENS.

While the soldiers of Madison county were at the front fighting for the preservation of the government the people at home did not forget them. Sanitary and other supplies were sent to the camp and hospital without stint. Whenever the people at home were appealed to for assistance for the soldiers they always responded promptly.

Of the official action taken by the county through its Board of Commissioners during the war, the following is a summary:

The first official action taken by the county officials was in connection with Camp Stilwell. At the September term,

1861, of the Board of Commissioners it was "Ordered that $200 be appropriated for the purchase of lumber to fit up a camp for the accommodation of a regiment being organized at Anderson." And at the same term $300 was appropriated for the assistance of soldiers' wives and children, the Trustee of each township being instructed to render assistance wherever needed. At the August term, 1862, it was ordered that an allowance of $1 each week be made to each soldier's wife or widowed mother and 50 cents to each child under ten years of age, the Trustees being directed to make the disbursements.

At the following September term a tax levy of 10 cents on each $100 valuation of the taxable property in the county was made in order to provide a fund for the relief of soldiers' families. These orders continued in force until the close of the war.

The Board held a special session in November, 1863, at which it was ordered "that each volunteer credited to Madison county be paid $50 bounty when he produces the certificate of the mustering officer to the county Auditor, and $50 at the expiration of his term of service." A tax levy of 25 cents on each $100 valuation of property was made to raise the money necessary to carry out the order.

The record of the Commissioners' court for the June term, 1864, shows that the county treasurer had received $10,812.97 taxes for military purposes and had paid out for the same, $10,700.

The call of the President for 300,000 men in 1864 rendered it necessary, in order to fill the quota of Madison county, to issue bonds to the amount of $200,000. The Commissioners ordered a bounty of $400 to be paid to each volunteer or drafted man and the county's quota under the call was soon filled.

The amount of money paid by the county for bounties to soldiers was $344,898 and for aid to the families of soldiers, $10,042, making a total of $354,940. The amount of money contributed by individual citizens of the county for sanitary supplies and other necessaries cannot, of course, be ascertained, but would doubtless bring the grand total up to an amount as large again as that paid out of the county treasury.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Madison County Medical and Historical Societies.

Aside from the religious and benevolent societies the Madison County Medical Society is the oldest organization in the county.

This society was organized at Anderson on the 15th of November, 1862, by the adoption of a constitution and by-laws and the election of the following officers: President, W. A. Hunt; vice-president, B. F. Spann; secretary, E. H. Menefee; treasurer, B. W. Bair; censors, N. L. Wickersham, P. Patterson, J. F. Brandon. The first or charter members of the society were: William Suman, D. M. Carter, W. H. Ebert, J. A. Williams, P. Patterson, T. Ryan, J. A. Ivoy, Joseph Stephenson, C. N. Brannen, Henry Wyman, Joseph Pugh, Sr., William Cook, Braxton Baker, S. B. Harriman, W. S. Morgan, J. G. Mitchell, Valentine Dunham, G. W. Perry, G. F. Chittenden, J. Harter and the officers above mentioned.

The society flourished for a number of years, but a gradual decadence of interest began about 1866, and at a meeting held in April, 1867, it was mutually agreed among the membership to discontinue the meetings of the association indefinitely. No further meetings were held until August, 1875, when Dr. W. A. Hunt published a call for a meeting of the society at the office of Dr. C. S. Burr at Anderson. The object of this meeting was for the purpose of uniting the medical societies of Alexandria, Pendleton, Anderson and the medical profession generally throughout the county into one association and make it an auxiliary to the State Medical Society. This was done, and the following officers of the association were selected: J. W. Perry, president; William A. Hunt, vice-president; J. Stewart, secretary; C. S. Burr, treasurer; W. H. Lewis, B. F. Spann, J. T. Sullivan, censors. In 1875 there were twenty-five members of the society, nearly every town in the county being represented. At the present time

the membership numbers thirty-nine, as follows: L. E. Alexander, Pendleton; George F. Chittenden, Anderson; E. W. Chittenden, Anderson; S. W. Edwins, Elwood; J. M. Fisher, Lapel; W. M. Garretson, Perkinsville; J. H. Harter, Anderson; W. P. Harter, Anderson; J. W. Hunt, Anderson; M. V. Hunt, Anderson; H. E. Jones, Anderson; J. Stewart, Anderson; William Suman, Anderson; I. N. Van Matre, Florida; N. L. Wickersham, Anderson; Charles F. Williams, Summitville; W. J. Fairfield, Anderson; J. B. Fattic, Anderson; F. J. Hodges, Anderson; W. W. Kneale, Anderson; L. O. Armfield, Elwood; P. L. Fritz, Alexandria; J. J. Gibson, Alexandria; J. E. Hall, Alexandria; W. N. Heath, Anderson; F. P. Nosse, Alexandria; B. H. Perce, Anderson; A. E. Otto, Alexandria; G. V. Newcomer, Elwood; L. M. Strauss, Alexandria; D. Sigler, Elwood; O. W. Brownback, Pendleton; J. M. Fittler, Alexandria; I. Miles, Anderson; Madge Patton, Alexandria; Etta Charles, Summitville; C. N. Branch, Anderson; A. W. Tobias, Elwood; John W. Cook, Pendleton.

The present officers of the society are: John W. Cook, president; F. J. Hodges, vice-president; Ed. W. Chittenden, secretary, and Joseph E. Hall, treasurer. The society meets regularly on the first Tuesday of the following months: January, April, July and October. The meetings are held alternately at Anderson, Elwood, Alexandria and Pendleton. The society belongs to the Delaware District Society, which is composed of the medical societies of Delaware, Madison, Blackford, Grant, Randolph and Henry counties.

MADISON COUNTY HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

Early in December, 1884, Dr. William A. Hunt invited a number of gentlemen of well-known taste for archæological matters to meet at his office in Anderson for the purpose of organizing a county historical society. The meeting was held and an organization effected with the following persons as officers: Dr. William A. Hunt, president; Stephen Metcalf, 1st vice-president; Samuel Hardin, 2d vice-president; Frank A. Walker, secretary, and Fleming T. Luse, treasurer.

On the 20th of December, 1884, articles of association were filed in the Recorder's office, one of which sets forth that "The object of this society shall be to discover, procure and preserve, whatever may relate to general history; especially to the archæological, natural, civil, literary and ecclesiastical

history of the State of Indiana, and more particularly of the county of Madison in said State."

The names of those signed to the articles are: W. A. Hunt, Stephen Metcalf, Samuel Hardin, F. T. Luse, F. A. Walker, Charles B. Gerard, B. F. Spann, W. R. Pierse, William Roach, B. H. Campbell, Dale J. Crittenberger, Dory Biddle, R. I. Hamilton, O. S. Kelso, M. A. Chipman, M. A. Bosworth.

The Board of Commissioners reserved a room in the court house for the use of the society, and the work of collecting historical relics and curiosities was begun. Much interest was taken in the matter for awhile, and many rare archæological specimens, interesting relics and curiosities were donated to the society by citizens of the county.

One of the interesting features of the museum was a collection of beautiful sea shells, grass mats, bark blankets, and other rare and unique curiosities gathered in the South Sea Islands by Lieut. Whitmuel P. Ray, of the U. S. navy, and presented by him to the society. Lieut. Ray was a native of Madison county, having been born in Anderson, where he passed his boyhood until he was appointed to a cadetship in the navy by Col. T. N. Stilwell, who, at the time, was a representative in Congress. The appointment of Ray, who was a poor boy without influence, was in marked contrast with the appointments made by congressmen, as a rule, and stamped Col. Stilwell as a friend to the boys who, without riches or friends, were ambitious to cut their names on the world. The writer regrets, as a schoolmate and boyhood companion of Lieut. Ray, to record the fact that, in a fit of despondency at San Francisco, June 9, 1893, he committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He was buried with military honors in the cemetery at that city. Lieut. Ray was a courtly gentleman, of convivial inclinations and generous impulses, and the unnatural manner of his taking off was not only a surprise, but a shock to his friends.

Other contributions were made by Mr. Samuel Hardin and Mr. Fleming T. Luse which augmented the attractions of the society's museum very materially. These gentlemen were particularly active in collecting curiosities and classifying them for the benefit of the public. There was no lack of interest on the part of the citizens of the county, and a great many people visited the society's room to see the curiosities as long as the collection was permitted to remain in the court house. In

the course of time, however, it became necessary to use the room donated to the society by the Board of Commissioners, for county purposes, and this, together with the depredations made on the collection by petty thieves, induced certain members of the society to consent to its removal to the Anderson High School building in the fall of 1895, where it has since remained in charge of the superintendent of the city schools. As stated elsewhere in these pages the Hunt donation of rare geological and archæological specimens constitutes an important and interesting part of the collection.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Society of Grangers—Madison County Fire and Lightning Insurance Association.

It is convenient here to mention the "grange movement" that aroused so much interest among the farming community in 1873 This order or society during that year was organized in every township in Madison county for the ostensible purpose of promoting the welfare of farmers and elevating the standard of agriculture. Grange lodges were organized in such numbers and with such large memberships that it looked like the farmers of the county had gone "grange wild." Originally none but farmers or persons closely allied to the farming interest were eligible to membership, and if this rule, or law, of the order had been adhered to more closely the principles upon which it was founded would have flourished, perhaps, and the results would have been beneficial. But men were received as members who cared nothing for the principles of the order, and it soon developed that its purposes had been subverted and that it was being used as a political machine notwithstanding the protestations of many of the leaders that such was not the case. The political campaign of 1874, however, satisfied the conscientious members of the organization that it was being used to place certain men in office, and immediately after the sweeping Democratic victory in the county in the fall of that year, the order collapsed and has not been heard of since. As an industrial organization it was formidable, but when it engaged in politics it met with the fate that has befallen all other secret organizations whose principles have been prostituted to accomplish political ends.

MADISON COUNTY FIRE AND LIGHTNING INSURANCE ASSOCIATION.

This company was organized October 31, 1886, at Anderson, in the interest of farmers. For some time previous to the organization of the association, the farmers throughout the county had been discussing its feasibility, there being a wide-

spread sentiment that the rates of insurance paid by them to foreign insurance companies were exorbitant. This, together with other objections to foreign insurance systems, resulted in a call for a meeting of farmers at Anderson, at which preliminary steps were taken, looking to the organization of a company in the interest of the farming community, and those owning farm property, exclusively. At this meeting a committee was appointed to draft a constitution and by-laws, and on the above date about one hundred persons, including both sexes, and from every township in the county, met at Anderson, heard the report of the committee and adopted it without unnecessary delay. Following the adoption of the constitution and by-laws, the following officers were elected: President, Elijah Williams, Fall Creek township; vice-president, Jonathan Jones, Anderson township; secretary and treasurer, Jesse H. Hall, Monroe township. Board of Directors: William P. Davis, Anderson township; John Franklin, Adams township; A. F. Kaufman, Boone township; John L. Thomas, Fall Creek township; A. M. McIntosh, Duck Creek township; Burrell Williamson, Greene township; William T. Wright, Jackson township; John L. Jones, Lafayette township; A. L. Wilson, Monroe township; Tremelius Beeson, Pipe Creek township; Samuel E. Hannah, Richland township; Christian Bodenhorn, Stony Creek township; Thomas S. East, Union township; James Price, Van Buren township.

Article 1, of the constitution, declares that "The name of this association shall be The Farmers' Insurance Company of Madison county, State of Indiana."

Article 2, sets forth that, "The object of the association shall be to insure the property of its members against loss or damage by fire or lightning. The property to be insured shall embrace dwelling houses, barns, outbuildings and their contents; farm implements, hay, grain, wood, and other farm products; live stock, wagons, carriages, harness, household goods, wearing apparel, provisions, musical instruments, libraries and all other farm property."

By the terms of the constitution, "No risk greater than two thousand dollars shall be taken by the association until the amount of property insured shall exceed the sum of four hundred thousand dollars. No building shall be insured for more than two-thirds of its value, including all insurance in other companies."

All losses are paid by assessment of the members of the association.

The company at the present time is composed of about 1,500 of the leading farmers of the county. From $100,000 insurance, the amount required by the constitution before a loss could be adjusted, the insurance has increased to $2,086,-904 at the present time, and according to the secretary, Mr. John L. Thomas, is still increasing.

Much interest in the company is taken by the farmers of the county, and its success is a matter of which they can feel justly proud. Trusts and companies loaning money in the county have such confidence in the stability of the association that they prefer loans secured by members holding its policies.

The insurance has been very cheap to the membership, costing on an average but 16 cents on $100. The association has been in existence ten years and has never had a lawsuit which, to say the least, speaks well for its management.

The present officers are Joseph Saunders, president; B. F. Ham, vice president; John L. Thomas, secretary, and John G. Haas, treasurer. Mr. Thomas has been prominently connected with the management of the company ever since its organization.

CHAPTER XX.

Discovery of Natural Gas in Madison County, Together with the Results that Followed — Used for Advertising Purposes — Number of Wells and Their Cost — Areas of Natural Gas Fields, Etc.

THE NATURAL GAS ERA.

The story of natural gas is not only interesting, but important—it is wonderful. The whirr and hum of machinery, the blazing furnace and noisy factory, the stately business block and residence, the teeming population within the Indiana gas territory, all proclaim the wonders that have been wrought since its discovery. The efforts of the genii of old have been fairly eclipsed; the fervid fancies of the dreamer pale before the magnificent results that have been achieved since Trenton rock was penetrated, and nature's great fuel liberated from its sealed chambers beneath the soil of Madison county. Such wonderful development of resources and rapid progress in almost every branch of industry has seldom been witnessed in this or any other country, and will, no doubt, never be witnessed again until the earth yields from its mysterious depths a treasure of equal utility.

The advent of the new era was unexpected. It came suddenly, and Madison county was its chief beneficiary. It caused the county, which was almost wholly devoted to agriculture, to advance with dazing rapidity to its present proud position as a leading manufacturing district of the United States. It swept away the old landmarks and infused new life and increased vitality into the drowsy population. Men of energy, enterprise and wealth came and located in the county in order that they might enjoy the benefits of free fuel. Capital by the million was invested, and men bought and sold within the limits of the county as they never did before. Only the old-timers can realize the vast changes that have taken place. Only those who shall live here in the far-off future will know all that has resulted from the discovery of natural gas, as the end is not yet; gas still endures and each

month is adding to our population and the long list of our manufactories.

It is not the purpose of this chapter to give the history of natural gas, or speculate upon its origin. It is sufficient to say that this great product of nature has been discovered in many countries at various depths beneath the earth's surface. The "Eternal Fires of Baku," on the shores of the Caspian sea, have been burning for ages on the surface of the earth, while natural gas was discovered in the province of Szechuen, China, at a depth of 1,500 or 1,600 feet in the earth, and utilized by means of bamboo rods or poles, for illuminating and heating purposes many centuries ago. Just when it was first discovered in the United States, and by whom, will probably never be known. Perhaps the first use made of the subtle fluid was at Fredonia, N. Y., in 1821, when a "pocket" was struck and utilized for illuminating purposes. In 1860, while developing the oil fields around Oil City, Penn., gas was discovered in sufficient quantity to be used under boilers instead of coal. Subsequent "prospecting" led to the development of many large wells in Pennsylvania, one of which was at Leechburg when gas was first used (1873), for the manufacture of iron. From this time on to the present it has been used extensively in the vicinity of Pittsburg for manufacturing and domestic purposes. The gas used in this city was piped from the Washington county fields, where a well was accidentally discovered in February, 1885, which, in natural gas parlance, was denominated "a gusher." The output of this well averaged six million feet a day.

In 1884 a gas field was discovered in Ohio, at Findlay, which resulted in a season of prosperity for that place, such as had never been witnessed outside the mining fields of the west.

In 1886 the great Indiana gas field was discovered, and during the following year (1887) natural gas was discovered in Madison county, on the farm of Samuel Cassell, at Alexandria. Here the first gas well was drilled. The next well was drilled at Anderson, an account of which will be found in the history of Anderson township.

NUMBER OF GAS WELLS, THEIR COST, ETC.

Almost immediately following the drilling of the first two wells, companies were organized, not only by the citizens of the towns throughout the county, but by the farmers for the

purpose of drilling for gas. Wells were drilled in every locality and the gas piped to the dwellings of the members composing the company, so that at the present time there are but few homes in the county where the fluid is not used for heating purposes. For five years after the discovery of gas the waste was incredible. Flambeaux were erected in yards, on street corners and at other conspicuous points, and in many places, where the gas was abundant, as in Madison county, left burning day and night. Much of the waste was occasioned by a desire on the part of the people living in the gas belt towns to "advertise" the fact to the world that they had gas to "burn." At Anderson two large arches were erected, one at the Pan Handle and the other at the Big Four depot. These arches were constructed of perforated pipe and spanned the street. The gas was turned on at night and ignited for the benefit of persons who were passing through the city on the cars. This method of advertising was adopted in most of the towns in the Indiana gas field and was continued until the boom subsided somewhat and people began to realize that the gas could not endure forever, when the arches were torn down. Many wells were left burning for weeks before being capped, and the amount of gas wasted in this manner was simply enormous. It will never be known just how much gas was wasted and consumed unnecessarily during the first two years following its discovery in Indiana, but it has been estimated that the waste alone would have furnished sufficient heat for every home and factory now in the gas field for five years. The wells are no longer used for exhibition or advertising purposes and the burning of flambeaux is strictly prohibited by law, but, notwithstanding, the waste of gas still continues to a considerable extent in various ways.

The first gas well drilled in the county cost about $2,000, but the average cost at the present time is $1,200. Competition among gas well drillers for employment has been spirited and has resulted in greatly reducing the cost of such work. The average depth of gas wells in Madison county is 935 feet. The pressure and capacity of wells vary according to their location in the county, it being generally admitted that the pressure is not so strong in the south as it is in the central and northern parts of the county. One of the best wells, however, in the county, was what was known as the Chesterfield well, situated six miles east of Anderson, near the Delaware county line. The output, or flow of gas from this well,

amounted to ten million cubic feet daily. It is owned by the Richmond Pipe Line company, which was organized by Major C. T. Doxey, of Anderson, for the purpose of supplying Richmond, Indiana, with gas.

When gas was first discovered in the county it was predicted by many that it could not be exhausted, while others confidently believed that the limit of its duration would not exceed ten years. It is now evident that neither of these predictions or guesses was right. The ten years will have soon passed and while it is conceded that there are indications that the gas will not last always, the decline in the pressure is not of sufficient consequence as to cause alarm. Many wells in fact, that have been constantly in use for years remain practically unaffected while wells that have shown a diminution in pressure on account of the heavy drain made upon them, on being closed for a brief time have recuperated and furnish as much gas as ever. These facts render it impossible to predict with any degree of certainty how long this yet abundant fuel will endure. That it has endured thus long, considering all the circumstances of its enormous consumption, seems incredible.

There are now in the county from 1,000 to 1,200 (estimated) gas wells, one-third of which are owned by non-resident companies. Thousands of acres of land have been leased by these companies and a vast amount of gas is piped outside the county annually, principally to Indianapolis and Chicago. As the reader of these pages hereafter may be interested in knowing the extent of the three gas fields of the United States, their areas are given as follows: Ohio, forty-two square miles; Pennsylvania, 100 square miles; Indiana, 5,120 square miles.

CHAPTER XXI.

Interesting Miscellany Connected With the Early History of Madison County—Expresses Contempt for the wolves.

Before the country became thickly settled, and when the people in Madison county lived in the woods hewing from the forests their homes and future habitations, one of the greatest menaces to the happiness of the pioneer and his flocks were the wolves, which were both numerous and ravenous. They roamed at will over the country and committed many depredations in the way of killing sheep and young hogs, and were at times dreaded by the farmer, when he chanced to meet one alone. So bad did they become that it was a necessity for them to be dealt with by those in power whose duty it was to protect the peace and dignity of the State, and to preserve the happiness of the inhabitants thereof. At the March term 1844, of the Board of Commissioners they made the following unique order in relation to his wolfship, and openly declared war against him:

"Upon petition of many of the good and worthy citizens of Madison county, be it resolved: That for the utter contempt and long hatred which we have had towards that pernicious animal that prowls around our farms and kills our sheep, and being duly impressed that the good of the county requires that a reward should be given for the eradication of the same, we therefore offer a reward of one dollar for every wolf scalp that may be killed in this county and properly proven for the term of one year from this date."

This resolution it is supposed had the effect to put all the trappers and hunters on the war path at once, as at subsequent sessions of the Board many allowances were made for scalps produced. It is told by one old timer that an individual who then lived in the county thought it easier to raise wolves than to spend his time and endanger his life hunting them, so he provided himself with a pair of these animals and bred them and sold the scalps to the Commissioners. This he car-

ried on for quite a while until the scheme was discovered, when his business was broken up.

Willis Odem, who is still remembered by many of the old-timers of Anderson township, did considerable business in the way of selling wolf scalps to tax payers while the above order was in effect. About the time taxes were due, Willis would come to Anderson with a basket on his arm filled with wolf scalps which he would dispose of to tax payers at a discount, thereby realizing something for himself as well as the tax-payer. During tax-paying time he was a familiar figure about the court house until the wolves in the county had disappeared.

AN OLD TIME CRIMINAL.

At the September session, 1839, the Commissioners made the following orders in relation to the capture of John Flinn for the crime of murder, and conveying him to Indianapolis:

"Ordered that Alfred Makepeace, constable of Anderson township, be allowed three dollars and fifty cents for his services in taking John Flinn on charge of murder."

"Ordered that G. W. Remiker and W. B. Adams be allowed each the sum of one dollar and fifty cents for their services in assisting in taking John Flinn."

"Ordered that Wm. Myers be allowed the sum of eighteen dollars and thirty-one cents for money paid as stage agent for the conveyance of John Flinn and his guard by stage to Indianapolis."

"Ordered that Joseph Howard and John Lewark each be allowed the sum of two dollars and eighty-seven cents for removing John Flinn to Indianapolis, Indiana."

"Ordered that John Rogers, jailor of Henry county, be allowed two hundred dollars for keeping, boarding, washing and making fires in the said jail for John Flinn and other prisoners of Madison county."

Madison county at that time did not have a jail sufficiently secure in which to incarcerate criminals guilty of important violations of the laws.

The allowance for taking Flinn to Indianapolis was for taking him there for safe keeping.

This occurrence took place so long ago that it has almost faded from the recollection of the oldest living inhabitants. There is none who can give a correct account of who it was that Flinn killed.

Mathias B. Hughel is of the opinion that he was arrested

for the murder of a man of the name of Perrine, a contractor on the canal, employed in the construction of the branch that extended west of Anderson. Perrine mysteriously disappeared and his body was afterwards found along the river not far from where the farm of Joseph Burke is situated, on what is now known as the Perkinsville pike.

Augustus M. Williams corroborates Mr. Hughel, and says that Flinn killed Perrine by drowning him; by jumping on him and bearing him down in the water in White river and leaving his body, which afterward floated down to the place where it was discovered.

Mr. Williams says that Perrine was also a contractor on the canal, and there was a misunderstanding existing between the two men which led to the crime. He also says that Flinn was tried at Newcastle on change of venue, for the crime. The allotment on the canal on which Flinn was engaged at the time was near what is known as the Wise farm between Perkinsville and Hamilton. Dr. John Darr, one of the early physicians of Newcastle, was made an allowance for medical aid to Flinn.

THE FIRST NURSERY IN MADISON COUNTY.

The first nursery in the county was established in Anderson by Benjamin Collins in 1853 on the ground lying between the Big Four railroad and Thirteenth street, on what is now south Jackson street.

He operated this for several years and sold it to Silas Hughel, his brother-in-law, who has continued in the business since on Ohio avenue, and on his farm northeast of the city.

J. C. Lee purchased the old nursery ground and laid it out as Lee's addition to Anderson, and it is now covered with handsome residences.

RESIGNS THE AUDITOR'S OFFICE.

It is an old saying that "a public officer seldom dies and never resigns." This, like all rules, has its exceptions. Joseph Howard, who was Auditor of Madison county back in the '40s resigned on the 3d of September, 1844.

He had been elected to fill that place by the people and had served his time nearly half out when, owing to a misunderstanding with Jesse Forkner, one of the county commissioners, about a claim against the county for services, he, in a passion, resigned. Howard was a Democrat, and Forkner

was a Whig. There was not the best of feeling existing between them and it took but little to bring about the state of affairs that led to the result in this instance.

Mr. Howard's resignation is copied in the record as follows:

"To whom these presents may come, greeting: Know ye, that I, Joseph Howard, have this day resigned my office as Auditor of Madison county. Given under my hand this 3d day of September, 1844. JOSEPH HOWARD."

The resignation was promptly accepted and on the same day R. N. Williams was appointed his successor, and filled out Howard's unexpired term. Mr. Howard did not relinquish his hold on the people, but was afterward elected county Treasurer, and also served as Sheriff of the county. He was a prominent and influential politician, and a prosperous business man in Anderson for many years. He was the father of T. A. Howard, so well known in this county, and also of Mrs. G. D. Searle, now of Chicago.

Mr. Howard died a few years ago universally esteemed by all who knew him. His widow now lives in Los Angeles, Cal. A daughter also lives in Richmond, Ind., the wife of ex-mayor Perry Freeman, of that city.

KEPT THEIR OFFICES IN A SHOE SHOP.

Away back in the days of coon skins and hard cider the county of Madison was not the best fixed county in the State in regard to public buildings. The offices were kept in private buildings away from the court house, and it seems that the public held such a grip on the temple of justice that it was used for nearly every thing besides what it was intended for, and the County Commissioners had much trouble in restricting the use of it.

At the September session, 1844, the board made the following order: "The board of commissioners have rented from John Galimore, the house now occupied as a shoe shop, for the term of one year, ordered that the clerk and auditor remove their respective offices to said building, and that the court house be 'procured' by W. B. Allen, sheriff, to be cleaned out and put in good repair, and that the sheriff be required to lock the same and keep it closed, excepting upon public occasions."

At that time there was no public hall in Anderson, and the court house was used for all kinds of entertainments,

shows, school exhibitions and as a place of worship, and for holding singing schools which were much in vogue at that period.

At a previous term of court held in September, 1841, the Board made a similar order as follows:

"Resolved by the board that S. H. Brattain be allowed to occupy the northwest room up stairs in the court house for one year, upon condition that he will keep the same in repair, and he is hereby authorized to prohibit the holding of religious meetings or schools of any kind in the court house for the present year, provided, however, that traveling preachers may be allowed to preach in said building."

THE FIRST APPROPRIATION FOR AGRICULTURAL PURPOSES.

The first money appropriated by Madison county for the purpose of encouraging agriculture was ordered by the Board of Commissioners on the 7th of March, 1837, as recorded in the minutes of said court, as follows:

"Ordered by the board, that the sum of twenty-five dollars of the county funds be, and the same is hereby appropriated to the agricultural society of said county, which sum shall be audited by the clerk, and paid by the county treasurer to the president of said society."

ONCE RECORDER.

Isaac T. Sharp, who was a brother of Townsend Sharp, the father of Joseph and Isaac C. Sharp, and Mrs. James Wellington, of Anderson, mention of whom is elsewhere made, was for a short time recorder of deeds of Madison county, by appointment. The order of the County Commissioners made in the matter appears in their September session, 1838, as follows:

"Ordered that Isaac T. Sharp be, and he is hereby appointed recorder of Madison county, until the 25th day of October next, to supply the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Robert N. Williams."

ASSOCIATE JUSTICES.

Among the many who have served in the capacity of associate justice of the Madison circuit court, none were more prominent than Judges Uriah Van Pelt and William Prigg. They were members of the court in the latter days of its existence, when the county had assumed the proportions of a large and cultured population; when litigation was more of

an important nature than when the country was new and undeveloped, when any one who could muster the requisite number of votes to be elected was thought to be competent to fill this position. These two gentlemen filled their places on the bench with dignity, and with honor to themselves and their constituency. The Board of Commissioners made the following allowance at the September session, 1844, to these two judges for their services, at the close of the term of court:

"Ordered, that Uriah Van Pelt and William Prigg be each allowed the sum of three dollars and a half per day, for eleven days' services as associate judges of the circuit court."

Judge Van Pelt was the father of Samuel D. Van Pelt and Capt. Frank Van Pelt, and also of Mrs. David E. Croan, all well known in this county. Judge Prigg enjoyed a large acquaintance in the southern part of the county, and has yet many friends and relatives living in the community.

The associate justice's office was done away with under the Constitution of 1852, since which time one judge presides at the sittings of the court.

Judges Prigg and Van Pelt were warm personal friends during their incumbency in office. Judge Prigg lived quite a distance from Anderson, and was always a guest at the Van Pelt home during the sittings of the court.

THE HUSKING BEE.

In early times, when neighbors were miles apart and help was scarce, it was a job of no small importance to take care of the crops in the fall of the year after they had been raised.

In order to prepare the corn for market after it had been gathered from the fields the neighbors for several miles around would gather at the home of a friend and assist him in shucking his corn, which he had previously gathered from the stalks by pulling the ears off in the husk. These gatherings were called "husking bees."

Those who attended were invited by the one who needed the assistance, and to go to one of these without an invitation was a breach of etiquette of which no one could afford to be guilty.

They were most enjoyable affairs, and the many happy hours thus spent by the pioneers can never again be realized.

The participants generally chose sides under the leadership of a captain on either side, and the winners made a great ado over a victory won in the contest.

The old and young alike took part in the work and enjoyed together the sports of the occasion.

The first red ear husked by a lady was laid aside until a gentleman in the party found one; then the lady had to undergo the ordeal of being kissed by the gentleman. This was sometimes a pleasant task, especially if the two happened to be lovers. On the contrary, if the opposite was the case, it was not so well relished; but it was the height of impoliteness not to comply with the established custom.

The most of the corn husking was done in the barn by the young people, while the old folks were preparing a sumptuous meal at the cabin. A good article of whisky was generally on hand, and the party partook of a sufficient amount to become hilarious, but not drunk, although there was always some one in such a crowd, as there would be in the present time, who would become tipsy.

After the husking was over the crowd would repair to the house and partake of what would now be termed a banquet, spread by the ladies of the neighborhood, and such a feast as it was is too good to think about. Country-cured ham, home-made molasses, lye hominy, honey dripping from the comb, pumpkin pie and sweet milk, Johnny cake, corn-dodger, venison, hard cider and red apples, home-made sausage, and in fact everything that the good old mothers could think of to prepare for such an occasion.

Supper over, the tables were cleared away, and the "country fiddler," who was invariably on hand, began to tune up, and the merry dance set in and was kept up till daylight next morning.

The enjoyment of such a scene cannot be imagined by one who never witnessed it. To undertake to describe it would be a useless task.

We have said enough here to put the old-timer's head to whirling as he reads these pages and wanders back in his imagination to the time when he anxiously hustled to get the red ear when he saw the apple of his eye husk out the first one of the evening.

People may now be more polished in manners and live on a higher plane, but certainly are not better, not purer or more generous than they of the good old days of the husking bee.

THE DAYS OF THE STAGE COACH.

The present generation who enjoy the luxury of being transported to and from different parts of the country behind the swift, snorting steam horse, snugly seated in a parlor car, know but little about the vexations of the early mode of travel in a stage coach, and in fact there are many now living in Madison county who never saw a stage coach. Fifty years ago this was the only way of traveling to and from distant points.

The leading State roads that traversed the country were stage routes, and the United States mails were carried over them, generally by contract with the owners of the stage line, much the same as the railways now transport the mails.

The arrival and departure of the stage coach at the towns and villages along the routes was a thing looked to with more anxiety than the witnessing of a circus' parade at the present time.

The last stage coach that ever ran in Madison county was owned by William G. Pittsford, and made its last appearance in Anderson in 1867. Mr. Pittsford was then the owner of the line from Anderson to Marion via Alexandria and Jonesboro. He had a contract with the government to carry the mails, and also with the American Express company to transport their freight between these places and made a trip each way every alternate day. He also had the contract for the same service as far north as Wabash, but sublet it from Marion north to other parties. This stage line was owned prior to the war by Oliver H. P. Carey, of Marion, who volunteered his services at the breaking out of the rebellion, and became Lieutenant Colonel of the Thirty-sixth Indiana regiment of volunteers, under Col. William Grose of Newcastle, who afterwards became a general in the army.

Mr. Pittsford during his ownership of the line had for his partners at different times, Mr. Richard J. Hunt and Samuel Pence.

Among many who once were drivers on this line were A. J. Hunt, R. J. Hunt, William McAtee, Samuel Hunt and Marshall Bonner. William McAtee drove the last stage coach into Anderson in 1867. The building of a railroad through Marion from east to west gave them an outlet for travel to Indianapolis and other places, and cut off the mail contract and passenger travel to such an extent that it was no longer profitable and the stagecoach became a thing of the past, and gave way to a hack

of small dimensions, which did service between Anderson and Jonesboro, until the building of the C. W. & M. railroad in 1876, when the line was discontinued. The last owner of the property was Mr. Walker Winslow of Jonesboro.

The old stage line transported the first company of soldiers from Marion that went into the service from that place, to Anderson, where they took passage on the railroad for Indianapolis, where they went into camp.

At a place on the State road near where Summitville now stands, was a staging station, and point to change horses and feed.

For many years the post office, at the corner of Eighth and Meridian streets, in Anderson, was where the stage "hauled" up when it arrived, invariably being greeted by a large crowd of anxious people, waiting to see who was on board. The Myers House was for years the popular hotel with the traveling public, and was patronized by the passengers of the stage line. It was kept by William Myers, mention of whom is elsewhere made. Later the Ross House and the Burke Allen House were headquarters for the stage traveling public. Both have given way to more pretentious hotels, but the hospitality of these old time hostleries will never be surpassed; they were the homes of the traveler in every sense of the word.

Summitville, Alexandria and Prosperity were all stopping places in this county on the line, and when the blast of the stage driver's bugle sounded giving warning of the coming of that important vehicle of travel and commerce, the population of these villages turned out en masse to witness its arrival and departure.

In the early spring months it was almost impossible to travel over a portion of the route, and in some instances it became necessary to abandon the stage coach for days at a time and traverse the route with a cart with two horses hitched to it to carry the mails, as they had to go through, at all all hazards.

Mr. Pittsford relates that in the spring of 1865, it was so muddy that he drove over the entire route with the front wheels of a wagon on which was placed a queensware crate which served as a receptacle for mail and express matter, and that the only passenger he hauled in the period of three weeks was a Methodist minister who came to Anderson to attend conference.

Congressmen, United States Senators and men of mili-

tary renown have been passengers on this stage line. It was the only outlet north for many years, and was patronized by all, high and low.

A stage driver was one of the envied of all envious people, and was generally foremost of all in the social world. Many a boy while plowing corn along the highway where the stage coach passed has looked upon the driver and wished for the day to come when he could leave the farm and become a stage driver.

Mr. Pittsford's first experience as a stage driver was at Stockton, California, where he was in the employ of a company driving across the plains and mountain ranges in an early day.

The hand of progress has made the stage coach a thing only in history, the locomotive has driven it out of existence. What disposition electricity will make of the locomotive is left for the future to unfold.

THE FIRST BRIDGE IN THE COUNTY.

Until the year 1842 no effort was made to bridge White river so that the people could pass and repass from north to south through the county during times of high water, which occurred much oftener in the early times than at present, on account of the country not being drained, and the timbered lands being covered with surface water most of the year, especially in the early spring. Almost every season we had what was termed the "January thaw," when the snows began to melt in the latter part of that month and the first part of February, which caused the little streams all over the country to be much swollen, and their waters emptying into White river caused it to become impassable during those periods. A ferry boat was for many years maintained at Anderson upon which the populace crossed in going to and from market to sell their produce. At the March session of the Board of Commissioners, 1842, a move was put on foot to place a bridge across the river. The Board made the following order appropriating money for that purpose.

"Ordered, that $600 of the 3 per cent. fund belonging to Madison county be appropriated to the constructing and building of a bridge across White river where the Fort Wayne and Andersontown road crosses the same, or as near as a good situation can be had, and William Sparks, Willis G. Atherton, Paschal Baker, John Renshaw and William

Young are hereby appointed superintendents of said bridge, and they are empowered to raise funds by subscriptions, and they shall make report to this board."

Thus the matter rested until at the December session, 1842, when the superintendents aforesaid came into open court and informed the Board of Commissioners that they had failed to agree as to the proper place to locate the bridge, and resigned their places.

At this time the County Board made the following entry after accepting the resignation of the superintendents:

"Ordered, that the board of commissioners now take the responsibility upon themselves, and now proceed to locate the bridge at, or near, the lime kiln, below the termination of the bluff at the northeast corner of the plot of Andersontown."

The Board afterward let the contract to Henry and Hugh Rogers to build the structure, which was evidently not completed for quite a while, as no final settlement was made for the work until the September session, 1846, when they were paid $300 as the balance due them on their contract, all of which appears of record. At the same session that the appropriation was made for this bridge, a similar one was made for the purpose of the erection of a bridge across Fall creek, at Pendleton.

The bridge at Anderson was washed away during the high water season in January, 1847, an account of which is elsewhere given. The pier on the west side of the river, upon which this bridge stood, is still intact, and is situated not far from the foot of Sixth street, close to the Norton brewery. It has served for half a century as a place from which the boys who resort to the "old swimmin' hole," dive into the river. There is not an "old" boy in Anderson scarcely, who has not plunged into the clear and beautiful waters from this pier. There are men in Madison county who are now gray-headed, who have in their boyhood days dived into the river from this place.

After the bridge was washed away a ferry boat was again established there, and for many years did service, in fact, until the year 1863, when the covered bridge that stood where the present iron structure now stands, near the cemetery, was built. The covered bridge was built by an appropriation by the County Commissioners together with a fund raised by popular subscription. Many who subscribed to the fund gave

their notes and never paid them, and for years they were carried in the assets of the county treasury, until finally they were certified off as bad debts, and were filed away in the Auditor's office as dim reminders of the long ago.

The ferry boat was owned at different times by many of the prominent citizens of the county, it being considered a good piece of property. Joshua Shinkle, one of the oldest living inhabitants of Madison county, at one time operated it, the Hon. Wesley Dunham, ex-mayor of Anderson, and Gerry T. Hoover, well known to all of the older residents, each had their time as ferryman.

It is related that on one occasion when a circus and menagerie was being taken across the river on the ferry boat, an elephant was brought to the water's edge, and urged to step on the boat, when he flatly refused, and broke away from his keeper and swam across; stopping on the opposite shore he filled his trunk full of dirty water and gave the hundreds of bystanders a thorough soaking, spoiling many a new gown and Sunday hat.

This ferry freighted across the river all the hogs and cattle that came to the Anderson market for several years, when the waters were high. The covered bridge that took the place of the ferry in 1863, was swept away in 1884, and in the same year the County Commissioners let the contract to McCormick & Sweeney, who were then engaged in building the court house, for the construction of the masonry, and to the Morrison Bridge company for the iron work.

The covered bridge was a place dreaded by many pedestrians, in making their way through its long, narrow passage in the night time, and many blood-curdling tales were told about attempts at robbery. But many of them were purely imaginary. It being so close to the cemetery it was an easy matter for the superstitious to work themselves up to believe that robbers, ghosts and goblins made their haunts in its dark recesses.

MADISON COUNTY'S FIRST GRADUATES.

Away back in early times in Madison county to be a graduate from an institution of learning, was an honor enjoyed by the precious few. One who enjoyed this distinction was looked up to by the community with eyes full of envy, and was the talk of the neighborhood, by old and young. The first to be accorded this privilege were Enoch M. Jackson and Augustus M. Williams, the former the son of the late Andrew Jack-

son, and the latter the son of Robert N. Williams, both of whom were prominent for many years in Madison county, both socially and politically. Mr. Enoch M. Jackson was the first to attend Bloomington college from this county, having entered that institution in 1845.

In the following year Mr. Augustus M. Williams was appointed as a student there by the board of commissioners at their June session, 1846. The laws governing the State educational institutions provide that each county shall have two students annually appointed whose tuition should be free.

The order appointing Mr. Williams is recorded as follows: "The Board now selects Augustus M. Williams as a student in the Indiana University and grants to him the benefits of said college in as full and ample a manner as the laws now in force empowers them to do."

Both of these gentlemen graduated from Bloomington with high honors. Mr. Jackson has several years since deceased. He is spoken of in another place in this volume.

Mr. Williams is yet living in Anderson enjoying his old days in a cottage of his own, where all is happiness and contentment. He not only enjoys the honor of being one of the first graduates of the county, but he has the distinction of being the first white male child born in Anderson, where he has resided all his life. It is said that he was born in the hut in which the Indian chief Anderson had formerly resided, and whose name the city bears.

We are indebted to Mr. Williams for much information about early times and are glad to make honorable mention of him in this work.

In 1845 the Hon. Wm. C. Fleming was appointed as a student in this institution, but never availed himself of its benefits.

FIRST FOREIGN BORN CITIZEN NATURALIZED.

Thomas Carlton, a native of "Old Ireland," was the first foreign citizen to apply for naturalization papers in Madison county, which were issued to him on the 7th of July, 1839.

He appeared before the clerk of the Madison circuit court and made his application in writing, and after subscribing to the following oath, was granted his first papers:

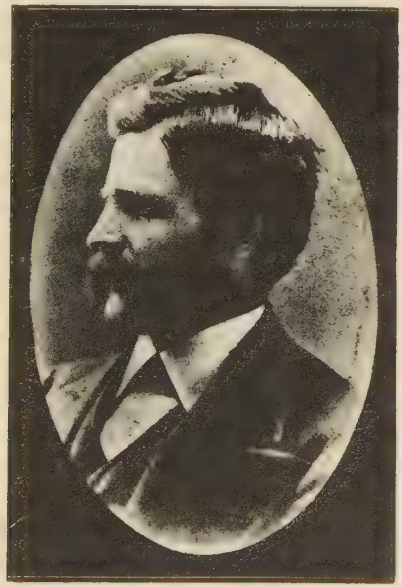
"I, Thomas Carlton, do solemnly swear that I will support the constitution of the United States, and the constitution of the State of Indiana, and forever renounce all allegiance and

fidelity to every foreign prince, potentate, state or sovereignty whatever, and especially to the Queen of Great Britain, so help me God."

On the 15th of August, 1840, Mr. Carlton appeared before the judge of the circuit court and upon making proof of his good citizenship and obedience to the laws of his adopted country, was in open court made a full citizen of the United States of America, and went on record as being the first foreign citizen to be naturalized in this county. Since that time thousands who have left their native land to seek a home in the land of the free, have gone through the form of being transformed into children by adoption, of the best government on earth.

A WAR MEMORY.

In the *Anderson Standard* of June 28th, 1864, a full account is given of the presentation of a $400 watch to Colonel



MAJOR EDGAR HENDERSON.

Thomas N. Stillwell by the officers of the One Hundred and Thirtieth and One Hundred and Thirty-first regiments, Indiana Volunteers, which took place in camp at Kokomo where the Colonel was organizing troops for the service. The presentation speech was made by the late Hon. Edgar Henderson, a former resident of Anderson, who was at that time a

captain in the army, having volunteered from Adams county. From Captain Henderson's address, we quote the following extracts: "Colonel Stilwell, the connection which for a time has so pleasantly existed between us, being soon to be severed, permit me on behalf of the officers and men of the One Hundred and Thirtieth and One Hundred and Thirty-first regiments, as a slight token of the esteem and respect entertained by them for you as an officer and man, to present to you this watch and chain. May the shield engraved thereon ever prove a true symbol of your safety from the assaults of your foes and from the enemies of our country. May the chain ever symbolize the chain of friendship and affection which binds our hearts together, and may its links grow brighter and brighter as time presses on and be as pure and untarnished as the metal of which it is made, and may its stars and field of blue ever remain so.

"We go to the tented field, the field of strife and blood, doubtless some of us to our death, never to return, we trust, until this most causeless conspiracy, this most atrocious rebellion against the best government on earth, against the highest, purest and holiest of hopes of humanity, shall have been crushed into ungatherable atoms. We are anxious that you should go with us, but understanding and knowing that your business relations are such that you cannot, it would be worse than puerile and heartless to indulge in any unavailing requests. You will soon retire to the walks of private life, not always on a velvety lawn, shaven with a scythe and leveled with a roller, but often times hedged with thorns, and beset with sharp and rugged corners."

To this the Colonel responded with much feeling as follows: "Officers and soldiers of the Eleventh Congressional District of Indiana: To say that I appreciate the magnificent present purchased, and just now presented by you through Captain Henderson, in the eloquent words to which you have listened, does not do justice to my heart. Valuable as it is; beautiful as the experienced hand of art could make it, it is not for its intrinsic worth or beauty that I prize it. The remembrance of the links of friendship that unite us, and the kindly sentiments on your part that suggested its purchase, make me profoundly thankful and affect me with feelings far more agreeable than any that could be possibly expected by the value of the gold and diamonds. I shall treasure the present through all the days to come. It shall remain an heirloom

in my family. I shall keep it as a remembrance of this hour; one of the most agreeable in my life. Soldiers, you have nobly responded to the call of your country. The Eleventh Congressional District stands to-day in the front ranks of honor in Indiana, and Indiana stands out prominently as the foremost State in everything that looks to the crushing of this ungodly rebellion. There are many soldiers among you with whom I have formed a pleasant and agreeable acquaintance, and I know you are ready to sacrifice your lives, if necessary, for the Union, the constitution, and the enforcement of the laws. If I cannot go, you shall have a man more competent than I am to command you, an officer of experience, who has seen active service, and can lead you through every conflict.

COL. THOMAS N. STILWELL.

I remember when a banner was presented by me to the gallant Thirty-fourth regiment, with which I was then connected. Under the folds of that flag whose inspiration was onward, the members of that gallant regiment fought, and would not forsake it until it should wave over all the land. That banner has returned to this State, torn, pierced with the shot of the enemy, its original beauty gone, but beautiful still, with the stars and stripes thereon, and the remembrance of the conflicts through which it has passed. The brave boys of that regiment have nobly adhered to their oaths. As Indianians

we have a glorious part in the history of the war; no soldiers stand higher than do those of this State. Again, soldiers, accept my heartfelt thanks for your handsome and valuable present."

Shortly after this presentation, Colonel Stilwell returned to his home where he engaged in private business, although alive to the interests of the soldiers in the field. In the fall of that year he was nominated by the Republicans of the Eleventh Indiana district, and elected as a member of Congress against the Hon. J. F. McDowell, of Marion, Indiana, an account of which is given in another part of this book.

Captain Henderson, who made the presentation speech, became a leading citizen of Anderson after the war was over. He was prominent in its business affairs, and, in 1876, was elected to the legislature and served acceptably for one term. Later on he removed to Kingman, Kansas, where he engaged in the banking business, and there died. His remains were brought to Anderson, and interred in the cemetery north of the river. His family at this writing are residents of Fort Wayne, Indiana.

THE OLD LOG SCHOOL HOUSE.

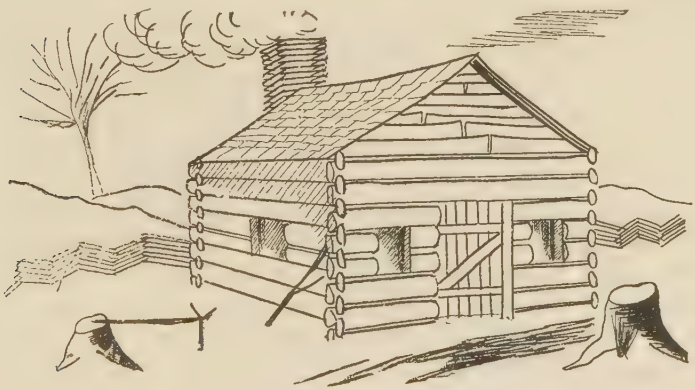
None but those who have attended school in the old log school house can appreciate the many pleasures that cluster around its memory.

The district schools of Madison county of fifty years ago were taught in rude cabins, built by the pioneers in the neighborhoods in a manner to best suit the convenience of the few pupils of the times. Some of the happiest moments of the lives of the country boys and girls were spent in these primitive structures.

The school house was often at a distance of one or two miles from the home of the pupil. The wading through the deep snow and the crossing of the little brook on the foot log by the country lads and lassies, were pleasures pure and unalloyed. The rustling of the leaves of the stately maple that shed its foliage in the pathway to the school house will never again be heard by those who so joyfully kicked and romped in the woodland on their journey to school. In the beautiful month of October, when "Indian summer" was at its height of splendor, who ever heard a sweeter sound than the rattle of the leaves beneath the feet of the country maiden on her way to school?

Who ever breathed a purer air than the autumn breath, when "the frost was on the pumpkin vine," as through the woods the scholars romped and played, sometimes too long, making a tardy mark against themselves for their fun?

The furniture was of the rudest kind, being composed of slabs made of logs split in two and one side smoothed off for the scholars to sit upon. These clumsy seats were set upon legs driven into the slabs where holes were bored into them. The seats had no backs against which to lean or to rest the weary pupil as he conned over his lesson. The teacher was generally the "*smartest*" man in the neighborhood, regardless of his *education*, and must be thoroughly competent, physically, to whip the biggest boy in school. The brightest scholar at that time scarcely ever got beyond the "single rule of three," or, as we now term it, simple proportion.



THE OLD LOG SCHOOL HOUSE.

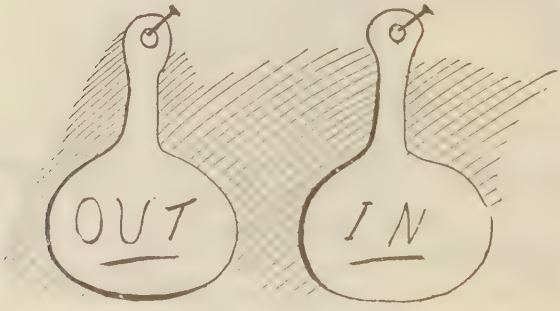
The great occasion of the country school came on Christmas day, or the day previous. On that day the large scholars presented to the teacher a petition, asking him to treat on Christmas day. This, of course, he refused to do, being a part of the play.

On the next morning when the teacher came to school he found himself locked out, and the big boys in command of the premises. The small scholars were almost scared to death by the threats of the teacher to annihilate the whole crowd as soon as he gained admission; but this was understood by the larger ones, and after repeated efforts of the teacher to gain an entrance, all to no purpose, he would start in a threatening manner to leave the grounds. And there is where the fun set

in. No sooner would he start than the entire gang of big boys were on his trail, and such running was never witnessed in any other contest. If the teacher happened to be a swift runner, it often took a half day to overhaul him, and when he was captured he was taken to the brook and sometimes thrown in before he would sign the agreement to treat. But it was always expected that the treat would be forthcoming at a proper time. And after the captive had succumbed, and all of the arrangements made, a grand time was had, in which all partook of a feast of striped candy, apples and hard cider.

None but those who have participated in one of these affairs can fully appreciate the pleasure they gave. It is safe to say that anybody who ever did take part in one, now looks back to it with pleasurable emotions.

The school house was not supplied with glass windows to



admit the light of day, but a log was cut out of the side, and a piece of greased paper was pasted over the opening, which served for that purpose.

It was against the rules for more than one scholar to be out of the house at one time, during the hours of study. It was impossible for the teacher to at all times keep his eye on the door, so he had a large paddle made, which he hung by the side of the door, on one side of this was in large letters, generally made with a piece of "kiel," "OUT," on the reverse side was the word "IN." Each scholar was required to turn the paddle when going out, and on returning, to turn it back again. Sometimes when two mischievous boys wanted to have some fun, one would go out and turn the paddle entirely over, and after the teacher was engaged and had time to forget who was

out, the other would go out and join his partner. This meant an awful whipping if caught and the boys well knew it. To get a whipping at school then was a thing long to be remembered by the recipient. A large hickory switch as big as an ox "gad" was the instrument used, and the offending one was drawn up in front of the whole school and a frightful example was made of him, as he stood up and received from fifty to one hundred lashes. Many of the large boys prepared themselves for the whipping (as they were chastised for the most minor offense). They would sometimes, when they had transgressed the rules, and were expecting to be punished, place sheepskins under their coats which would serve to protect their persons from the severe blows.

The Friday afternoon spelling bees of the country schools were a feature that the present day pedagogues might with profit imitate. The whole school resolved itself into a spelling match, having a captain on each side who chose alternately from the scholars until all the pupils were taken, then the teacher "gave out" to them and the contest was kept up until late in the afternoon, when the exercises were closed by reading "compositions" and speaking pieces.

Dialogues, declamations, essays and stump speeches were the order of the day. The quarrel of Brutus and Cassius, and the speech of Patrick Henry before the Virginia convention, were favorite pieces selected for these occasions. "Ben Battle was a soldier bold," was also often rehearsed with much gusto by the young Cicero of the old log school house times. Mark Antony's oration over the dead body of Cæsar was left for the big boy who aspired to fame and future greatness, and many who afterward became great in oratory made their first attempt by delivering this address.

The last day of school will never be forgotten by the old-timers. The term was generally wound up by giving an "exhibition," in which the whole school, and sometimes the scholars of neighboring districts, took part. These affairs made an impression upon the minds of those who participated in them, that it would be impossible to forget. The last day was a day of parting, with some forever; with others only until the next winter, when school again took up.

With all the joyous sports and exercises of the last day of school where is the boy or girl of the old days who has not moistened the pillow with the tears of regret upon retiring upon the night of the last day of school?

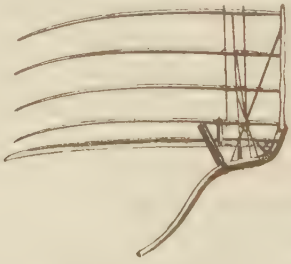
REAPING HOOK, CRADLE AND BINDER.

There are a few yet living in Madison county who remember the days of the reaping hook, but precious few who ever used one of them to gather a crop of growing grain. It has been nearly three-quarters of a century since they were in general use. In the early settlement of the country, the area of land sown in wheat was quite small as the country was but little cleared, and only a small patch of wheat was cultivated, corn being the principal grain for food for man and beast.

THE REAPING HOOK.

When the time came to harvest the grain, the farmer did not go forth in his field with a handsome reaper, followed by scores of men binding the sheaves as they fell from the machine, but in a quiet manner proceeded with his wife, sons and daughters, and with reaping hooks gathered the waving grain by hand.

The larger farmer, who had considerable of cleared land, generally invited his neighbors to assist him, and it was made



THE GRAIN CRADLE.

the occasion of a grand "frolic." A little of the pure and "unadulterated product of the still" was always on hand, as it was thought at that time that the harvest could not be properly gathered without it.

At night after the work was done, sometimes the festivities were wound up with a dance on the old puncheon floor. The music being furnished by one of the neighborhood boys on a "fiddle," the most popular airs being "the Money Musk," "the Devil's Dream" and "the Arkansaw Traveler."

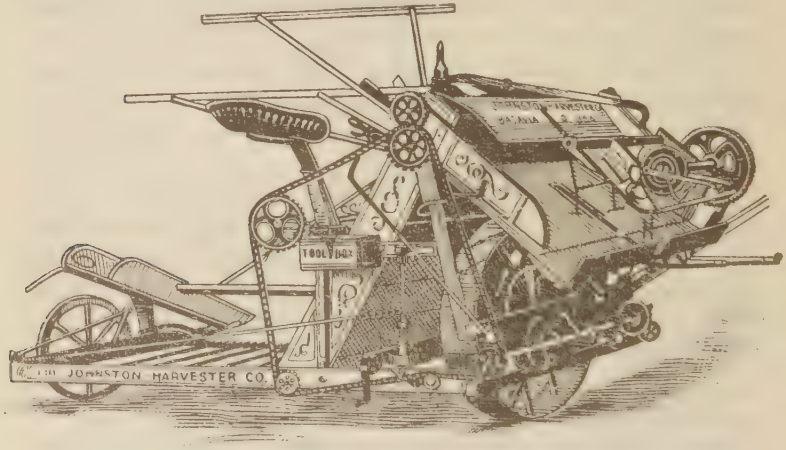
The hardships of the day were entirely forgotten in the merry dance and obliterated by the swelling notes of the music, and the dance went on until the dawn of morning. There is no doubt as to the enjoyment in those good old times, as there is not one living who ever participated in one of those occasions who does not grow eloquent in recounting the many blissful moments thus spent.

As the country opened out and farms became possessed of wider fields, the demands for better facilities for harvesting the grain became manifest, and the inventive genius of man began to plan, and in his fertile brain conceived and brought forth the grain cradle, which was the implement of the harvest field for many years, in fact, it was the only means of gathering the wheat until in the year 1849 or 1850, when it gave way to the reaping machine.

The cultivation of wheat was largely increased by the introduction of the grain cradle, and the harvest time became one of the most important seasons of the year. People were more sociable and attentive to the wants of each other than now, and the neighborhoods flocked together in harvest time and helped their neighbors gather their grain. Sometimes as many as a dozen men with a cradle each, would be at work on one farm. The cradlers each had a man or boy to follow with a rake, whose duty it was to bunch the fallen wheat into sheaves ready for binding, which was done by a man in the rear. The shockers who followed the cradling party, the boy who carried the sheaves and one to carry water and whisky, made up the party at one of these harvesting bees. The women made as much stir about the affair as did the men. They congregated together at the homes of the neighbors and assisted in preparing the meals for the harvest hands, and enjoyed it as much as the present day women do the assisting of each other at the "swell" receptions. An ordinary cradler could cut four acres of grain in a day, and experts could do much more. There was a great rivalry between the cradlers as to their ability, and many matches were made in the fields.

When McCormick invented the reaper he put an end to these merry scenes in the harvest fields, and a new era dawned upon the people, and harvest was made a comparatively easy task as compared with the days of the cradle and the reaping hook. The self-binder soon followed to further lighten the burden, which was soon followed by the machine to bunch the sheaves ready for the shock, which has made the harvest field

a place nearer to a scene of pleasure than of labor. What the next fifty years may develop is beyond even conjecture. It may be that in the near future the people of the United States may witness the bearded grain felled and prepared for the granary with machines propelled by electricity. Whatever may come to pass, there is one thing that is a certainty, the people will never get back to the simplicity of manners, and good fellowship that was extant in the days of the reaping hook.



THE SELF BINDING REAPING MACHINE.

The halcyon days of our grandmother, when that good old soul used to go into the flax patch and pull the growing weed from the ground and carry it to the quaint old log barn, and after drying the stems, prepare it for the "break," while her husband was tilling the little patch that he had opened in the forest, for a farm, is long ago passed into oblivion. There are just a few here and there who ever saw such a scene. There are precious few of the old-time women now living in Madison county, who propelled the spinning wheel, or used the "scutching" knife in the preparation of the flax for clothing with which to cover her little "brood." The process of utilizing the flax is almost a lost art to the people of this community. Many of the present day do not even know how our grandmothers used to toil in the work of providing covering for the bodies of their children, as well as making with her own hands, the clothing for the beds on which they slept.

The flax was pulled when matured, and thoroughly dried, sometimes by a fire, and when in a proper state was "broken"

THE OLD SPINNING WHEEL.

and then "scutched" with a "scutching" knife made of wood, until all of the shives were taken out of it, leaving the lint ready for the wheel.

It was then spun into threads ready for the loom, by which it was woven into cloth.

The good old pioneer women, many of them besides rearing a family of a dozen children and attending to all of their household duties, took the flax from its native state in the ground and went through the entire process of converting it into cloth and from that stage into clothing, making the garments for her entire household. It was also true of all woolens, which she took from the sheep's back and followed it through the different processes until it was converted into clothing, and blankets for the beds. Mothers and daughters of to-day know but little of the work and toil of the pioneers. The preparation for the afternoon reception, the worry about the six o'clock dinner, is nothing to be compared with the anxiety and labor connected with the early settlers' wives and daughters in the preparation of the raiment for the family, which had to be taken from the ground in the raw material and worked into manufactured articles.

The shrill whistle of the woolen mill has drowned the hum of the spinning wheel, and it is only a thing in the memory of the old-timer, and but few of them are left to tell that these were once the implements of industry. The flax break is now a thing of an age passed and gone. We doubt if there ever was a sweeter time in life than when the good old mother sat in front of the fireplace spinning, while her little ones prattled around her knee and roasted potatoes in the ashes in front of her, under her watchful and loving care. Could we be carried back to such a scene we doubt not that it would be a happy one to behold. The mother of those days, was a mother in all the word implies; no care was too great, no labor too severe for her to undergo for her offspring; her love was as pure and as simple as the plain and unpretentiousness of her surroundings.

In order that the wheel that played such a conspicuous part in the early times in this and other counties in the early settlement of the country, may not be lost in oblivion we have procured a photo of one of these ancient implements of labor and reproduce it here in contrast with the wheels with which the mother and daughter of to-day are wont to employ their leisure moments. The one here produced is one of the oldest

extant, having been made early in the present century, in Wayne county by an old wheelwright, who, almost a century ago, went to his final rest.

It was once the property of Mrs. Lydia Forkner, of Union township, who was one of the last women in Madison county to make use of the spinning wheel. She died in August, 1895, at the residence of her son Alfred, at the ripe old age of ninety-three. She was the last of a type of women the like of whom will never again live in Madison county, and we are made happy by here perpetuating her memory and to speak well of her noble deeds.

Mrs. Mary Hull, widow of the late Rev. Matthew R. Hull, a noted minister of the gospel of the M. E. Church, who for many years was a prominent figure in both church and political matters in Indiana, kindly posed for the illustration here given. She can vividly remember the days when the spinning wheel was one of the household necessities. She has for many years been a resident of Anderson, with her daughter, Mrs. R. H. Cokefair, and is one of the best known and highly respected ladies in the community.

THE OLD TIME MAIL ROUTES.

Of the four boys who carried the mail to Anderson sixty years ago, there are but two yet living, the Hon. M. L. Bundy, of New Castle, and John R. Boston, of Pendleton.

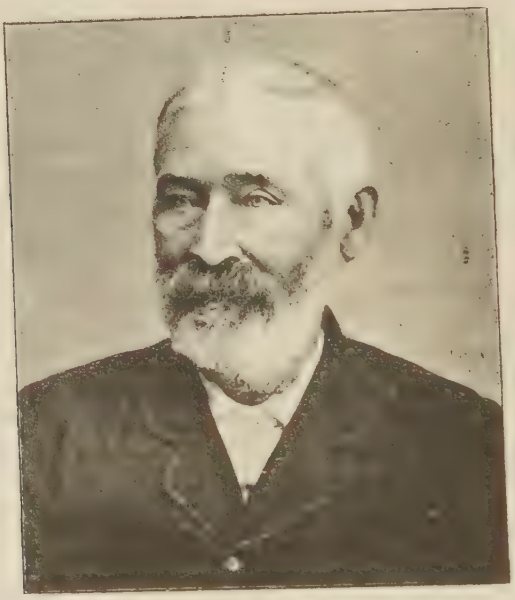
The other two, Mr. Britton Braskett and Mr. A. E. Russell, are both dead. Mr. Russell died five or six years ago, and Mr. Braskett died in Anderson but a few months previous to this writing.

These boys, as they were then, braved the storms and hardships in all seasons of the year and made their regular trips to and from Anderson with the mail pouch on horseback.

All in after years became more or less prominent in the business affairs of the world, notably Mr. Bundy, who has filled many high and honorable positions in civil life, and was a paymaster in the war of the rebellion. He was judge of the courts in Henry county, and National Bank Examiner under Grant's administration as President. He has been very successful in financial affairs, and is now living in retirement and ease at Newcastle. Mr. Bundy has kindly furnished us a sketch of his experience as a mail boy, and other matters which we are pleased to copy.

JUDGE BUNDY'S LETTER.

"I am asked to give a description of Anderson and other villages of Madison county as well as such old-time citizens as came under my observation while I carried the mail on horseback for a year, beginning October, 1834, and ending October, 1835, also the route I traveled. The eastern end was Centerville, in Wayne county, and the western, Noblesville, in Hamilton county, and the service was once a week. Centerville was the most important town on the route, because there was a newspaper published there by Samuel C. Meredith, who at this date still lives. The great lawyers and politicians of the



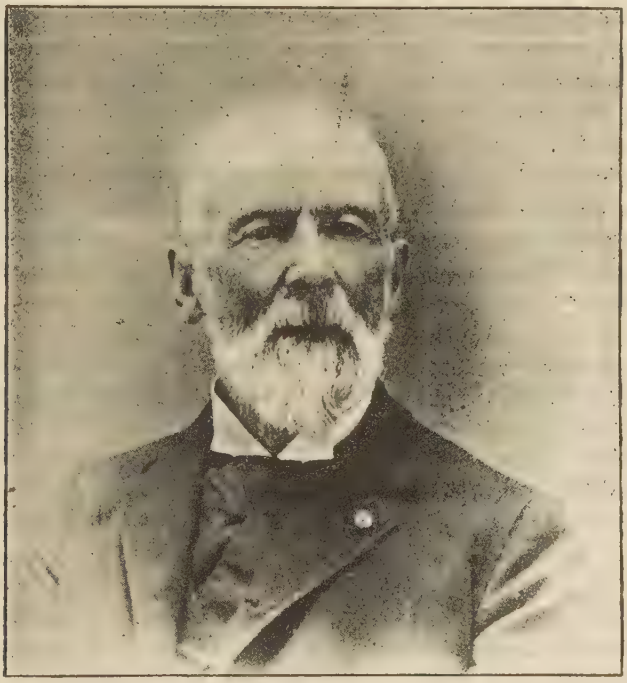
A. E. RUSSELL, WHO CARRIED THE MAIL TO ANDERSON AND PENDLETON, IN 1833.

White Water valley lived there, and there was an excellent dry-goods store kept by Myer Seaton. Leaving Centerville my route took in Jacksonburgh, Nettle Creek (since called Hagerstown), Boyd's, on Flat Rock, New Castle, Middletown, Chesterfield, *Andersontown*, as it was then called, Pendleton and Noblesville. Five days were allowed in which to make the trip in each week, Saturday and Sunday being days for rest. The late William Silver, of Pendleton, but then re-

siding at New Castle, was the contractor who furnished a horse and subsistance, with $5 a month as my compensation.

CHESTERFIELD.

In the fall of 1834, Chesterfield was probably a place of more importance than it is at this day, for Allen Makepeace had the best store and largest trade in the county, and generally was recognized as one of the best merchants in the country. A man of genial address, he never failed to attract people to his store. His father, then an elderly gentleman, was the postmaster to whom I delivered the mail, and William Dilts



HON. MARTIN L. BUNDY, WHO CARRIED THE MAIL TO ANDERSON IN 1834.

had a large brick house which he used as a dwelling for his family and likewise to entertain the public, and there I stopped for dinner twice a week. I can never forget the family and the kindness with which they always treated me, though I was a mere boy.

ANDERSON,

At the time I name, might have had a population of 150 people, but the site was a great hazel thicket, through which nar-

row roads had been cut to enable teams to pass, but on either side of which a person could hide in the bushes in a few steps, and become invisible. The physical condition of the town had not improved since the Indians left it a few years before. It had long been an Indian town, where, tradition tells us, the great warrior, Tecumseh, was born and spent his boyhood. The county seat had been removed from the thriving town of Pendleton to Anderson, but no public building had been erected, and business was transacted at the house of the public officer in 1834. I do not remember who filled the office of sheriff, but R. N. Williams was clerk, recorder and postmaster, and I doubt if his compensation for all these public trusts amounted to $500 a year. The citizens of the town I best remember, because I saw them every week, were Williams, the postmaster; Andrew Jackson, afterward clerk, and Colonel Berry. Fred Bronnenberg I often saw either in Anderson or Chesterfield, the same genial companion then as now, though sixty-two years have elapsed. He is the only person then in active business that I can call to mind as now living, which shows the transitory nature of our existence.

PENDLETON,

Which was my next stopping place, was then a thriving village, full of enterprise and gifted men. There was Palmer Patrick, Dr. John H. Cook, James Gray, and the Doctors Richmond, father and son, who would have been men of mark in any community, my landlord, Jesse Boston, who took care of me two nights each week, had immigrated from Baltimore the year before and erected a family residence and house of entertainment combined. Before leaving Maryland he had evidently caught the railroad fever, then prevalent there, because his tavern sign had painted on it the picture of a locomotive engine, which attracted much attention because of its novelty. The men of Pendleton then in active life, it is needless to say, have all passed away.

NOBLESVILLE.

I was required to go from Pendleton to Noblesville and return the same day. The country between these two towns at that time was a howling wilderness and one could travel several miles without seeing a human habitation. Much of the land was covered with water which in the winter time froze over and formed a solid bridge for miles, but in the spring of the year there seemed to be no bottom to the road.

Nobleville was a straggling village on White river and while it looked more like a town than Anderson, it was greatly inferior to Pendleton. The public business was transacted after the manner of Anderson, for General Stephenson was clerk, recorder and postmaster, and the emoluments of his several offices hardly exceeded those of Williams at Anderson. He was able, however, to take a Philadelphia newspaper, a luxury forbidden to most pioneers on account of poverty, but he did not know until I told him twenty years afterwards that his paper was read each week several times before it saluted his eye. On my westward trip the people would collect from the surrounding country at some of the offices, knowing about the time the "great eastern" mail would arrive, and clamor for the news, apparently supposing the carrier knew the contents and could tell them. To satisfy them I would take out Stephenson's paper and read to them for an hour the foreign and domestic news, the markets and often editorial comments on Jackson and VanBuren, Clay and Webster, besides other noted politicians, who at that time occupied the public attention. This was repeated several times before reaching Noblesville, much to the delight of the people, because it was the only means they had of procuring information. I was young, but having been raised among the Quakers, could read well, because these people never neglect early education. If the late A. E. Russell, who was my predecessor in office, were alive, I could appeal to him for confirmation of much that I have written, and his intelligent widow, Caroline, who still survives, must be an authority on the early events of Madison county.

M. L. Bundy.

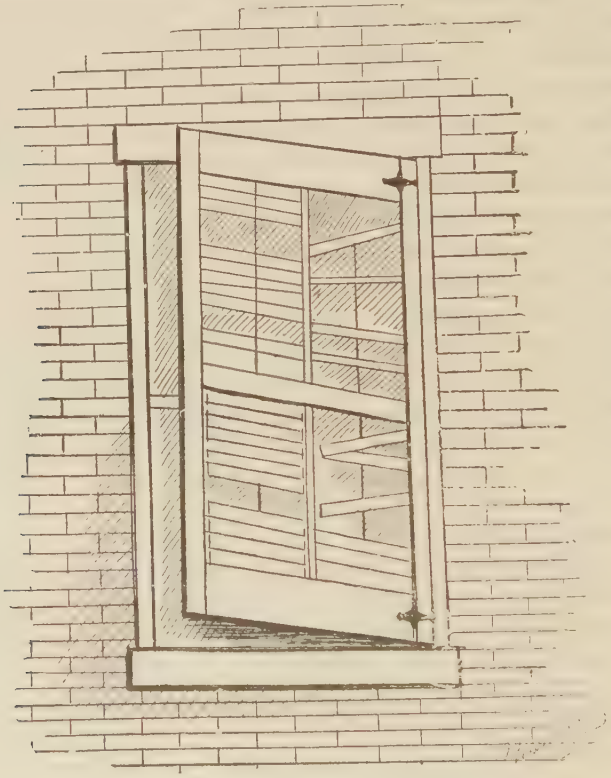
A FAMOUS WINDOW SHUTTER.

In the summer of 1868, John O. Hardesty came to Anderson unheralded and unannounced. He purchased the material of the "*Loyal American*," a newspaper published by John C. Hanson and ex-postmaster H. J. Brown, and started the *Anderson Herald*, a "red hot" Republican sheet. It was but a little while until the people knew that he was in town, especially the Democratic part of the community, as he commenced a warfare at once on the ramparts of the Democratic camp.

Hardesty was then a young man, full of vigor and vim. He knew where to shoot, and never failed to hit the mark.

He caused the Democrats more trouble than any one who ever published an opposition paper in this county.

When the annual statement of the receipts and disbursements of that year came out it was disclosed that the expenses



THE $37,000 WINDOW SHUTTER.

incurred by the County Board, footed up to the snug sum of $37,000, not an extraordinary amount for a county like Madison, but the figures looked big, and sounded large to the taxpayers.

Hardesty took this exhibit for his text for the campaign that was soon approaching, and the way he handled it was a caution to the old settlers.

Of course the amount expended included all paid out for every purpose, including the courts and the officers' salaries, and the keeping of the poor; but in looking over the list of vouchers, Hardesty discovered that the only money that had been

paid for improvements of the public buildings was an item for putting a new shutter on the court house. This was enough for him, and he at once began an agitation of the subject through the columns of his paper, and week after week alluded to the thirty-seven-thousand-dollar window shutter, until he had all of the Republicans, and half of the Democrats in the county believing that it actually cost that amount.

He had a full sized cut of it in his paper standing during the entire campaign, and the papers in the neighboring towns took it up and it became a topic of general talk over the State that Madison county had a shutter on its court house that cost $37,000. In the street parades, at political meetings, wherever the Republicans had speakings, the window shutter was on hand; some one always brought up the rear with a transparency with the shutter painted on it.

This shutter was finally taken off the court house and carried in a procession at Indianapolis at the "State rally" that year, and caused an endless amount of mirth.

The Democrats wished many times before the election came around that the shutter was in hades, and Hardesty close by, but the shutter was still there; it would not down.

Whilst the agitation on this subject did not defeat the candidates of that year, on the Democratic ticket, it "laid the egg" for a grand cleaning out in the election in the next campaign.

In the year 1870, the succeeding election for State and county officers, but two of the Democratic candidates were elected, the Clerk of the courts and the Coroner, and they had no opposition, or they would probably have fared the same as their running mates.

To John O. Hardesty, more than any other person, is due the credit of turning the tide in a county with a solid majority of 800 against his party, and landing the candidates of his political complexion in the best offices in the gift of the voters in the community.

The window shutter, and the way it was handled by Hardesty, was a play that was hard to beat, and one that argument would not serve to change.

We doubt if Mr. Hardesty is fully appreciated by the newer and younger members of his party, from the fact that he at one time moved away from the county, and for a time lost his identity, but the old-timers well remember his strug-

gles against what seemed a hopeless cause, and the window shutter and the part it played in this memorable political fight.

SOME SEVERE TORNADOES.

The first tornado or cyclone in Madison county known to the old settlers occurred in 1828, about three and one-half miles south of Anderson. It was one-half mile wide, the effects of which were for a long time known as the "Fallen Timber," having felled the forests in its track. The next was in 1843. It commenced a little northwest of Pendleton, passed east through what is known as the "Dismal" to the north of Huntsville, then up the gravel ridge just south of Anderson, ending about where the Big Four and Pan Handle railroads cross. Along the ridge or hill road to Huntsville large trees were blown out by the roots. Little mounds of earth still show where it swept through.

The third was in the west part of the county, in 1853. Its course was just south of Perkinsville, east and northeast. It took the second story off of Daniel Wise's brick house, an account of which appears elsewhere. It passed south of Florida. Some men who were building the grade for the Pan Handle railroad, seeing the storm approaching, took shelter in a log house close by. One man, probably more timid than the others, huddled down in one corner and said: "Now, Billy," meaning the wind, "see what you can do; do your best." The words had scarcely left his lips when the house was blown from its foundation. Another man ran out and caught hold of a small bush and was terribly bruised and shaken up. He, so far as reports go, was the only man hurt by the tornado.

In June, 1880, a fourth severe tornado passed over this county. It commenced in Hamilton county, literally sweeping the town of Cicero, injuring quite a number of people. It came into this county about Perkinsville, and in its eastern course took off for the second time the roof of Daniel Wise's house. The repaired walls show the extent of the damage. It did considerable damage in its course, striking very hard in the west side of the Joseph Groff farm, four miles northwest of Anderson, where it completely demolished about twenty acres of timber; farther east it did but little damage. Bolts of dry goods were found in its track, probably from the wrecked stores at Cicero.

The first to result in the destruction of human life passed

over the north part of the county, about half way between Frankton and Elwood, May 12, 1886, striking with terrible force the old Caleb Canaday homestead, destroying the house and barn and doing other damage. The house was all blown away except a room occupied by the family. The "nigger head" corner stone of the barn was turned out of its place. James Legg's residence, close by, was made a perfect wreck, killing his son John, breaking an arm and leg for his wife and otherwise injuring her. The balance of the family escaped with less serious injury. Its ravages extended through the county. This, so far as now can be ascertained, was the only fatality.

THE COLORED MAN BARRED.

Prior to the civil war there were but few colored people in Madison county, and but little respect was paid to the few who did live here. In fact, they were not looked upon as human beings by most people. The only ones who had any sympathy for the colored brother were the Abolitionists, who were but few, and confined to the Quakers and their descendants.

A striking illustration of how the colored man was held by his white brother is to be found in the record of deeds at Anderson, where there is recorded a deed to a piece of land in Monroe township, in which the land is conveyed to the "State of Indiana for the purposes of a burying ground so long as the same may be used therefor, provided that no 'nigger' shall ever be buried therein, in which case the land shall revert to the owner and his heirs." The name of the donor is withheld, as it is useless, at this late day of enlightenment, to stir up the old feeling that at that time existed, besides, no doubt, the one who conveyed the land has long since relented, and has a warm place in his heart for the sons of Ham.

QUILTINGS AND WOOL PICKINGS.

While the pioneer farmers had their fun and frolics at the log rollings and house raisings, the good old mothers did not miss their opportunities to have an entertainment once in awhile.

In the spring of the year after the flock had been sheared and the fleeces washed, they invited in the neighbor women and indulged in a "wool-picking," which consisted in picking the "burrs" and "Spanish needles" from the wool, so that it

could be prepared for market, and for the spinning-wheel. These gatherings were what the ladies now term "hen parties," no men being allowed to take part in the proceedings.

They in a like manner invited their friends occasionally to take a hand in a quilting match.

The guests parceled out to themselves a task of quilting, while the hostess prepared a sumptuous repast which was served after the day was spent. While these gatherings were a help among the neighbors, with their many labors, they also served as a pastime, and to lighten the path of life through the wilderness in which they lived.

The stories told of the wool-pickings and quilting-bees, by the old ladies who took part in them would make an interesting book. There are but few left now who can relate personal experiences in these scenes of long ago.

The loom and the spinning-wheel are things that represent an age gone by, and there is just here and there one who remembers the days of their usefulness.

DAYS OF THE CLEARINGS AND LOG ROLLINGS.

The first thing the early settler did after entering his land from the government, was to "deaden" several acres of the dense forest covering his possessions. In the course of a year the timber would die and become sufficiently dry to be easily burned. The trees were felled with axes and prepared for the log heap. The process of getting the logs in proper lengths was generally by building fires across them at different places and "niggering" them off by throwing one log across another and firing them, then it would not take long to burn them in twain. The owner of the land and his family consisting of male and female members, would spend days and nights in the clearing, and through smoke and fire, would work without cessation until several acres were prepared for the "log rolling." Then the neighbors for miles around were invited and a rolling "bee" was indulged in.

While this was a hard job, it was also a time for great joy and merriment. It was the time for all to congregate and exchange greetings, and between the hours of labor and refreshments give themselves up to story telling and merry making, the whole ending at night with a dance where young and old enjoyed themselves in boundless mirth.

Many lifting matches at the hand-spike were indulged in at the log rollings. The logs were placed on large sticks

shaved and prepared for the purpose, called "hand-spikes," generally from four to six under each log. The men would pair off in twos, one at each end of the spike and there's where the "tall lifting" set in. A man would rather be buried alive than to be "lifted down." The logs would be carried to some favorable spot and piled in heaps ready to burn, and when the rolling was over the heaps were fired. The fires in the clearings were a beautiful sight to behold at night, lighting up the skies for miles around.

At these rollings whisky was always furnished in copious quantities. Some would become hilarious, while others would get "full," but good feeling generally prevailed, although there have been cases where old grudges were settled between enemies by hand-to-hand fights when they happened to meet in the clearing.

The men of those days generally dressed in homespun clothing, consisting of a hunting shirt made of "linsey" with pants, coat and vest of blue jeans. In this rough garb their hearts beat with honest pride as they toiled for their future wealth and greatness.

In those days at the log rollings many used oxen to assist in bunching the logs for the heaps. Many of the present generation have never seen a "yoke" of oxen. They were not only beasts of burden fifty years ago in the woods in logging, but served as a means of hauling wagons upon the roads.

An early scene along the old National Road, and the road leading to Strawtown, was one of a continual stream of ox wagons, moving the pioneers to the wilds of their new homes in the far west.

The yellow hound was also an accompaniment to the ox wagon. He generally brought up the rear of the procession, keeping faithful watch over the children and the family cow that followed behind.

At the log rollings and barn raisings there was as much formality and etiquette in some respects as prevails among the "swell" society people of to-day. When a new comer made his advent into a neighborhood he was the recipient of all favors, and made the guest of honor on all occasions until he was duly initiated into the ways of the new home he had sought in the wilderness. If he proved true, and was made of the proper material, he soon was one of the community in all its meaning; if not, he was in a very short time dropped. It did not take the neighbors long to form an opinion of the

new settler, and when public sentiment was formed there was no reversing it.

The fellow who always had fault to find with the ways of the country and was continually comparing the mode of procedure with the way they did "in yander" where he came from, and making unfavorable comments of this sort, was set down as an ass, or what we would in this day say, a "smart Alec," and the people had but little use for him.

In the days of "the cabin in the clearing," of which the Hon. Ben. Parker, of Newcastle, has so sweetly sung, the "Johnny cake" cut quite a figure. To bake a "Johnny cake" was an accomplishment that any woman was proud to possess. The cake was made of corn meal and water, being well mixed with lard for "shortning," and laid on a board and set up in front of the fireplace, which generally occupied one whole end of the cabin, and was baked by the heat thrown out from the fire of huge logs rolled in by the sturdy pioneer. Some times a good fat opossum was served with the "Johnny cake" with an abundance of "sop" for the children. A person who did not like that kind of eating was at once set down as not being properly "raised."

Who ever sat in front of one of those old-fashioned fire places and looked into the flaming fire as it threw out its warming rays, and listened to the lullaby of the mother's evening song, that does not wish that he could wander back to those scenes of simplicity, and for a time live over again the happy moments thus spent?

It would not be exaggeration to say that a million dollars worth of timber has been burned in log heaps in Madison county. Many handsome walnut trees have thus been devoured in order to get them out of the way of the plow, that would now be worth at least one hundred dollars each.

ORGANIZATION OF OLD SETTLERS.

For a number of years it has been customary at intervals to have meetings in different parts of the county, of the old settlers, for the purpose of talking over old times and mingling together in amusement and speech making. The first meeting of this kind of which we can find any record, was one held in Pendleton in 1856. Among the prominent persons who took an active part on this occasion and made speeches were John Markle, Able Johnson, Samuel D. Irish, John H. Cook, Conrad Crossley, Thomas Silver and Isaac Busby. We

believe that of those sturdy pioneers active in this memorable meeting, not one is now living.

In the year of 1873, another meeting was held at Alexdria, in July, which was largely attended by people from different parts of the county.

The next meeting of importance took place in the year 1874, on the banks of White river, near the village of Perkinsville, which was largely attended by both the residents of Madison and Hamilton counties. The meeting was called to order by Andrew McKenzie, of Hamilton county. General J. D. Stevenson, of Noblesville, was elected president, and the Rev. J. F. Rhodes, of Perkinsville, was elected secretary. The meeting was addressed by Rev. John W. Forest, Judge Johnathan Colburn, James Hollingsworth, Noah Waymire, H. G. Finch and Thomas L. Beckwith. A good deal of merriment was occasioned by the speech of Mr. Finch, who gave it as his opinion that the country would be better off without either ministers or churches. Various relics of the pioneer times of the county were exhibited, among which was an old "shot pouch" and powder horn, worn by a Mr. Fisher, who was killed by the Indians, not far from where this meeting was held, an account of which is given elsewhere. A permanent organization was effected for the two counties by Thomas L. Beckwith being elected corresponding secretary and General Stevenson president.

At various times since, there have been other meetings of the old settlers at different points in the county, but it seems that no attempt had been made to keep up a regular organization, and the meetings were held simply by calls being signed by different persons, which assembled them together.

One of the largest meetings held for many years, occurred at Chesterfield in the year 1887, at which Judge Winburn R. Pierse, Hon. James W. Sansberry, Samuel Myers, W. C. Fleming and many old-timers, delivered addresses. This meeting was on White river, north of the village, near a gas well on W. B. Bronnenberg's farm.

At a meeting held at the court house in Anderson, on the 16th of July, 1894, upon the call of Samuel Hardin, Rufus H. Williams and others, steps were taken to more thoroughly organize the Old Settlers Association, since which time they have held annual meetings and a record of their proceedings has been kept. John L. Forkner presided, and William P. Newman acted as secretary at this meeting. It was decided

to hold the first annual meeting at Ruddle's grove on the 30th of August, of that year. Francis Watkins was chosen president and a vice-president was elected for the association for each township in the county.

When the day of the meeting arrived a large concourse of people assembled in the beautiful grove and were welcomed to the city by the Hon. John H. Terhune, at that time Mayor. Addresses were made by J. M. Farlow, Hon. James W. Sansberry, Dr. Ward Cook, of Pendleton, James Hollingsworth, Samuel Myers, Hon. David S. Gooding, of Greenfield, Charles Fisher, of Fishersburg, Abisha Lewis and many others whose names if recorded here would occupy too much space. The oldest married couple in the county was present in the persons of Samuel and Rebecca Stevenson, of Anderson township, they having lived in the holy bonds of wedlock for the term of sixty-three years. The Lapel brass band under the leadership of Prof. D. K. Elliott, furnished most excellent music for the occasion. The venerable Samuel Myers, in his address predicted that this would be his last meeting with the association, which proved true.

The next annual meeting was held on the 29th of August, 1895, at the same place. Francis Watkins, the president of the association, being absent, the meeting was called to order by James Hollingsworth, and Hon. M. M. Dunlap, Mayor of Anderson, welcomed the visitors in a very happy speech and extended to them the freedom of the city. The weather being very threatening, it was not so largely attended as the former one, but a general good feeling prevailed and a very happy time was had by those who were in attendance. Among those who addressed the meeting were Dr. William Suman, Byron H. Dyson, James Hollingsworth, W. V. Shanklin, Mrs. Lucinda Harden, Mrs. G. N. Hilligoss and Abisha Lewis. Dr. N. L. Wickersham read an original poem prepared by himself for this special occasion which contained many good points in reference to the old cabin days, which was well received and was highly entertaining to those who had the pleasure of listening to it. At this meeting a committee was selected consisting of Edward Roberts, Neil Mauzy and Thomas Harmeson, to select names for permanent officers of the association for the next year, who accordingly reported for president, Samuel Hardin; secretary, John L. Forkner, and treasurer, David Conrad. They appointed a meeting to take place at the same locality one year hence.

These meetings have thus kept alive the spirit and enthusiasm of the old settlers of Madison county and by keeping a record of their annual proceedings in the years to come it will be interesting to the new generation to peruse the account of their doings and sayings.

CHAPTER XXII.

Reminiscences—Accidents and Incidents.

THE STORY OF A HAT.

Sometime during the year 1880 a mysterious stranger dropped into Greenfield, in Hancock county, and settled down in the farming community in that vicinity. He engaged in the occupation of school teaching. He was very reticent, and gave but little information as to his former home or whence he came. It was evident, however, from his conversation that he was an eastern man from the fact that he had the Yankee brogue plainly upon his tongue. He was very quiet and exceedingly neat and cleanly about his person. He seldom visited Greenfield except in the company of the farmer with whom he made his home while teaching school. He was thoroughly educated, and to all appearances was one who by his talents could command a much better position in life than the one he was then filling. While many who became acquainted with him wondered why such a man should have located in a country district and confined himself to the monotony of school life, there was none who had any cause to believe there was anything wrong about him.

He remained in that neighborhood for nearly two years, during which time he became well acquainted with the neighbors, and finally ingratiated himself into the confidence of the farmer to such an extent that he was entrusted with his business, such as drawing money on checks at the bank. This the stranger did with faithfulness, and would turn over to his host the last penny. As the result of all this, he became well acquainted with the officers of the banks in Greenfield, who were delighted to have a visit from him. He was an interesting conversationalist, and was very suave in his manners.

One bright sunny morning he dropped into one of the banks and laid down on the counter a note for a considerable

amount. The note was signed by his farmer friend with whom he had been living, and the stranger was anxious to have it discounted, a favor which was readily granted by the officers. Nothing further was thought of the transaction until some weeks subsequently, when the farmer by whom the note was said to be signed came to town, and on going to the bank was informed by the officials that they had purchased the note. Their consternation and astonishment can be well imagined when informed by the farmer that the note in question was a base forgery; that the stranger had not been at the farmer's house for quite a while, and that he had left the county.

Efforts were made in a quiet way by the bank authorities to ascertain his whereabouts, but all to no purpose. But little stir was made about it, as they did not desire the community to know they had been duped in such a manner.

Time rolled on until the year 1885, when at Rockford, Illinois, a stranger was found dead in his bed in one of the rooms of the hotel at which he was stopping. There were no papers or anything upon his person whereby his identity could be established. He had worn a stiff cady hat, and in the crown of this appeared the name of "Frank Spear, the Hatter, Anderson, Indiana." Letters were at once written to Mr. Spear, but he had no recollection of selling a hat to any such personage, and could give no clue to his name or identity.

The officials of Rockford, being anxious to find his relatives, as he had all the appearance of being a well-to-do man, had photographs made of him as he lay in his coffin and then held the body until they had time to send these throughout the land.

Thomas R. Moore was at that time sheriff of Madison county, and received one of the photographs, which he exhibed to every one he met on the street, to all the business men, and to all the city officials, but no one could remember of having seen such a person. In some way, one of the photographs fell into the hands of the officials of Hancock county and was shown to the people there, and among these were the proprietors of the bank upon which he had committed the forgery, who recognized his features at once as the missing party for whom they had been looking. Without making much fuss or ceremony, they sent a representative to Rockford, Illinois, who after examining the body established its identity beyond

doubt. Upon his person was found but little money, as he had evidently squandered it, and the bank never received anything to reimburse it.

During his residence in Hancock county he gave his name as Blanchard, by which name he was known at that place, but nothing of his history, or his former life, or who he was, ever became known, and is to this day a mystery. One thing is certain and that is, that he was a very slick rogue, and that he laid his plans in the most artful and cunning manner and carried them to successful ends. When making his escape from Greenfield, he no doubt passed through Anderson, and here purchased of Frank Spear the hat by which he was identified after death.

The bank officials have to this day kept the secret of this affair to themselves, and there were very few outside of their own circle who knew anything about it.

DARING ESCAPE OF A CRIMINAL.

The following story was related to F. T. Luse by William B. Allen, late of Anderson and Ex-Sheriff of Madison county. There are yet living in this county many persons who remember the occurrence. The world admires a hero, or deeds of daring; the more astonishing the achievements, the greater the admiration. The men in our late civil war who excited the greatest interest were those who took the greatest risks, resulting in the most unexpected terminations, but whether a man be facing the cannon's mouth, or engaged in any other work, if he has accomplished his undertaking, attention is at once directed to him, and his name for a season is upon many tongues.

Criminals have often won praise for their daring. One of the most remarkable cases of this kind took place in Madison county many years ago. A man of the name of William Harris, who was a noted criminal, displayed the most wonderful nerve and daring to secure his freedom, and it was the theme of conversation in every circle for many months. Mr. Harris had, like many other wayward men, in his childhood, a good father and mother to guide him, but he gave little heed to them. Soon after reaching his majority, he began to associate with men of bad reputation, and was finally arrested by William B. Allen, Sheriff of Madison county, during the summer of 1841, on the charge of passing counterfeit money, and on his trial he was proven guilty.

In relating this story, it might not be inappropriate to state that other persons whose names have never been given up were known to have been engaged in this most nefarious business, but escaped implication.

The old log jail that stood in the court house yard was insecure and unfit for use, and the cupola, or belfry of the court house was improvised into a prison for keeping criminals, there being but one way of access to the cupola, and that was by the stairway leading from the hall of the court house. In the case of Harris it was not deemed necessary to watch him at any other place about the building than at this point. No one but his wife and the Sheriff and deputies visited him in his elevated confinement.

On the night of August 12, 1841, about 12 o'clock, the prisoner set himself at work to make his escape. The night was one long to be remembered by those then living; great torrents of rain fell from about 10 o'clock until daylight next morning. The rain was incessant, and was accompanied by vivid flashes of lightning from all points of the heavens. The thunder was terrific and appalling in the extreme. What time more fitting than this for a man to liberate himself from imprisonment? Harris determined to go through the shutter to the lightning rod, and let himself down to the roof of the court house, then continuing his hold on the rod to descend to the ground, a total distance from the starting point of about forty-five feet.

The wife of the prisoner, who had been admitted to his place of confinement, was with him upon this occasion, and between them the attempt to escape by this means was debated long and earnestly. Liberty was sweet and life precious, yet while undertaking to secure the one he might lose the other. The desire to proceed with the undertaking was about equally balanced by the resolve to abandon it. Finally, overcoming all fear, he bade farewell to his wife and started out amidst the drenching rain and the blinding flashes of the lightning to the rod which was to lead him to liberty. He could hear, as he afterwards stated, the lightning skip along the rod. At the west end of the cupola a portion of this rod was discernable as long as the old court house stood in the public square.

Harris seized the rod and proceeded sailor fashion, hand over hand, and soon reached the roof. So far so good, and yet only a small portion of his journey had been accomplished.

The fear that the electric current passing down the rod might injure him seemed to deter him; the belief that the guard in the hallway might hear his movements caused his heart to flutter; but the die was cast, and he could not now retrace his steps. Seizing the rod once more he crawled cautiously down the roof, over the eave of the house, and stepped off the roof on to the sill of a window on the west end of the hall. A glance at the other end of the hall, as the lightning illuminated it, satisfied him that the guards were asleep, and that his journey thus far had been safely accomplished. It was sixteen feet from the window to the ground, and once on terra firma he departed as speedily as possible from the locality.

When he was put in prison he had been manacled with handcuffs and chains upon his ankles. It is said that his wife in entering his room had taken with her an old case knife, which served the purpose of sawing in two the chains between his hands and between his feet, and that she also furnished him with a shawl which she had worn on that occasion and wrapped his legs for the purpose of protecting them from the rod as he climbed down over the roof.

When the morning arrived and the Sheriff and his guards came to get their prisoner great astonishment and chagrin seized them when they discovered that their bird had flown. The unlooked-for manner in which he had escaped filled them with confusion and shame which it is impossible to describe.

Harris had been originally arrested in Henry county and had escaped from the officers and fled to Madison county, where he was concealed by some friends for a time. He was arrested by Sheriff Allen and detained in confinement in the old court house, as described, until such time as he could be safely returned to New Castle and delivered to the officers of the law. He was recaptured and brought from Cincinnati to New Castle. He was there convicted of the crime for which he was arrested, and was thence taken by the sheriff and his deputy to the State's prison at Jeffersonville, Ind., in a two-horse wagon, taking several days to make the trip. Here he served a term of two years, the period for which he was sentenced.

Harris never returned to this part of the country to live. In the year 1863, some Madison county soldiers of an Indiana regiment, while on detached duty in Kentucky stopped for a brief season near Cynthiana, and in mingling with the citizens, one of them became acquainted with an old, gray-haired

man, stoop-shouldered and slow of conversation. After a brief interview, the old man asked the soldier if he was from Madison county. On receiving an affirmative reply, he made himself known. It was Harris, the man who had, over twenty years before, on that dark, stormy night, made his successful escape by the lightning rod. He related the particulars of his escape to the soldier; how he had retreated on the night in question, and had gone to the residence of a brother who lived north of Anderson, who assisted him in relieving himself from his handcuffs and chains, and that they were hidden in an old hollow stump on his brother's farm. On his release from the State's prison he had gone to Kentucky, where he had made his home ever since. He said that he had sown his wild oats and had settled down to be a sturdy and steady citizen; that he had reared a respectable family and had accumulated a competency for the remainder of his days. He said he enjoyed the respect of the community in which he lived. Harris died about the close of the rebellion. His relatives in Madison county were all highly respectable people. He had a brother who at one time represented the county in the Indiana legislature.

James Hollingsworth was then deputy sheriff of Madison county and stood guard around the court house the night that Harris made his escape.

HELD THE FORT.

In the year 1856 Peter H. Lemon, once a prominent citizen of Madison county, was elected clerk of the Madison circuit court, and served four years. Shortly after his election the question was raised as to his eligibility. He was elected as a Democrat and it seems that the Anderson *Standard* and a number of the leading Democrats of the county were of the opinion that he was not eligible. The *Standard* of May 8th, 1857, says in relation to the matter: "A rumor, to which we at first gave little attention, has within a few weeks been gaining currency in some parts of the county, particularly the most southern townships, to the effect that the present incumbent of the clerk's office, Peter H. Lemon, is said to be constitutionally ineligible. The Republicans will now secretly nominate a candidate and vote for him, consequently if there is no opposing candidate he will be elected and will then proceed to oust Mr. Lemon. We therefore deem it prudent and right to warn the Democracy of the danger by stating the real

facts in the case. The constitution of the state of Indiana has the following provision: 'No person elected to any judicial office shall during the term for which he shall have been elected be eligible to any office of trust or profit under the State other than the judicial office until his commission expires.' Mr. Lemon having been elected Justice of the Peace and his commission having not expired at the time of his election as Clerk the classification in the constitution makes him clearly ineligible." It seems that the editor of the *Standard* had no feeling against Mr. Lemon other than stated in his editorial article with the belief the opposite party could under the constitution name a candidate at the next election who could claim the Clerk's office by right of the provision of the constitution above quoted.

Several leading Democrats, prominent among whom was Samuel W. Hill, who was at that time a practicing attorney, upheld the position taken by the *Standard*, and in several communications in that journal advised the party to make a nomination and run a candidate in the next election to fill the office. Many of the Republicans sided with Mr. Lemon, prominent among whom was John Davis. A continual warfare was kept up until the election had passed by and Mr. Lemon safely held his office. Peter H. Lemon was not the sort of man who could be scared by a small matter like this. He was considerable of a factor in politics himself, and wielded a ready pen. It will be seen by the files of the newspapers of that day that he took ample care of himself in the contest. It was secretly passed around from mouth to mouth by many of his political opponents that a candidate would be placed in the field and elected to take his place before his term of office expired, which never came about, owing largely to the shrewd kind of warfare which Mr. Lemon made. It may be here further stated that Peter H. Lemon and Albert J. Ross were the only two persons ever elected to an office in Madison county, who filled their terms, being clearly ineligible at the time. Mr. Ross was elected sheriff of the county in 1872, under the provision of the constitution similar to that of Mr. Lemon. He had been elected but a short time prior to his nomination as Sheriff, to the office of Justice of the Peace of Duck Creek township, and had resigned the office, and but one or two persons in the county gave the matter a thought, and but little was said about it until Mr. Ross' term of office

as Sheriff had expired. The question was never raised by his political opponents during his term.

AN INDIAN REMINISCENCE.

In rummaging among a lot of old papers, hunting dates and material for this work, the writer unearthed a story told by some old settler over the name of "T.", in which he recounts the tragic end of an Indian near the city of Anderson on the ground now occupied by the beautiful suburb of Shadeland. The details of this narrative are as follows: In the spring of 1827 four Indians, three of the Miami and one of the Pottawattamie tribe, left their homes upon Eel river, north of Logansport, for a hunt on Big Lick, a stream meandering through the southern part of Madison county, in the neighborhood of Fall Creek and Adams townships. Deer, raccoon, squirrel and other game were very plentiful in those days, and the work of the hunter was generally well rewarded. At this season of the year, when the leaves were about the size of a squirrel's ear, and the spring was just ready to don its green coat of verdure, hundreds of hunters, both white and Indian, would betake themselves to the streams for hunting and fishing.

Two of the Miami Indians above named were designated as "Jim" and "George Buckwheat." On the way to the hunting ground the party stopped at "Andersontown" and purchased ammunition and fire water, the latter article being more familiarly known among the pale faces as whisky. They then proceeded leisurely south to their intended hunting place and remained two weeks, during which they enjoyed the sport of hunting, not forgetting at the same time to indulge in liberal potations of "fire water."

These four Indians became involved in a quarrel, which ended in blows and a general fight. A taunting remark was made by George Buckwheat to the Pottawattamie, who considered his character as being slandered, and immediately seizing a tomahawk struck Buckwheat a blow on the head which knocked him lifeless to the ground. This act soon brought the two remaining Indians to a condition of sobriety, and a feeling of rage took possession of Jim Buckwheat when he saw the dead body of his brother. A grave was dug, into which the body was lowered, and after tobacco and a tomahawk had been deposited with it, was covered up, and the

three Indians mounting their ponies departed quietly in the direction of their homes.

The quarrel between Jim Buckwheat and the slayer of his brother was, however, kept up with much bitterness for several hours along the route of their return. Gradually it began to dawn upon the mind of the Pottawattamie that he had done wrong, and the only way to appease the wrath of the Miamis, which was then the leading tribe of the Northwest, and to preserve his honor as a brave warrior among his own, was to offer up his life as an atonement. He accordingly concluded to do so at once. The party reached a strip of woods where the Ben Thomas farm is now situated, about one mile west of Anderson. Here, the Pottawattamie, after singing a death song, and offering up a prayer to the Great Spirit, folded his arms across his breast, and requested Jim Buckwheat to shoot him. Pacing off some fifty steps, and taking deliberate aim with his rifle, Buckwheat fired and the Pottawattamie fell to the earth a corpse. The deed was done, and Indian honor avenged, according to the aboriginal idea, by the death of this warrior.

After informing the whites of what had occurred, and the reason therefor, the two survivors mounted their ponies, leaving the dead unburied, and soon disappeared in the forest. The white settlers dug a grave near the tree where he was killed and buried him. Old timers living here then have frequently asserted that the moss on the north side of this tree assumed the exact face and head of an Indian. So strongly was this affirmed, and just as strongly ridiculed for many years that finally a man of the name of Harris, well known in Anderson at the time, quietly proceeded to the spot and cut down the tree, and thus stopped further discussion.

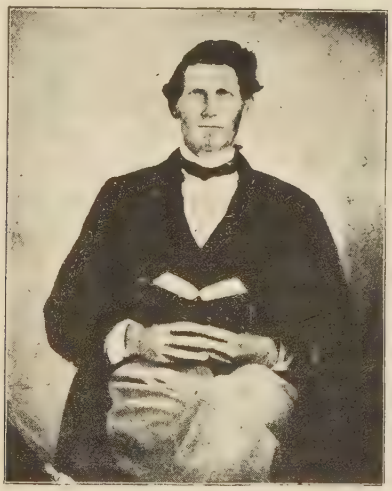
A few years subsequent to this event, one Dr. Roe started a phrenological publication in Anderson, and would occasionally deliver lectures on phrenology. To illustrate his points it was necessary to have a skull, and he proceeded quietly to the grave of the forgotten Pottawattamie, and unceremoniously took thereform the skull which had once belonged to the noble red man. This he used in his lectures as long as he remained here, and when he left, it is said, took it with him.

A WAR REMINISCENCE.

It was on the first Saturday evening after the firing on Fort Sumter, in April, 1861, that there was a voluntary

mass-meeting of citizens in the old rectangular court house, which then occupied our public square. It was in all regards the most potential meeting ever held in that edifice. Old and young of all shades of political faith were present and took an eager and an active part in its deliberations, if such they may be called.

Dr. Townsend Ryan, Colonel Milton S. Robinson, Robert D. Traster, and Joseph Buckles, of Muncie, (the latter being then Circuit Judge) and many less conspicuous persons spoke. It is needless to say there were no two opinions—(it would not have been healthy)—expressed by any one on the subject then uppermost in the minds of old and young of both sexes. Nearly every man and youth present who was eligible for



DAVID SHAFER IN 1861.

military service, and many who were not eligible, volunteered in less than sixty minutes.

There were 186 volunteers and a company was at once organized, and W. R. Myers was elected captain but declined and suggested the name of Hiram T. Vandevender, assigning as a reason that Vandevender was two inches taller than any man in the company. It is needless to say that the spirit which then actuated the volunteers, was not the same that prevailed a year later. The question then was not who should be officers, but on the contrary it was who could most promptly respond to the call for troops for the suppression of the rebellion, which Secretary of State Seward assured the country

would be done in ninety days. The result was that H. T. Vandevender was, over his protest, elected captain, W. R. Myers, first lieutenant, L. D. McCallister, second lieutenant, and Hampton H. Dula, third lieutenant.

Colonel N. Berry and Judge Starkey were conspicuous in giving assistance in the organization of the company; Colonel Berry having served in the Mexican war as a quartermaster, and Judge Starkey having served a five years' enlistment as a Seargent Major in the regular army. It was soon learned that the office of Third Lieutenant had long been dispensed with, and Mr. Dula found himself an enlisted man, which not in the least embarrassed him.

After the business for which this memorable meeting had been called was disposed of, Mr. S. B. Mattox (then county recorder) made a speech in which he called the attention of the meeting to the fact that one Henry V. Clinton, who afterward achieved a wide reputation of an unsavory character, was living with Mr. Berryman Shafer (who then owned and lived on what is now the county poor farm), and had been there for several months. Mr. Clinton was from the State of Louisiana and though his deportment in the community up to that time had been that of a thorough gentleman, it was an easy task, owing to the fevered condition of the public mind, to rouse the imagination of the audience to believe that Mr. Clinton was an emissary from the South, with secret powers for evil against the government. Mattox's speech was followed by Samuel Waldon, then sixty years old, who posed as an "old Californian," and knew exactly how to tie a hangman's noose, claiming to have had experience in that gentle pastime, as a member of the "Regulators" of the Pacific slope in the early fifties. Other speakers followed, all urging the necessity of immediately ridding the county and State of Mr. Clinton's presence. Mattox offered a resolution, authorizing a committee to wait on Mr. Clinton that night and give him twenty-four hours in which to absent himself from the State.

This resolution was adopted with much enthusiasm and in less than an hour anywhere from fifty to one hundred men and boys were on the road to Mr. Shafer's home. The old "bus" was engaged, and buggies and carriages were brought into requisition, while many were on horseback; saddle horses and equipments were much more numerous then than now. The night was clear and beautifully star-lit. With wild whoops and hurrahs, the excited body of insane human-

ity made its way to Mr. Shafer's home, via Chesterfield. It was probably twelve o'clock in the night when they brought up in front of the quiet, dignified home of Mr. Shafer, who was vociferously called out; he promptly responded and standing in the door in his night clothes, calmly inquired the occasion of this nocturnal visit. Mattox, Traster and Waldon were a self-constituted committee to wait upon Mr. Clinton. Others of the more rabid members of the party insisted on going in, but Mr. Shafer firmly protested against a crowd entering his house at so unseasonable an hour, but readily consented to admitting the above named gentlemen. He protested that he was a law abiding citizen, and that Mr. Clinton was the same, and was in his room in bed, where he intimated all the party ought to be. This very natural and just remark caused threats against Mr. Shafer, who immediately admitted the committee and conducted them to Mr. Clinton's room, which was on the second floor. It is needless to say that Mr. Shafer felt himself greatly outraged, which in fact he was, and Mr. Clinton was very much alarmed, though he was cool and self possessed. He sat up in bed while Mattox read the resolution to him, and excitedly and in language far from polite, demanded that Mr. Clinton should leave the county instanter. More moderate counsel prevailed, however, and it was agreed that Clinton could remain until morning, at which time he assured them he would take his departure. He protested that he had left Louisiana, his native State, to avoid taking part in the threatened rebellion, and had hoped to find a kindlier hospitality than he was then receiving, but promised to go to Canada on the first train east the next day. This satisfied the committee, and also the crowd, a majority of whom had no sympathy with the self-constituted committee, many of whom had given their presence to the transaction for the sole purpose of seeing that no gross or brutal wrongs were perpetrated.

It was not until all this had transpired that the name of David Shafer was mentioned or thought of. Shafer had been absent for some months, or possibly longer, in Missouri, and had returned only a short time before that evening. He had, in the meantime, given vent to some very radical expressions, indicating a strong sympathy with the South. No sooner was his name mentioned than, by common consent, the entire crowd headed for his home, which was north of Chesterfield. On arriving near his home, which was a one-story log house,

but little removed from a cabin, the party halted and consulted as to the best mode of making their nearer approach. It was soon arranged that a delegation of half a dozen should go to the house and call him up and interview him as to the condition of his mind on the then all-important question of his loyalty to the government. Will Mays, who will be remembered by the older citizens of Anderson as a jolly, good-natured fellow and a great wag, was the spokesman of the party. They knocked and Shafer responded promptly in his night-clothes with a good-sized revolver in his hand. The party represented themselves as fugitives from one of the border States, and that they had been directed to him by some prominent man in Indianapolis, as a person in sympathy with their cause, and, further, that he was quietly recruiting a company for the Southern army. This flattered his inordinate vanity, and he assured them, with great gravity, that such was a fact. He hospitably offered them such shelter and accommodations as he had, and assured them their services would be accepted. In the meantime he had donned his clothes, as the parley lasted some fifteen or twenty minutes. One of the party stole away from him in the darkness and reported to the crowd the substance of his conversation. The house was promptly surrounded and "Dave" and his party of supposed rebel visitors were captured without resistance, the capturing party alleging that they had been following the visitors all night. Mays pretended to be very much scared, and begged most piteously for clemency.

The capturing crowd insisted that they all had to be hung before morning. Shafer argued his constitutional rights and declared he had come home for the sole purpose of entering the Union army, as he knew when he left Missouri there was going to be war. This resulted in an agreement to take the prisoners to town and give them a trial. They were all hustled in the "'bus" and headed for town,—Dave soon braced up and became very defiant. Finally when the party reached what was then known as the "Billy Spark's farm," just north of Anderson, the crowd agreed that if Dave and his fellow prisoners would take the oath of allegiance they would let them go; to this all consented but Dave, who held out firmly and swore that he was in sight of the court house, the temple of justice, and he would not be forced to take the oath as he was always loyal to the constitution, and to take such an oath would be an ad-

mission that he was not loyal. Mattox, Traster, Waldon and Joseph McKinnon were the men that had the hanging in hand, and they placed the rope round Shafer's neck and threw one end over the limb of a locust tree and pulled until "Dave" began to choke; the crowd then protested, and when they gave him another talk on the subject of taking the oath and he refused, they pulled again, when Jacob Hubbard, who was then a splendid specimen of physical manhood and quite an expert boxer, interposed and soon persuaded them to unloose Shafer and let him go. By this time day was dawning and the party dispersed to their homes. This is the story of the hanging of Dave Shafer as recalled by an eye witness.

In many respects David Shafer was one of the most unique and eccentric characters Madison county ever produced. He was such a character as Dickens never had met, else he would certainly have given him a place in his immortal galaxy.

He was a Hercules in stature and physical strength. Aggressive and domineering, his virulent tongue frequently got him into personal altercations. He was for many years constantly in litigation over some trivial matter, and was a terror to lawyers, with whom he soon disagreed, and it is safe to say that he was at some time the undesirable client of every attorney in the county. After the death of his father, who was an honest, exemplary man, he laid claims to the whole of his father's real estate, and for years he was in court, during all of which time he lost no opportunity of denouncing his brothers, who were all very respectable, hard-working men.

He was illiterate, yet he had most of the New Testament and much of the old Bible committed to memory, and could repeat it by the hour. He was an ardent Democrat and never wearied in talking politics. He knew the Declaration of Independence by heart and also the Constitution of the United States, and his application of both his biblical and political learning was frequently amusing and grotesque.

He was naturally a mechanic, and without the aid of any one he built a very respectable two-story frame house on the farm he recovered from his father's estate. He laid the foundation, built the chimneys, did all the carpenter work and painted and plastered it; he was over two years in performing the task. Much of his time was spent in tramping through the country repairing clocks and such other tinkering jobs as he could get. The least bit of hospitality shown him was sure to be abused, and many of the older citizens remember his

visits, not as pleasant ones, dotting the misty past, but as horrid nightmares; and when he took his leave the host, and especially the hostess, could truthfully say, "There is nothing I will more willingly part withal." He died in 1885, in his lonely home unattended, on a bed of straw on the floor, and his remains were buried in a neighboring cemetery. Peace to his ashes, and may his turbulent spirit have reached a haven of rest.

NOTE.—Berryman Shafer whose name is mentioned in this sketch, was in no way related to David Shafer.

CHAPTER XXIII.

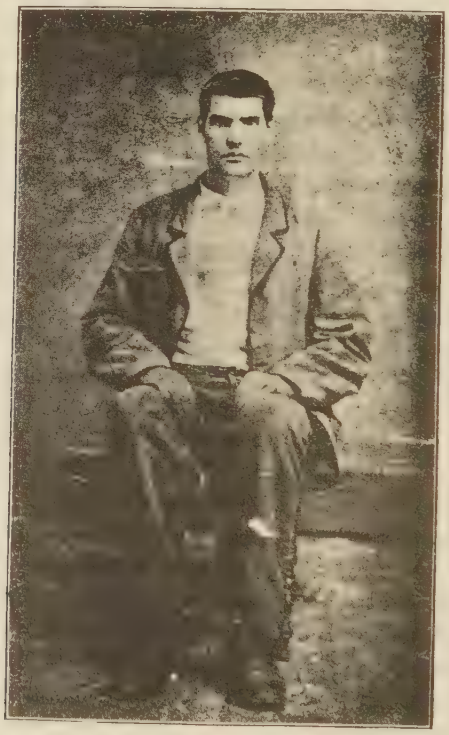
A Famous Murder Case—The Arrest of the Murderer—His Trial and Execution.

THE MURDER OF DANIEL HOPPES BY MILTON WHITE.

On the 8th of April, 1867, one of the most horrible murders in the history of Indiana occurred in Madison county about two miles southeast of Anderson, in which Milton White was the murderer and Daniel Hoppes the victim. The crime took place in a little ravine running through a strip of woods near where the residence of Daniel Rhodes now stands, on what is known as the "east line" Columbus Turnpike road. White was arrested the next day and taken before the Hon. Edwin P. Schlater, who was at that time a Justice of the Peace of Anderson township, where a preliminary examination was held, and the defendant bound over to the Circuit Court. At the following session of the grand jury, an indictment was returned against White and he was placed on trial. The Hon. Henry A. Brouse was then judge of the circuit, and the Hon. Nicolas VanHorn, now a resident of Pecos City, Texas, was the prosecuting attorney, who conducted the case on behalf of the state. The Hons. James W. Sansberry and Howell D. Thompson, with Calvin D. Thompson, Esq, appeared for the defence. These gentlemen were then in the prime of life, and their efforts in behalf of the criminal will be remembered by the older citizens of Anderson as long as they survive. Mr. Sansberry's speech before the jury was a masterpiece of oratory. Calvin D. Thompson is dead, but Mr. Sansberry and Mr. Howell D. Thompson yet live in Anderson.

A full and complete account of all the circumstances surrounding this affair from beginning to end was written by George C. Harding, of the Indianapolis *Herald*, now the *Sentinel*, the day succeeding the execution of the murderer, from which we make the following extract: "On the 8th of April, Daniel Hoppes, who resided about three miles from Anderson, had some meat stolen from him, and upon examina-

tion, tracks leading from his smoke-house evidently pointed very strongly to Milton White as the person who committed the theft, the tracks leading almost directly to his house. Hoppes, with a neighbor, Mr. Swearingen, left his house on the morning of the tragedy and started toward Anderson for the supposed purpose of having a search warrant issued. At the junction, near Anderson, they met White. Hoppes requested Swearingen to go and see White about the meat,



MILTON WHITE.

which he did. After a short talk, White came up to Hoppes and agreed with him that they should at once return home, and that Hoppes might search White's house. They proceeded down the Chicago & Cincinnati railroad track, in the direction of going home in the usual way, but were seen by a Mr. Hughes passing the water tank at about 10 o'clock in the morning. They were walking side by side, but the witness heard no talk between them. They were next seen by Rebecca Pittsford, who resided a quarter of a mile south of

the railroad, on the pike. This was between 10 and 11 o'clock in the morning; they were walking one on each side of the pike. The next time they were seen together was by Sallie Stevenson, who resided still farther south. Hoppes was walking about eight feet in advance. She heard no words spoken between them. A short distance south was a gate and bars leading through a piece of clearing or woods pasture, where Hoppes and White were last seen together by Patrick Allen, as they were going in the direction of the bars leading to the pasture. Here the dead body of Daniel Hoppes was found the next morning, lying upon his face with the skull fractured entirely across and around the right side. His head and face were crushed and indented into the ground, evidently by the force of the murderous blows. The weapon of death was but a short distance away, and was a sassafras club, about four feet in length, which bore upon its face some clots of deep dyed blood, with hair adhering to it. Hoppes not returning to his home for his dinner or supper, his wife became alarmed, and at once informed the neighbors of his continued absence. The fact of the meat having been stolen being known in the neighborhood, and that suspicion rested on White as the guilty party, and the fact of their having been seen together, led a number of citizens to repair to his house that night in order to keep him in charge until daylight should return, when they would search for the missing man.

White was asleep when the parties called at his house, and upon their entering a newly whetted butcher knife with its point still upon the whet stone was observed lying upon the table near the door. White was informed that Hoppes was missing, that they had been seen together, and it was thought that he had killed him, but White stoutly denied any such imputation. He was then asked where he had left the deceased. He answered upon the railroad. In answer to the inquiry, "whereabouts on the railroad?" he answered "the other side," that he was standing there talking with a stranger. The searching party remained at White's house until morning, and at that time search was made for the man, and his body was found on the edge of a hollow basin in the woods pasture, not far from the path leading in the direction of their homes, and about thirty rods from the pike, and seventy rods from where Allen testified he had seen Hoppes and White together. White was then taken in sight of the body, but did not approach it, remarking, "Yes, there he is." He was then taken

to Anderson where a preliminary examination was held. The evidence further showed by the sister-in-law of the defendant that upon his return home on the fatal day, he was much excited; that he came home about 11 o'clock, and said to her and his wife that Hoppes would not search any other house as long as he lived. He also said that he had an altercation with a man in the depot, and had struck him and in doing so had hurt his hand.

Upon the evidence adduced before 'Squire Schlater, White was sent to the Circuit Court and tried as before stated. The evidence was entirely circumstantial in every part as no man saw the deed committed, but it was deemed entirely conclusive by the jury. and the prisoner was found guilty and sentenced to be hanged on the 20th of September, 1867. Owing to the fact that there was no positive evidence, no eye-witnesses to the occurrence, efforts were made by some of the leading citizens of Anderson, prominent among whom was Dr. John W. Westerfield, to have the sentence commuted by Governor Baker. His excellency was at the time busy in canvassing the state of Ohio in a heated political campaign, and not having the leisure time to examine the case, ordered a postponement of the execution until the first day of November. It not having been known generally that the execution had been postponed, a large crowd assembled in Anderson on the 20th of September to witness the execution, and fears were entertained that the prisoner would be taken out of jail and hanged by the excited populace, but better counsels prevailed, and the crowd dispersed with the threat on the part of all that if the prisoner's sentence was commuted they would hang him anyway, and there is but little doubt that this threat would have been carried out.

Governor Baker at his first leisure repaired to Anderson and had a personal interview with White in the Madison county jail. The Governor was a very kind-hearted man, and would gladly have commuted the sentence, but after a thorough investigation he did not feel that he could do otherwise than let the law take its course, and White accordingly paid the penalty of his crime on the scaffold on the first of November, 1867.

THE VICTIM.

Daniel Hoppes, the victim, was a native of Madison county. He was a man of very small stature, and one of the kindest and most inoffensive of men. Though not remarkable

for intelligence, he was richly endowed with that most god-like of virtues, charity. He spoke and thought well of all; he was industrious and temperate, and was never known to drink liquor of any kind. He did not have an enemy in the world. Whenever he came to town on business, he did it as quickly as possible; no matter what was transpiring, he immediately left for home. When election time came around, he quietly went to the polls, voted, and returned home as soon as he could. His whole life was wrapped up in his family. Though a poor man, weak and sickly, he supported his family by the honest labor of his hands. Such was the well known kind-heartedness of the man that it is absolutely certain that if White had returned to him the meat which he had stolen, he would have taken his property home with him, and said nothing about it.

THE EXECUTION AND THE PREPARATION THEREFOR.

Milton White's last night upon earth was restless. Up to the last day he had been buoyed up with a hope of executive clemency, but as the sun went down on Thursday evening, hope departed and dark despair took possession of his soul. With dignified obstinacy, however, he refused to make any public confession of his guilt, and resolved to die game. At night he was visited in his cell by members of the press, in company with Hon. E. P. Schlater, before whom he had been tried in his preliminary examination. He was stolid and uncommunicative, and answered in monosyllables such questions as were propounded. He appeared to make a terrible effort to appear calm, and with the exception of the restless and glaring expression of his eye, succeeded in doing so. When he was asked a question which he did not like, his eyes flamed with an expression of tigerish ferocity which was calculated to make one's blood run cold. But little information could be gleaned from his conversation, and his manner seemed to be insincere. He was attended by the Rev. John B. Crawley, who was unremitting in his attentions and who labored earnestly to turn the thoughts of the poor wretch to his God.

On the morning of the execution, White was again visited. He was walking to and fro in his cell with his hands crossed in front. On being asked by Mr. Schlater how he felt, he replied, "pretty well, thank you."

On being asked if he had been in the army, he replied that he had served in the 59th Indiana regiment. On being

questioned if he knew a man by the name of Prellaman, he answered that he knew him well, and knew some things about him that he would not tell just at that time.

Friday morning, the day of the execution, dawned bright and beautiful. The hazy blue of the lingering Indian summer was radiated by a glorious sunshine, and a gentle breeze toyed with the falling leaves and sported with the fleeing thistle-down. The neighboring forests were radiant in the golden gleam; the green, the crimson and the orange of the dying foliage presented a picture of surpassing beauty. A man with any poetry in his soul would have been more than ordinarily loth to leave so beautiful a world on so beautiful a day, but it mattered little to the stolid wretch about to take his last look of earth from the scaffold floor. The crowd began to gather from all parts of the compass, on foot, on horseback, in buggies, wagons and ox carts, the old, the young, the hale, the lame and the blind, male and female, dusty and sweat-begrimed. The buggies came loaded with people; in many instances the whole family were present, from the old grandma, with wrinkled parchment skin, yellowed by time as the maple leaf, down to the infant in its mother's arms. Young girls with rosy cheeks came in troops smiling, chattering and coquetting as if it were but a gala day. Young gentlemen mounted on sleek, well-fed horses, sitting on brand new pig skins, with hats gorgeously decorated with red, white and blue streamers, rode proudly into town with faces all aglow with the inspiration of the hanging festival. Lank and ague-shaken backwoodsmen, dressed in linsey woolsey wammuses, types of an almost extinct race, trudged wearily through the woods followed by gaunt and half-starved dogs for the pitiful sake of being in the neighborhood of a poor, fellow human being who was about to be choked to death for his sin.

The scenes around the public square in Anderson on this bright day were a sad commentary on human nature. Among the eight or ten thousand people assembled, all the talk was of the hanging. There was much boasting among some of the people of the number of criminals they had seen launched into eternity at the rope's end. A man who had not seen more than five men hung did not command much respect from the crowd. The twenty-five or twenty-six execution man could secure the attention of the crowd, and the returned Californian, who had witnessed ninety-three hangings, was looked up to with a feeling akin to awe. Old men gaped

with open mouths, and young boys stood by with staring eyes with the noble ambition to see as many hangings as possible, so that they might boast a little when the down on their chins ripened into stiff beards.

At one of the corners some men were bleating out the attractions of a side show, "The wild men of Afghanistan," and were splitting many a sensitive tympanum with their vociferous shouts to walk inside the dirty canvas and view the wonders of nature in the shape of a couple of idiotic negroes. To and fro among the crowd were numerous young men selling pictures of White, and who earnestly protested that they were bona fide photographs of the man who was about to be hung.

During all this time, within a few rods of this scene a poor wretch strode miserably to and fro in his cell, counting each tick of the clock which brought him nearer to the frowning gallows, the dreadful noose, the yawning grave and the dark, dread hereafter, which not even the best of us can face without a shudder.

PREPARING FOR THE MARCH.

At 12 o'clock preparations were made to take the prisoner to the scaffold. The rope, artistically knotted and well greased, was examined and found all right. The jurors, county officers, reporters and others entitled to admission within the enclosure, were assembled in the jailor's room below, and when all was ready proceeded up stairs. The sheriff opened the cell of the condemned man who walked out into the corridor. He looked calm and self-possessed with the exception of the restless wanderings of his eyes, here, there, everywhere, but resting upon nothing. His arms were now pinioned, the rope was placed around his neck, and he was escorted down to the front gate of the jail yard.

The crowd was large and densely packed, and it required guards with fixed bayonets to keep them back. The prisoner was then seated on his coffin, which had been placed in a common spring wagon, the Rev. Father Crawley on one side, and Sheriff James H. Snell on the other. The reporters and others fell in behind, and the guards with bayonets turned outward, formed a line on each side, and thus the procession began the dead march. From the prison the procession marched to Anderson, now Eighth street, and turned west down that beautiful thoroughfare, lined on each side with elegant dwell-

ings. The cortege passed slowly along amid a cloud of dust, the crowd pressing frantically forward to get a view of the prisoner, and were unmindful of the bayonets. Hundreds of women, many of them with babies in their arms, were borne along with the crowd, their dresses torn and dragging in the dust, and themselves in danger of being trampled to death. Many of the verandas in front of the residences were full of people, while from behind the green leaves of the vines shone the fair faces and bright eyes of young ladies too modest to show themselves on such an occasion, yet with enough of morbid curiosity to make them look upon the dreadful sight.

Throughout the horribly tedious march the prisoner was unmoved. He sat with his eyes closed and with his ear inclined to Father Crawley listening to the exhortation of that good man. He seemed to have gathered strength as he went on, and his nerves acted as if made of steel. He spoke rarely, and then only in response to questions asked him by Father Crawley. Occasionally, as some epithet would fall upon his ear, he would look quickly up, and a tiger-like gleam would for a moment flash from his eyes. He was decorous and dignified throughout, and his conduct put to shame many of those who followed him to the grave.

THE GALLOWS.

Arriving opposite the gallows, which had been built in a thick forest of oaks about half a mile from the city, and two hundred yards north of the main road, the procession filed down the narrow county road with a thick undergrowth of hazel bushes on either side. The gallows was a plain platform with a railing around it, a trap in the center and a crossbeam overhead. It was surrounded by a high enclosure of green oak trees, capable of holding 200 persons. The scene around the gallows was at once striking and humiliating. Ten thousand persons were scattered through the woods, while probably five hundred had climbed to the tops of the neighboring trees, and hung like squirrels among the branches, almost determined to break their necks in order to view the final proceedings. Adventurous women followed the prisoner to the gallows, and looked up enviously at the fellows in the trees who had the opportunity of viewing the execution from an elevated standpoint, seeming to regret the right vouchsafed to man that was not granted to woman, that of climbing a tree.

Several seemed on the point of trying it, but in deference to public sentiment, their better judgment prevailed.

ON THE SCAFFOLD.

All who had tickets marched into the enclosure, and the armed guards set about the task of keeping out the crowd. Sheriff Snell, Father Crawley, and the prisoner mounted the scaffold, and the latter was set on the proper place over the trap. He was a large man, nearly six feet in height, and weighing about 200 pounds. He was dressed in a complete suit of black cloth; he wore gaiters, had on a black felt hat and a white collar. He was cleanly shaven with the exception of a mustache and chin whiskers, which partially concealed the sensual and cruel expression of his mouth. Many women would have pronounced him good looking, even handsome, in fact, one's first impression would be, that he was not a bad man. There was nothing repulsive in his appearance to the casual observer except his eyes, which were set closely together, and had a suspicion of strabismus about them.

Sheriff Snell read the death warrant to him, but White heard it without moving a muscle of his countenance, keeping his eyes steadfastly fixed upon the floor. He then knelt with Father Crawley on the trap, and repeated after him the Lord's prayer, and the Ave Maria, the Apostles' creed, and other prayers of the church. His voice, though low, was clear and distinct, without the slightest suspicion of tremor.

It had been expected that the prisoner would make a public confession upon the gallows, which, however, he failed to do. Sheriff Snell informed us that he made to him and another gentleman, a sort of confession in which he asserted that he did not himself commit the deed, but that it was done by a respectable farmer of Madison county. This is understood to have been a gentleman who severely horsewhipped White while he was a boy for cutting up his harness, and against whom White held malice ever since. This alleged confession was considered as not being entitled to any sort of credence. The prisoner may have probably confessed to Father Crawley, but what he confessed is between Father Crawley and God alone.

THE DROP.

The rope was finally adjusted to the right length after several trials, during which the prisoner stood erect with every

muscle as rigid as iron. There was no sign of failing except the limpid expression of the eye, and an occasional gulping motion of the throat as if trying to swallow something. While the rope was being adjusted he stood firm, and occasionally cast a glance at the fastening which sustained the trap. Sheriff Snell drew the black cap over his head as the poor wretch cast a last and lingering look upon the world and the scene around him. The cap was drawn tightly over his face and tied under the chin, shutting out forever from his gaze the glorious sunshine.

The sheriff then took a sharp hatchet, and with one quick, nervous blow, severed the cord. There was a sickening thud as the body, with a fall of three feet, shot through the trap, making the beam overhead quiver. Thus was the body of Milton White suspended between Heaven and earth, while his guilty crime-stained soul went into the presence of its Maker. His neck was broken by the fall, and not a single muscle moved after the body fell.

CONCLUSION.

But little remains to be told. Whatever may be thought of capital punishment, the people of Madison county are well enough satisfied that Milton White is out of the way. The execution was well managed, and Sheriff Snell is entitled to much credit for his coolness and self-possession.

Father Crawley proved himself a devoted friend to the condemned man and stood by him to the last. Everyone was disappointed by the demeanor of White in his last moments. It was believed that he would be unmanned, but on the contrary, no man ever met death with less sign of trepidation. The behavior of the crowd at the execution was commendably quiet.

The body hung twenty-seven minutes, after which it was taken down, and examined by Drs. Thomas N. Jones and Stanley W. Edwins, who pronounced life extinct. It was placed in a coffin and buried in the Catholic cemetery, whence it is possible it may have found its way into some doctor's dissecting room. If the articulated bones of Milton White assist some medical student in his study of anatomy, it will be probably the first good use to which they were ever put."

As many newcomers of Madison county are not familiar with the scene of the execution, we will state that it took place on the old fair ground, on what is now known as west

Eighth street. The gallows was located on north Madison avenue about 150 yards northwest of the palatial residence of James Donnelly.

Many stories are told of White in his younger days being of a naturally cruel disposition. It is said that he would catch pigs, goslings, young ducks and other fowls, and cut their legs off in order to see them hobble around in their misery.

James H. Snell, the sheriff, who executed White, is still a resident of Anderson. Dr. Thomas N. Jones, one of the physicians who examined the body, died in the year 1875, while Dr. Stanley W. Edwins is at this writing a prominent physician of Elwood.

The club with which Hoppes was killed was kept in the county Clerk's office until the destruction of the court house in December, 1880.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Reminiscences taken from the Files of the Anderson Gazette, a Newspaper published in Anderson in the Early Fifties, which will be of Interest to Old-Timers.

In the issue of the *Anderson Gazette*, of April 8th, 1853, we find the business card of the law firm of Buckles & Sansberry, in which they offer their services to the public as solicitors at law and solicitors in chancery, and state that they will promptly attend to all professional business entrusted to their care in the courts of Madison county.

"The professional business entrusted to the care of Mr. Buckles in either the supreme court of this state or the district courts of the United states will be promptly attended to."

These two gentlemen afterwards became famous at the bar. Mr. Sansberry is yet a prominent citizen of Anderson. Mr. Buckles lives at Muncie, Ind.

In the same issue appears the announcement of L. Antrim, proprietor of the Railroad House, as follows:

"The Railroad House is centrally and conveniently situated directly opposite the court house. No attention will be spared to render the accommodations of the Railroad House of a most acceptable character. The livery stable of Richard Lake has been procured for the accommodation of the house, where a hostler is always in attendance, and a hack will run regularly to the depot for the accommodation of railroad passengers."

The Richard Lake above referred to is the Hon. Richard Lake, Ex-Judge of the Common Pleas court, who has for many years been a member of the Anderson bar.

In the issue of April 15th, 1853, we find the following editorial announcement:

"We are happy to inform our readers and those who are interested in the completion of the Cincinnati, Logansport and Chicago railroad, that it is progressing at a steady rate; Mr. Creighcraft, the contractor here, is shoving things as they

ought to go; if the weather will permit there will be a large amount of work done this spring, and we may confidently look for the speedy completion of this great work. When it is completed Anderson will be between two great thoroughfares, and who shall say that it will not be a business place?"

In the same issue the returns of the township election for Anderson township are given, as follows:

"For township trustees, William Crim, for a term of three years; Samuel Myers, two years, and Lanty Roach for one year; for township clerk, Enoch M. Jackson; for township treasurer, Elon Merrill; for constables, David Henry, Gerry T. Hoover, and William Mustard."

At the same election the question as to whether Anderson township should have licensed liquor saloons was submitted to the voters and the anti-license people carried the day by a big majority.

The issue of the *Gazette* of April 22d, 1853, appeared in full mourning, having all its column rules inverted, in memory of William R. King, Vice-President of the United States, with the following announcement of his death:

"After we had gone to press and had worked off a large part of our edition we received the mournful notice of the death of the Hon. William R. King, Vice-President of the United States, who departed this life at his residence in Dallas county, Alabama, on the evening of the 18th of this month."

It will be remembered that William R. King was Vice-President of the United States, elected on the ticket with Franklin Pierce in 1852.

In the issue of July 1st, 1853, an account of the celebration by the Masonic order and other societies at Pendleton, appears as follows:

"The celebration by the Masons, the Odd Fellows and Sons of Temperance was well attended by the members of their respective orders at Pendleton on the 24th of June. Reuben A. Riley, of Greenfield, opened the public speaking on behalf of the Sons of Temperance and his effort is said to have been a very able one. Mr. Boyd next addressed the audience on the part of the Odd Fellows, and lastly Dr. Ferris, of New Castle, delivered a discourse on behalf of the Masonic fraternity. After the speaking a large number repaired to a grove near by, where a sumptuous repast awaited them, having been prepared by the Rev. Nathaniel Richmond for this occasion. From the table the procession marched to the site

of the New Masonic hall about to be erected by Madison lodge No. 44. Here the corner stone was laid in due form in the evening, with appropriate ceremonies, and then a cotillion 'came off' at Liberty hall, after which all the vast throng, estimated at three thousand people, dispersed to their homes, well pleased with the festivities they had enjoyed at Pendleton."

In the issue of June 3d, 1853, appears the professional card of J. & M. S. Robinson, counsellors at law, in which they announce that they will attend to all business entrusted to their care in the Superior and inferior courts of the state, special attention being paid to the collection and security of claims. Office up stairs in G. W. Bowen's "Open Front," east of Atherton's Corner. The M. S. Robinson above referred to is the late Col. Milton S. Robinson of Anderson, who was then quite a young lawyer just starting on a long and successful career.

It appears from the issue of June 3d, that the agitation of building a plank road from Anderson was talked of, as the following notice appears in the *Gazette* of that date:

"A meeting of the citizens of Madison and Grant counties will be held at Alexandria on Saturday, the 11th day of June next, for the purpose of determining as to the propriety of constructing a plank road from Anderson, in Madison county, to Jonesboro, in Grant county. Every person interested is particularly invited to attend."

This scheme was never carried out, and the road was never built, but afterwards a portion of it became a graveled and macadamized thoroughfare.

In the same issue we find that the editor of the *Gazette* had communicated with G. W. Lennard, of the New Castle *Courier*, asking for the name of the first locomotive on the Cincinnati & Chicago railroad. Mr. Lennard promptly informed him that the name of the engine was the "Swinette." The writer can verify the correctness of Mr. Lennard's statement from the fact that he has seen that engine and it pulled the first train upon which he ever rode. It was a small affair, without any cow-catcher in front, and presented a very odd appearance. Further details will be found in reference to this engine, in another place in this book, under the head of early railroads.

In the issue of June 17th, 1853, we find the announcement of River's Equestrian and Dramatic Circus, in which it

is announced that an exhibition will take place at Anderson on June 18th; doors open at 1 o'clock and 7 o'clock p. m.; admission, 25 cents; positively no half price; performance will consist of an array of brilliant performers selected from the cream of the most celebrated establishments of both Europe and America. The entertainment will be rich, rare and unequaled. Among the leading features will be an ample hippodrome and set of performing horses incomparably superior in beauty and training to those of any establishment on earth, a troup of equestrians and a dramatic company of rare histrionic ability. The Rivers family of equestrians, whose names are familiar in every capital of the new and old world, will also be present. Mr. J. W. Myers, the chaste, witty, original, exquisite clown and humorist, will also be present in the arena. A whole family of diminutive trick ponies will be one of the leading features of this exhibition.

We also find in the same issue the announcement of Raymond & Co. and Van Amberg & Co.'s menageries united, in which they announce an exhibition in Anderson on Saturday, June 25th, admission 25 cents, children under ten years, 15 cents. They also announce that the cavalcade will arrive in the town in the morning about 10 o'clock, and the grand procession will take place, consisting of carriages, cages, and vans containing the animals, drawn by one hundred and twenty splendid horses, headed by the companies' celebrated brass band. They will pass over the principal streets to the pavilion where the exhibition will take place. And thereby will give the public the benefit of beholding one of the most enormous processions ever witnessed. Mr. VanAmberg, the most renowned of all lion conquerors, giving an exhibition in person by entering the dens of the lions, tigers and leopards in the presence of the audience. A rhinocerous or unicorn and an Arabian zebra will also be among the features of this grand entertainment. The monster elephant Hannibal, the finest specimen of his race in the known world, will also be introduced.

Hannibal, the elephant above referred to, was one of the largest ever exhibited in this country. He was very sullen and mean in his disposition, and finally had to be killed. David K. Carver, Ex-Sheriff of Madison county, while traveling with this caravan in the capacity of a vender of gingerbread and circus lemonade, had an experience with old Hannibal that will bear repeating. While in one of the southern

cities after the exhibition was over Carver had at night purchased from a bakery in the village, a large amount of warm ginger-bread which he had stacked in his wagon and was ready to leave the camp, when the elephant smelled the cake and immediately made his way to Carver's outfit. Raising his trunk he smashed the wagon into smithereens and then gobbled up the bread in the twinkling of an eye, leaving Carver badly in the lurch, as he had invested about all he had in the outfit and the articles which it contained. Hannibal's keeper endeavored to prevent the destruction of the Carver outfit, but no power on earth could have retarded him, and he was not satisfied until his appetite was appeased by eating the last ginger cake in sight.

We also find in the issue of June 24th, the announcement of a meeting held at the M. E. church for the purpose of taking steps for the celebration of the Fourth of July, 1853, at Anderson. A large and enthusiastic meeting was held and the following resolutions were offered and unanimously adopted.

"Resolved, that the 4th of July be celebrated by the Sabbath schools of Anderson; secondly, we cordially invite all the Sabbath schools and citizens in the county to participate with us on this occasion; Jasper Myers be and is hereby selected as the reader of the Declaration of Independence; that Judge David S. Gooding be invited to deliver an address; that Captain George W. Bowen, of the Madison Guards, be invited to take part with us in military style, and to bring a band of music, the procession to be formed at 10 o'clock under the command and direction of Colonel Ninevah Berry, who is hereby selected to act as marshal of the day; that the procession march to the grove north of the town; that the editor of the *Gazette* be requested to publish the foregoing resolutions."

The committee who signed the above were P. A. Leever, Mr. Pence, F. P. Siddall, and Luther P. Stone. This celebration will be pleasantly remembered by many of our old-time citizens.

The grove north of town was on a piece of ground now in the heart of the city, being on north Meridian street, near Fifth street.

In the issue of June 24, 1853, the editor of the *Gazette* makes an earnest appeal to his subscribers to pay him, and uses the following language:

"We want on subscription wood, bacon, flour, butter,

eggs and, in fact, everything used about the house. If our friends will only keep us in such like, we guarantee them a paper regularly each week." He also announces that he " will give the highest market price for any amount of good clean rags on subscription to the *Gazette*."

In the issue of July 8, 1853, the editor makes an appeal to his readers in behalf of the American Express company, which was the first company of that kind to do business in Anderson. He says:

"We advise our readers who wish any article from the city, to have it brought by the American Express company if they desire to have it quickly and certain. P. F. Siddall is the agent in Anderson, and he uses every endeavor to accommodate to the fullest extent, and secures the highest prices for all who do business by express."

In the same issue, the advertisement of Cyrus P. Pence, the father of John W. Pence, the genial cashier of the Citizens' Bank, of Anderson, appears as follows:

" Vegetable and mechanical process of tanning all kinds of leather. The subscriber is now prepared to teach the above process of tanning by written instructions, or by being present with the person desiring to receive the instruction, by letter or otherwise on very accommodating terms, for the sum of twenty-five dollars. The tanning of skins in the short space of one day, and other qualities of leather in proportion to their bodies. He professes to be able to give to any one who may favor him with his custom, general satisfaction."

In the issue of July 29th an editorial appears, announcing a fire in Anderson, and calling the attention of the citizens to the necessity of fire protection:

" On Friday night last, about one o'clock, fire was discovered in the stable belonging to John Davis, Esquire. So fierce were the flames that before they could be extinguished, a stable belonging to Samuel Myers caught, and was consumed with all in it. Mr. Myers' horses, three in number, with a colt, were burned to death. Mr. Myers' loss was about $400, while that of Mr. Davis was very small. The fire originated from the hand of an incendiary. Under the new law it is obligatory that every property holder in the corporation should furnish buckets and ladders, and if they refuse to procure them, the authorities may do so and recover the amounts from them in spite of themselves. We hope our citi-

zens will see the necessity of preparing for the worst of all elements—fire."

On the 5th day of August, 1853, the editor announces that 680 acres of swamp lands in Madison county were sold at the court house door at from $1.25 to $2.00 per acre. The worst of this same land, at this writing, would be worth at least $50 per acre.

On the 9th day of September, 1853, a stabbing affray was noticed in the paper as follows:

"A man by the name of Jackson Snyder was stabbed, in the north part of the county, last Thursday, by a man by the name of Stephen Fennemore."

The man Snyder, spoken of, is not known to the writers, but Mr. Fennemore was the late Stephen Fennemore, of Monroe township, well known to every old settler in Madison county.

In the issue of September 9, 1853, George R. Diven, father of Hon. W. S. Diven, ex-judge of the Madison Superior court, announces to the public that he has opened a new store in the building formerly occupied by T. and D. Ryan, and solicits the patronage of all the people of Madison county, assuring them that they can find the cheapest goods at his store of any place in the county.

The store building alluded to in the foregoing announcement, was located at the corner where the Star dry goods store is now to be found, at the corner of Eighth and Meridian streets, and was erected by T. and D. Ryan. The T. Ryan referred to was the father of the Hon. Henry C. Ryan, at this time judge of the Superior court.

On the 23d of September, 1853, Thomas N. Stilwell announces to the readers of the *Anderson Gazette*, that he has become local editor of that paper. The editor, Mr. J. Fenwick Henry, also speaks of Mr. Stilwell's journalistic venture as follows.

"It will be seen that our young friend, Thomas N. Stilwell, has taken charge of the local columns of the *Gazette*. Mr. Stilwell is a ready writer, and we have no doubt that he will please our readers by keeping them well posted in the affairs in the town of Anderson."

Mr. Stilwell served as local editor of the *Gazette* for a considerable period of time, and made a good local journal of it. He subsequently became prominent in social, political and

financial circles as will be seen by the many allusions made to him in different parts of this volume.

In the issue of September 23d, 1853, the announcement is made that P. T. Barnum's Grand Colossal Museum and Menagerie will visit Anderson on the 18th day of October.

"Among the many attractions that he presents is no less a personage than General Tom Thumb. He also announces that Mr. Nellis, a man without arms, will execute extraordinary feats of loading and firing a pistol with his toes, cutting profile likenesses, shooting at a mark with a bow and arrow, and playing upon an accordeon. He also presents Mr. Pierce with a den of living wild animals. He also announces that there will be a fine military band to accompany the show, and that a grand parade will take place in the principal streets of the town at ten o'clock a. m."

This was Mr. Barnum's first appearance in Anderson, and he traveled with the show in person, as will be recollected by many old-timers yet living who were present upon that occasion. This was also the first appearance of Tom Thumb in the western country. At that time, Mr. Barnum's, like all other traveling exhibitions, went overland from town to town.

On the 20th of June, 1854, the *Anderson Gazette* announces that the wire of the direct line of telegraph from Anderson to Cleveland, being built, has just been stretched to this place, and makes the prediction that it will be but a short time before the system will be in working order. This was undoubtedly the first telegraphic communication between Anderson and the outside world, and is the first notice in any publication that we have come across in our search for material for this book.

In the issue of April 21st, 1854, we find an account of the proceedings of the organization of the Madison County Agricultural Society, as follows: "Pursuant to previous notice the citizens of Madison county in favor of the organization of an agricultural society, convened at the court house in Anderson on Saturday, April 8th, 1854. On motion, Colonel Thomas Bell was elected chairman and J. R. Holston was elected secretary. Samuel B. Mattox was chosen assistant secretary. The president then arose and politely thanked the convention for the favor they had conferred upon him, and stated in a few brief words the object of the meeting. When the president had sat down, there was a call from the several

townships for contributions, which was responded to as follows: Fall Creek township, $13.50; Greene, $6.00; Anderson, $14.00; Jackson, $6.25; Richland, $13.25; Lafayette, $2.00; Monroe, $17.00; Adams, $8.00; Union, $25.00, and Van Buren, $3.50, making a total of $108.50."

A committee was appointed by the chair to draft and report a constitution and by-laws regulating and governing the society. The following were the members of the committee: John Huston, Andrew Shanklin, Peter Fesler, Frederick Bronnenberg, Dr. H. Wyman, Aleck McClintock, A. Nelson, A. Hinchman, T. J. Clark, Joseph Sigler, E. Ellis, J. J. Zediker, J. W. Perry and C. Waymire.

These gentlemen reported a constitution and by-laws, which were adopted. The following resolution was introduced:

"Resolved, That any person can become a member of this society when formed by contributing and paying over to the proper authorized agent the sum of one dollar."

It was ordered that the president of the convention publish in the Anderson *Gazette* the minutes of the meeting, which were signed by Thomas Bell, president, and J. R. Holston, secretary.

On the 26th of August, 1854, the following notice was inserted in the *Gazette* in reference to the fair association:

"Proposals for donations will be received at the drug store of Jones & McAllister, in Anderson, for preparing and fitting up the grounds suitably to hold the agricultural fair. Donations will be accepted for use of the grounds in cash. The township or town which proffers and secures in the aggregate the largest donation, consideration being had to eligibility of situation, convenience of the public, &c., will receive the award of the fair ground for three successive years. The individual or individuals whose proposals shall be accepted will be required to lease the grounds for three successive years to the Madison Agricultural Society, to be used for holding fairs and for no other purpose."

It seems that in the rivalry of the different townships for the location of the fair grounds that Anderson took the lead, as the fair was located in Anderson township and occupied the spacious grounds where the Hon. James W. Sansberry now resides, at the west end of Tenth street, and on the 14th and 15th days of September, 1854, the first fair was held upon

these grounds, and they remained as the place of the annual meetings for several years.

After the excitement of the fair was over, Joshua R. Holston, secretary of the association, published on the 19th of October, 1854, a list of the premiums awarded, from which we make the following extract:

"To J. E. Pendleton, best stallion, $3.00; J. M. Nelson, best four-year-old gelding, $2.50; A. Banks, best five-year-old mare, $2.50; John Mowery, best sucking colt, $1.50; Annon James, best jack, $3.00; R. Van Winkle, best dairy cow, $3.00; Isaac Pittsford, best fine wool buck, $3.00; Randolph Free, best bureau, $3.00; Jacob Beicholz, best fowling piece, $1.00; Jacob Slusher, best violin, $1.00; William Foster, best saddle and bridle, $2.00; Cyrus P. Pence, best tanned calf-skin, $1.00; Mrs. W. G. Atherton, best quilt, $1.00; Mrs. I. N. Terwilliger, best chair tidy, 75 cents; Mrs. Emma Hazlett, best patch quilt, 50 cents; Mrs. M. J. Jackson, best rabbit and mouse, 75 cents; Mrs. J. W. Thornton, best bread, $1.00."

In the issue of April 21, 1854, the editor of the *Gazette* shows his teeth in a wonderful degree by "spanking" John Davis, late Judge of the Madison Circuit Court, for having made some allusion uncomplimentary to the editor in a speech in a lawsuit in the court house. The editor says:

"We have the speech of lawyer John Davis while defending the notorious James W. Mendenhall. It was taken in shorthand by a friend who was in attendance during the trial, and sets out Mr. Davis in his true colors, and will show the depth to which a man will resort when he is doing the dirty work of another. Copies of it will be furnished for gratuitous distribution. While speaking on this subject, will state that Mr. Davis' course towards us was caused by a private pique on account of differences in political opinions. When a man will suffer his political prejudice to control his better feelings towards a fellow man he has, indeed, fallen."

In the next issue of the paper, some friend under the nom de plume of "Fair Play," advises the editor that his time could be better employed than to pay any attention to what John Davis might say about him in a law suit.

Perhaps the old-timers and especially the older members of the Madison county bar, will remember what the Mendenhall case was about, and the circumstances surrounding it.

So far as the newspapers of that day are concerned, they are silent upon the question.

In the issue of April 21, 1854, appears an advertisement announcing that on the 9th of May, 1854, Franconi's colossal hippodrome from the city of New York, will give an exhibition in Anderson. Among the other attractions advertised was a scene on the turf with six horses, and a parade one mile long, headed by six lady jockeys in costume. A grand chariot race with four horses abreast, flying at full speed, presenting a sight of terrific splendor and animation never before witnessed.

In the issue of June 30, 1854, an account is given of the burning of a house in Lafayette township, as follows:

"On Monday night the 19th instant, an outhouse containing a quantity of lumber belonging to James Closser, of Lafayette township, was burned to the ground. On Wednesday night following, Mr. Closser found his stable, which contained a valuable horse, to be on fire. In rushing to the rescue of the animal he saw two men who were apparently watching his door. Suspicion was immediately excited and his family were alarmed. Mr. Closser succeeded in getting his horse out, though somewhat injured from the effects of the fire. He now supposed the incendiaries were trying to draw his attention to the burning of the stable, and that in his absence they would be able to enter his house and rob his chest. A guard was set at night for the purpose of watching his buildings, with instructions to challenge everyone, but to fire upon no innocent persons, so that there might be no possibility of injuring any one. On the following Friday night the guards discovered a man coming towards the house, when fire was opened upon him, but without result. The person was recognized as being a well known character in Lafayette township, and was placed under arrest and taken before 'Squire Rulon, but sufficient evidence could not be obtained against him for the purpose of convicting him."

In the issue of July 7, 1854, the announcement of I. N. Terwilliger and J. M. Hayes, advertising their school at the seminary building, appears as follows:

"The undersigned respectfully inform the inhabitants of Anderson and the vicinity, that they will open a school in the seminary building in Anderson, on Monday, July 31. Terms per session of twelve weeks, spelling and first reader, $2.00; reading, writing, arithmetic, geography and English

grammar, $3.00; higher English branches, algebra, philosophy, chemistry, geology and anatomy, $4.00; Latin and Greek languages and higher mathematics, $5.00. The government of this school will be based upon the principles of humanity and kindness, and yet a sufficient amount of firmness will be used to insure a prompt compliance with the rules of the school. A liberal share of patronage is solicited."

I. N. Terwilliger, who held this school in the seminary building, was the best educator in his day in this part of the country. Many of the older men, lawyers and doctors who have been prominent in Madison county, received their education from him, among whom we may mention the Hon. William R. Myers, late Secretary of State of Indiana; John W. Pence, cashier of the Citizens' Bank of Anderson; Daniel F. Mustard, Albert C. Davis, and many others whose names do not now occur to us. The old seminary in which this school was taught occupied the ground on which the First Ward school building has been erected by the Anderson School Board.

In the issue of July 17, there is an account of the ceremonies of the Fourth of July of that year:

"The cadets participated in the commemorative ceremonies of our national birthday, had at the Garrison school house, four miles north of Anderson. Patriotic addresses were made and the day passed pleasantly with young and old, who enjoyed the occasion. In the afternoon the Anderson Guards paraded under the command of Captain G. W. Bowen, in full uniform and elicited much admiration. The First Lieutenant of the Guards, R. V. Atherton, and Second Lieutenant A. I. Makepeace, participated in the drill A large number of our citizens partook of the supper in the evening, which was served by the Messrs. Thornton, the proceeds of which are to be appropriated to the purchase of a bell for the use of the M. E. Church. In the evening most of the young people engaged in the pleasure of a dance in the Makepeace block. Nothing occurred during the day or evening to mar the general happiness of the day, except the accidental upsetting of a wagon, by which two or three boys were injured."

It seems that the supper given at Thornton's place for the purpose of raising funds to buy a bell for the church was a financial success, from the fact that on the 21st of July, the editor announces the purchase of a bell, as follows: "Our ears were greeted for the first time in Anderson on Sunday

morning with the full clear tones of the new bell as they rang out on the distance from the M. E. Church, summoning with its almost hallowed tones the congregation around the altar of prayer."

In the issue of September 15, 1854, Hardy Scott, a gentleman of color, who at that time resided in Anderson, gave notice of his wife having left his bed and board, and warning people against harboring her on his account, as follows: "Whereas my wife, Mary Ann, has left my bed and board, without any just cause or provocation, I caution all persons against dealing with her, or trading with her on my account, and I will pay no debts of her contracting after this date.—HARDY SCOTT."

In the issue of September 14, 1854, appeared a set of resolutions in which certain members of the M. E. Church severely censure another portion of the congregation for injecting politics into their religion, their language being forcible as well as elegant. The preamble and resolutions are as follows: "Whereas, at a camp-meeting lately held at Mt. Zion, in Richland township, a preamble and series of resolutions were passed by those present, signed by Rev. John H. Hull, presiding elder of the M. E. Church, and attested by Joshua R. Holston, as secretary of the Quarterly Conference that passed said resolutions, and also, whereas, we, a portion of the members of the M. E. Church, believe that the action and grounds taken and embodied in said resolutions are contrary to the pure principles taught in the Bible, and contrary to the doctrines taught in the discipline of the church; and we believe that all interference and intermeddling in politics in an official and church capacity, on the part of preachers of the gospel or of the church, or any portion of its members, are contrary to the peaceable principles of Christianity, and calculated to have a tendency to alienate the feelings and affections toward each other; therefore, we, the undersigned, as members of said church, believe it our right, and we do hereby solemnly enter our protest, against the proceedings held by the elder and minister of our church, and those of our brethren who then and there participated in the adoption of said resolutions, in which it was declared, 'that we have the privilege to think and act, politically, as American freeman.'" These resolutions were signed by Thomas G. Clark, William Jones, S. B. Mattox, William Guthrie, class leader, James Stancliffe,

John H. Fuller, James Maynard, George Mustard and Joseph Stanley.

On November the 2nd, 1854, we find the announcement of A. L. and A. I. Makepeace as landlords of a new hostlery in Anderson, as follows: "A. L. & A. I. Makepeace have recently fitted up the Makepeace House for the reception of guests. House and furniture new. The latter selected from approved modern samples. Table well supplied. Hack running to and from the depot. Stables convenient. Grooms obliging and faithful, and the supervision by the proprietors always guaranteed."

The A. I. Makepeace referred to here is Captain Makepeace, who is yet living in Anderson, and who is engaged in the hardware business as a member of the firm of Nichol, Makepeace & Company.

We also find in the same issue the advertisement of W. G. Atherton & Sons, who had just opened a new warehouse, as follows:

"W. G. Atherton & Sons have their warehouse in readiness for the reception of all kinds of produce, such as wheat, rye, corn, oats, flaxseed and potatoes, for which they will pay the highest market price. All who want money, bring on your produce, as we have the 'ready' on hand."

W. G. Atherton has many years since gone to his long home, R. V. Atherton, one of his sons, died in Anderson quite recently, leaving but one representative of that firm now in existence, Mortimer Atherton, who is yet living, and operating a planing mill on North Meridian street in Anderson.

We also find in the same paper the advertisement of S. D. Irish & Sons, of Pendleton, as follows:

"The undersigned having, in addition to their country cards, purchased a full set of manufacturiug machinery of the best workmanship and of the latest style, they wish to inform their friends and the public generally, that they are now prepared to manufacture all kinds of woolen goods on shares, or by the yard, at the usual prices. We also card and spin for customers anything they wish to have woven. Persons wishing to have their wool manufactured may rest assured that they will receive satisfaction. Factory at the old stand, Falls of Fall Creek, near Pendleton, Indiana."

The old carding mill referred to was for many years one of the leading industries of Madison county, and received patronage not only from this, but from the adjoining counties.

It was a large frame structure that stood just below the falls of Fall Creek.

On November the 9th, 1854, the editor of the paper announces an accident as having occurred on the Bellefontaine Railway, as follows: "The passenger train on its way from Indianapolis to this place last Wednesday had its *periodical* transition from the track into the ditch in the vicinity of Oakland. Three or four persons were injured, the most serious of whom was the fireman, who has since died. As was usual in this case nobody was to blame."

It would seem, from the inference to be derived from the above bit of sarcasm, that it was no unusual thing for a train running on the old Bellefontaine Railway to land in the ditch, and the editor insinuates that the railway company invariably justified itself in such actions. It is well remembered that the rolling stock that passed over that thoroughfare at that early day was known to be easily upset when coming in contact with an obstruction.

On January 11th, 1855, on the editorial page, we find the following: "Attention, all!! Mr. Stravern, the distinguished daguerreotypist, will remain in town one week longer. All those not having proved the gentleman's rare skill by having their pictures taken, should be on hand if they would receive the most finished specimens ever offered in these parts. Step into his rooms and view those family groups, representing father and mother, brother and sister, grouped around the family fireside. We admire such a picture much more than we can express. Mr. Stravern takes all kinds of money in payment. Recollect that he took the first medal at the World's Fair at New York, and also at several other State Fairs."

In those days the taking of pictures was in its infancy, and a town the size of Anderson was not able to support a picture gallery. The men, therefore, who took pictures, strolled from place to place throughout the country and took the pictures of the people as they passed through. They generally travelled overland on a car fitted up for their business, which they could readily move from one town to another.

REMINISCENCES FROM THE ANDERSON STANDARD.

In the issue of February 6, 1857, on the editorial page, we find the following announcement:

"Mr. David Henry, who for many years has been known

as an auctioneer and horse doctor, in Anderson, was arrested upon the charge of passing counterfeit money, by Constable Mustard. The Doctor, in the course of the preparations for his trial, demanded a subpœna for Horace B. Makepeace, who was engaged in teaching school about one mile west of Anderson. The subpœna was issued and handed to Constable Mustard. Mr. Henry remarked that he would walk along with him down to the school house. The Doctor walked along quietly until within sight of the school house when he very politely informed the constable that he felt too great an interest in the case to accompany him back to the town, and then drew from his pocket a pair of pistols, and advised the constable not to attempt to induce him to change his intentions, and immediately began to make use of 'leg-bail.' The constable contented himself with calling after him for a while, then returned to town without him."

Mr. Henry made good his escape from the officer, and for many years did not show himself in this community until about the year 1893, when he again visited the scenes of earlier days and remained in Anderson about a year, being prominent around the livery stables of the city; but he has again branched out into this wide, wide world, and his whereabouts at this time are unknown to the writer. Mr. Henry was a man of prepossessing appearance, and of much general information.

It seems from the issue of the *Standard* of February 13, 1857, that the Hon. Richard Lake had been a short time previously elected to the high and honorable position of Judge of the Common Pleas Court, composed of several counties of which Madison and Hancock formed a part. He performed his duties so acceptably to the people, and to the bar, that he was the subject of many complimentary notices, the *Hancock Democrat* having come out in very complimentary terms in his behalf, noting his splendid qualifications, and the dispatch with which he transacted the public business. It also appears that the business of the district was not so large as in later days from the fact that the editor announces that the judge will not entirely retire from his law practice, but will wait upon the wants of his clients, when not upon the bench. The editor says:

"Some may suppose that Judge Lake is disqualified from practicing law since his election to the office of judge of the Common Pleas Court. We wish to say that his position dis-

ables him no further than the court over which he is called to preside. Mr. Lake will continue to practice in the courts of this county except that of his own."

A great change in court affairs has taken place since the above was written. It now takes two judges for our county, instead of one judge for four counties.

In the *Standard* of August 1, 1857, we find the announcement that Jacob Beachler has engaged in the manufacture of breech-loading guns, as follows:

"Mr. Jacob Beachler has obtained the right of this county, and has commenced the manufacture of Newton's patent breech-loading gun. This is one of the most complete specimens of the kind that we have ever examined. It is loaded at the breech with cartridges, and can be fired with safety thirty-two times in a minute. It is extremely simple in its construction, and stands unequalled as a breech-loader."

Mr. Beachler is one of the oldest gunsmiths living in this part of the country. After following his trade in Anderson for a number of years, he removed to his farm west of Anderson, where he resided until within two years prior to this writing, when he returned to the city, and is now a resident of Hazlewood addition, living in ease and comfort.

In the early history of the agricultural associations, one of the leading features of their exhibitions was a contest between lady equestrians for prizes, and many of the best horse women in the country gave exhibitions in the ring. At the fair held at Anderson in September, 1857, one of these exhibitions took place in which it is announced that the premiums to lady equestrians were awarded as follows:

"First premium to Miss Samantha Suman; second premium to Mrs. Samantha May." The Miss Suman referred to was the daughter of a farmer living near Chesterfield, and a sister of Dr. William Suman, now residing in Anderson, and the Mrs. May, the wife of Major May, and mother of Isaac Elmer May.

In the issue of September 18, 1857, the editor announces that "Yankee Robinson, the famous showman, will give an exhibition in Anderson, being one of the most extensive shows in the business, consisting of four separate shows in four separate tents, all for one price of admission, consisting of a jungle of animals from the forests, Indian curiosities, and a splendid band of negro minstrels. Yankee Robinson will also appear in person in the presentation of the god Momus, in

witnessing whose peculiar characteristics, Laughter holds her sides, and old wrinkles are driven away, · Dilly Fay, the best clown in the world, is also one of the leading features of this grand exhibition."

On the 25th day of December, we find an account describing a "scrapping" match as follows: "Some excitement was caused on Sabbath morning by the arrest of a Mr. Gresh, who has lately come to this place and set up a 'one-eyed' grocery. He was arrested upon the affidavit of John W. Thornton, who testified that on the previous evening the defendant assaulted him with a butcher knife, because he had peaceably entered defendant's grocery to ask him for a small debt. The defendant was fined two dollars and the cost of the suit. This defendant has lately come here from Newcastle where he rendered himself obnoxious to the citizens by keeping a doggery or tippling saloon. We hope that the town authorities will keep a strict watch over his grocery, and if he is found attempting to keep such a house here, that they will make him answer promptly for his violations of the law to the known wishes of the citizens."

In the issue of January 1, 1858, James W. Cook, editor of the *Standard*, bids farewell to his readers, and Charles I. Barker announces to the world in an ably written salutatory that he is the editor and proprietor of that journal.

In 1858, when Anderson was a village without any Opera House or other place of amusement, those who lived here furnished amusement for themselves by forming different kinds of societies, debating schools, spelling classes and other means of entertainment, which were highly enjoyable to those participating therein, as well as to the many spectators who attended them. In the *Anderson Standard* of February 5th of that year, we find a notice of the Anderson Lyceum and its speakers, as follows:

"This institute is becoming more and more noticeable and deeply interesting each week. It numbers among its members prominent gentlemen of all political creeds, who live in the village or its vicinity. It has under consideration and discussion the 'Kansas Question,' growing out of the President's message and Mr. Douglas' remarks with regard to it. The question being, on resolution, submitted by Dr. Townsend Ryan for the purpose of infusing life into the Lyceum, which was thought to be lacking. We are unable to state the question in its precise dictum; indeed, it is not so much now our

design to introduce the question as it is to mention the personages who participated in this discussion. First, and doubtless the most conspicuous among the debators, stands Dr. Ryan, though standing almost alone, taking for argument's sake the President's side of the proposition, and fortifying the stand he has taken by a formidable array of proof. The Doctor comes up to his full stature and gives his opponents no little trouble. He comes down like Ajax did upon his enemies, and rushes furiously onward to the fray.

"Next in the arena appears I. N. Terwilliger, the man of books and memory. He stands forth the embodiment of a walking library. He has read everything, knows everything, and is thus enabled to use many facts and arguments in support of his position. He is a speaker far above mediocrity, has a splendid voice and an excellent command of language. He hurls his lance like one of the brave knights of old.

"Next comes the young Hector of the list, Thomas N. Stilwell, young in years but old in the forum. He pitches in with great impetuosity, scarcely drawing his breath at a period, dashes on with terrible rapidity, apparently determined to carry off the orator's prize more by storm than by strength. He is, however, a young, untried man of great future promise, and by strict discipline may still improve his style of oratory.

"Just south of the speaker's chair rises a young man with keen, gray eyes, broad forehead, and ruddy complexion, the colleague of Dr. Ryan. His style of speaking is liberal and open, yet forcible. It is somewhat steady and evidently smacks of the midnight oil. James M. Dickson, next took the floor. He is a son of the Emerald Isle, yet speaks the English language well. He makes a good appearance upon the floor and has a stentorian voice, but like some other debators, lacks availability. He falls into line with the Douglas wing and handles that side of the question with much force and candor.

"Then follows Neal C. McCullough. He is at times on both sides, or, perhaps, rather opposed to both. He consumed a good part of his half hour in reading from a very compendious volume, a number of extracts bearing upon the 'Kansas question.' He talked fluently, whether to or from the question, and shows conclusively that he is familiar with the question. We conclude that he would be more at home in a

banking operation than in the discussion of the 'Kansas question.'

"Thomas W. Cook also made a short speech, but owing to his ill health he left the main points of the question untouched. The expression of his countenance indicated and impressed the beholder that, although willing, he was unable to do his best at this time.

"The last named gentleman was followed by Milton S. Robinson, who made a very powerful address. Mr. Robinson has been a public speaker all his life, at the bar and on the stump for several years, though he is yet a young man on the sunny side of the meridian of life. He has the faculty of drawing from a vocabulary such a concatenation of epithets as will make his opponents writhe under the castigation. He is striding on to fame and a brilliant future awaits him."

Nearly every person alluded to as having taken part in the debates of this organization became, later on in life, eminent as lawyers, doctors, teachers, business men and politicians. Townsend Ryan, James M. Dickson and M. S. Robinson became men of great influence in political circles, and held high and honorable positions.

On December 11, 1857, we find a notice of an inquest held over the body of an unknown person found dead near Chesterfield, as follows:

"The undersigned, coroner of Madison county, hereby certifies that an inquest was held before me at the town of Chesterfield, in said county, on the 26th day of November, 1857, over the dead body of a man, whose name is supposed to be James Wright, but whether that be the true name is unknown. That said deceased was about sixty-five years of age; that he had a scar on the top part of his left thigh and a large wound on his head. He was dressed in a black suit of clothes, satin vest and gray mixed pants. He is supposed to have come to his death by exposure to the inclemency of the weather. [Signed.] J. J. LONGENECKER,

"Coroner of Madison Co."

On the 16th of April, 1858, we find the same officer giving notice of an inquest in Adams township, as follows:

"Notice is hereby given that I have this day held an inquest over the dead body of Thomas Shelton, there lying and found dead, said deceased being about fifty-nine years of age, a resident of Adams township; that he came to his death by 'taking a fit' and falling into the branch, and then and there

strangling to death. He had on his person $5.50 and no other valuables."

We find an announcement in the same issue of a fatal accident near Pendleton, as follows:

"We learn that a little son of Jehu Shuman, who lives about three miles northwest of Pendleton, while sitting on the fence, a limb fell from a tree under which he was sitting, hitting him on the head and killing him instantly. He was six years of age."

In the issue of April 23, 1858, we find the following obituary:

"Died in Anderson, on the 18th instant, after a lingering illness, Hannah M., wife of Alfred Makepeace, aged 48 years. Deceased was one of the oldest inhabitants of Anderson, having lived here since her marriage, about thirty years ago. At the time she came to Anderson the court house square was a forest and there were but few buildings in the town. She and her husband therefore shared the privations, the toils and troubles incident to the settling of a new country, and have, as a reward for an industrious life, accumulated much of this world's goods. She was the mother of a large family of children, to whom she had endeared herself by her many remarkable qualities, who have now to mourn her irreparable loss." The lady here spoken of was the mother of Captain A. I. Makepeace.

In the issue of June 3, 1858, we find the account of a suicide near New Columbus, of which the editor says: "We learn that on Sunday morning last Josephus Poindexter, who lived about four miles south of Columbus, in this county, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. He cut a gash on each side of his throat and left the front of his neck untouched. The fatal deed was committed but a short distance from his residence. He was found a short while after, but life was extinct. He was a worthy and respectable citizen, and left a wife and large family of grown children. The cause of this act is supposed to have been financial embarrassment."

In the same number of this paper we find the professional card of Dr. George F. Chittenden, as follows:

"George F. Chittenden has located at Chesterfield, Madison county, where he offers his professional services to the citizens of the surrounding country. Particular attention

will be given to surgery. Respectfully refers to J. S. Bobb, M. D., and T. Parvin, of Indianapolis."

Dr. George F. Chittenden, at this time was a young physician, having come to Madison county from near Vevay, Indiana, on the Ohio river. He practiced but a short time in Chesterfield, when he attracted the attention of Dr. John Hunt, of Anderson, who was one of the leading physicians in the county in his day, and who was so much taken with young Chittenden, that he offered him a partnership in a large and lucrative business, which he accepted and then removed to Anderson in that year. Since that time he has been a resident of this place, and is one of the most successful physicians and surgeons in the county.

In the issue of July 3, 1858, we find the notice of the drowning of a person by the name of Patrick Coffey, as follows:

"A man by the name of Coffey was drowned in White river, near the Cincinnati & Chicago railroad depot, on Saturday last. He was bathing, and, not being acquainted with the river, he got into a deep hole and sank. Before he could be rescued, his life was extinct. He was sent to Newcastle, where his home was, for burial."

On October 14, 1858, we find in the *Standard* the announcement of a fatal accident: "On Saturday last, while some little children were at play with fire on the streets of Anderson, the dress of a little daughter of James Battreall caught fire, and before her clothes could be removed she was so badly burned that she died on Sunday about one o'clock. She was about four years of age."

This little child was the daughter of James Battreall, a prominent citizen of Anderson, who is yet living in this place and is well and favorably known to the community.

In the issue of December 23, 1858, appears the announcement of the sudden death of S. S. Templin, who was a prominent citizen and merchant of Anderson, and whose widow lately died in this place. "On Sunday evening last, about five o'clock, S. S. Templin was found dead in his store. He had left his house about two o'clock to get some paper for the purpose of doing some writing, and, not returning as soon as expected, his little girl was sent to look for him. She called, but received no answer, and returning informed her mother that he was not in the store, and stated that the door was unlocked. The mother then went and called him, but received

no answer. She then locked the door. After waiting awhile Mrs. Templin, becoming alarmed, went and unlocked the door, passed behind the counter, and there found her husband cold in death. She then gave the alarm to the neighbors, who hastened to the place and found the body in such a position as to warrant the belief that death was the work of an instant.

"Mr. Templin was one of the most enterprising citizens and merchants of Anderson. His death will be seriously felt by the community, but more especially by the wife and family of little children. He was a man about forty years of age."

In the issue of November 18, 1858, an account is given of the meeting of a "moot legislature" at the court house, in which many prominent citizens took part: "Mr. Samuel W. Hill was appointed to prepare a message to the House, which took place on Monday evening, November 8. After reading the journal Mr. Hill introduced and read his message, from which we take a few extracts:

"Conformably to my constitutional duty to impart to you information touching the condition of the state, and to recommend measures deemed expeditious and fitting, I do so now. Three words express all that makes a state prosperous—agriculture, commerce and morality. The mechanical arts, the industrial pursuits, will, or generally are, connected with or depending on these. Our commercial prosperity depends upon transportation and currency. The Wabash and Erie canal and the Wabash and White rivers all have been our means of transit. The alarming increase of incendiarism and railroad obstruction is doubtless attributable in part to the wholesale frauds of corporations. A railroad is built, the funds fail, the officers pay themselves and ring the bell; the hands who in wet, heat and cold built the road are left to 'whistle' for their pay. You are recommended to take unusual steps with regard to the moneyed situation of Indiana, so as to prohibit all banks of issue, permitting only those of loan and deposit.

"If it is right to buy and sell a gallon of whisky to drink, why is it wrong to sell a gill for the same purpose. Why not leave all those who can control their appetite in this respect to their own will and judgment,and moral religious influence?"

On motion of Dr. Townsend Ryan, the message was laid upon the table for the present, and one hundred copies were ordered to be printed for the use of the members.

Many prominent citizens of Anderson took part in the proceedings of this body, among whom were Colonel Milton S. Robinson, John Davis, Esquire, Samuel B. Maddox, R. N. Williams and many others whose names do not now occur.

A. B. Kline was elected clerk of the House and signed the minutes of the meeting. The message presented by Mr. Hill was at a subsequent meeting taken up and discussed by sections, and literally torn to pieces. Many warm debates took place on the floor of the House resulting sometimes almost in personal encounters. These meetings were very enjoyable to all those who took part in them.

POURING OUT LIQUORS.

On the 25th of December, 1858, occurred one of the most exciting episodes in Anderson's early history. There had been considerable agitation upon the temperance question, and the citizens were pretty generally stirred up in reference thereto; several parties were selling liquor in the corporation without a license, even the drug stores being almost as open in their traffic in liquors as the doggeries. The people had become much excited in reference to the matter, and on the day above alluded to it almost culminated in a riot. Two young men, both sons of prominent citizens, became intoxicated, which fact precipitated a raid upon the liquor dealing places.

The *Standard* of December 30th, speaking of the feeling on this subject, says:

"On last Saturday night, a lawless mob visited our liquor sellers, broke into their apartments, or gained admission by other means, rolled their whiskey into the street, and knocked in the heads of the barrels. We have probably particularized sufficiently, as all those who have seen men and boys excited, will have as accurate an idea of the demonstration as we can give. We have no sympathy with liquor selling, we are no apologists for its evils. If we want it for any purpose, we buy it and use it as our judgment may dictate or our physician prescribe. We are in favor of wholesome laws governing the traffic, and will submit to such as are made and enforced, but will never sanction a mob or the lawless acts of irresponsible men and boys. Calamities might have come from the acts of Saturday night.

"In another part of the paper we publish the proceedings of a meeting to justify the conduct of the mob, and in this meeting no idea of a dissenting voice is conveyed. We were

not there, but are creditably informed there were those in attendance who desired to place that meeting on the side of law and order, and spoke to that effect, but every effort was crushed out by the clamor of the crowd. To convey an idea of what some of our citizens desire, we publish a preamble and set of resolutions introduced by Mr. James M. Dickson, as follows: Whereas, a necessity seemed to exist in the minds of many, on Saturday night, the 25th inst., for the destruction of all the intoxicating drink in the town of Anderson, and whereas we are under the impression that the means resorted to for the destruction of the property of our citizens is contrary to law and good order, and we hope no such supposed necessity will ever again exist for the violation of law. The editor further says: 'These resolutions breathe more of the spirit of law and order than characterizes the resolutions that were reported and adopted, notwithstanding the fact that as good temperance men as there are in the town were opposed to the acts of the mob. Dr. Townsend Ryan, James M. Dickson, S. W. Hill, T. W. Cook and others were opposed to mobocracy, but the proceedings of the meeting would convey the impression that they spoke in favor of the resolutions.'"

The meeting that was held at the court house on the 27th of December, referred to by the editor in the foregoing article, was presided over by William Crim; Ralph N. Clark and T. P. Kennard, acted as secretaries. This meeting was held pursuant to notice given to the citizens of Anderson to take into consideration some means for the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating liquors, and to call out an expression of opinion of the citizens in relation to the movements of the mob on the 25th instant.

On motion, a committee of five, consisting of Messrs. Kennard, Davis, Sansberry, Hazlett and Dickson, were appointed to draft and present resolutions expressive of the sense of the meeting. After a few minutes deliberation, the committee reported a set of resolutions from which we extract the following:

Resolved, That we will present an unbroken front against the introduction of any more intoxicating drinks within our town or vicinity. That we, the citizens of Anderson, pledge to those brave men who had the heart to conceive, and the nerve to execute those noble deeds, but at the same time we deprecate mobs and the principle thereof as a general sentiment, and only justify anything of the kind as a last

resort. That there be appointed as this meeting a standing committee of five to ascertain from the agents of the different railroads the reception of any intoxicating liquors for sale at this place, which liquors shall be immediately reshipped or destroyed, and in case destruction becomes necessary, we will sustain said committee with our money and our property.

Dr. Ryan, being called for came forward and addressed the meeting, and was followed by Milton S. Robinson, Davis, Dickson, Sansberry, Hill, Cook and the Rev. J. F. McMullen, after which, on motion, the resolutions were adopted without a dissenting voice. The minutes of this meeting were signed by William Crim, president, and R. N. Clark, secretary.

It will be seen from the editorial above quoted that there was considerable feeling in reference to this matter, and the officers of that meeting were severely censured for reporting that the resolutions were adopted without dissent. We find in the issue of June 6, 1859, several communications upon the subject, one of which is signed by James M. Dickson, and another by S. W. Hill, in which they denounce the meeting, and say that the resolutions were not adopted unanimously, but that there were several dissenting votes against them, and also state that several of the prominent citizens arose and spoke against the adoption of the resolutions.

Among the places visited where liquor was destroyed was the drug store occupied by Dr. J. P. Crampton. The store of Atticus Siddall was also visited and a small amount of liquor poured out.

The place kept by Thomas Croke, on South Main street, was also taken in charge and the liquors poured into the street. A man by the name of Corbett Jackson, who kept a place near the crossing of the Pan Handle and Bee Line Railways, was also a victim of the mob. This was the first crusade against the liquor traffic in Madison county, and caused an intense amount of bad feeling on both sides of the question, and it was many years before the animosity growing out of this affair subsided. This matter ended in Dr. J. P. Crampton bringing suit against those in the mob. The suit was jointly against all of them, and a change of venue was taken to Delaware county. Through the shrewdness of John Davis, the defendants' attorney, a compromise was made with one of the defendants, which had the effect to release all. So there ended

the legal controversy. The compromise was thought at the time to be a very "slick" job.

In the issue of the *Standard* of August 8, 1867, we find the editor announces to the people that the enterprising citizens of the county are organizing turnpikes and ditch associations, and that the county will in a short time become one of the finest in the State of Indiana. He says: "There are eight turnpikes now in progress in this county, a large portion of which are being built to Anderson. When all are completed, in connection with the hydraulic canal, Anderson may become the capital of Indiana, with the suburban villages of Muncie, New Castle and Kokomo dependent upon it for their base of supplies. There are nineteen organized ditch companies in this county at present. Madison county has for a long time been reputed to be made up of many swamps; but after the work is completed which these companies propose to do, the people will have to move west into Howard county if they desire to purchase swamp lands."

Previous to this time there was but one gravel road leading into Anderson, which was the Alexandria turnpike. The roads throughout a part of the county, from the first of March until the first of June, were nearly all impassable and the county was almost a wilderness of swamp lands. The turnpikes and ditch companies were the initial steps towards making Madison county the garden spot of Indiana.

In the issue of March 28, 1867, we find the announcement of the killing of a brakeman on the Chicago and Great Eastern Railroad, now known as the Pan Handle, as follows: "On Monday evening last a brakeman was killed at the 'junction' by being run over by a train of cars. He was engaged at the time in making a coupling of a freight train and by some means his clothing caught on a piece of iron which prevented him from getting off of the track and he was dragged under the train which passed over his leg severing it from his body and he was otherwise terribly wounded. He lived about twelve hours after the accident. His body was taken to Cleveland where his wife and family resided. It is understood that his name was Gibson and that he had been employed on the road only a short time."

In the issue of the 17th day of September, 1868, the editor of the *Standard* announces the arrival of the remains of Captain Van devender, in Anderson, as follows: "The remains of the late Captain Vandevender, who fell while

gallantly leading his men at the siege of Vicksburg, were brought to this city on Thursday, the 3d inst., and interred in the new cemetery on the Saturday following. He was a brave officer and a gallant man."

Captain Hiram Vandevender, referred to in this article, was a captain in the Eighth Indiana Regiment, being a member of the first company of soldiers organized in Anderson at the breaking out of the war of the rebellion. He was well and favorably known by the people of Madison county, and especially the residents of Anderson. His wife was a sister of Captain W. R. Myers and a daughter of the late Samuel Myers, of Anderson. The first service held for the decoration of soldiers' graves in Anderson took place at his grave, which is marked by a handsome Italian marble slab in the cemetery north of the city. At a meeting held for the purpose of forming a company of volunteers at the breaking out of the war, Vandevender was, by unanimous choice of the soldiers, made captain of the company, an account of which is given in another place in this book.

In the issue of the *Standard* of April 14, 1864, we find an account of the burning of a saloon in Anderson which was said to have been fired by an incendiary and came near resulting in a conflagration of other property in the city, as follows:

"The building was occupied as a saloon by 'Irish Jimmie Smith,' and was fired in two places about 2 o'clock on Monday morning. It might have resulted in a very serious conflagration in the destruction of other houses had it not been discovered by a gentleman who happened to be on the street at that hour, and who, by the assistance of a few others, succeeded in extinguishing the flames before any material damage was done to the property. The building had been lately purchased by Mr. John Flavin. This was evidently the act of some fiend in human shape who desired to burn out that part of the city."

In the issue of August 18, 1864, an account is given of the burning of wheat belonging to two prominent farmers of Madison county:

"Peter Hosier and David Harless, living near Hamilton, in this county, had all their wheat burned last week. Hosier had 400 bushels destroyed, while Harless had 600. The fire was the act of an incendiary."

In the same issue we find an account of the shooting of a man of the name of Griffy, near Anderson:

"A man by the name of Griffy who resides some three miles from town, was very seriously wounded one day last week by being shot through the lungs by a rifle in the hands of some unknown party. Griffy was helping a neighbor thresh wheat, and was in the act of taking his seat at the table when he was shot. The crowd in attendance at the place went out and overtook Milton White about 100 yards from the house, who had a gun with him. He was taken into custody, but White denied having done the act and was released." The Milton White spoken of was the same person who was hung in Anderson on the 1st day of November, 1867, for the murder of Hoppes, a full account of which appears elsewhere.

In the issue of December 13, 1866, we find a letter from G. Dascher, proprietor of the Revere House, of Chicago, making inquiries as to one David H. Lane, who died in that hotel on the night of the 12th of December, by being suffocated by gas. The letter was addressed to the postmaster at Anderson as follows:

"A young man registering himself as David H. Lane, Sullivan county, Missouri, met his death at this house last night by suffocation from gas, he having through ignorance blown out the gas light instead of turning it off. He had in his possession a railroad ticket for Anderson on the Chicago and Great Eastern Railroad, at which place or in its neighborhood, he told the boy who showed him to bed, that he had relatives living."

CHAPTER XXV.

A Few Personal Sketches of Persons Who Were Well Known in Madison County in Their Time—Enoch M. Jackson.

Among the old-timers who have lived in Anderson none is more worthy of complimentary mention than Enoch M. Jackson, who died on the 29th of March, 1888, while filling the responsible office of Justice of the Peace.

He came to Madison county when four years of age with his father, Andrew Jackson, and spent the remainder of his life here. He was a man of more than ordinary sense, and well educated. He was of fine physique and polished manners, making many new friends and holding fast to older ones.

He was for many years in the marble business in Anderson, and during the year of 1868 erected a handsome monument dedicated to the Hamilton county soldiers by the commissioners at Noblesville, which was unveiled on the Fourth of July in that year. Mr. Jackson delivered an address on that occasion that endeared him to the hearts of the people of Noblesville and Hamilton county. Its language is perfect, and the sentiments uttered are full of true patriotism. This piece of oratory will be remembered while its author is sleeping through ages yet to come. It is embodied in the reports of the Adjutant General of Indiana, and is filed in the archives of the State, where it will remain as long as time shall exist.

The following is his address:

"We have met upon this our nation's birthday for the purpose of unveiling and presenting to the citizens of Hamilton county this beautiful monument. It is proper that such a presentation should take place upon such a day. Our memories revert to the days of 1776, when our forefathers in solemn council assembled and declared that the colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent.

"The generations which succeeded them have given every evidence of the same spirit of patriotism which imbued their hearts, and have erected monument after monument in mem-

ory of their fallen heroes. So it is with us in our day. An unnatural and cruel war has passed away. In its cause many have fallen, and many hearthstones are desolate; many sons, brothers and husbands have fought their last fight, and have given the imperishable crown to victory.

"Their names and their memories are engraved as indelibly upon our hearts as they are engraved upon this stone. We need no better evidence of the spirit of reverence for our brave and gallant soldiers than is exhibited by the generous liberality of your County Commissioners in the purchase and erection of this marble shaft, draped so appropriately with the banners of our country, the Stars and Stripes. Upon its summit is perched the American eagle, emblem of freedom, inviting the oppressed of every land to shelter under its widespread wings.

"In erecting this monument your commissioners simply did their duty. Those boys had the promise, when they left their homes, that they would be remembered. How nobly has Hamilton county responded, in having engraved hereon, not only the names of her dead, but of her living heroes, who fought on many a bloody battle-field with Spartan zeal, that they might retrieve, in part, for the loss of their fellow comrades, and prove to us that a republican form of government was a success, and to the world a guarantee of universal freedom.

"And, in conclusion, we now present and commit to your hands and keeping, through Governor Baker, this monument. Upon its smooth and polished tablets are engraved the names of Hamilton county's gallant defenders. May the names of our fallen ones ever be in our remembrance. May the hand of charity and of friendship be ever extended to the heart-stricken loved ones upon earth. May this beautiful monument ever call to our minds, that love of country and that heart-felt patriotism of ever true American is a noble defender. And may the glory and renown of America prove as imperishable as this graven stone."

Moses Maynard, the oldest man who ever lived in Madison county and, perhaps, in the state of Indiana, was for many years a resident of Monroe township, and died at the home of his son, Barnabas Maynard, on the 15th of June, 1874. He was born September 23, 1763, near Hillsboro, N. C., and had reached the extreme age of 108 years at the time of his death. His life was an eventful one as he was

the only man known to the people of this section of the country, who could say that he voted for George Washington for president of the United States. Mr. Maynard claimed to have voted at every Presidential election since the time that George Washington ran for his first term down to the time of Horace Greeley in 1872, and in his latter days he persistently contended that Horace Greeley was elected to fill the presidential chair. He related many interesting circumstances when in a friendly conversation. He remembered the British soldiers whipping his father in an unmerciful manner in a corn field during the Revolutionary war, where his father was engaged in gathering corn, because he would not disclose the whereabouts of a brother, who was in hiding from the British

MOSES MAYNARD, THE OLDEST MAN WHO EVER LIVED IN MADISON COUNTY. DIED AT 108 YEARS OF AGE.

Tories. He had another brother who was taken by the British soldiers, and who never returned. He was a man who always drank more or less, from his boyhood to old age, and was a striking example of the theory that some advocate, that good whisky properly used is a benefit rather than an injury to the human family. During his residence in Madison county, it was not an uncommon sight to see him galloping along the road toward Alexandria to replenish the family jug, which he always kept about his premises. In religion he was a Baptist, and was a prominent member of that church. He was the father of eleven children in Madison county. The immediate descendants of this old man are very numerous. An uncle of Moses Maynard was a volunteer soldier in the Revolutionary war

from North Carolina. In speaking of the customs of his old Carolina home, he stated that there were no wagons in that country, and in "toting" their tobacco to market, the people took hoop poles and lashed their tobacco hogsheads to them, and then hitched their horses to them, and rolled them a distance of fifty miles. Until a year prior to his death Mr. Maynard raised his own tobacco, and did many chores about the house of his son, where he lived. Only one picture of this old man is in existence. It is a tin type taken a short time before his death, from which the accompanying illustration is taken.

During his younger days, when the British were firing on Lexington and Bunker Hill, he was an observer of some of the tragic scenes of the Revolution. Thomas Paine's productions, "The Crisis," "Common Sense" and "Rights of Man," were read to Mr. Maynard fresh from the hands that wrote them. The wife of Moses Maynard was Sarah Greenstreet. During the Revolutionary war she is said to have subsisted, together with her mother, one whole week on boiled beans and poke leaves, it being the only means of support, as they were compelled to hide in ambush to avoid the British cavalry. Mr. Maynard is undoubtedly the only man who ever lived in Madison county who had the pleasure of meeting in person the immortal Washington, also Jefferson and Franklin. William Maynard, the father of Moses, was a shoemaker by trade, and this was the means of his traveling from one section of the country to another. Moses Maynard eventually, after his marriage, landed in Kentucky, near the Big Sandy river, and lived there until he was twenty-eight years old, when he came to Madison county and entered for himself eighty acres of land on the Little Kilbuck, on what is now known as the Benjamin Walker farm. He also entered forty acres for his eldest son James, the last mentioned tract being known as the McKowen farm, on the Alexandria pike, one mile north of Prosperity. The memory of this old man was very acute, and after passing a period of lassitude when he was about ninety-five years old, his perceptive facilities became quite active. He could recite many daring instances of his early life. For several years prior to his death he was quite childish, but was not considered a burden by his son and estimable daughter-in-law, who took care of him. He had the notoriety of being the oldest man in the commonwealth of Indiana, and when he died the news of the decease

spread throughout the land. The Louisville *Courier-Journal* gave quite an account of the event, written by Miss Laura Ream, who visited him during the trial of John E. Corwin, in the winter of 1874. Miss Ream was at that time correspondent for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, and while in attendance at the trial she was made acquainted with Mr. Maynard through Lee M. Trees, a prominent merchant of Anderson at one time, who conveyed her to the Maynard residence, where she held quite an interview with the old gentleman and the family with whom he resided, which resulted in a long communication to the paper, in which a complete history of Mr. Maynard from the time of his birth to the day of the interview appeared.

DEATH OF CAPT. R. M. HARRIMAN.

In the year 1867, Capt. R. M. Harriman, of Anderson, with his father-in-law, J. R. Ilsley, together with a man of the name of Folsom, engaged in the manufacture of excelsior, a product of bass-wood and other soft timber which was cut up and used for packing purposes, and also for making mattresses. The business was carried on on north Main street on the ground now occupied by the plainng mill of C. E. Springer & Co. These gentlemen did a very successful business for several years, but Capt. Harriman was a seafaring man, and could not content himself with the plodding ways of the "land-lubber"; therefore, about the year 1869, he and his estimable wife took their departure for the sea, and he again embarked in his old occupation, that of commanding a vessel. He was master of the American brig Alberti, until the 25th of January, 1873, when he lost his life while at his post of duty.

While at sea off Lizard's Point, in a storm, Captain Harriman's vessel was run down by an Italian bark, and in his efforts to save his crew and cargo, was so severely injured that he died within an hour after the occurrence.

Captain Harriman had ordered the life-boats lowered, and picking his wife up in his arms, started to take her to a place of safety to transfer her to the Italian vessel, which stood close beside the Alberti. At this time a quick surge of the Italian bark caused her to strike the Alberti with such force as to nearly bury her in the sea, knocking the captain against the rigging, mortally wounding him, and for a time disabling Mrs. Harriman. At this juncture the Italian vessel cleared

away from them and left them to the mercies of the sea. The mate, Edward Kelly, at once took command of the crippled vessel and safely landed her in Plymouth harbor. Besides the loss of Captain Harriman, a sailor was for some time missing, but it afterward was ascertained that he had gotten aboard the Italian bark in the scramble and was not long afterward landed in the harbor to join his associates. Mrs. Harriman has lived in Anderson ever since this occurrence, and was, on the 18th of May, 1879, married to the Hon. D. W. Wood, with whom she is now living at their pleasant home on west Ninth street, in Anderson. A claim for damages was afterward paid by the Italian vessel. The Alberti was bound for Berbice when the accident overtook her.

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Trades Unions of Madison County.

Prior to 1887 such a thing as a trade's union was unknown in Madison county. The discovery of natural gas brought to our borders many manufacturing establishments since which time the trades have formed unions in every town and city where there are factories.

We give the names of the same and the executive officers under the proper heads.

By these organizations the wages of workmen are kept at a living price and a fraternal feeling engendered among men that is calculated to elevate the human family.

MADISON COUNTY FEDERATION OF LABOR.

President, Geo. Cookson; vice-president, A. T. Dye; secretary, Louis Fuller.

ANDERSON.

Window Glass Workers.—Master workman, George Perkins; secretary, Gilbert Aitken.

Barbers.—President, Jacob Fischer; vice-president, I. A. Davis; secretary, C. A. Salman.

Carpenters.—President, Francis L. Eads; vice-president, William Baker; secretary, Elias Bidwell.

Flint Glass Workers.—President, Oliver Bryer; vice-president, Pollard Ihmsen; secretary, Wm. Beck.

Amalgamated Association of I. S. & T. P. W. of A.—President, Thomas K. Thomas; vice-president, John J. Jones; secretary, John Chappell.

Tailors' Union.—President, Charles McMahon; vice-president, Geo. Hoffner; secretary, Nora Collins.

Bricklayers' Union.—President, Wm. Kelley; vice-president, Geo. Grahi; secretary, Grant Campion.

Retail Clerks' Union.—President, Louis Fuller; vice-president, Wm. R. Cooper; secretary, Earl Birkebile.

File Workers' Union.—President, A. Loomis; vice-president, Joseph Keltner; secretary, John Elistone.

Iron Moulders.—President, Mike Howard; vice-president, Eli Maxwell; secretary, Richard Shaw.

Cigar-makers.—President, A. F. Behrman; vice-president, John M. Toolen; secretary, Arch Powell.

Typographical Union.—President, E. E. Goss; vice-president, Leroy Thompson; secretary, R. N. Mattox.

Wire Drawers.—President, Wm. Beverly; vice-president, J. J. King; secretary, Wm. Ossenberg.

ELWOOD.

Trades Assembly.—President, M. W. Conway; vice-president, Frank Gratehouse; secretary, Frank Keyser.

Window Glass Workers.—Master workman, Albert Williams; preceptor, J. Streiffuss.

Flint Glass Workers.—No. 50, President, Thos. McGovern; vice-president, Louis Steckler; secretary, Fritz Bernard.

No. 75, President, J. G. Hand; vice-president, Samuel Reed; secretary, Andrew Fracelton.

No. 114, President, C. Kavanaugh; vice-president, H. A. Bruce; secretary, Geo. Kizer.

Tin Plate Workers.—President, David Lloyd; vice-president, Frank Zonh; secretary, Richard Burns.

Tailors.—President, L. M. Weying; vice-president, W. E. Behymer; secretary, A. P. Petty.

Carpenters.—President, J. C. Kincaid; vice-president, J. W. Stoner; secretary, F. W. Smith.

Typographical Union.—President, John Larkin; vice-president, George A. Hencke; secretary, Rob. Yelvington.

Clerks' Union.—President, Emereth Luse; vice-president, Frank Greathouse; secretary, W. G. Records.

ALEXANDRIA.

Trades Assembly.—President, J. E. Carr; vice-president, Nick Griffith; secretary, H. R. McAbee.

Flint Glass Workers.—President, James E. Carr; vice-president, Theo. Ring; secretary, Sebastian Feiser.

Retail Clerks.—President, E. B. Rogers; vice-president, Lulu Hupp; secretary, Delia Moore.

Carpenters' Union.—President, Wm. Myers; vice-president, John Good; secretary, Elmer Sutton.

SUMMITVILLE TRADES UNIONS.

Preceptory, L. A. 300.—Master workman, Charles Ruffing; secretary, Thomas Gray; preceptor, Mr. Springer.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Early Physicians of Madison County.

The life of a country physician in the early history of Madison county was about the same as in all new neighborhoods in the back woods. The physician of to-day who sits in his nicely carpeted office upon upholstered furniture, and writes prescriptions at fifty cents per head, and for feeling the pulse and looking at the tongues of his patients, knows but little of the hardships encountered by the early physicians who settled in this county, and fought the chills and fever with quinine and calomel. It was then no unusual thing for a doctor to be called at the hour of midnight, and to be compelled to ride through the mud and over the frozen ground for a distance of fifteen or twenty miles. Sometimes he would hardly be nestled in a warm bed, upon his return home, before he would be called upon to make a similar trip in another direction.

These old-time doctors have nearly all passed off the scene of action, and the present physicians know of them only by what they have read and heard in the medical societies of the county.

The *Democrat* of Anderson, in May, 1880, published an interesting account of these men, and from this we select as follows:

"The first physician who lived and practiced medicine in Madison county, was one Dr. Bordwell, who about the year 1824, or 1825, settled at Pendleton. He had the reputation of being a pleasant, genial man, and one who occasionally indulged in the use of ardent spirits. When in this condition he was often heard to remark that he had never lost a patient. Such an utterance on the part of any of our doctors now would be regarded as "quackish."

A young man by the name of Gregory, a brother of the late Rev. Frank Gregory, well known as a Christian minister, read medicine with Dr. Bordwell, and thereafter practiced in the county. Dr. Bordwell removed to Iowa where he enjoyed a large and lucrative practice, and it was in that state that he died.

Dr. John O. Cook, of Pendleton came to that place from Virginia in 1831. He had already read medicine in his native State, and then spent one year in its practice in Tennessee, at the conclusion of which time he came to this State, locating at Pendleton, and here he spent the remainder of his days. He was a brilliant man, a fair physician, although less proficient in his profession than his brother, Dr. Ward Cook. Dr. John Cook was one of the most genial and companionable of men. His conversation was very lucid and instructive. At times he figured in debating societies. He could make a good temperance speech and did not shrink from showing his ability on a political rostrum among the leading men of his time. He breathed his last at Pendleton several years ago.

A Dr. Richmond was one of the early physicians of Pendleton, of whose history, however, very little is known.

The first physician to locate in Anderson was Dr. Birt, who came to this town in 1827. He practiced medicine in the village, and also taught school. He was a small man, and was lame. His stay lasted but two years and then he removed to Illinois. His office was on East Anderson street, now Eighth.

The next physician to locate here was Dr. Pegg, who came in 1828. Of him but little is known as he remained only two years, and then emigrated to some distant part of our common country.

In 1830, Dr. Ruddle, a cousin of Milton Ruddle, living east of the city, established himself here in the practice of medicine. He remained for seven years and then removed to Broad Ripple, in Marion county.

One of the best known and ablest of them all was Dr. Henry Wyman, who was well posted in the science of medicine and was a very successful practitioner. He built himself a large frame residence, which was situated where the Robinson & Lovett block now stands on the north side of the public square. It was known for a long time as the Berry property, and was once owned and occupied by Col. Nineveh Berry. Dr. Wyman, after a successful practice of many years in Anderson removed to Blissfield, Michigan, where he died. In his day the practice of dosing a patient with calomel, and bleeding him was much the fashion.

Along up to the year 1855 the fever and ague was a very prevalent disease in these regions, and the amount of quinine used for mastering this evil was something enormous. As the

country was cleared up and ditches were constructed, the stagnant surface water disappeared, and as the decaying vegetation was buried under the earth, the ague also gave way and its accompanying fever was a thing of the past.

Of the other old-time physicians of the county, Dr. Spence was located at Alexandria in the year 1839. After remaining there four or five years, he removed to Jonesboro, Grant county, and died there in 1845.

One of the first doctors to follow Dr. Spence was Dr. Cyrus Westerfield, whose practice in that town was also of short duration, and who subsequently moved to Illinois where he is yet living.

Dr. J. W. Perry, but recently deceased, resided three miles northeast of Alexandria, where he had a good practice. His arrival was in 1840. At the time of his death he was the oldest practitioner in that section of the county, and was a prominent member of the Madison County Medical Association."

Three other physicians also located at Alexandria shortly after Dr. Perry's advent. They were Dr. Joseph Pugh, who died in 1895, Dr. S. B. Harriman, who ended his last days in Richmond, Indiana, a few years since, and Dr. Leonard Harriman, his brother, who passed away in Sterling, Kansas, five years ago.

Dr. Braxton Baker, who had a thriving practice for many years in Alexandria, subsequently removed to Indianapolis, where he is now spending his closing days in ease and retirement.

Numbers of other physicians settled in different parts of the county, one of whom was Dr. Henry, of Chesterfield, who settled there in 1828, and Dr. Godwin of the same place, whose arrival dates from 1837. Dr. Davis arrived in 1847.

At New Columbus, Dr. Horne located in 1840; Dr. Hildreth, in 1842, and Dr. Bear, in 1844. In 1840, Dr. Douglass came to Perkinsville, and lived there for a number of years, and was succeeded by Drs. J. M. Garretson and Charles N. Branch. Dr. Garretson continued in Perkinsville until his death, and Dr. Branch is now a resident of Anderson. Dr. James M. Garretson, who studied medicine in the office of his father, is now a practicing physician in Perkinsville.

The old-time physicians, unlike their brethren of the present age, were generally able politicians, and it was no uncom-

mon thing for some of them to present themselves as candidates for the high and lucrative positions within the gift of the voters of the county. The practice of medicine called the doctors out among the people, and, if they were disposed to be good, sociable fellows, they generally won the confidence of the public.

Among the early representatives in the General Assembly of the State of Indiana was Dr. John Cook, of Pendleton. He was succeeded in a few years in that body by Dr. Henry Wyman, who made for himself a very good record, and was one of the ablest representatives that Madison county ever sent to that body. Later on Dr. John Hunt and Dr. T. Ryan also became members of the Legislature.

In the year 1870 Dr. George F. Chittenden, of Anderson, who first started in his medical career in the early '50s at the village of Chesterfield, was placed in nomination by the Republicans of Henry and Madison counties, and was elected as joint representative, serving two years. He was also afterwards prominent as a member of the Board of Trustees for the hospital for the insane.

Among other doctors who represented Madison county in the Legislature were J. F. Mock, Thos. N. Jones and S. W. Edwins.

Among the best-known physicians during his residence here, and one who was prominent in political matters, was Dr. John Hunt, whose practice dates from 1839. In addition to having at one time been a member of the Legislature, he was also elected County Treasurer of Madison county. It was once said of him that he could sit upon the stone steps in front of his office in the public square and dictate the nomination for every office within the gift of the Democratic party. During his reign as a manipulator of politics he ruled with an iron hand, and woe be to the man who crossed his path, or in any way undertook to undo anything he might choose to accomplish in that direction. A man once having gained his dislike was immediately wiped from his political map.

Dr. Hunt's medical practice was very extensive, and his qualifications were unquestioned. Whenever there was a desperate case of sickness in any part of the county, and the chances seemed to be against the patient, it was invariably the rule for the parties to send for Dr. Hunt. He died in Fayetteville, in Arkansas, in the year 1894.

Of other physicians who years ago held political sway in

Anderson was Dr. Thomas N. Jones, father of Dr. Horace E. Jones, who is still in our midst. He came to Madison county some time in the '50s. He was tall and stately, and a man who was a great mixer among his fellow men. He was popular with the people, and, like Dr. Hunt, drifted into politics. In the year 1876 he was nominated and elected as representative for Madison county in the Legislature.

Dr. Jones was an impulsive man, and it took but little rubbing of the hair the wrong way with him to get up a first-class quarrel. He was not vicious in his disposition, and scarcely ever came to blows with an antagonist, and as long as his foeman would stand at a safe distance and quarrel the Doctor generally managed to hold up his end of the string. He was a very successful practitioner, and a great success at the bedside of a patient, from the fact that he was very kind and gentle in the sick-room and an excellent nurse, and he never failed to get the confidence of his patients. He died in Anderson in the year 1875. Dr. Jones was the most prominent of his profession in Anderson during his many years' residence here.

Dr. N. L. Wickersham, who yet resides in Anderson, is also one of the early settlers of the county. He came here many years ago from Grant county. He was twice elected as president of the first medical society of Madison county, which was organized in 1868.

One of the most prominent physicians that ever lived in Madison county was Dr. William A. Hunt, a brother of Dr. John Hunt, above referred to. He was for many years located on his elegant farm in Richland township, which is now owned by John Tappan, where he had a large practice. He removed to Anderson in 1868, and for a while engaged in the drug trade with the late J. F. Brandon, but upon retiring from the firm he again entered into the practice of his profession, which he kept up until his death. Dr. Hunt was a ready writer and the public prints of the county contain many of his spicy communications. He was undoubtedly the greatest reader that ever belonged to his profession in this community, not only of medical works, but of all the literature of the day.

He was a master of language, and in his writings are many gems, although he invariably wrote over a nom de plume thereby concealing his identity from the world.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The First County Commissioners Elected in Madison County, and Some of Their Early Records.

The Legislature of 1828–29 passed a law abolishing the courts of the justices, which was composed of one Justice of the Peace from each township, and provided that the county business should be transacted by three Commissioners elected in each county in the State, and made them courts of limited jurisdiction since which time there has been no change in that respect.

The first election held in Madison county under this law took place on August 11, 1829, at which time Thomas McCartney, Henry Seybert and John Berry were elected the first Board of County Commissioners.

On the 19th of August, 1829, the old Court of Justices held its last session, being called for the special purpose of receiving the certificates of election of the new members of the Board, and was presided over by William Curtis, the president of the Board. The following members were in attendance: Daniel Hardesty, Daniel Wise, Richard Kinnamon, William Nelson, Jacob Hiday, Moses Whitecotton, Amasa Makepeace and John Busby.

The first business of the court was to hear and determine a contest of the election of John Berry, one of the newly elected members of the new court. The contestor, his opponent, Joseph Nichols, protested against Berry's election on the ground that the election was not carried out according to law in relation to the closing of the polls at the proper time. Ansel Richmond, who was clerk of the courts of the county, and also acted in the capacity of Auditor and Recorder, made up the minutes of the proceedings.

The Board of Justices, after hearing all the evidence and being well advised in the premises, decided against Mr. Nichols, and Mr. Berry was seated as a member of the Board, and the Justices then gave way to the Commissioners and the Board of Justices became a thing of the past.

The first order made by the Board of Commissioners after being organized was in relation to the Shelbyville State road, as follows:

"Ordered, that Isaac Jones be, and is, hereby appointed Commissioner, on behalf of Madison county, to locate a State road leading from Shelbyville by the way of Marion, in the county of Shelby; Greenfield, in Hancock county, to Andersontown in the county of Madison, in the place of Thomas Bell, appointed by the legislature, January 23d, 1829, he having declined to serve."

At the November session, 1829, the Board made an allowance to the Commissioners who laid out the above road, as follows:

"Ordered, that Isaac Jones, J. C. Sleeth and Henry Watts be allowed the sum of nine dollars each for their services as Commissioners in viewing the State road from Shelbyville in Shelby county, by the Falls of Fall creek to Andersontown, thence to intersect the Indianapolis and Fort Wayne State road, and M. Gosney is allowed the sum of fifteen dollars for nine days' service in surveying said road." Sleeth and Watts were acting on behalf of Shelby and Hancock counties.

The old system of State roads was as much of a convenience to the pioneer as the present railways are to the present inhabitant in this the day of steam locomotion. They were all mail routes of importance, and the mail-boy was of much importance, his coming on his bi-weekly trips being anxiously looked forward to by the residents along his route.

At the November session, 1828, the Board made the following allowance:

"Ordered, that F. W. Richmond and James M. Irish be allowed the sum of thirty-seven and a half cents each for making return of the presidential election in November last."

CHANGING THE BOUNDARY OF ANDERSON TOWNSHIP.

At the May session, 1830, the Board of Commissioners made an order extending the limits of Anderson township, as follows:

"Ordered, that the west line of Anderson township be moved west to the line running north and south between Sections 16 and 17, thence north to the Indian reservation."

MADISON COUNTY'S FIRST LOAN.

The first loan negotiated by Madison county was procured of Marion county, which, it seems, had a surplus of

funds, and, being neighborly, was willing to help their more unfortunate neighbors. The order for the contracting of this loan was entered at the January session, 1832, as follows:

"Ordered, that John Berry be, and he is hereby appointed an agent on behalf of Madison county, to apply to the Board of Commissioners of Marion county, for a loan of the funds of said county on hands, for any sum not to exceed one hundred dollars, for any time not to exceed three years, subject to be paid whenever there shall be a sufficiency of money in the treasury of Madison county to pay the same, and that he apply therefor at their March session next, and that the clerk of this court give him a certificate of his appointment under the seal of this Board."

THE FIRST ORDER OF THE COURT DISTRICTING THE COUNTY INTO COMMISSIONER'S DISTRICTS.

At the May session, 1831, the Board of Commissioners ordered that the county be laid out into districts which should be represented by a county commissioner. This was when the county was composed of only six townships. The order was entered of record on the 3rd day of May, 1831, as follows:

"Ordered by the Board that Madison county be divided into three districts, in each of which to elect a county commissioner at the August election, in the following manner, towit: Union and Adams townships to be known as District No. 1; Anderson and Jackson townships to be known as District No. 2, and Fall Creek and Greene townships to be known as District No. 3."

SCRAPS FROM AN OLD COUNTY RECORD.

A CASE OF LOCAL OPTION IN THE OLDEN TIME.

At the May session, 1833, of the County Commissioners' Court, appears the following:

"Comes now Jessie Wise and files his petition for a license to keep a grocery and to vend liquor at his stand in Andersontown, whereupon comes William Craycraft and others, and file their remonstrance against the Board granting any license to any grocery in the said town.

"And it appearing to the Board that a majority of the citizens and free-holders of said town do remonstrate against the granting of any such grocery license, it is considered by the Board that said license be not granted."

LICENSE GRANTED AT CHESTERFIELD.

At the same session of the Commissioners' Court above alluded to, the following entry appears:

"On application and petition filed, subscribed by at least twenty-five free-holders of the proper township, it is ordered that George Swan and John Roswell be allowed a license to keep a grocery, and vend liquors at their stand in West Union (now Chesterfield), for the term of one year."

FARMING OUT THE POOR.

In the early times the county did not own a magnificent farm and a palatial home for the unfortunate poor; they were kept by persons who would take them for the labor they could perform in addition to whatever compensation the county might pay them, bidding them off at public lettings. One of these auctions is referred to in the records of the January session, 1834.

"Now comes John Berry, one of the overseers of the poor of Anderson township, and reports that after due notice, he did, on the 11th day of December, 1833, farm out to Nathaniel Chapman, Lydia Passons, a pauper, for the term of one year for $11.75, he being the lowest bidder."

BUILDING OF A POOR HOUSE, 1834.

At the May session, 1834, of the County Commissioners Court, appears the record of the building of a poor house for Madison county, costing the princely sum of $20.00.

"Now comes Joseph Shannon, and makes the following report, towit: To the honorable Board of Commissioners of Madison county, building of a house advertised on the 26th of February and sold on the 7th day of April 1834, to the lowest bidder, to-wit: Jacob Shaul, for $20.00, he giving bond and approved security to have the poor house finished on or before the 5th day of May, on section 15, N. E. quarter town 19, N. R. 7 E. By order of the Board."

JOSEPH SHANNON, Agent.

"Ordered that Jacob Shaul be allowed $20.00 for building a poor house."

CHAPTER XXIX.

AN EVENTFUL DAY.

On the 28th of July, 1896, many local happenings took place to make it memorable in Madison county history. At Anderson, on that morning about 9 o'clock, Benton Rose and Andrew Hayworth, two visitors to the city in the search of employment, were run over by a Panhandle train near the Tenth street station and so badly mangled that Hayworth died on the same day, after being taken to St. Mary's Hospital. Rose was badly hurt and died at the hospital on July the 30th. Hayworth was a married man and had a family at Liberty, Indiana, where his relatives all resided. His family were notified and his remains were removed thither for burial after an inquest held by Coroner S. C. Sells. The two men were on their way to the station to board a train for Elwood, and were walking on the railroad track in a beating rain storm, with an umbrella carried down over their faces in such manner as to obstruct their view of an approaching train that was backing toward them. James Foland, a brakeman, was on guard at the rear end of the moving train and saw the men, and realized their perilous situation, and called to them at the top of his voice and did all he could to arrest the attention of the engineer but to no purpose, as the severity of the storm prevented the victims, as well as the engineer, from hearing his cries of warning, and before his eyes he was compelled to witness the horrible sight of two fellow creatures being terribly mutilated by the merciless wheels. Dr. Edward B. Chittenden was called and administered such medical assistance as was necessary, and assisted in their removal to the hospital.

On the same day John Meckle, an architect, in the employ of I. D. Bosworth's planing mill, had his hand horribly mutilated by a saw, nearly causing the loss of two of his fingers.

About the same hour, Benjamin Gannaway, of North Anderson, while working at the Indiana Box Factory, was struck by lightning, but was not fatally hurt. The bolt

struck him on the head and ran down the left side, burning the side of his face and breast. He was rendered unconscious, and was taken to his residence near by, where he was attended by Dr. H. E. Jones.

A barn on the farm of Barney Reddington, in North Anderson, was on the same day struck by lightning and consumed by fire.

At Frankton the rains caused the streets to be flooded, and many of the cellars of the residences were filled with water.

At Elwood the heavy rains caused Duck creek to be swollen to such an extent that many houses were flooded, and some moved from their foundations, and many of the newly made brick streets were washed out and much damage done to property.

White river was higher than at any period since 1884, and caused much anxiety to the residents in "Park Place" as to the safety of their homes.

At Elwood a man of the name of Abraham Groover, in company with some friends who were swimming in the swollen waters of Duck creek, jumped into the stream, and struck some hard substance, causing injuries from which he came near losing his life.

On the same day a young man by the name of John Wood, of LaFayette township, was drowned in Indian creek. He was the son of William Wood, a well-known farmer of that locality, and was about fifteen years old. He was in company with some neighbor boys, and when they came to the stream which had become quite high from the heavy rains, he jumped in to enjoy a swim, and sank to the bottom and never came to the surface again. His body was recovered the next day, about thirty rods from where he plunged in.

Seth Wise, a bachelor, the son of Susan Wise, living about eight miles west of Anderson, on the Perkinsville road, was found dead in a field on the farm of his mother. He was subject to epilepsy, and it is supposed he died in one of his fits. This occurrence took place on the farm made famous in history by the residence thereon having been twice destroyed by cyclones, a full account of which is elsewhere given.

CHAPTER XXX.

A Number of Pleasant Reminiscences.

SAVED FROM PRISON BY "TURNING JACK."

One of the funny occurrences in the old Court House was a case in which a man was on trial for a criminal offense and his case had gone to the jury for the finding of a verdict.

The case was one of some importance, and the counsel on either side had done their best in the trial and argument in the case. There was much speculation after the jury had retired as to the result. The jury hung for a day and a night without coming to an agreement, and this added to the anxiety of the situation.

Joseph Jarrell, an old citizen, and one whom all old-timers will remember, who lived in Pipe Creek township, and who was a familiar figure around the Court House during the sittings of the court, was on the jury.

John C. Jones, ex-mayor of Anderson, who then lived in Boone township, was also a member of the jury. These two gentlemen were renowned "seven up" players, and after the jury had exhausted all means to agree upon a verdict, it was determined that the case should be decided by Jarrell and Jones playing a game of three best out of five of "old sledge."

Jarrell was known by the "nick name" of "Booty."

The game began and was evenly contested until it stood two to two, with even points, when "Booty" turned Jack in the last deal, and won for the prisoner his liberty.

Mr. Jarrell was a hearty laugher, and was so overjoyed that he fell backward from a stool on which he was sitting, and laughed so hard that he could be heard several squares from the court house.

The verdict was immediately made up and returned in open court, but it was kept a secret from the judge and members of the bar for many months, as to how the decision was arrived at.

CAPTAIN W. R. MYERS CALLED DOWN.

In course of life at the bar of justice there are as many episodes that are full of mirth as in any other vocation.

Captain W. R. Myers, who was for many years an honorable member of the Madison county bar, had his ups and downs, ins and outs, experiencing about the same routine that other lawyers have who have gained prominence in their profession.

The genial Captain rather liked the funny side of a lawsuit, and often engaged in many scenes during his practice that were laughable.

At one time he was called to the country to try a case before a Justice of the Peace in Lafayette township, in which nearly half of the citizens of that locality were engaged on one side or the other.

The "'Squire" was a sedate old gentleman with lots of goodness of heart, but a limited knowledge of the law.

The case was a very important one and a jury was demanded. The Constable was sent out over the township, and a jury of twelve men "good and true" were procured who were duly empaneled and sworn, and the trial began, lasting until late in the night.

The Captain made one of his finest efforts and felt sure from his standpoint that he had won an easy victory over his opposing counsel. The jury, after receiving a charge from the Justice, who delivered it in a most dignified manner, retired for deliberation.

It was no time until they returned with a verdict against Captain Myers' client. This entirely unnerved the Captain, and he immediately made a motion to "poll" the jury. To this the opposing counsel objected; Myers insisted, when the court broke in: "Captain Myers, take your seat, I know these men and this jury; they are my neighbors; they are honest men, they don't need any polling, and they're not going to be polled either, do you understand?"

There was nothing left for the wily Captain to do but to quietly sink back in his seat and take his "medicine." The counsel on the other side enjoyed the fun at Myers' expense, and lost no time in telling it to his friends on their return to Anderson.

Another time when Myers was prosecuting attorney, he had a fellow before a jury for petit larceny. He was a most

villainous looking man, with a countenance most repulsive, and general make-up that would make an ordinary man shudder.

In the trial the Captain doubted very seriously whether he had made a case. When the evidence was all heard, Captain Myers arose in a very dignified manner and said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the indictment read, all the evidence in this case has been adduced.

"Now here is the defendant, look at him and draw your own conclusions."

This was all the speech necessary. The defendant's counsel made a final effort in his behalf, but to no avail.

A look at the criminal settled the question, and a conviction was found.

HOW A COURT OFFICIAL STOOD UPON HIS RIGHTS.

People talk about the dignity of court officials of to-day. They seem to think there is too much red tape and useless formality about our courts of justice. They think the good, old fellows who held the reins away back were not so formal; that their manners were simplicity personified; that no such thing as leaning on the dignity of official position prevailed in the days of our fathers. This is a mistaken idea. One of those sedate old fellows, when he got into a position, took all the pains in the world to show it. It was his delight to let the world know that he was one of the great men of the country, and it wouldn't do to "monkey" with the court in those days. If you did, you would get your foot in it. There was no delicacy with those old chaps about exercising their "prerogatives." "Ten, ninety," would not settle the bill; they would send you to the bastile.

As an instance, by referring to the old court records of September, 1832, it will be seen that one Daniel Harpold was one of the Commissioners of Madison county. It was then, as now, the duty of the sheriff to attend the sessions of the Commissioners' Court. The court was not supposed to be in legal session without the sheriff's presence.

"Good old Daniel," it seems, was one of the stiff-backed, old fellows who wanted every thing done up according to law. He presided in court like a king on his throne, and displayed all the dignity of a present-day judge of the Supreme Court. When the session was about to be convened, Daniel discovered that the sheriff was absent. Then Daniel "kicked." He

would not set as a Commissioner in the absence of the sheriff. The plain letter of the law was that the sheriff must be there, and nothing else would do, so the court had to adjourn until the sheriff could be brought in. The following order of adjournment was made:

"Daniel Harpold, one of the Commissioners of Madison county, now refuses to set as a Commissioner at this term, because the regular sheriff of the county, or a regular deputy from the hands of the sheriff is not present to attend to this Board. Henry P. Davis is, therefore, ordered by this Board to open this court and adjourn the same for the present, wherefore the said Daniel Harpold then took his seat as a Commissioner."

If a County Commissioner of the present day was to rear back on his dignity on such a whimsical cause as the above, he would be "dumped" at the next election. No, sir! the old patriarchs had as many whims and oddities as people of to-day.

The more you look back into the olden times, the more you will see that human nature has always been the same. "Man," as Josh Billings has said, "has had one eye on the main chance and the other on the collaterals." Early customs differ somewhat from those of the present time, but the same principles and selfish motives lived in the breasts of those old fellows that do in those living now. The present generation is not wholly to blame for its short-comings, for they are hereditary and were handed down from the early settlers of the country.

CONDEMNED TO BE SHOT.

The last Madison county Agricultural Society dates from 1868. The first fair was held on the grounds in September of that year. James M. Dickson, James H. Snell, John F. Wildman, Col. Wm. C. Fleming, William Crim, Dr. Joseph Pugh and A. B. Kline were among the most important stockholders. A. B. Kline was secretary, James H. Snell, general superintendent and John P. Barnes, treasurer, which officers were also members of the directory. At the first fair a great crowd was in attendance, and the whole snap was a howling success. The stock was away above par, and scarce in the market. During the progress of the fair a good, old, Pennsylvania-Dutch farmer concluded that he would save a quarter, and climbed over the fence. Some one saw him and reported him to the marshal, who immediately placed him under arrest and

brought him before the directors on the charge of "beating his way in." The Board assembled in solemn session to try the offender. Kline was selected as judge advocate to try the case and determine what penalty should be imposed. Either the grand success of the fair, or some other cause, had braced Kline up to the full importance of the occasion. He appointed "Jim" Snell to interrogate the defendant, who did his work well. The evidence was all heard, and the judge asked the defendant if he had anything to say upon the subject.

"Vell, Al., you know as I has knowed you a long vile, and you know I did not mean any ting wrong. I vash not know dat I vash 'preakin'' through your rules, and I dink as you vash besser let this matter drop, and I pay my fare and I not do so no more."

"Well," said Kline, "it is true, as you say, that you have known me for a long time, and I must confess that, after our long acquaintance, I am greatly pained to be called upon to sit in judgment on this case against you. It is a serious charge, and while my personal feelings are in your favor, and it pains me deeply to think you guilty of such an offense, yet my official position will not allow me to swerve an inch toward my personal feelings in this matter. After hearing all of the evidence, the judgment of this court is that you are guilty, and your sentence is that you be publicly shot by a committee of the stockholders to be selected by the marshal."

The woe-begone look of the man would have been a fine subject for the pen of an artist. He thought his doom was sealed. After a piteous appeal to his friends on the Board, they interceded for him, and persuaded the court to suspend the sentence. He was released on his good behavior, and always paid his way into the fair thereafter.

CHAPTER XXXI.

Two Awful Crimes.

THE ABBOTT MURDER.

The following account of an early crime in Madison county has almost passed out of the memory of the oldest living inhabitants of the community. The details are furnished us by F. T. Luse, who obtained the facts from some old settlers many years ago, when he was publishing the Anderson *Standard*, and we quote them as given to us:

THE SCENE OF THE ABBOTT MURDER IN 1830.

"In the early settlement of almost every county in this State, as well as in others, there was more or less lawlessness, disrespect for the rights of others, and a general contempt for good order. Even to-day we see this evidence in many localities of the west, where robbery, murder, counterfeiting, etc., abound, and a general reign of terror predominates. Where there is no law there is little or no society, and the revolver figures more prominently before the public eye than do the scales of justice. Until courts are organized and the proper machinery of the law is adjusted to the surroundings,

such will continue to be the state of affairs in almost all new settlements.

Madison county was not exempt from lawless characters in its early settlement, and between the years of 1825 and 1835 there were many strange characters residing within its boundaries—men who had ventured from eastern and southern localities to find an abiding place temporarily, it might be, to evade the strong arm of the law which was about to clasp them within its grasp. Fall Creek township in an early day was the home of a band of counterfeiters, who plied their vocation for some years until the law was put in operation for their benefit, when the business was broken up, and the band scattered. Pipe Creek township, in the first settling of the county, and for a few years afterward, was the abiding place of a nest of horse thieves, who followed their unlawful work in this and neighboring counties until matters became entirely too warm for them, and they abandoned the business. The descendants of some of these people reside there now. In other portions of the county at that early period resided people who knew no law, and did about as they chose, until public sentiment and an advanced civilization compelled them to leave.

About the year 1830 a family by the name of Abbott, consisting of a father, mother and two grown sons, from Kentucky, moved into the new and sparsely settled country. They settled or rather "squatted" on what was long afterward known as the Isaac Moss farm, some two miles west of the then village of Anderson. Their cabin was situated near the river bank, at the foot of the hill, on the north side of what is now known as the Perkinsville road. From the first it would seem they were more or less viewed with suspicion, although never appearing before a court of justice on any charge, and living in the locality for two years, subsequent discoveries indicated that the suspicions against them were well founded, and their hasty exit was not made any too soon. They cultivated a small patch of ground, and an occasional trader through the lonely locality would stop with them for the night. The Abbotts seemed to shun work, and yet appeared to possess a considerable amount of personal property, in the way of horses, hogs, sheep and such like, although at their first arrival few of these things were known to belong to them. The men would make quiet trips away from home, and be absent from two to three weeks at a time. Whither

they went on their business was unknown. In that early day every man was expected to know his neighbors for three or four miles around, how many plows, wagons or horses he possessed, how many acres he had in wheat or corn, how many members of his family, where and when the next "meeting" would be held, and all the gossip afloat. But the Abbotts were reserved in that respect, and did not let the neighbors know any more of their business than possible, and although maintaining some show of sociability, were careful to keep their affairs to a great extent to themselves. The truth seemed to be, and was the verdict generally of the neighbors, that the family was a household of thieves, but were committing their depredations in distant localities. This seemed to account for the occasional new horse, a few sheep or hogs, which they had not purchased directly in the neighborhood. The suspicion continued to go from neighbor to neighbor that the Abbotts were "crooked" people, and dangerous to the community, although no overt acts could be charged to their account.

Further along, however, as we shall see, an event occurred which seemed to confirm fully the evil impressions created against them and which caused their sudden flight to unknown parts very soon thereafter.

A prominent highway of early days extending through several counties adjoining this was known as the "Strawtown road." It was probably the first wagon road in the county. Its terminus was at Greenville, Ohio, and extended west from there through Muncie, Anderson and Perkinsville to Indianapolis, while a branch of it was constructed northwest toward the Wabash.

The "Strawtown road" was the emigrant route to the West for many years, and thousands of people seeking homes in the West in the early days of the State passed over it. What is now known as Eighth street in Anderson and the continuation of the gravel road to Perkinsville, was a portion of the "Strawtown road" of early times.

During the summer of 1832, a gentleman from some point in Ohio started West on horseback over the route spoken of, determined on seeking a new home in the West. He moved by slow stages, stopping a day or two at different points along the journey to inspect and prospect. He reached this county in ten or twelve days, and, passing through the village of Anderson, stopped in the evening at the Abbott home for

the night, intending, as it was supposed, to continue on in a westerly course the next day. He was never seen or heard of again. His intentions being when starting away to not be absent over six weeks, his relatives at the end of that time began to fear that trouble of some kind had overtaken him. So strongly were they confirmed that at the end of two months they determined upon a trip to find him if possible, or if not seeing him to ascertain what had become of him. Going over the same route it was a matter of very little trouble to find many places at which he had tarried over night and where they accurately described the man and horse, and different matters pertaining to him were uniformly correct. The searchers moved along their journey quite rapidly, encouraged by the hope of soon finding him. Passing on the route they went on through Anderson and stopped at the Abbott home to make further inquiries. "Yes, he had stopped there," the inmates said and described him. "He left early next morning," they said, "expecting to go at least twenty-five miles that day." The two men continued on their way west making their usual inquiries, but at no place after leaving the Abbott cabin could they hear anything concerning their friend. They continued in search for several days in the country around Noblesville and Indianapolis, but finally abandoned it and passed back east having accomplished nothing.

Neighbors who may have had certain fixed views regarding the disappearance of the stranger remained quiet. It should be remembered that those were the days when such things as detectives and telegraphs were unknown, and the opportunities and the class of persons necessary for ferreting out evil deeds and bringing criminals to justice were not nearly so favorable as in this day or age. An event, however, soon occurred that brought matters to a crisis and determined the suspected family upon an immediate flight. One morning the body of a man was found floating in White river only about a quarter of a mile below where the Abbotts lived. No one recognized the features in the neighborhood, and the Abbotts were as seemingly mystified as to who the man was as any other persons. After a few days the sensation over the discovery subsided to a great extent, many thinking that it was some stranger who had accidently fallen into the river and drowned. A few there were, however, who did not think just that way, and intimations of a murder were quietly spoken of. The Abbotts seemed to have felt probably that it

would soon be laid at their door, and one night the family with all their goods and chattels quietly disappeared. Their absence was not discovered until two or three days, and no effort was made to pursue them, the neighborhood being gratified that they had left.

The disappearance of the man who had stopped at the house, and the search for him afterwards with no intelligence regarding him seemed now to have been explained by the finding of the corpse floating in the river. The opinion rapidly chrystalized that this mysterious family had murdered the stranger for his money and the property in his possession, and sank the body in the river, and their hasty flight seemed to confirm it.

They were gone, none knew where, and no effort was put forth to arrest them, and the affair in a few months passed from the minds of most of the people then residing in that locality. This was an event, it must be borne in mind, of over sixty years ago. In this day of rapid transit and shrewd detectives, the suspected people could not have escaped. Everything relating to the affair would have been unraveled in a short time. For some years afterwards many persons in passing the road fronting the place would call attention to the cabin, which remained unoccupied, and with feelings of awe, avow that it was haunted, and that the spirit of somebody could be heard within its portals after night, and through this superstitious fear many avoided passing by there after dark. The cabin has long since gone to decay, and the people living in the vicinity were called hence long ago, yet the recollection of this mysterious family and the dark deeds attributed to its members were themes for discussion in the humble homes of the pioneers in the vicinity for many years thereafter."

AN ATROCIOUS CRIME.

Susan Nelson was the widow of William Nelson, who was for many years a resident of Anderson township, and who died in Anderson many years ago. On the 7th of September, 1883, Mrs. Nelson left the city, going west on the Bee Line road on the evening train. During the day she called at the postoffice and left an order for her mail to be forwarded to Kansas City, Missouri. She also employed a drayman of the name of Swearingen who took her trunk to the depot, and said to him that she was going to visit her son, Jasper Nelson, who had written to her and informed her that he was very

sick. She informed Edward Downey that she was leaving Anderson never to return. She also talked to other people in the same strain about leaving Anderson. She was afterwards missed by her friends and no one knew of her whereabouts.

In the following month of October after she had taken her departure, a man of the name of James Porter, while hunting in the woods about three miles southwest of the city of Terre Haute, and while in a lonely portion of the forest, noticed his dog running to the side of a ravine with something in his mouth. He called the animal to him and saw that he

PERRY MANIS, THE MURDERER OF SUSAN NELSON.

had a human skull. The afternoon was then drawing to a close, but he concluded to institute a thorough search into the matter, and see what the discovery would lead to.

Soon he found another bone, and then another, until at last it appeared to him that probably some foul murder had been committed. Overcome with fright and horror, he concluded to go to his home. On the following morning, assisted by some neighbors, he continued the search. This time a complete set of artificial teeth, and some female clothing, were discovered. It was not long before the dead body of a woman

was found hidden among the shrubbery and leaves of the wood.

The coroner of Vigo county was immediately notified of the affair. He promptly arrived upon the scene, began an examination, and held an inquest. Eighty-three cents in change was found in the dress pocket of the murdered woman. No clue, however, was obtained as to her identity. It was evident that she had been murdered as her skull was crushed in as if by a heavy blow, and there were signs of a struggle in the underbrush. The physicians who were examined as experts gave it as their opinion that she must have been dead for five or six weeks. Considerable excitement was created by a rumor that a girl at Saint Mary's College of the Woods, had been missing, and it was for a time thought that this might be her body, but an investigation soon put that theory at rest.

The people in the vicinity of the murder, however, kept up the search, hoping that something might turn up by which the remains would be identified. Finally, one day in some tall grass, a regularly written, but blood-stained insurance policy issued by Bain & Harris, of Anderson, Indiana, was found. The policy was torn nearly apart in two places. The policy was made out in the name of Mrs. Susan Nelson, and was for an insurance upon her household goods. This discovery furnished an excellent clue, and the detectives proceeded at once to work upon the case. Every neighboring village was visited, and every livery stable keeper for miles around was spoken to. The detective came to Anderson, and assisted by Marshal Coburn, whose energy was aroused by the knowledge of the perpetration of this crime, soon succeeded in establishing the fact beyond a doubt that the murdered woman was Mrs. Susan Nelson, of Anderson. The detective with his assistant then went to the old brick house in which she had for a long time resided, situated on North Main street directly opposite the present residence of Martin Gruenewald.

A letter was found from her son, Jasper, postmarked at Brazil, Indiana, dated August 23, 1883. This was about two weeks prior to the time she had left Anderson. Brazil is only sixteen miles east of Terre Haute. This letter caused a great deal of comment, and suspicion was at once directed to her son as being the guilty party. He had for years been rather prodigal in his habits, and it was known that with all his faults that his mother loved him dearly, and that he had a great influence over her. It was supposed that he had lured

her to Brazil or Terre Haute, and for the purpose of obtaining money from her, had murdered her, and then made his escape.

Jasper Nelson was accordingly arrested at Cape Girardeau, Missouri, on suspicion, and brought to Anderson for trial. Upon a full and complete investigation of all the facts stated by him as to his whereabouts at the time of the murder, the court was satisfied that he was innocent of the crime, although many persons have been convicted on less convincing evidence. Hon. W. R. Myers was his attorney and did valiant work in saving him from conviction.

Suspicion pointed to one Perry Manis, an ex-preacher of the gospel who resided near Frankton, in this county, and who was known to have been a frequent visitor to Mrs. Nelson's house. About this time Manis was arrested and placed in the Madison county jail, for associating with prostitutes, and, during his imprisonment, his actions in some way fastened suspicion upon him very strongly in relation to the murder of Mrs. Nelson. Among other circumstances it was shown that he had left Anderson about the time Mrs. Nelson did, and returned after an absence of four or five weeks. He left without taking a trunk, and with but little money, and returned with a trunk and plenty of funds in his possession. In a little while after his return he purchased a horse and buggy and a set of harness at a cost of $300. He gave as an explanation for his possession of the money that $225 of it was given him by his mother, and $25 by Maggie Moore, a lady friend. A boy was produced who stated that he had overheard him arranging a plan with Mrs. Nelson, in which it was agreed that they would go to Kansas City, and establish a boarding house. This was another very suspicious circumstance against him.

The officers secured possession of the trunk brought back by Manis, and when interrogated as to how he came in possession of it, he said that he bought it of a man in the Union depot at Indianapolis for $6.00; that the man was a stranger to him and had told him he was out of money. The detectives kept at their work, and day by day more evidence was forthcoming, and the web was woven so closely about Manis, that finally an affidavit was filed against him in Vigo county for the murder of Mrs. Nelson. The grand jury at Terre Haute took jurisdiction of the case, and an indictment was returned charging him with murder. He was placed under arrest, and taken to Terre Haute, and on a trial in the Circuit Court in

that county, he was convicted of the crime and sentenced to imprisonment for life in the penitentiary, and here he died within a period of two or three years after his imprisonment. It was known that when Mrs. Nelson left Anderson, she had in her possession over $600, which she had drawn out of the Exchange Bank a day or two prior to her departure. There was no doubt at all as to the identity of the murdered woman being Mrs. Nelson; portions of her clothing were produced in court which her friends and relatives recognized; and the set of artificial teeth, which were found in the woods were shown to have been made for her by Dr. H. B. Reid, who appeared in court and identified them. It was also shown upon the trial that Manis and Mrs. Nelson were seen together in a lodging house at Terre Haute; that he had hired a buggy and had driven away with her, but had returned without her; while there was no direct evidence to connect him with the crime, all the circumstantial facts in the case were very strong.

The State of Indiana was represented at the trial by the prosecuting attorney at Terre Haute, and Wm. A. Kittinger, of Anderson. Mr. Manis was defended by Judge Mack, of Terre Haute. Mr. Kittinger won fresh laurels in the management of this case.

Mrs. Susan Nelson will be remembered by the old citizens of Madison county as the sister of Frederick and Michael Bronnenberg, who have lived in this county nearly all their lives.

The connection of Perry Manis with this crime was a severe blow to his family, none of whom had ever been accused or convicted of any crime. Manis, himself, was not considered as having vicious habits, and, in fact, was, at one time, an itinerant preacher, who held religious meetings in the school districts throughout the county. It was claimed that, by his efforts, he made many converts to the Christian faith. The only thing of which he was accused, prior to this affair, was that he was a man of lewd habits, indolent, and disposed to associate with bad characters. In this respect he was altogether different from every one of his relatives, who were all well-to-do and prosperous people.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Reminiscences and Other Miscellany.

AN OLD-TIME SHOOTING MATCH AND ITS RESULT.

In the early history of many of the counties of Indiana, and, in fact, for many years afterward, "shooting matches," as they were termed, were a leading sport, or amusement, among a large portion of the people, and they were generally attended by the male portion of the community for miles around. The best shots with the rifle were generally rewarded with turkeys, the "hind" or "fore" quarter of a beef, and, sometimes, money. They rarely failed to attract large crowds of men from the excitement and social enjoyment that attended them, and, even yet, "shooting matches" are occasionally heard of, but rarely, any more.

One of these matches occurred in this county in 1847, that was attended, from what followed before the people dispersed to their homes, with unusual excitement. Only a short distance west of the Mounds, near the bank of White river, on what is known as the Samuel Hill farm, where there was a distillery, a match for shooting had been arranged and extensive notice called to it for some days before. It was in November, on Thanksgiving Day of that year.

The air was somewhat cold and the sky overhead dark and forbidding, but it did not fail to draw out a large crowd of people to witness the shooting, and fully two hundred persons were on hand, among them some of the best "shots" of that time in the county. The crowd was feeling in the best of humor, and the sport proceeded along finely for two or three hours after midday.

Two young men, Cox and Tharp, were among those in attendance, but neither probably anticipated the dreadful tragedy soon to follow, or the hurried retreat and permanent exile of one of them from the county.

There had been some previous trouble between the two men, but not of such a nature as to suggest danger or death to either. Tharp was the larger of the two, and inclined to be

somewhat domineering in his actions to his smaller opponent, Cox. Tharp had had some trouble during the progress of the match, and Cox, it seems, had avoided his enemy by retreating from him two or three times. Goaded at last, it would appear, when forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, Cox seized the rifle of a bystander, rushed up to where Tharp was standing with his right side fronting him, and raising it high over his shoulder brought the barrel of it with full force upon his head. Tharp dropped to the earth as if shot, and never arose again. Immense excitement followed, of course. Both men had friends on the ground, and threats from both sides were passed rapidly back and forth. Tharp was placed in a wagon, brought to his home in Anderson, but died during the night from the effect of the blow, having never spoken.

An examination after death showed a fractured skull, and that death did not come at once is marvelous. Cox soon after crossed over to his home about a mile to the northwest, and next morning was arrested and placed in jail. As is usual in cases of this kind some loud threats by a few friends of the dead man were indulged in, but the better sense of the community prevailed, and the matter was given over to the grand jury to investigate and report upon. Cox had many warm friends who considered that he had been imposed upon, and was not really responsible for the untimely taking off of Tharp.

The grand jury soon convened, reported an indictment against him for murder, and preparations began for his trial. The jail, an old log affair, was situated in the northwest corner of the square, its main entrance fronting to the south. The Sheriff at that time was John H. Davis.

And here begins a final feature of the affair altogether unanticipated, and which brought to it a termination much sooner than the general public had been led to suppose. A few friends of Cox were permitted to visit him every few days. They discussed quietly with him the probable results of his trial. It was feared by all of them that the best that he could hope for would by a long term of twelve or fifteen years in the penitentiary. They all feared a verdict, while they considered that he had acted in self defense. After talking the matter over from every point it was determined that he should break jail and leave the county forever. He assented and he readily agreed to make the attempt, and which, as we will subsequently see, was crowned with success. Five true and

determined men were given the secret, and these five, it was said, brought it about. The strictest secrecy was enjoined upon all and the night was selected when he was to rush forth to freedom. During the occasional visits of his friends an impress of the lock in beeswax was taken. This was used in patterning an iron key that would fit the lock. After it was finished it was found to work exactly. It unlocked the door to the jail readily. All was well thus far. The next thing was to select the night and make final preparations.

One can fancy how the hearts of these five friends must have beaten as the hour drew nigh for Cox to come forth. The slightest mishap might upset all their plans and they themselves be locked behind the bolts and of the same prison from which they were striving to liberate their friend. Cox was the owner of a fine horse, "Selam," a good roadster, strong of wind and "good bottom." He was to be used in carrying his owner away from trouble. "Selam" was brought to town one afternoon and thoroughly shod for the journey at the blacksmith shop in the south part of the town near where the school building on Main street is situated. One of his friends went to the jail and told him to prepare to start that night at about the hour of 11 o'clock. Near that hour the five friends, one of them leading "Selam," approached cautiously and noiselessly to the jail building from the west side of the square.

It was cold on the night in question, a slight snow was falling, the town was in deep slumber and only a faint, dim light could occasionally be seen from some building in the vicinity.

Slowly and with cat-like tread the jail is reached, the door is unlocked and in low tones Cox is told to come forth. He does so at once, and for the first time in weeks, breathes the air of freedom and after a hurried conversation regarding directions he mounts the faithful horse. "Farewell, may God protect you" is heard, and a cordial final shaking of hands all around and he is off bidding farewell forever to Madison county. He moved in a westerly course. The night was extremely dark, and was lighted only by an occasional star from behind the dark passing clouds, but he moves on as fast as old "Selam" could carry him, animated no doubt by the fear that early next morning officers may follow and overtake him, and that he may yet be compelled to undergo imprisonment behind the gloomy walls of the penitentiary. He rode that night, it was afterwards ascertained, twenty miles before

stopping, crossing the river at Perkinsville, and proceeding in a northwesterly direction. His first stop was in the northern part of Hamilton county at a farm house, where he remained until the afternoon, to feed and rest his horse.

The next morning after his flight immense excitement was created in Anderson at the discovery that Cox was missing. How it was done and who did it were puzzling questions that every one was asking. Many were glad of it while others condemned the officers for their carelessness. Officers were sent in various directions and posters sent describing the escaped prisoner. This was in the days before telephones, telegraphs, and railroads were known, and it was a much more difficult matter to trace and catch criminals than in this fast age.

The night of the escape a heavy snow fell and it was impossible for sometime for the officers to ascertain in which direction he had gone, which was all the better for the fleeing man. Finally they got on the right course and traced Cox as far northwest as Logansport where it was found that he had crossed the Wabash river about the third day after leaving Anderson. After this nothing reliable as to his course in leaving the Wabash could be ascertained, and, after a few weeks, pursuit was abandoned altogether. The friends of Cox mingled with the citizens of the town the day after the escape wondering (?) how it was done and condemning in no mild terms the want of vigilance on the part of the officials. One of these five men, who was generally suspected as an "aider and abetter" in the liberation of Cox, is yet among the living of Madison county, and as we observe his slow treading steps and bent form as he passes along the streets, we fancy he must, in his mind, recur to his part in the affair of near a half a century ago with mingled feelings of satisfaction to himself, if to none other, and what a thrill of excitement must occasionally pervade his thoughts as the stormy night, the quiet march to the jail, the appearance of Cox, and his quiet disappearance in the darkness all appear before him.

A plain marble slab, properly sculptured, only a few rods to the northeast from the main entrance to the Anderson cemetery marks the spot where repose the remains of Tharp, the unfortunate victim of a tragedy of so much excitement in the long ago, and here the winds of near a half century have sung their sad requiems over his grave.

Some twenty-five years after the tragedy an old citizen

of Madison county, during a journey through the west, in his route had occasion to pass through the west part of Wisconsin, in St. Croix county. Here in a small town he came unexpectedly across Cox, who had disappeared so suddenly in the winter of 1847. Both recognized each other at once and their greetings were cordial. Little or no reference was made to the trouble "back in Indiana," a quarter of a century before, and Cox did not seem in the least flustered or nervous at meeting the individual that knew a full history of his former difficulty. He may yet be alive, but if so, is no doubt gray and bent with the weight of seventy or eighty years upon him and as each annual occurring "Thanksgiving Day" appears he would gladly blot from memory that of 1847.

Captain A. I. Makepeace saw Tharp on the morning of the tragedy and tried to dissuade him from attending the shooting match.

A RED HOT POLITICAL CAMPAIGN IN WHICH MUCH BAD BLOOD WAS DISPLAYED.

The campaign of 1868, the first to take place after the close of the Civil war, was one that will long remain green in the memories of those who lived in this county and took part in it. There never has been one since that has been accompanied with so much ill feeling, hot blood, or hatred, as that memorable political fight. The campaign started in early, and the battle raged fiercely until the last gun was fired. General Grant was the nominee of the Republican party, and Horatio Seymour the Democratic leader. The Democrats started in by ratifying the nomination of Horatio Seymour for the presidency, in July, by the firing of cannon and speech-making in the Court House yard, on which occasion Jacob Hubbard, while ramming a load in the cannon, had his arm blown off by a premature explosion, an account of which is elsewhere related.

The Republicans had a well organized body of men in uniform, well drilled for political parade, "The Fighting Boys in Blue," at the head of which was Captain C. T. Doxey, who was then young, energetic and full of life, just fresh from the seat of war. The Democrats had the largest political uniformed club that was ever organized in the county, numbering one thousand strong. Captain B. B. Campbell was the commander. The organization was known as the "White Boys in Blue." This was one of the finest look-

ing political clubs that ever marched through the city of Anderson; their uniforms were blue pants, zouave style, white waists and blue caps.

During the campaign Mrs. J. M. Dickson, who was one of Madison county's best Democratic women, presented the boys a flag in a handsome speech from the veranda of her residence at the corner of Fourteenth and Jackson streets, which was received with cheers and music. The boys carried that flag from one end of the State to the other. The two political parties vied with each other in all public demonstrations, trying to outdo each other in splendor and attractions. A great deal of bad feeling existed on both sides, but no serious results came of it until the closing days of the campaign. The Republicans had a grand "rally" at Anderson. It was to be the last struggle of the battle. This was, perhaps, the largest political gathering that ever occurred in this county. Every Republican county within fifty miles of Anderson sent delegations to swell the crowd and overawe the Democracy of Madison county. During the day, as is usual, some of the boys drank freely and became very loud. Neal Daugherty was then a Democrat and was city marshal. He arrested several of the lads and placed them in the "coop." The news spread like wild-fire. The Democratic city officials were arresting and incarcerating in jail the Republican boys. It was no time until the town was all shaken up with excitement.

Wesley Dunham was then Mayor and James H. McConnell was city prosecutor. A rush was made for the Mayor's office and a demand made for the release of the boys who had been placed in jail. Clubs, pistols and knives were flourished over and around Mayor Dunham and Marshal Daugherty's heads and threats of all kinds of violence were made if the prisoners were not released. Mayor Dunham stood like a stone wall and faced the infuriated crowd, backed by the steady nerve of Neal Daugherty and J. H. McConnell. He flatly refused to issue any order for the discharge of the prisoners, as they were transgressors against the law and were arrested for that and not for any political reasons. Some one in the crowd cried out, "Rescue them! Tear down the jail!" In a moment the excited crowd rushed toward the old jail, at the corner of Ninth and Jackson streets.

James H. Snell was then sheriff, and a braver man never filled that office. He heard the crowd coming with a yell.

He took his place in the jail yard, and in a gentlemanly way ordered the crowd not to enter the premises, warning them that whoever did so did it at his peril. The crowd halted for consultation. About this time Captain W. R. Myers, who was then a Republican leader in Madison county, appeared upon the scene and took his station in the jail yard, and in a few well-timed remarks shamed the crowd out of any attempt to tear down the jail, telling them that the laws of the land had been transgressed, and there was no disposition on the part of the city officials to do anything but their duty; that as soon as possible the transgressors should be taken before the Mayor and their cases lawfully disposed of. This speech had the effect to disperse the crowd, and saved the jail from being torn down, and, perhaps, the shedding of blood.

Matt Tob'n then kept a saloon in the alley between Ninth and Tenth streets, south of Main. His place was raided and cleaned out. Pistols, knives and bludgeons were drawn on him, but he faced his assailants and showed them fight. He was not personally injured, but had a close call.

Henry Bronnenberg, the present County Commissioner, was in town on that day. Some one reported that he had shouted for Jeff. Davis. A rush was made for him, but Henry was too slick for them. He rode a gray mare that could out run the wind. He took toward home, hundreds of fellows on foot and horse back following him, yelling and shouting like Indians on the trail; but to no purpose. Bronnenberg sat on his racer, looking back at his pursuers at intervals, sending back a shot from a revolver. No one was hit either by him or his pursuers. He crossed the river near Jackson's old mill that used to stand on the river near the crossing of the Pan Handle and Bee Line railroads, becoming lost to sight in the woods that was then along the river. Oliver Myers, a brother of Captain Myers, was coming to town riding a gray horse nearly the same color as Bronnenberg's. The crowd met him, and thinking he was Bronnenberg, coming back towards them, came very near killing him before he could explain who he was. It took some tall talking from Mr. Myers to save his scalp, but at last he succeeded in getting them convinced that he was not the man they were after. Bronnenberg returned to the city in a short time, but was not molested.

A. A. Hellwig, who was a leading Democratic politician at that time, was among others who had to keep shady on

that occasion, but got even by knocking down a fellow from Middletown and taking his badge from him.

The larger portion of those who wanted to take the town came from other counties, whilst there were some in Anderson who "egged" them on. The best element did not approve of it and denounced it. In that campaign Captain B. B. Campbell, who was at the head of the "White Boys in Blue," took his command to Indianapolis to a State rally. While there they got into an altercation with the Republican authorities, and Captan Campbell, in defense of the rights of his men, drew his sword and struck one of his assailants over the head, giving him a severe wound. No man ever had command of a political club in this county who had the perfect control over his men and commanded their entire respect as did Captain Campbell. He could have led them into the depths of bloody battle, fire or flame, and not a man would have flinched. Time has changed and mellowed down those who yet live, who took part in that political fight. The many neighbors who then hated each other for political reasons are the best of friends now.

Captain Campbell and Major Doxey, the central figures in that exciting conflict, who used to walk on opposite sides of the street from each other—are now the warmest of old cronies, often in a crowd together, talking, no doubt thinking, about their foolishness in those by-gone days.

Politics, as well as other things, have since then changed. Captain Myers is now one of the wheel horses of the Democracy. W. A. Kittinger, then a Democrat, is a red hot Republican. Neal Daugherty, then a Democrat, is now a Republican, and so the world goes on.

BURKETT EADS A ONCE PROMINENT CITIZEN.

Burkett Eads was one of Madison county's old-timers. He died in Anderson about the year 1866, while filling the office of county Recorder. He was born in Virginia, where he married; he removed to Kentucky, where he lived for a short time, moving to Henry county, and from thence to this county, where he spent the remainder of his days. In 1856 he was elected Sheriff, and in 1864 became Recorder, which place he filled during the war. He was a sterling Democrat. There was no compromise in his make-up. Democracy was his only religion. During his term of office congress passed a law requiring all deeds and mortgages to be stamped with a one-

dollar revenue stamp; it also required a certificate of the officer taking the acknowledgement, that it was duly stamped according to law. It also gave the Recorder a twenty-five-cent fee for recording the certificate.

When a person brought in a deed to have it recorded, Burkett would ask him his politics.

"I am a Republican, sir."

"Well, the fee is one dollar and a half. If you were a Democrat, it would only be one dollar and a quarter."

"How is that?"

"The government has passed a law requiring me to record this certificate, that your deed is properly stamped. You have voted for this law, now you can pay for it."

He had a nickname for every one. He immediately named every stranger who came to town. He called Armstrong Taylor "Snakeroot;" Richard Lake, he called "The Arabian Dick;" Michael Doll, he called "Snake-head;" Ephraim Doll, he called "Blacksnake."

During the war, when excitement ran high, a company of soldiers was passing through the town and undertook to take the place. They raided all the county officers, and put them all to flight except Burkett Eads, who entrenched himself in his office, and showed fight; defying them, they passed on and let him alone.

When he lived in Henry county it was at an early day — when people cut their grain with a hand sickle. Burkett Eads had the distinction of being the fastest reaper in the county. His oldest son, Edward Eads, committed suicide beneath a large beech tree in Liberty township, Henry county, by shooting his brains out with a rifle, while out hunting, caused by melancholy from being jilted by his lady love.

Burkett Eads died in a house opposite where John Barnes now lives, on Central avenue, in 1866, from a stroke of paralysis.

The widow Eads lived there for many years after her husband's death, and died but a short time since. John Eads, his son, is yet living south of the city; he is a prosperous farmer and brick manufacturer. Burkett Eads was, during his lifetime, one of the most popular and successful politicians who ever lived in Madison county; as honest as the day was long, generous to a fault, universally loved and esteemed by all, and leaving a host of friends to mourn his loss when he died.

EX-CORONER GEORGE ARMSTRONG'S EXPERIENCE.

George Armstrong was one of the characters of Madison county—a shoe-maker by trade, and an Irishman by birth. He read all the papers and was posted on the general political situation. He could often drop in a remark in regard to the political situation in a caucus that would open the eyes of the "ring masters" in local politics, coming as it did from one wholly unpretentious and unassuming.

George had a bee; it buzzed in his ear for a great many years. He thought he was cut out for some office. He often remarked that "many friends" had solicited him to enter the arena, but somehow he could not get the consent of his mind to leave his business, but at last he concluded that Shakespeare's lines were true, which say:

> "There is a tide in the affairs of man
> Which taken at its flood, leads on to fortune."

So, after much careful deliberation and advice from friends, George announced himself a candidate for Coroner of Madison county. The campaign was a short, decisive one, and George got left. Did he kick? No, you bet your life he didn't.

George Armstrong was a Democrat from away back. The principles of Democracy were woven in his make-up, dyed in the wool, warranted not to fade. He gave the entire summer following to the cause of the campaign. He made it his business to solicit votes for his successful opponent who had defeated him in the spring nomination. When the election came round, the entire ticket was elected and George was happy.

Time rolled on until another nomination came on. George, not satisfied with his first venture, tried his luck again which resulted in his triumphant success. He was nominated and elected, filling the office to the satisfaction of his party, until the time of his death when Dr. Spann was appointed to fill the vacancy.

After his election he was explaining to Jack Hunt and some friends how he came to be defeated the first time, and the cause of his grand success in the last contest: "Ye say, the firsth time I didn't fully understand desate amongst the paple. I was after going out into Pipecreek township among the Fargesons and Leggs, and tellin' them I was a candidate for Coroner. And they said to me, 'And sure did ye think we did not know it? What! man don't you know

you are foolin' away your time running over the country? We are all for you.' And I saw a great many and they were all for me. So, by gara, I comes home and goes to work on the bench, sure that I was there. What d'ye think? When the namination came off I was not heard of, by gara. Ye could put my vote through the eye of a nadle. Well, thinks says I, they'll not fool me the next time. So when I went for the namination the last time I went to get it. Whin a man told me he was for me I didn't believe a d—n word of it, but rather counted him "ferninst" me. But you bet your life I didn't let them send me home with my ears full of taffy. I staid out in the country, and argayed with them and plead my cause to every Democrat in Madison county, until the last day, and you see, man, what I done. I tell you politics is a desavin thing. A man whose word would be taken without swearing in court on any other subject, won't do to trust on oath in politics."

George was very nearly right about it. The man who wins in a political race, must be wide awake and trust no one with his secrets, and use all kinds of schemes and devices to pull the wool over the eyes of the people.

SUICIDE OF EDWARD LEMON.

On the 5th of August in 1881, news reached Anderson from Neillsville, Wisconsin, that Edward Lemon, a former resident of this city, had committed suicide. This was his third attempt, and it is said the third time is the charm, and the saying was verified in this case. When the news reached this city that he had committed suicide, but few people who were acquainted with the waggish ways of the deceased, gave the story any credence, as they supposed that it was another one of his efforts to "sell" the people, for which he always manifested a desire, but telegrams and letters received in a few days thereafter, confirmed the report of the fact that he had finally terminated his life by taking laudanum.

When he took the poison he went to the office of the Neillsville *Press* and extracted from the editor a promise of secrecy. He told his story of how he was about to end his life as the fatal draught had already been taken. The editor lost no time in sending for medical aid, which greatly incensed Mr. Lemon, for he said he was bound to go. He told the editor to write him up in fine style, and to say, "I died in the blessed hope of a glorious immortality." He also wanted

something put in about climbing the golden stairs, saying, "you know how to do it."

This talk on the part of Lemon led the physicians to believe that he was playing a joke, and nothing was done for him until he fell back in his chair, limp and helpless.

Every one present did all he could to save his life, but he died at 2 :30 o'clock on the following morning.

Only the winter previous Lemon had attempted suicide in Anderson and barely escaped death, and about three months before this occurrence he had made a similar attempt at Minneapolis. From Garrett W. Brown, who was an uncle of the deceased, and who lived in Anderson previous to this time, it was learned that there was no particular clue to the cause of Lemon's desire to end his life. He had on one occasion informed Mr. Brown that the reason that he had attempted to end his life was that he was constantly harrassed by an irresistible desire for strong drink, and that rather than be a common drunkard he would end his existence. He knew of several drunkards in Anderson and rather than become so loathsome as they were to the public, he would end his life.

Lemon was well known to the population of Anderson as well as to a large number of people throughout the country. He was bright and a natural wag; he was always getting off some practical joke.

At the time he attempted suicide in Anderson, he was taken to the Doxey Hotel where he was attended by Dr. William Suman, who inserted a stomach pump for the purpose of pumping out the poison. While his friends were standing around filled with the seriousness of the hour, and trying to do all they could to save the unfortunate man's life, Lemon cried out, "Doc, wouldn't they be in a hell of a fix if a fire would break out now while you have got this engine down my throat?" This caused the persons assembled to indulge in a hearty laugh, even though the occasion was a very serious one.

Dr. Suman succeeded in extricating him from his perilous condition, and on the next day Lemon was on the streets practicing his usual line of jokes as though nothing had occurred. His wit knew no bounds; he was a great mimic, and could imitate to perfection the voice of any public speaker he had ever heard, also of birds and animals. He was a ready writer and his forte was really that of a funny man.

He once wrote a "take off" on a swell reception given in Anderson, in which he laid the scene at his country home,

called "The Damside Farm," in which he ridiculed some of the old-timers of Anderson in elegant style. He gave the description of the costumes of all those who were present, and the full details of this affair in such language and such terse words that nothing else could have been done to make it more ridiculous. The reason for writing this article was that a gentleman well known in Anderson had given a swell reception, after which the affair was liberally written up for the *Anderson Democrat*, and among the guests were a great many people for whom Lemon did not have the best of feeling, and therefore he had written this article as a "take off."

Mr. Lemon is pleasantly remembered elsewhere in these pages. He, like all of us, had his faults, but had many virtues, which, to a large extent, overbalanced all his shortcomings.

A DESTRUCTIVE STORM.

One of the most destructive cyclones that ever visited Madison county occurred on Wednesday, May 12, 1886. The tract over which it passed was made almost a waste, being about a mile and a half wide and four or five miles long, extending east and west. Great damage was done to the wheat fields, and other crops were laid waste. Houses, barns and stables were moved from their foundations, shattered and unroofed, and some blown down. Large forest trees in great numbers were broken off and thrown together. Many fine orchards were ruined, and rail fences were blown to the four winds. A terrible flood of rain accompanied the storm, covering the surface of the ground to a depth of several feet.

Among the buildings damaged was the Waggy school house, south of Anderson, which had its roof and gable blown off. On the farm of Samuel Cridge a large amount of timber and fences was blown down and destroyed. Dr. Robinson, who lived two miles south on the Columbus pike, had a fine orchard entirely obliterated. J. D. Wilson, in the same neighborhood, had five hogs drowned, and the roof taken off his house. Peter Miller, living about two miles south of Anderson, had his stable blown down and all his fencing completely scattered. The residence of William Harmeson was considerably damaged.

James Shinkle, of Anderson, who lived on West Tenth street, had been to Noblesville and was driving home. When near the residence of William P. Davis, west of Anderson, he

drove into a culvert that had been washed out, and one of his horses by breaking through into it, was seriously injured. Quite a large excavation was made under the Pan Handle railway, near the Myers ford, the water causing the section hands to work for the balance of the night and all of the next day in patching up the road so that trains could pass. In the house of John Aldridge, on East Ninth street, in Anderson, the water stood to the depth of several feet in the first story. A large three-story brick flouring mill at Pendleton, was also flooded with water, and under the pressure of the surging waves in Fall creek, the foundation crumbled and was partially washed away, doing much damage.

This terrible storm will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Madison county, over whom it passed. At one time it seemed as if every one living within its course would meet with instant death.

JOSHUA'S SPEECH.

When the Hon. Hervy Craven was Judge of the Madison Circuit Court there were many incidents occurred that would now seem at least odd in a court of justice. Craven was one of those men who was built with the rough side out. Every one who knew him believed him to be an honest man, however much they might have disliked his rough ways and uncouth manner on the bench. No one would ever have been so bold as to try to wrongfully sway his judgment. It would not have been safe. He, with all his gruff ways and outward signs of independence, was away down, one of the most sensitive of men. He disliked to be criticised or talked about as much as any one. During his occupancy of the bench many of the attorneys got on the "off side" of him, either from real or imaginary causes, many of them taking changes of venue from him as Judge. He soon caught on to the fact that in many cases it was purely personal. In all such cases he would call Joshua Jones, of Tipton county, to try their cases. Joshua was not the most profound lawyer in the world, but did not seem to know it. When he was called to try a case it had to be tried at all hazard. Attorneys, jurors, citizens or tax payers could not head him off. If the issues were not made up in the case he ordered the attorneys to at once join them, or have their cases dismissed. They would many times squirm and plead for time, but it was "no go." Joshua was in command. The trial had to go or "bust."

Judge Craven was generally a quiet spectator to Judge Jones' actions, and was nearly tickled to death to see Joshua "twist their tails," as he termed it.

One time Joshua was the attorney in a case before Judge Craven and a jury, in which Isaac Dehority, of Duckcreek township, was the defendant. Joshua was for the plaintiff in the case. He was doing his best for his client, from the fact that he had a dislike for the defendant, as well as from legal reasons for winning his case. It was a long, tedious trial, there being many witnesses on both sides. The testimony rather preponderated on Dehority's side. Joshua felt that unless something was done almost superhuman he must lose. So he made up his mind that he would make a heroic argument before the jury and possibly save the day. The opposing counsel had made a stirring speech, summing up the evidence in direct bearing upon the issues of the case, when he gave way for Joshua to close. He sailed in. in regular spread-eagle style, touching but slightly on the evidence, dwelling upon the fact that his client was poor, etc., to catch the sympathy of the jury. The court was giving him all the string he wanted and finally he got to his fullest height. He swelled up and said: "Gentlemen of the jury, where was Isaac Dehority, the defendant in this case, while my client was baring his breast to the storms of battle, fighting in defense of that old flag we love so well? I say, where was he? I'll tell you where he was. He was lurking around home, basking his d—d rebel carcass in the swamps of Madison county." The Judge at this point broke in with, "Give 'em hell, Joshua."

He spoke for an hour and half in this strain, getting the jury worked up to a pitch where evidence, law or gospel would not have stood in their way, finally bringing in a verdict for Joshua's client.

GEORGE FESLER IN A DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

As far back as the oldest inhabitant can remember, the Democratic conventions for the purpose of arranging the preliminary work of the campaign, had been held in the old court house until it was destroyed by fire in December, 1880. The coming of the time for the biennial mass meeting of the Democratic hosts, was anxiously looked forward to by a large number of the rural politicians; in fact, their actions in the mass conventions were about all they got out of politics. They made motions, offered resolutions, made speeches and

got their names in the papers, all of which was glory enough to last them until the next campaign.

Among the many who were prominent in these conventions, was George Fesler, of Ovid. For years he was a regular attendant and took a prominent part in the deliberations of the conventions. He was in attendance at one of these meetings once when a general row was about to take place—a split in the convention seemed inevitable. Two factions were at war with each other. The committee on resolutions had come in to make its report and a storm of indignation came up from the audience. As each resolution was read, some one would arise and move to lay it on the table. Another resolution would come and a like motion would be made. Long and spirited debates ensued in each case. Eagle flights of oratory were indulged in by Judge Pierse, J. M. Dickson, W. C. Fleming, Dr. J. C. Cullen, Dr. T. N. Jones, and in fact, all of the local politicians.

The Hon. David S. Gooding was present, ready to address the convention as soon as an opportunity afforded. If there was a man on earth that George Fesler loved to hear speak, it was Judge Gooding. George was becoming tired of the "monkey business" and wanted Gooding to have a chance to speak. Some one moved to lay a certain resolution on the table. A big fight was on hand, almost coming to blows. George raised up from his seat and shouted:

"Messer Presitent!" The confusion was so loud that the president didn't hear him. "Messer Presitent, Messer Presitent." Finally he shouted at the top of his voice, "Messer Presitent," this time getting the chairman's attention and was recognized. "Messer Presitent, in order to hurry up the proceedings of this convention, so that Dave Gooding can make a speech, I moves that ve lay all of the resolutions on the table and wote them all srue at once."

This brought down the house and placed the fighting elements in a good humor. Order was restored and the business soon dispatched. Judge Gooding made his speech and all went home happy.

A CLIENT PLEADS GUILTY AFTER HE IS ACQUITTED.

Many funny things take place during a lifetime in the practice of law. A lawyer gets on the inside of many men's evil deeds, and knows the secret history of many men whom it would utterly destroy if revealed. But no good lawyer—

one who lives up to the rules of the practice, and who has a high regard for his position as a professional man, ever gives up the secrets confided in him. Information of a private character imparted to an attorney at law, is much safer than if given to your wife. The discreet lawyer never tells his wife. It is generally understood that in criminal cases the defendant makes a "clean breast" of it, gives his attorney every detail, so that he actually knows whether his client is guilty or not guilty.

In many cases lawyers stand before the jury with tears streaming down their faces, trying to convince the jury of the innocence of their client, when, in fact, they know he is as guilty as sin. Once in a while you will find a fellow who is guilty, who persists to his attorney, as well as the outside world, that he is innocent. He is often so serious about it that his attorney thinks he is an innocent, much-abused and persecuted man.

An instance of this kind once occurred in the Madison Circuit Court. A man in the southern part of the county was indicted for stealing some clothing.

He employed the Hon. J. W. Sansberry to defend him. Mr. Sansberry was then in his prime and stood at the head of the Madison county bar. He was always a sincere man. If he took a notion that his client was actually not guilty, it was almost a personal matter with him in the trial of the case. Every effort was made, and nothing left undone to accomplish his acquittal.

In this case the man strenuously declared his innocence. His attorney thought he was innocent, as well as many others who were acquainted with the circumstances. When the Sheriff went to serve process on the defendant, he wanted to put his horse up and feed him, but the man denied him the privilege, and would not consent, under any circumstances, to allow his horse put in his stable. This made the Sheriff angry. When he brought the prisoner to Anderson he related the circumstance to Mr. Sansberry, who thought it was strange, to say the least; and also thought his client had hurt his case by taking such a course with the officer.

The fellow made a plausible excuse, fixing it up on his part. The time came around for his trial. An heroic defense was made for him. The jury took his case under advisement, in due time returning a verdict of not guilty. He was once more a free man, with the stain of theft washed away.

He again stood before the world as an honest, upright, God-fearing man. His friends congratulated him upon his acquittal. The jury was complimented for its good sense and sound judgment. After all was over, Mr. Sansberry, in conversation with the client, asked him why he denied the Sheriff the courtesy of putting his horse in the stable.

"Well," said the man, "You see, I had the stolen clothes hidden in the manger, and I was afraid he would find them." This knocked the attorney out. He felt as if there was no confidence to be placed in mankind. Many a guilty man has escaped punishment by putting on a bold face and sticking to the plea of innocence.

OLD-TIME COURT EXPERIENCES.

In the long time ago it seems that the people of Madison county who dwelled in their log cabins and lived on "corn dodger," with all their ways of simplicity, were about as greedy for small crumbs thrown out of the county "crib" as the present generation. While their compensation was very small as compared with what persons are paid at the present time, there were about as many patriots ready and willing to serve as there are now in proportion to the population. There always was and always will be, around every county seat, about the same number of fellows who love to serve in the capacity of jurors and supernumeraries around the courts. There is a fascination about the proceedings of a court that takes hold of some fellows and never loosens its grip on them. The comforts of sitting in a jury box in a warm court house on a cold wintry day, as the wind whistles through the cracks and crevices around the temple of justice, listening to the testimony and weighing the evidence in a long and hotly contested case of bastardy, rape or assault and battery, is something that has always been a source of great gratification to many people. It is noticeable, too, that there is, and always has been, a certain crowd in all stages of the court proceedings that are the favored ones.

Among the "old-timers" who had their share of the plums picked out of the county orchard there were Saul Shaul, William Curtis, Daniel Harpold, Willis G. Atherton, Jesse Shelton, Collins Tharp, Jesse Wise and many others who held sway away back in the thirties. From the year 1830 to 1840, their names appear on nearly every page of the old records in the capacity of Justice of the Peace, road supervisor, over-

seer of the poor, bailiff, or in some other capacity connected with running the "machine" in county matters. Many other names also appear of men who, in later years, became popular leaders in the fields of politics and business. At the March session, 1835, the allowance records show the following entry:

"Ordered that the petit jury be allowed seventy-five cents each." Among whom were Andrew Shanklin, John Moss, Jesse Wise and Saul Shaul. Andrew Jackson was allowed four dollars and a half for services as sheriff; Thomas K. Williams fifty cents for summoning witnesses before the Grand jury, and Charles D. Henderson and Alfred Kilgore were each allowed ten dollars for counsel appointed by the court to defend George McNew for larceny. Adam Winsell and Charles Mitchell were each allowed ten dollars as judges for holding said term of court.

Among the names in the above list who afterward became men of affairs, was Andrew Jackson, elected clerk of the Madison Circuit Court as long as he cared to have it; was State senator and a representative in the legislature, and a politician with a State reputation. He became one of Madison county's political giants.

Charles D. Henderson published the first Democratic paper ever printed in Madison county, and was a man of State prominence.

Alfred Kilgore was one of Indiana's foremost lawyers, a brother of the late Judge David Kilgore, who was once Judge of this circuit and a member of congress from this district.

It has been suggested that a suitable monument ought to be erected to Chas. D. Henderson who now lies in an unmarked grave in Madison county, almost forgotten. He was an intelligent, upright man in his time, and is worthy of some recognition by the present generation for his labors in the days gone by for the benefit of the people of this county.

Among the many others who also had their names enrolled on the pages of Madison county history at that early day, are Henry Alderman and Brazelton Noland who was once Treasurer of the county years ago; and Palmer Patrick, of Fallcreek township, who helped to lay out and make nearly every road in Madison county, as the records show; and Smith Chambers, Robert Farnesworth and Ancil Richmond, who many years ago was Clerk of Madison County; and John Renshaw, who served as county Commissioner and

assessor of revenue, for Anderson, Jackson and Pipecreek townships in 1835; and Chamberlain Houston, as assessor of Adams, Union and Richland townships in the same year; and Robert N. Williams as Clerk of the county during several years, about this period.

These men are now gone. They have left their foot-prints on the sands of time. Their records have been made up and submitted to the Supreme Judge of all. We have no right to now pass judgment on their acts, whether right or wrong. It is safe to say they were, in the main, right; if they erred, they did it honestly.

SMALL OF ITS AGE.

Pat Skehan, the groceryman, whose jolly nature and robust form have been the pride of Anderson for almost half a century, has filled a place in Madison county, as well as a warm place in the hearts of its people. Every one knows him throughout the county. He has kept a grocery in Anderson so long that the oldest inhabitant cannot remember when he did not keep one. As well as family groceries, he has always kept a choice lot of liquors, and has enjoyed a good trade among the farmers. Among his many friends and admirers was "Uncle Tommy" Thornburg. When Mr. Thornburg lived up on Killbuck, he always dropped into Pat's to warm his toes and chat awhile, and thought his visit to Anderson was not complete unless he had seen Pat. One cold, winter morning, "Uncle Tommy" came to town with his ears wrapped up in good shape. He naturally dropped into Skehan's grocery to warm. Pat very cordially invited him back, gave him a chair near the stove and assisted him to take off his wraps. After they had chatted for quite awhile, Pat excused himself for a moment, and soon returned with one of those small "thimble glasses" filled with an "eye-opener." "Here, 'Uncle Tommy,' is some choice old rye, right from the blue-grass regions of Kentucky. It is hand-made, and I know of my own knowledge, that it is eight years old. Try it; I am certain that it will be good for you this cold morning." "Uncle Tommy" took it and gave it a very close scrutinizing, turning it round and round in his hand, and finally quaffing it down at one swallow.

"How old did you say it was?" asked Tommy.

"Eight years old I absolutely know it to be."

"Yes, its pretty good," said Tommy, "but very small of its age."

It was no time until Pat had replenished the glass and they both took a whiff together.

THE FENCE VIEWERS.

The order of things has been turned around since the days of our fathers, in regard to the stock law. Now there is no stock allowed to run at large, or graze upon the "common." No fence of any particular size, shape or dimensions is needed. In the "away back" days it was different; people allowed stock of all kinds to run out, and graze upon the public land. It was common in those days to have a bell cow and a bell weather. The bell cow led the procession of cattle, while the bell weather led the sheep. Every cow and sheep knew to what herd it belonged and would follow its leader to the end of the earth.

Sometimes people would not see their stock from early spring till late in the fall. When winter approached, they generally turned out to hunt their herds and bring them in for winter feeding. People of that day were required to keep up their fences to a regulation fixed by law.

In order to properly enforce the law the County Commissioners of each county appointed fence viewers to view the fences in different townships, and report as to their condition. If you failed to have your fence up to the standard, and breachy cattle or horses got into your field, you could not collect damages; while on the other hand, if your fences were up to the regulation prescribed, you could recover damages by suit, if stock injured your crops. The office of fence viewer has long been a thing of the past, yet there are men still living who have held that important office. At the January session, 1829, the Board of Commissioners made the following appointments:

"It is ordered that James Noland and Evan Pugh, of Anderson township; John McKinzie, of Greene township; Charles Doty, of Fallcreek township; Moses Corwin and Moses Shaul, of Adams township; Collins Tharp and Nehemiah Layton, of Jackson township, be and they are hereby appointed fence viewers of their respective townships for the year A. D. 1829."

It is said that the Board generally selected a tall and a fat man in each township for this office. If the fence was so low that the tall man could walk a straddle of it, or the

cracks so large that the fat man could crawl through, then the fence was condemned. This office was generally thrown out to the workers in the out townships as a reward for party services. It's a pity the office was abolished, as it would save candidates great expenditure of money, and have a tendency to keep party lines, as well as people's fences, in good condition. It is said that Uncle Jimmy Hollingsworth, who is yet living, once held the office of fence viewer. It is safe to say that the fences in his township were up to the standard, for whatever he does, he does with all his might. He would let no guilty man escape.

THE "MILK-SICK."

The first settlers of Madison and adjoining counties were not only confronted with innumerable hardships in clearing their farms and securing necessaries for their subsistence, but were compelled to endure much sickness during certain seasons, particularly spring and summer. Ague was the common ailment, and it was not unusual for an entire settlement, or community, to be afflicted with it during the early spring. It was not dangerous, however, and very often yielded in a short time to the simple remedies administered by the pioneer mothers, their remedies consisting of teas made of roots and various kinds of bark from trees.

The most fatal, and therefore the most dreaded, disease that made its appearance at an early day was a deathly sickness known as "milk poison," or "milk-sick." The means for treating it corresponded with the other needs of the new country, and consequently the mortality among the settlers was often alarming. An animal afflicted with it would become very sick and begin to tremble. This trembling would continue until death relieved its sufferings. All domestic animals were subject to the disease, particularly cattle, and died in great numbers every spring and summer wherever certain conditions obtained until the country became better developed, when it finally disappeared.

Persons who consumed the milk or butter, or ate the meat of animals subject to the disease were almost certain victims. They were seized with nausea and vomited continually. Whisky was the principal remedy, and when that failed to bring relief, the patient usually succumbed. There were many theories advanced as to what caused the disease. Some thought that it was communicated to stock through vegeta-

tion, others that it was induced by drinking water impregnated with a mineral poison. A favorite theory attributed the cause to a poison distilled by a mineral and through a process of evaporation settled upon vegetation with the dew. It was claimed by this class that cattle or other stock that were kept penned up until after the dew disappeared of mornings, never became afflicted with the disease.

Many physicians who had taken a regular course of medicine, insisted that there was no such disease as milk-sick, that the disease so-called was inflammation of the stomach. The old-time doctors, however, and people generally, stoutly maintained the contrary, and advanced both evidence and argument that could not be refuted. Since 1866 but few cases of milk-sick have been heard of in this or in neighboring counties. With the ditching and cultivation of the lands supposed to be inflicted with the disease, or its germs, it gradually disappeared.

At the session of the legislature of 1872–73, A. J. Richardson, of Union township, had a petition presented to that body, asking that he be properly rewarded for disclosing the cause of milk-sick. The petition was introduced by Hon. J. O. Hardesty, then representative from the counties of Madison, Henry and Hancock, but was not granted. Mr. Richardson subsequently wrote a long article and published it in the *Democratic Standard*, in which he claimed that after much investigation and experimenting with certain kinds of vegetation he was satisfied that the disease was caused from the animals eating what is known as " white top " or snake root. It was not very long after the publication of the article that Mr. Richardson died. He was a gentleman of intelligence and at one time served the people of his township as Justice of the Peace.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Anderson Township from its Earliest Settlement to the Present Time.

Much has necessarily been said in previous pages concerning this township, as it contains within its boundaries the seat of justice of the county. But it is our purpose to give here, and in the histories of the various townships that follow, the details of such local matters as properly belong to the townships alone.

Anderson township has an area of 36 square miles, an acreage of 23,017, and lies a little south of the geographical center of the county. It is well watered, and in the early history of the township was heavily timbered. White river passes through the township, entering at about the center on the east, flowing in a north-westerly course through the county. Killbuck creek enters the township on the north-east and empties into White river at Anderson. Green's branch also flows through a portion of the township. It rises three miles south-west of Anderson and empties into White river on the north-west, passing through the west part of the city. The surface of the township is generally level and fairly fertile, although in the latter respect it has no advantage over the other townships in the county. The history of the township is essentially the history of Anderson, as it was at this place and in its immediate vicinity that the first settlers located, forming the nucleus of the present population.

The first settlers made their appearance in the township in the year 1820, and the best information obtainable indicates that John Berry and family were the first to locate at Anderson. William Allen settled in the township two miles east of what was to become the seat of justice of the county, about the time that John Berry located here. Others soon followed, among whom were William Stogdon, John and Christopher Davis, Colonel William Young and his brother Isaac, William Curtis, Daniel Harpold, Samuel Kinnamon, David Williams. These pioneers were the first to locate in

Anderson and in its vicinity. A few years later Jacob Stover, Ephraim Hughel, John Renshaw, David Harris, Philip Shinkle, Benjamin Sumpter and Benjamin Ridgway settled in the township.

THE CITY OF ANDERSON.

The site upon which Anderson is situated was originally entered by William Conner, who subsequently sold it to John Berry. Sometime during the year 1823, Mr. Berry surveyed and laid out the original plat of the town and afterward, as stated elsewhere in this work, donated a considerable portion of it to the county in consideration of "Andersontown" being made the seat of justice, which at that time was at Pendleton. The permanent seat of justice was located at the town of Anderson, and public buildings were erected as we have seen, but it was not until 1828 that the business of the county was transacted here. From that year until 1837 the town improved slowly, the population at that time not exceeding 200 people. But from the summer of 1837 the same spirit of enterprise that had manifested itself throughout the State on account of the internal improvements that were being projected, aroused the people of Anderson to a realization of the possibilities of the place, and nothing was left undone by them that would promote its welfare. The construction of the Central canal—a branch of the Wabash & Erie canal—an account of which is given elsewhere in these pages, not only increased the population of Anderson greatly, but gave business an impulse and quickened the energies of the people to a greater extent than had ever been experienced before. In fact, the town at this time enjoyed its first "boom." Steps were taken to organize a town government in order that the general prosperity might be better conserved and the peace and quiet of the community better maintained. The proposition to incorporate the town met with considerable opposition but at the session of the Legislature of 1838–39 an act was passed for incorporating the "town of Andersontown, in Madison county, containing 350 inhabitants." The County Commissioners at their January session, 1839, made the following order in regard to the matter: "Ordered, that an election be held at the court house in said town, by the citizens of said town, on Monday, the 21st of January, instant, for the purpose of electing trustees and appointing officers to govern the town, and upon the citizens complying with this

order, the said town is hereby and thereafter to be considered an incorporated town."

This order was complied with and a town government was established and maintained until some time after work on the canal had been abandoned. When that enterprise was dropped by the State, the population diminished and business generally suffered in consequence. Following the collapse of the canal "boom" the town corporation as an organization lost its vitality in sympathy with the general decadence of enterprise, and finally became inoperative.

As time passed on it became more apparent to the leading citizens of the town that there should be some modification of the name as the "Town of Andersontown" was redundant and did not sound well. Accordingly Robert N. Williams and James Hazlett, two of the most prominent citizens of the town and county, the former Auditor and the latter Clerk of the county at the time, petitioned the legislature of 1844–5 for a change of the name. The petition asked that the name of "Andersontown" be changed to Anderson, which was granted, and from that time on the name of "Andersontown" does not appear of record although the old-timers for years afterwards seemed to prefer the name to that of Anderson.

ANDERSON'S FIRST CONFLAGRATION.

Shortly after midnight on the 12th of November, 1851, Anderson was visited by its first disastrous fire. At that time nearly all the workshops, offices and stores in the town were situated around the public square. They were few in number, but fully adequate to the necessities of the times. The south side of the square contained more business rooms than any of the others, perhaps. Situated on that side and on the southeast corner was the frame fan-mill shop of Thomas L. Sherman and Adam Wolf; just by its side stood a little frame cottage, formerly the residence of Alfred Makepeace, but unoccupied at the time; the next building was a three-story frame, in the lower room of which was a clothing store owned by Joseph Fulton; one of the upper rooms was occupied by Seth Smith and William R. O'Neil as a law office, another by James Kindle, as a shoe shop; Adam Reed, a hatter occupied the next building, where he manufactured hats and dealt extensively in peltries, which in that day constituted no small portion of the exports from the township and county. By the side of Reed's place of business was a

frame building occupied by Dr. Townsend Ryan, with a stock of general merchandise. The next building was the Myers "tavern," a two-story log house owned and occupied by "Uncle Billy" and "Aunt Julia" Myers of happy memory. This hostelry stood about where the L. M. Cox building is now situated, and just south of it, facing on what is now Meridian street, was a large barn or livery stable run in connection with the tavern. These were the only buildings on that side of the square and they were entirely consumed.

The fire originated in the fan-mill shop, and was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. The flames spread so rapidly that with the meagre facilities for fighting them were soon communicated with the other buildings along the "row." The entire population of the town gathered at the scene of the fire, and rendered all the assistance possible in removing the contents of the buildings on that side of the square. Considerable property was destroyed besides the buildings, and as there were no insurance companies in those days doing business in Anderson, the loss was total. Besides the property destroyed this fire was the cause of three deaths, as it is claimed that Seth Smith, William R. O'Neil and James Kindle, each of whom died shortly afterward, and within a few weeks of each other, in attempting to save their property inhaled the flames or hot air to such an extent that they could not survive its effects. Mr. Smith was a gentleman of fine scholastic attainments, and the father of Thomas E. Smith, the well known commission merchant of Anderson. Mr. O'Neil was also a man of ability and a fine lawyer. Mr. Kindle was a kindly hearted gentleman, whose untimely demise was mourned, not only by a numerous relationship, but by a large circle of friends.

ANDERSON'S SECOND BOOM.

With the completion of the Indianapolis & Bellefontaine railroad to Anderson, business was again revived, new enterprises were started, and the town began to grow rapidly. The necessity for a town government once more began to manifest itself, and on the evening of the 25th of April, 1853, a public meeting was held at the court house for the purpose of taking steps to that end. The late Samuel Myers presided at the meeting, and P. H. Lemon officiated as secretary. John Davis explained the object of the meeting and stated the advantages of a corporate government. Dr. Townsend Ryan

offered a resolution in favor of incorporation, which was adopted, and on motion of M. S. Robinson a committee, consisting of John Davis, Townsend Ryan and Col. Ninevah Berry, was appointed to fix the boundaries of the corporation. Armstrong Taylor was also appointed to take a census of the town.

Following this meeting a petition was presented to the County Commissioners, asking that an election be held "to determine whether Anderson should be incorporated as a town under the laws of the State of Indiana, or not." The petition was granted, and the records show that an election was held on the 28th of June, 1823, at which thirty-six votes were cast in favor of, and one against incorporation. James W. Sansberry, Burket Eads and S. B. Mattox acted as inspectors of the election. This corporation, or town government, lasted until 1865, when citizens of the town began to agitate the question of a city government. After the matter had been thoroughly canvassed, and very generally received with favor, an election was held on the 28th of August, 1865, within the limits prescribed for the new corporation for the purpose of determining the question. There were 217 votes cast at this election, 207 of which were in favor of a city government, and 10 against the proposition. After conforming to the necessary formalities of the law with reference to the organization of cities, the city government of Anderson was organized by the selection of the following officers: Mayor, R. N. Williams; clerk, C. D. Thompson; treasurer, Joseph Fulton; marshal, M. N. Harriman; city prosecutor, E. V. Long; councilmen — first ward, John D. Mershon and Stephen Noland; second ward, E. B. Goodykoontz and George Nichol; third ward, Wineburn R. Pierse and Benjamin Sebrel.

Notwithstanding the fact that party lines were drawn very closely in Madison county at that time, politics cut no figure in the election of Anderson's first city officers. R. N. Williams was elected to the office of Mayor without opposition, he being one of the oldest and best known citizens of the city, and besides amply qualified for the office. It is noted here that these officers were the first and last elected in the city of Anderson without reference to political predilections.

CITY OFFICIALS OF ANDERSON, PAST AND PRESENT.

Mayors, Robert N. Williams, 1865–66; J. C. Jones, 1866–68; Wesley Dunham, 1868–70; C. S. Martindale,

1870–72; William Roach, 1872–74; William L. Brown, 1874–76; Byron H. Dyson, 1876–78; James Hazlett, 1878–80; Wesley Dunham, 1880–84; J. F. McClure, 1884–92; J. H. Terhune, 1892–95; M. L. Dunlap, 1895. Mr. Dunlap is the present Mayor.

Clerks, C. D. Thompson, A. D. Williams (appointed March 19, 1866, vice Thompson resigned); B. B. Campbell, from 1866–8; John L. Forkner, from 1868–71: A. C. Davis, from 1871–2; C. A. Henderson, from 1872–4; J. M. Jackson, from 1874–6; F. N. Pence, from 1876–8; James Mohan, from 1878–80; J. H. McMillen, from 1880–2; William Boland, from 1882–4; Edmund Johnson, from 1884–6; John Baker, from 1886–8; Philip Briggs, from 1888–90; Frank Epply, from 1890–5. Mr. Epply was re-elected in 1895 and is the present incumbent.

Treasurers, Joseph Fulton, from 1865–8; E. R. Charman, from 1868–70; Isaac C. Sharp, from 1870–2; Armstrong Taylor, from 1872–84; A. J. Hunt, from 1884–90; William Fulton, from 1890–4; Charles Kemmery, from 1894. Mr. Kemmery is the present incumbent.

Marshals, M. N. Harriman, from 1865–7; J. A. Thompson, from 1867–8 (appointed vice Harriman resigned); Cornelius Daugherty, from 1868–70; John Flahaven, from 1870–2; David T. Thompson, from 1872–3; O. P. Stone, from 1873–4 (vice Thompson resigned); Cornelius Daugherty, from 1874–8; Alfred Coburn, from 1878–82; Augustus Heagy, from 1882–3; Amos Coburn, from 1883–4 (vice Heagy resigned); Theodore Zion, from 1884–5; Patrick O'Mara, from 1885–6 (vice Zion resigned); Edward Downey, from 1886–8; Warren Copper, from 1888–93. During Mr. Copper's second term the office of marshal was legislated out of existence by the legislature and the present police law adopted.

The policing of the city is now in charge of a Board of Commissioners composed of three members appointed by the Governor as follows: George T. Beebe, D. F. Mustard and R. P. Grimes. Mr. Beebe is president of the Board and Charles L. Sherman is secretary. The first secretary was J. L. Crouse.

The Anderson police force is composed of one captain, one sergeant, and six patrolmen. The first captain of the force was George Welker, who resigned in 1895. He was succeeded by Amos Coburn, who is the present head of the department.

MEMBERS OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.

Anderson is divided into three wards or councilmanic districts, each of which is entitled to two representatives in the city council. The ward boundaries as originally established have been changed but once since the orgnization of the city government. Up to the discovery of natural gas in 1887, the corporate lines had not been changed, but since that time owing to the rapid growth of the city, several changes have been made. The ward boundaries were changed for the first time in 1893. The following in their order are the names of those who have served in the common council:

First ward, J. D. Mershon, Stephen Noland, P. Kirlin, E. G. Elliott, Patrick Kelley, David C. East, C. D. Thompson, Charles T. Doxey, W. A. Hunt, Jonathan Binns, J. W. Pence, L. M. Cox, Henry J. Bronnenberg, J. H. Dolman, J. C. Hedrick, R. J. Walton, H. C. Ryan, Henry Adams, John Agnew, J. F. McClure, F. C. Gedge, Ross Longworth, Stephen Funk, Edward Swann, W. H. Stanton.

Second ward, E. B. Goodykoontz, George Nichol, H. D. Thompson, William Crim, C. A. Dresser, W. F. Pence, W. M. Wagoner, C. S. Burr, Townsend Ryan, Henry H. Conrad, John Lavelle, C. B. Cooper, J. B. Taylor, Dr. Jonas Stewart, H. C. Ryan, J. L. Forkner, C. K. McCullough, W. W. Wooley, George Matthes.

Third ward, W. R. Pierse, Benj. Sebrell, G. W. Kline, J. Saunders, G. W. Swallow, A. A. Siddall, J. P. Barnes, Michael Ryan (10 years), C. D. Thompson, B. G. Ackerman, A. A. Helling, Samuel Kiser, Frank Stone, William Cronin, Louis Biest, Dr. G. F. Chittenden, I. E. May, J. H. McMillen, C. V. Griffith.

CITY ATTORNEYS OF ANDERSON.

The following are the city attorneys of Anderson in their order:

E. V. Long, P. D. Kemp, J. A. Harrison, J. H. McConnell, Sansberry & Goodykoontz, Richard Lake, A. S. McCallister, Richard Benson, David Kilgore, Lewis C. Burk, E. P. Schlater, T. B. Orr, J. F. McClure, Robinson & Lovett, Frank P. Foster.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

Anderson Township Continued.

CITY CIVIL ENGINEERS.

From 1865–68 the city had no civil engineer, but in the spring of the latter year, W. G. Ethell was selected by the council for that position and he performed its duties for a period of ten years, or until 1878, when he was succeeded by A. D. Williams, since which the position has been held by the following persons: Henry Rawie, C. S. Slayback, E. M. Culp, Harry Rogers.

CITY SCHOOL BOARD.

The first City School Board was organized in 1866 by electing R. N. Clark president, P. Kirlin, secretary, and N. C. McCollough, treasurer. The subsequent presidents of the Board have been: C. Kirlin, G. W. Kline, D. W. Swank, James Battreall, B. H. Campbell, S. M. Keltner, C. W. Prather. A number of these gentlemen served in this office several terms.

TOWNSHIP TRUSTEES.

The following are the names of those who have served as trustee of Anderson township from 1859 to the present time. Previous to that time the office was not in existence. The first trustee elected was Daniel Gunder. Then followed in their order, Alfred Rulon, E. J. Walden, R. D. Traster, Samuel Myers, S. M. Hodson, E. J. Walden, B. B. Campbell, Thomas P. Kelly. Mr Kelly served as trustee for seven years, and was succeeded in 1896 by the present incumbent, Mr. George W. Shreeve.

ANDERSON POSTOFFICE.

The first postoffice was established at Anderson in 1831, and the first postmaster was Robert N. Williams, who being both Auditor and Clerk of the county at that time, kept the office in the Clerk's office. There was but one mail route through the township. This route extended from Indianapolis

to Noblesville, and from that place to Perkinsville, thence to Anderson, New Castle and Richmond. Among the first mail carriers was Martin L. Bundy, who is still living and enjoying not only the comforts of a happy home at New Castle, Indiana, but the respect of those who know him everywhere. There were no stage or mail coaches in this part of the State at that time, and the mail was carried on horseback, two trips a week being made by the mail carrier. Mr. Williams was succeeded as postmaster by Col. Ninevah Berry in 1839. Col. Berry is entitled to the credit of introducing the free delivery system in Indiana, as it is said that he carried his office around in his hat, and whenever a letter came for a citizen of the town all that was necessary to get the same was to hunt up the Colonel who would produce the letter from his hat.

Richard Lake was the next postmaster, and for a while kept the postoffice in the building occupied by Adam Reed, on the south side of the square, which was burned in the conflagration of 1851. With the change of the national administration, Townsend Sharp succeeded to the office. He in turn was succeeded by George W. Bowen, and he by John H. Davis, who served but a short time, when owing to the sale of a store by Davis to Colonel Berry, the latter became postmaster again. Joseph Fulton followed Colonel Berry, and held the office for a period of eight years, or during the administrations of Franklin Pierce and James Buchanan, with the exception of a few months, during which time a Mr. McCallister had charge. With the election of Mr. Lincoln to the presidency, W. H. H. Lewis, editor of the Madison County *Republican*, was appointed postmaster and served four years, when H. J. Brown, who was also an editor and formerly proprietor of a paper called *The Loyal American*, was appointed to the office. Brown went into office in April, 1865, and retired in July, 1878, Stephen Metcalf, editor and proprietor of the Anderson *Herald*, having been appointed to succeed him. Mr. Metcalf was the first postmaster to introduce lock boxes for the benefit of patrons of the office. They were placed in the office December, 1878. Mr. Metcalf retired from the office in July, 1885, having served seven years. He was succeeded by John W. Pence, who was appointed by Grover Cleveland. Mr. Pence served a little over three years, when, owing to a long-cherished desire to make an extended visit to Europe and the Holy Land, he retired before his commission expired, and H. J. Daniels was appointed

by President Harrison to administer the affairs of the office. The impetus given to business following the discovery of natural gas increased the labors of the office proportionately, and in September, 1890, the free delivery system of letters was established. Postmaster Daniels appointed Charles Stewart, J. J. Bravy, R. P. Falknor and J. R. Morey letter-carriers for the four districts into which the city was divided.

The population of the city was increasing very rapidly at this time and shortly after these letter carriers were appointed it became necessary to appoint two more, and Theodore Zion and Albert Campbell were appointed. Mr. Daniels served until April 1st, 1893, when Dale J. Crittenberger, editor of the Anderson Daily and Weekly *Democrat*, took charge of the office under an appointment made by President Cleveland, he having succeeded Mr. Harrison to the presidency. Mr. Crittenberger was and is a stalwart Democrat who believes in the doctrine that "to the victors belong the spoils." He also believes that a man who holds a political office and is required to give bond for the discharge of its duties should be permitted to surround himself with assistants who not only hold the same political views that he does, but who are personally agreeable. The letter-carriers appointed by Postmaster Daniels, knowing that Mr. Crittenberger held these views and not being in sympathy with him, (excepting Albert Campbell) tendered their resignations soon after he took possession of the office. They were succeeded by the following force of carriers appointed by Postmaster Crittenberger: Clarence Richwine, John L. Fraley, W. E. Swann, John C. Cory, Charles D. Hunt, Timothy Carey, Edward R. Call, Edward Wells, Albert Campbell and Thomas Campbell, the latter a substitute. Mr. Crittenberger appointed Mr. Walter Isanogle deputy postmaster.

THE POPULATION OF ANDERSON.

The population of Anderson in 1830 was 150 (estimated); in 1840, as shown by the census, 350; in 1850 it was 382; in 1860 it was 1,168; in 1870 it was 3,126; in 1880 it was 4,126; and in 1890 10,741. The estimated population at the present time, including North Anderson and Park Place, is 22,000. This estimate is based on the school enumeration, and is regarded as conservative. The growth of the city has been next to marvelous, yet none the less substantial in its character,

and will keep on increasing, doubtless, long after the cause that induced it has ceased to exist.

THE HOTELS OF ANDERSON.

The first hotel, or "tavern," in Anderson was conducted by John Berry, the founder of the town. His "tavern" was situated near the center of the west side of the square, and was constructed of hewed logs. It was a two-story building and afforded accommodations in the way of provender and beds that were the boast of the proprietor. The lawyers who "rode the circuit" in those days stopped at this "tavern" during their stay in Anderson, and enjoyed its generous hospitality. Here, after court had adjourned for the day, the judge, lawyers, and frequently the litigants, would assemble and "spin yarns" until "bed time." An amusing incident is here appropriated from Hon. O. H. Smith's "Early Indiana Trials and Sketches" concerning this tavern and its proprietor:

"The thousand and one amusing incidents that occurred on the circuit, with the bar, will never find their way to paper. I may be excused, however, on account of the parties, for rescuing one of them from the common fate. James Whitcomb, Calvin Fletcher, Harvey Gregg and Hiram Brown, of the Indianapolis bar, 'put up,' as we say in the West, at the tavern of Captain John Berry, at Andersontown. Whitcomb was a perfect gentleman in his person and dress. He must shave every morning and put on a clean shirt; but as it was difficult to get washing done on the circuit, he put several clean shirts in his portmanteau and carried a night-shirt to sleep in, always changing as he went to bed. Mr. Fletcher was a great wag, continually annoying Mr. Whitcomb, and sometimes others, with innocent tricks.

Captain Berry prided himself upon his tavern, and would often boast that there might be better houses in New York, so far as the table was concerned, but as to his beds they could not be excelled in the United States; that he had been to the great Astor House, before he opened, to see how things were done. He had not been at the table a minute before they presented his bill, and an impudent waiter asked him if he would have tea or coffee, and when he told him he would take tea, he asked him what kind of tea; he said 'store tea, to be sure.' The Captain had traveled the whole length of Broadway on Sunday, was invited into church while the organs

were playing, but excused himself on the ground that he never danced, and if he did, he would not dance on Sunday. A single word against his tavern, his table or his lodging rooms, was taken by the Captain as a great insult, and immediately resented without regard to persons. Fletcher knew the Captain well. They were intimate friends. Taking the Captain to one side Fletcher said, 'Do you know, Capt. Berry, what Mr. Whitcomb is saying about your beds?' 'I do not—what did he say?' 'If you will not mention my name, as you are my particular friend, I will tell you. 'Upon my honor I will never mention your name—what did he say?' 'He said your sheets were so dirty that he had to pull off his shirt every night and put on a dirty shirt to sleep in.' 'I'll watch him to-night.' Bedtime came. Captain Berry was looking through the opening of the door when Mr. Whitcomb took his night shirt out of his portmanteau and began taking off his day shirt. Captain Berry pushed open the door, sprang upon Whitcomb and threw him upon the bed. The noise brought in Mr. Fletcher and the other lawyers, and after explanations and apologies on all sides the matter was settled. But Mr. Whitcomb, years afterwards, as he told me, found out what he suspected at the time, that Mr. Fletcher was at the bottom of the whole matter."

Captain Berry kept "tavern" for a number of years, but finally retired and engaged in other business.

The next "tavern keeper" in Anderson was William, or "Uncle Billy," Myers, as he was affectionately called by those who knew him. His first "tavern" was a two-story log-house, situated on the south side of the square. This building, as we have noted elsewhere, was burned in 1851. The day upon which the "tavern" burned, Mr. Myers purchased a building where the Columbia Hotel now stands, of John W. Thornton and converted it into a public hostelry. He remained here for a number of years, subsequently purchasing a two-story brick house on the east side of the square, of Robert Wooster. This house stood where the Kaufman & Davis, or old Gruenewald building, now stands, and was known as the "Myers House." He and his esteemed wife, "Aunt Julia" Myers, remained here until enfeebled by the weight of years, they disposed of their property and retired from business. In connection with the hotel business, Mr. Myers traded extensively in furs, the forests in this part of the State at that time abounding in certain species of fur-bearing

animals. It is related that on one occasion he bought a black coon-skin for which he paid an extra high price. He felt very proud of this rare pelt, and boasted of its possession to everybody he met. He had as boarders at the time a number of young men who enjoyed a joke, particularly of the practical kind, and they came to the conclusion that they would play a prank on the old gentleman in which his black coon-skin would cut an important figure. He kept his peltries in a small room just off the "bar-room," and the young men waited an opportunity and purloined the valued pelt. Soon after a man appeared at the tavern and asked Mr. Myers if he was still buying furs, and upon being informed that he was, produced a black coon-skin. Mr. Myers soon came to terms with the man and the rest of the day was spent in expatiating upon the beauty of his two black coon-skins. In a day or two afterwards another man came along and offered a black coon-skin to Mr. Myers who was only too eager to buy it. This scheme was worked on the old gentleman a number of times and there is no telling how often he would have bought that coon-skin had it not been intimated to him that his boarders had been playing a trick upon him. He was very angry for awhile after discovering how he had been deceived, but finally got over it and acknowledged that it was a pretty good joke even if he did get the worst of it.

Levi Antrim was another early "tavern-keeper," and was probably the first proprietor of the "tavern" on the east side of the square known subsequently as the Myers House. He afterwards occupied a building that stood about where the residence erected by the late A. D. Williams on South Meridian street now stands. Mr. Antrim, like many other old-time landlords, loved his toddy and frequently became intoxicated. A story is told by the old-timers to the effect that on one of these occasions he traded or sold a shot-gun to one of his boarders, who, it appears, was indebted to him for board. During the trade Antrim and his boarder had some sharp words concerning the unpaid bill, when the former, suddenly becoming confused as to who owed the bill, said to the boarder: "Well! d—d it, you take the gun and let it go on the debt if it is satisfactory to you!" As Antrim figured himself indebted to his boarder, his proposition was of course accepted. Mr. Antrim removed from Anderson a few years previous to the breaking out of the war of the rebellion.

The first pretentious hotel building in Anderson was

erected in 1852 by Alfred Makepeace. The building was a three-story brick, located on the southwest corner of Ninth and Main streets, and in its day was one of the best known and most popular hotels in Central Indiana. The names of all the proprietors who dispensed good cheer in this hotel cannot be recalled, but among the number were Henry V. Dehority, Henry Whitmore, J. P. Crampton, A. W. Sullenberger, Frederick Cartwright and W. O. Terry.

Through strong competition, bad management and other causes perhaps, the property declined and after the death of Mr. Makepeace in 1875 the building was torn down and the present business houses that occupy its site were erected.

The "Burk Allen House" was also a popular hostelry in its day. The building occupied the present site of the Columbia Hotel and was the same that had been occupied by William Myers previous to his purchase of the famous old "Myers House," on the east side of the square. Mr. Allen changed the name of the hotel and provided entertainment for the traveling public for many years. A number of proprietors had charge of the property at different times, John Ross and Benjamin Sebrell being among the best known of the number. The property was finally bought by G. R. Griffith, who managed it with great success for a period of twenty years. In 1877 Mr. Griffith built a three-story brick addition to the frame building and in 1879 sold the frame to Miles Rozelle, who moved it to the south-east corner of Main and Eleventh streets, where it was used as a tenement house until the fall of 1895 when the old land-mark was torn down in order to give place to a brick business block. Mr. Griffith sold the brick hotel to Charles T. Doxey, who enlarged and improved the hotel and christened it the Columbia Hotel. Henry Perrett had charge of the property for a number of years, but conducted it more as a boarding house than a regular hotel. The property is now being successfully managed by Joseph Sharp.

THE NEW GRIFFITH HOUSE.

This hotel is situated on the southeast corner of Meridian and Tenth streets, and was built by George R. Griffith in 1880. Mr. Griffith managed the property and business up to within a short time before his death, which occurred on January 1, 1895, his son C. V. Griffith, succeeding him. This hotel is widely known and enjoys a large patronage. It is now being

managed by Messrs. C. V. Griffith and C. M. Welchan, both of whom are acquainted by experience with the art of catering to the palate of the traveling public.

THE DOXEY HOUSE.

This hotel is situated on the north-east corner of Main and Ninth streets, and was erected by Colonel T. N. Stilwell in 1869, at a cost of about $30,000. It was formally opened to the public as the " Stilwell House," in 1871, John Elliott being the first proprietor. He managed the hotel for two years, at the expiration of which time Morrison & Petitt took charge of the property. They were succeeded by George R. Griffith, who occupied the property for four years with varying success. He was followed by Thomas Baker, H. J. Brown and others.

The property was sold to N. C. McCullough on the 14th of April, 1875, by the administrator of the Stilwell estate, and in 1876 it was purchased by its present owner, Major C. T. Doxey.

The office of the hotel was originally on the second floor which was reached from the front entrance on Ninth street by a winding stairway, but in 1892 Major Doxey remodeled the building, and added all the modern improvements necessary to render its appearance not only attractive, but its accommodations first class. The property was then leased to William Leffler, who, after managing it with varying success for about a year, disposed of his interest to the present proprietors, W. H. Van Orman & Sons.

This hotel back in the '70s was the scene of many of the most brilliant social events that have ever taken place in Anderson. Balls, receptions and social parties have been given here, that in point of elegance have never been surpassed in central Indiana.

THE HOTEL WINDSOR.

This hotel was built in the year 1878, by Cal Lee. It is situated on the northwest corner of Meridian and Seventh streets, is three stories high and has thirty large well furnished rooms for the accommodation of guests. Mr. Lee was the first proprietor, but only for a short time, as he leased the property to W. O. Huston three months after it was thrown open to the public. The hotel has been under the manage-

ment of many proprietors, the present proprietor being Mr. Alfred Cox.

THE HOTEL ANDERSON

Was erected in 1892, by Hon. J. W. Lovett and Dr. H. E. Jones. The building was not intended originally to be used for a hotel, but after it was completed its size and location, together with other advantageous circumstances, induced its owners to change their plans with reference to its use, and it was converted into a place of entertainment for the traveling public. It is situated on the west side of Meridian street, is three stories high with mansard roof, and architecturally one of the handsomest buildings in the city. It has had several proprietors, the first being T. S. Buckley. The present proprietor is Joseph Hennings. Besides these hotels there are the Spencer House, the Florintine, Hickey House, Hotel Madison, and Harter House, all of which afford comforts and accommodations that recommend them to the public.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE CHRISTIAN SOCIETIES OF ANDERSON—PAST AND PRESENT—THEIR ORGANIZATION—NUMBER, ETC.

Christianity made its way into Anderson township with the advent of the first settlers, and long before a church had been erected religious services were held in the log cabins of those who had brought with them into the wilderness the faith of their childhood. "The groves were God's first temples," and no better illustration of this fact can be cited than the introduction of Christianity into Madison county The early sower who went forth to sow the seed of the gospel encountered difficulties and hardships that appear in this day almost insuperable. Mounted on a horse he traveled "the circuit," stopping at the "cabin in the clearing," with the lonely woodman in the primeval woods by "the paths traversed by few"—wherever there was a soul in need of spiritual refreshment—to inculcate the doctrine of salvation. Their's was a calling fraught with privation and danger. But they went forth without purse or scrip, letting each day provide for itself and hoping for no other reward than the plaudit of the approving Master, "Well done thou good and faithful servant."

The pioneer ministers in Madison county were Methodists, and to this fact is doubtless attributable the large and influential membership of that denomination. A number of families of Methodist predilections had settled at Anderson, and the first M. E. church was organized in 1827. Anderson at that time belonged to the Indianapolis circuit, which was subsequently changed to the Fall Creek circuit and afterwards to the Madison circuit. Previous to this, meetings were held at the homes of Elias Hollingsworth, Collins Tharp, William Curtis, and others. James Havens was the presiding elder. Rev. Havens was not an educated man and his piety was as rugged perhaps as his person, which was not very prepossessing, to say the least. He was a fiery talker and pursued sinners with a tongue that never wearied in the use of flaming metaphor—often using language that was taken as per-

sonal by persons who were "out of the fold." It is said that in one of his camp-meeting efforts near Pendleton at an early day, he drew a vivid picture of a sinner that offended one of his audience. Some time after the meeting was over the offended man met Havens riding along a road and stopped him with a salutation that left no doubt in the mind of the reverend gentleman that the man intended to assault him. The man appeared to be very angry and ordered Havens to dismount, saying that he owed him a thrashing for alluding to him in his sermon at the camp-meeting and that he proposed to pay him. Havens endeavored to placate the man, whom it would be appropriate to call Dennis, but he would accept no explanation. Nothing would satisfy him but a fight. Havens realized that he could not avoid an encounter and asked the man if he would give him time to pray before he fought. Permission was given and Havens dismounted, hitched his horse to a sapling, and kneeling on the greensward offered up a fervent prayer to the Lord to remember him in the struggle he was about to engage in for His sake. After his supplication he rose and said to the man:

"You will bear witness that the fight we are about to engage in is not of my seeking and that I fight you under protest. The fight may be unequal, as you are somewhat larger than I, and I ask you to promise me that when I 'holler enough' you will desist from fighting and let me go."

The promise was made and they went at it. Both were hardy, muscular men and capable of dealing good, strong blows. Havens displayed as much spirit and energy in the fight as he did in his sermons, and the result was that he soon had his adversary down and crying "enough." But Havens kept right on regardless of his cries until he had given him as sound a thrashing as one man dare give another without becoming a homicide. After the man got on his feet he said to the victorious preacher, "I thought we agreed that when one of us 'hollered enough' the other was to quit fighting?" "My friend," said Havens, "I do not know what you thought concerning this business we have just been engaged in, but whatever your thoughts may have been they were evidently wrong. I suppose you were so sure of whipping me that you did not consider it necessary to exact any promises; you made the promise but I said nothing about letting you off if you cried 'enough.' I gave you just what you richly deserved, and now hope that you may repent of your sins and

be saved." The story of this fight went round "the circuit," and no doubt had a salutary effect, as no man ever had the temerity to attack Rev. Havens afterwards for what he said about sinners.

Notwithstanding the M. E. church had been organized in 1827, it was probably not until 1839 that the society had a place of worship of its own. Collins Tharp, in that year donated a tract of land to the society for a cemetery and church. This tract of land was used for many years as a place of burial, but is now the site of many pleasant homes. It is situated immediately west of Delaware street, between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. A church was begun on the land soon after the donation was made, but was never entirely completed, and after being used as a place of worship for several years was sold to J. E. D. Smith, who converted it into a carpenter shop. It was afterwards consumed by fire.

In 1849, the society which had been holding services in the school house and other convenient places, purchased two lots on the north-east corner of Meridian and Eleventh streets of R. N. Williams upon which a frame church, 36 x 50 was erected, at a cost of $1,200. A small parsonage was subsequently erected just north of the church. This church was used by the society until 1870, when it was sold to D. W. Swank, who removed it to the south-west corner of Meridian and Ninth streets, where it was converted into business rooms. Early in the summer of 1886 it was consumed by fire.

THE FIRST M. E. CHURCH.

This edifice, which stands on the north-east corner of Meridian and Eleventh streets, was erected in 1870, at a cost of many thousands of dollars, and at the time it was built was the largest in the city. It has a lecture room, also a number of class rooms in the basement and an auditorium above that can accommodate six hundred people.

With the increase of population in Anderson the accessions to this denomination have been so large that two churches besides the First M. E. church are now required to accommodate the membership, namely, the Noble street and North Anderson M. E. churches. The Methodists also have two missions, one in each of the additions known as Hazlewood and Shadeland.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

Following the Methodists in this part of the county were the Catholics, priests of that church having visited Anderson as far back as 1837. Masses were first said by Father Francois and Bacquelin, in a log tavern at the southeast corner of Central avenue and Ninth street, mention of which has been made elsewhere in these pages. They came from Logansport to look after the spiritual needs of the Catholics employed on the canal. They were succeeded by other pioneer priests, and in 1857, Father Clark came to Anderson, and for a while celebrated mass in the court house. In 1858, the foundations of St. Mary's church were laid on the site of the present magnificent temple of worship, at the northeast corner of Fletcher and Eleventh streets. The building was not completed until 1864. Father Clark was succeeded by Father Fitzmorris, who had charge of the Catholic congregation until 1860, when he was succeeded by Father McMahon. This priest is still remembered by the older members of the church and citizens generally, as a man of many marked traits of character. He was relieved by Father Crawley in 1866, and subsequently joined the Fenians in their ill-advised and disastrous raid into Canada that year. He was captured and thrown into prison where he remained for some time, no little diplomacy being employed to secure his release.

In 1870 the lot at the northeast corner of Fletcher and Eleventh streets, just opposite the old church, was purchased, and on the 4th of July, 1875, the corner stone of a new place of worship was laid. The building was dedicated on the 29th of May, 1877, and services were held there until the completion of the present noble temple, when it was converted into a school building and has since been used as such exclusively. In the meantime Father Crawley was succeeded by Father Weichman, a young priest who rendered himself popular with all classes of people, not only on account of his ability and eloquence as a speaker, but for his many genial qualities. He came to Anderson in 1884 and was relieved in 1891 by the present pastor, Rev. J. D. Mulcahey. Immediately following the discovery of natural gas in Anderson the membership of the Catholic church grew very rapidly, and soon after Father Mulcahey was installed as priest he began taking steps toward the building of a new place of worship that would be commensurate with the number and

importance of his congregation. The place selected upon which to erect the new edifice was the site of the first Catholic church, in which the parochial school had been held for a number of years. This building was torn down, and the work of laying the foundation of the new edifice was begun. The corner stone was laid on the 9th of July, 1893, with appropriate ceremonies and on the 6th of October, 1895, the new temple was dedicated.

This occasion will long be remembered in Anderson, as the ceremonies were conducted by the bishop of the diocese, assisted by a corps of clergymen, and accompanied by a civic demonstration, that for pomp and splendor has never been equalled in the city's history. Excursion trains were run on all the railroads, and thousands of people, including many military and other organizations connected with the church, visited the city to witness the ceremonies and take part in the pageant that followed.

This temple was erected at a cost of $41,000, and stands as a monument both to the untiring christian zeal of Father Mulcahey, who so ably officiates at its altar, and the liberality of the Catholic congregation in Anderson. It is easily the largest and finest church edifice in the city.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

This society was organized at Anderson in September, 1851, through the instrumentality of Rev. Edward Schofield, and numbered but eleven members at the time of its organization. But the membership was active and zealous, and in 1855 a brick church 36 x 60 feet was erected on Meridian streets, between Tenth and Eleventh street, where the Hurst block now stands. The building cost $2,500. In 1872 it was sold to the Baptists and not long after the Presbyterians erected their present handsome church at the south-east corner of Jackson and Ninth streets. The ground upon which the church stands was donated by the Hon. James Hazlett. The pastors have been Revs. Edward Schofield, J. S. Craig, A. S. Reid, W. M. Grimes, W. J. Wood, W. H. Zeigler and S. N. Wilson, the last named being the present minister in charge.

THE DISCIPLES' CHURCH.

The Disciples' Church, or Church of Christ, was organized about the year 1858, through the agency of Elders Jameson and New, of Indianapolis, who came to Anderson

and vicinity during the '50s and held meetings at various places, but principally at the "Chestnut Grove school house," one mile east of the "Crossing." The first members here were Burket Eads, John Kindle, Joseph Sigler, John R. Stephenson and William Mustard, the last two named being the only surviving members of the original organization. In 1861 a permanent house for the society was built at the northwest corner of Main and Thirteenth streets, and in 1862 Joseph Franklin, a resident of Covington, Ky., received a call from the congregation to locate here and look after its spiritual needs which he accepted. Elder Franklin remained as pastor of the church until 1874, and during the time was instrumental in adding a large number of names to the roll of the church membership. He was assisted at times in his ministerial labors by his father, Elder Benjamin Franklin, who was admittedly one of the ablest exponents of the Disciples' faith of his day. The church is in a flourishing condition and steadily increasing its membership. A number of able ministers have occupied the pulpit of this church since it was erected. The present incumbent is Elder W. M. Harkins.

THE BAPTIST CHURCH.

This society had an organization in Anderson in 1871, being composed of members of the Baptist denomination residing at Chesterfield, Pendleton and this city. In 1872 the building committee of the church purchased of the trustees of the Presbyterian church the latter's place of worship on Meridian street. The Baptists were few in number, however, and being unable to meet the payments on the building it finally reverted to the trustees of the Presbyterian church. After giving up their place of worship the Baptist society had no permanent house in which to hold its meetings and the organization languished. In 1890 a successful effort was made to reorganize the church by Rev. J. W. Porter. Meetings were held in Oriental hall and other places and the society prospered. In 1893 the society began the erection of a place of worship at the south-east corner of School and Fourteenth streets. Work on the building progressed slowly and it was not until May of the present year that the building was dedicated. The society now has a membership of 150, and through the efforts of the present popular pastor, U. M. McGuire, is gradually becoming one of the strongest denominations in the city.

THE CHURCH OF GOD.

In the summer of 1886 Maria Woodworth, a trance evangelist, made her appearance in Anderson and held a series of meetings under a tent at the fair grounds. She subsequently removed her tent to Ruddle's grove, across the river, where she continued her meetings with wonderful success. Her preaching and methods appealed to the emotional nature of her hearers and the result was that 106 persons who had been converted through her efforts were baptized at the close of the meeting. The scene of the baptism was at the bridge across White river near the cemetery, and thousands of people assembled to witness the unusual occurrence. The morning the converts were baptized they assembled at the tent in the grove and at the appointed hour marched to the river with hands joined and singing with the greatest fervor one of their revival hymns. The scene was impressive in the extreme to all who believed in such manifestations of religious rapture and was likened by them to the scene that occurred at the Pentecostal feast. Soon after the close of this remarkable meeting, at which more that two hundred had professed religion, the new converts organized a society known as the Church of God, purchased a lot at the north-east corner of Brown and Fourteenth streets and began the erection of a place of worship. This building was completed and dedicated in 1887, the president of the eldership of the Church of God being present and delivering the dedicatory sermon. The first regularly appointed minister was the Rev. Spiher, who was followed by Mrs. Frank Shelly. The minister in charge at present is Elder W. R. Covert.

TRINITY EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

The organization of Trinity Episcopal church in Anderson is due to the efforts of Rector J. H. McGlone, who came here in 1890 and at once began the work of organizing a society of Episcopalians. There were but few members of this denomination in the city at that time, but he called them together and announced his purpose of organizing a church. This was done, and the first meetings of the congregation were held in the Doxey Opera House, which was subsequently burned. Meetings were also held in the Olympic Theatre building. In the meantime a lot was purchased by the trustees of the church at the southeast corner of School and Thirteenth streets and in June, 1891, the corner-stone of Trinity

Church was laid. The work, which was under the immediate supervision of Rector McGlone, was not permitted to drag and in September of the same year the building was completed and, there being no debt hanging over it, consecrated with appropriate ceremonies by Bishop Knickerbacker. A handsome rectory was also erected at the same time the church edifice was being built, and like it, when completed, was free of debt. Considering his small congregation, the smallest in the city and poorest, perhaps, so far as worldly possessions are concerned, Rector McGlone deserves great credit for the successful accomplishment of this work. Without his activity, perseverance and good management the work would no doubt have failed. He is still the rector in charge and one of the most popular ministers in the city.

HOPE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

This society was organized on the 22d of November, 1891, with eighteen members. Rev. W. C. Gordon was the first pastor, and remained with the church until 1893, when he was succeeded by the present pastor, Dr. A. H. Ball. The first year after the organization of the church, meetings were held in the Olympic theater. They were subsequently held in a building on Chase street until the completion of the new church, the corner-stone of which was laid August 16, 1894. This building stands at the south-east corner of Chase and Tenth streets, and is one of the handsomest places of worship in Anderson. The building was dedicated September 8, 1895, Dr. Crum, of Terre Haute, delivering the dedicatory address. The first trustees were E. J. Buffington, W. B. Cutter, J. C. Van Riper, E. R. Cheney and H. P. Coburn.

THE UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH.

In the autumn of 1889, Rev. J. T. Roberts, a young theological student of the United Brethren faith, organized the present society of that denomination which now has a home at the corner of Sansberry street, near Eleventh street. The society was organized at Westerfield's hall on north Main street, and meetings were held there and at other convenient places until December, 1892, when their church was completed and dedicated.

DUNKARD CHURCH.

This church was erected in 1892 under the auspices of a few members of this particular sect. They have no regular minister, and services are held only occasionally.

LUTHERAN CHURCH.

The Lutheran church was organized February 1, 1893, by the Rev. W. J. Finck, and the first meeting of the society was held in a small building on West Ninth street. Property at the north-east corner of Fourteenth and Dolman streets was subsequently purchased, where services have since been held. The congregation is composed of sixty members. It is the intention of the membership to erect a new place of worship in the near future.

THE FRIENDS' CHURCH.

On the 13th of January, 1894, a small number of Friends, or Quakers, under the leadership of the Rev. W. S. Wooton, organized and founded the Friends' church. The first meetings of the Friends were held in the second story of a frame building on West Tenth street. The society afterward purchased the residence at the north-east corner of Fourteenth street and Central avenue, where services have since been held. The congregation is composed at the present time of 100 members.

THE SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY.

The present organization of Spiritualists in Anderson dates from January 15, 1892. The Spiritualists of the city and vicinity, however, had held meetings in the Westerfield hall on North Main street, and at private residences many years ago, under the leadership of the late Dr. John W. Westerfield, who, although not a lecturer nor medium, was very active in promoting the cause of what is now known as Modern Spiritualism. On the above date a number of believers in the doctrine organized a society by electing a President, Secretary and a Board of Trustees. Dr. G. N. Hilligoss was chosen President. Immediately after the organization had been effected, ground was purchased at the north-west corner of Thirteenth street and Madison avenue, and the erection of a Spiritualist temple was begun. The building was completed and dedicated in the summer of 1892, and is one of the neatest places of worship in the city. The society has a large membership and is in a flourishing condition. The present President of the society is Mr. Alexander P. McKee.

SECOND M. E. CHURCH.

What is known as the Second M. E. church was organized by the colored members of the Methodist denomination in

Anderson in 1873. A small frame building situated on Delaware streets between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, was purchased and converted into a place of worship. Services are held regularly every Sunday. The congregation is composed of about thirty members.

AFRICAN M. E. CHURCH.

This society was organized about the year 1890, and in 1896 the membership built a place of worship on South Sheridan street. The building is ample for the accommodation of the congregation, which numbers about thirty members. It is one of the prettiest edifices of its kind in the city.

BAPTIST CHURCH (COLORED).

The colored members of the Baptist denomination organized a society of about thirty members in Anderson in 1892, and subsequently erected a small frame church on South Sherman street. Services are held regularly every Sunday, and the society is in a flourishing condition.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

In Which Some Account is Given of the Benevolent Orders of Anderson — Their Number — Growth — When Instituted, Etc.

F. & A. M.

There are but few secret fraternities of importance in existence that are not represented by a lodge in Anderson. Since the discovery of natural gas, and the great influx of strangers caused thereby, the number of benevolent orders and secret societies, has increased very rapidly, indicating that the social relation, so far as its promotion can be affected by secret orders, is not neglected.

For many years the Masonic and Odd Fellows were the only secret fraternities in the city, and both orders had a large and influential membership. The former order was the first to establish a lodge here, one having been organized June 1, 1849. This lodge — Mount Moriah — held its first meetings in the old court house that stood where the present one is located, but subsequently met in a room on the third floor of the United States Hotel building, mention of which is made elsewhere. The first officers were: Henry Wyman, W. M.; Adam Reed, S. W.; Robert Wooster, J. W.; Townsend Ryan, S. D.; Burkett Eads, J. D.; Richard Lake, Sec.; G. T. Hoover, Treas. There were elements of discord and discontent in the lodge, it appears, and in January, 1855, the charter was surrendered. It was restored, however, in the summer of the same year, and the lodge was reorganized. The growth of the lodge, for many years, was not unusual, and it experienced its seasons of activity, as all similar organizations do in the course of their existence. But a few years previous to 1865 the membership of Mount Moriah began to increase to such an extent that it was deemed advisable to organize another lodge. Accordingly a charter was asked and obtained of the Grand Lodge of the State on the 16th of September, 1865, for the organization of Anderson Lodge No. 114, F. &

A. M. H. J. Blacklidge was the first Worshipful Master of the Lodge.

This lodge maintained a separate existence, but met in the hall of Mount Moriah lodge for a number of years, when both organizations were consolidated. From the date of the organization of Mount Moriah lodge up to April, 1896, the Masonic fraternity in Anderson had no permanent home and the meetings of the order were held at various places, the last hall occupied by the lodge previous to the dedication of the new Masonic temple on Meridian street being the third story of the building at the south-east corner of Main and Eighth streets, which for many years was known as Union hall.

ANDERSON COMMANDERY K. T.

This organization was granted a dispensation May 15, 1884. J. E. Redmond was elected Eminent Commander; W. T. Durbin, Generalissimo, and G. D. Searle, C. G. On April 29, 1885, a charter was granted by the Grand Lodge. The first officers of the commandery under the charter were W. T. Durbin, E. C.; G. D. Searle, G.; James Wellington, C. G.

Anderson Commandery is one of the finest of its kind in the country. Since its charter was granted its membership has steadily increased until it now numbers 137 Sir Knights, many of whom reside in different parts of the county. It is one of the organizations of which, not only the citizens of Anderson, but of the county, are justly proud. One of its members, the Hon. W. T. Durbin, has the distinguished honor of being the present Right Eminent Grand Commander of the State.

The present officers of Anderson Commandery are Jos. L. Schalk, E. C.; George B. Wheelock, G.; Edward R. Prather, C. G. A sketch of this commandery will be found elsewhere.

THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE.

Ground was broken for this stately edifice in March, 1895, the corner stone was laid by J. A. Thompson on the 21st of May following, and on the 23d of March, 1896, it was formally dedicated. The building is four stories high, the front constructed of stone and the architecture both graceful and artistic. The rooms devoted to lodge purposes are finished and appointed in elegant style, particularly the main hall, which is one of the finest in Indiana, if not in the entire country. The ceiling is arched and a pretty gallery extends along

the north, south and west sides of the hall and at an elevation that affords a fine view, to those who occupy it, of all that is going on below. A spacious banquet hall is situated in the second story, where the order can entertain its guests, in that sumptuous style for which it is so justly noted, without inconvenience or unnecessary expense, as a kitchen supplied with a range and all other appliances and utensils necessary to a well-regulated culinary department is situated upon the same floor. The rooms upon the first or ground floor are used for business purposes, and the front rooms of the second story for offices. The building was erected at a cost of $40,000. It is the finest in the county and members of the Masonic fraternity are justified in feeling proud of it.

ORDER OF THE EASTERN STAR.

A lodge of this branch or degree of Masonry was first established in Anderson many years ago, and flourished for a while, but finally passed out of existence. On the 16th of April, 1894, a new lodge was organized, of which Mrs. W. A. Kittinger was elected Worthy Matron. The order is, at the present time, in a prosperous condition.

THE I. O. O. F.

Anderson Lodge, No. 131, Independent Order of Odd Fellows, was instituted on the 18th of April, 1853, and was the first lodge of that order organized in the county. The first officers of the lodge were, G. R. Diven, N. G.; R. N. Clark, V. G.; A. M. Williams, Sec.; William Wilson, Treas., all of whom have been called to their reward. The first lodge hall was situated in the second story of the old court house, the same occupied by the Sons of Temperance. This latter order at that time flourished in Anderson, but long since passed out of existence. The Odd Fellows previous to 1867 had no permanent home, but in that year they joined with the owners of the lot where the present Odd Fellows' block is situated and erected a building, the order owning the third story. This building, along with others on the "West Side," burned on the 27th of May, 1875, but was rebuilt in the autumn and winter following. The hall of Anderson lodge is well adapted to the purpose for which it is used, being centrally located, ample in size, well ventilated and possessing other advantages that render it one of the best lodge rooms in the State. It is also the home of Star Encampment No. 84, I. O. O. F., and

Daughters of Rebekah. Anderson Lodge, No. 131, has been honored twice in its history by the Grand Lodge of the State, two of its members having been chosen Grand Master, namely: The Hon. W. R. Myers and the Hon. M. A. Chipman, the latter being the present incumbent of that office.

Within Star Encampment was organized a uniform rank, known at the time as the "Uniformed Patriarchs" that became famous in the '80s on account of its proficiency in military tactics. An account of this once famous company's achievements in drill contests will be found elsewhere in this work.

I. O. R. M.

Ononga Tribe, Improved Order of Red Men, was organized in 1874, with twenty-two charter members. The tribe was not very prosperous for some time after it was organized, but in 1877–88 there were a great many accessions to the membership, and the order to-day is the strongest in point of numbers in Anderson. From Ononga Tribe have sprung a lodge of the Daughters of Pocahontas, and Mingo and Kamala tribes. Mingo was instituted October 19, 1892, and Kamala October 18, 1893. Both tribes have a large and active membership, and are in a prosperous condition. The Red men of Anderson and Madison county, like the Odd Fellows, have been honored by having one of their number chosen by the Grand Lodge of the State as its chief officer, the Hon. Alfred Ellison, ex-judge of the Madison Circuit court, having been elected to the office of Great Sachem of Indiana.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

There are two lodges of this order in Anderson, and the membership of both is large and influential. Anderson Lodge, No. 106, was instituted January 26, 1883, with twenty-one charter members. It now has a membership of 200 Knights and is steadily growing. A uniformed rank was organized in the summer of 1889 composed of thirty-two members. This is one of the finest organizations connected with the order in the State, but of late has not been very active. Anderson Lodge owns its own Castle hall, one of the largest and handsomest in the city. This hall occupies the third story of the Donnelly block on Meridian street, between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets, and was dedicated with great ceremony November 23, 1894. A grand banquet followed the ceremonies at which Judge Alfred Ellison acted as toast master and

prominent members of the local lodge delivered appropriate addresses.

Banner Lodge, No. 416, K. of P., was instituted on the 17th of April, 1895, with eighty charter members. The lodge now has about 135 members, and is in a satisfactory condition, financially and otherwise. The meetings of the lodge are held in the Elks' hall, at the northwest corner of Meridian and Eleventh streets.

KNIGHTS OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE.

This lodge was instituted in Anderson on the 18th of January, 1890, with sixty-eight charter members. It is benevolent and fraternal, and is gradually increasing its membership, which at the present time numbers seventy in good standing. There is also a lodge of "The Ladies of the Golden Eagle," which is largely composed of the wives, daughters and sisters of the members of the Knights of the Golden Eagle. Ladies whose husbands are not members of the order are eligible to membership in this order, however. The lodge is known as "Hope Temple Lodge, No. 3, Ladies of the Golden Eagle." Both lodges meet in the same hall which is situated in the third story of the Newsom block on Meridian, between Seventh and Eighth streets.

THE ORDER OF ELKS.

Anderson Lodge, No. 209, B. P. O. E., was organized on the 30th of June, 1891, with thirty-one charter members. The ceremonies of organization and initiation were performed in Odd Fellow's Hall and immediately following the exercises a banquet was spread on the stage of Doxey Music Hall. The lodge has about one hundred active members and is in a very prosperous condition. The idea of establishing a lodge of Elks at Anderson originated with R. H. Cokefair, C. K. McCullough, and H. B. Heineman. The meetings of the lodge are held in Elks' Hall, situated in the third story of the Harter block at the northwest corner of Meridian and Eleventh streets.

KNIGHTS OF THE MACCABEES.

Anderson Tent, No. 39, Knights of the Maccabees, was instituted at Anderson December 18, 1890, with forty charter members. The Order is social, fraternal and beneficial. The membership is not increasing as rapidly perhaps as in other organizations, for the reason that no special effort has been

made in that direction. The lodge has at the present time, fifty members.

THE TRIBE OF BEN HUR.

Idernee Court, No. 26, was organized March 25, 1895, with seventy-five charter members. The meetings of this lodge are held in the same room occupied by the Knights of the Golden Eagle. The lodge is gradually increasing its membership.

UNITED AMERICAN MECHANICS.

A lodge of this order was instituted at Anderson on December 19, 1894, with forty-three charter members. It is social and benevolent in its character. The meetings of this lodge are also held in the hall of the Knights of the Golden Eagle.

MODERN WOODMEN OF AMERICA.

Oak Leaf Camp, No. 3690, was organized in March, 1896, with twenty charter members. The membership is steadily increasing. The meetings of the order are held in the Newsom block on North Meridian street.

WOODMEN OF THE WORLD.

Hemlock Camp, No. 18, was organized March 7, 1892, with eleven charter members. The order is fraternal and benevolent. The meetings of the Camp are held in the Hancock building, on West Ninth street, between Meridian and Jackson.

J. O. U. A. M.

Anderson Council, No. 5, Junior Order American Mechanics, was organized in June, 1891, the charter being granted on the 17th of that month and year. The lodge organized with thirty-eight charter members. The organization is in a healthy condition and growing. The Daughters of America are a branch of this order and have a lodge which meets in the J. O. U. A. M. hall, in the Hancock block.

EQUITAPLE AID UNION.

Anderson Union, No. 548, was organized October 13, 1895, with twelve charter members. The lodge now has a large membership and is growing rapidly. The order is social, fraternal and beneficial. The lodge meets in the Hancock building.

KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

A lodge of this order was established in Anderson May 18, 1875, with eighteen charter members. The lodge at present is in a prosperous condition. Its meetings are held in the Leib block, on the corner of Meridian and Tenth streets. Up to the present time $23,000 in benefits have been paid to the relatives of deceased members of this lodge in Anderson.

A. O. H.

Anderson Division, No. 1, Ancient Order of Hibernians, was organized September 7, 1891, with eighteen members. The society now has fifty-two active members. The society also has a number of honorary members, who are entitled to the social privileges of the lodge room only. The meetings of the society are held at present in the basement of the Catholic Church.

CATHOLIC KNIGHTS OF AMERICA.

St. Mary's Branch, No. 646, was instituted in March, 1891, with twenty-one charter members. The membership, as the name of the order indicates, is confined to Catholics. The lodge is in a very prosperous condition and is growing rapidly. St. Mary's Commandery, No. 646, C. K. of A., was organized June 3, 1895, with thirty-six members. At the present time the roll bears the names of fifty-seven Knights, and the membership is rapidly increasing. It is conceded that this commandery is one of the finest in the State, both as to appearance and proficiency in military manœuvres.

KNIGHTS AND LADIES OF HONOR.

A lodge of this order was instituted at Anderson, September 22, 1894, with twenty charter members. The meetings of the lodge are held in Cook's hall, at the northwest corner of Main and Twelfth streets.

A. O. F.

Court Hazlewood, No. 7720, Ancient Order of Foresters, was instituted with ——— charter members. The lodge has a large membership and is in a prosperous condition. The lodge meetings are held in Kirkham's hall, Hazelwood.

SONS OF ST. GEORGE.

Red Rose Lodge, No. ——, Sons of St. George, was instituted with ——— charter members. The membership of

this lodge is composed very largely of natives of England. The meetings of the lodge are held in Kirkham's hall, Hazelwood addition.

KNIGHTS OF THE ANCIENT ESSENIC ORDER.

A lodge of this order was instituted at Anderson, August 28, 1895, with fifty-two charter members. The order is social, fraternal and benevolent. The meetings of the lodge are held at the Elks' hall at the north-west corner of Meridian and Eleventh streets.

THE DRUIDS.

A lodge of this order was instituted in Anderson, July 22, 1896, but owing to a lack of interest on the part of the membership in its success, was shortlived. After several meetings had been held it became apparent that the lodge could not succeed, and it was taken by consent that the charter should be surrendered. This was accordingly done and the lodge passed out of existence.

ORDER OF LINCOLN.

Anderson lodge, No. 5, Order of Lincoln, was organized September 22, 1896, with thirty charter members. The order is social, literary and patriotic. The lodge has forty members at the present time, and is in a prosperous condition. The first officers of the organization were, Dr. F. J. Hodges, president; J. C. Teegarden, secretary, and H. C. Ryan, treasurer.

G. A. R.

Major May Post, Grand Army of the Republic, was organized September 18, 1883, at the court house with seventy-one charter members. The meetings of the post were held in various halls for a number of years, but in 1895, an arrangement was effected with Major Charles T. Doxey which secured a permanent home for the organization as long as it exists. The post hall occupies the entire second story of the building situated at the north-west corner of Central avenue and Ninth streets and is one of the most commodious in the city. It was completed in May, 1896, and while affording the local G. A. R. an asylum of which the membership can feel justly proud, will stand as a monument to the generosity of Major Doxey.

Besides the foregoing fraternal and benevolent orders, there are many other important organizations of a religious,

social, literary and military character. Among these are the Columbia Rifles, or Company C, of the Indiana National Guard; Major Doxey Camp, Sons of Veterans; the Anderson Club, Columbia Club, Fortnightly Club, Epworth League, Y. P. S. C. E., Y. M. C. A., Edgerlie Club, Clio Club and Anderson Athletic Club.

In closing this chapter the fact is noted that Rev. J. A. McGlone, the popular rector of Trinity Episcopal Church is connected officially with seven of the foregoing secret orders and with a number of others in an unofficial capacity. He is also at the head of the organized charities of Anderson where his efforts in behalf of the worthy poor have been in the highest degree praiseworthy and successful.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE MANUFACTORIES OF ANDERSON—THEIR NUMBER AND CHARACTER—WHEN LOCATED—NUMBER OF OPERATIVES EMPLOYED, ETC.

As stated elsewhere the county of Madison, until the discovery of natural gas, was noted principally for the quantity and quality of its agricultural and other farm products. Up to that time but few manufactories had been established in the county, and Anderson being the seat of justice and enjoying better shipping facilities than any other town in the county, had a majority of them.

The first manufacturing establishment erected at Anderson was a saw-mill and "corn-cracker." This mill was built by David Williams in 1830 and was situated on White river just north of the Big Four and Pennsylvania railway crossing. The concern was purchased by Andrew Jackson and enlarged and improved from time to time until it became the principal mill in this part of the county. It was known as "the Jackson mill," and before it was destroyed by fire, in 1877, did a large business. The last proprietor of the mill was David B. Jackson, a son of Andrew Jackson.

About six years after the Williams mill was built, Joseph Mullinix erected a corn mill on White river two miles west of Anderson. This mill was situated on the present site of what for a long time has been known as the "Moss Island Mills," so called on account of the island formed by the "race" and river, and from the further fact that James Moss owned the property for many years. The mill has been owned and improved by many proprietors in its time and has done a large local business, quite a village springing up around it, but of late years the property has been neglected and is at present in a dilapidated condition.

In 1849 Willis G. Atherton and sons, Mortimer and Ransom V. Atherton, erected a sawmill near a large pond situated about a quarter of a mile southeast of the Hazen nail-mill on Arrow avenue. This was the first steam mill in the

county and supplied all the sawed timber used in the construction of the Bellefontaine (Big Four) railroad from Pendleton to Muncie. The mill was operated successfully for a number of years, when it passed into the hands of persons who neglected to keep it in repair and finally was destroyed by an explosion.

In 1857 Alfred Makepeace erected a large steam grist-mill at the north end of Central avenue, the building being the same that is now owned and operated as a brewery by T. M. Norton & Sons. This mill was supplied with the best milling machinery obtainable at that time, but from various causes proved a bad investment. The machinery was subsequently disposed of and the building sold to T. M. Norton, who converted it into a brewery, which, from an unpretentious beginning, has become one of the largest and most successful industries of its class in the State.

The Killbuck mills were built in 1862 by William Sparks and Albert A. Siddall. The mills are situated on the north bank of White river and near the mouth of Killbuck creek, the latter stream furnishing the power with which to run them. A sawmill, built by Mr. Sparks in 1860, once stood just west of the grist-mill and was run in connection with it. These mills did a profitable business at one time, but with the building of steam mills in almost every locality in the county, trade declined and the sawmill was abandoned. The mills are now owned by John Peacock and Emory W. Clifford.

The tannery business was an important industry at an early day not only in Anderson but in almost every village in the county, as hides and peltries were about the only articles, or products, that could be sold for cash.

It was in 1830 that the first tannery was built in Anderson. The building and vats were located on the south side of East Ninth street between Central avenue and Fletcher street. John Wiley and Edmund West were the proprietors of the establishment and did a profitable business in a small way. The property changed hands in the course of time and was finally abandoned when another tannery was built at the southeast corner of Meridian and Eleventh streets by Elon Merrill and Frank Sparks. This establishment also changed hands a number of times and was last operated by Miles Rozelle. The old tannery on East Ninth street had been re-established in the meantime and sold to Mr. Rozelle and when the tanneries in

this part of the country could no longer compete with the larger concerns in the east, was again abandoned.

The first and only pretentious manufactory located in Anderson at a comparatively early day (1855), was the Keiser foundry and machine works; not pretentious on account of its magnitude, but its importance to the community. This factory was located in a small frame building, on the northeast corner of Main and Tenth streets, but was afterwards moved to a brick building erected for the purpose on north Main street, and operated by Messrs. Geo. Keiser, Benj. Alford and J. N. Hill. Grain drills were manufactured extensively for awhile, but strong competition of larger concerns throughout the country, lack of capital and other causes, gradually drove the young industry to the wall. Mr. Alford, who is still living in the city, was superintendent of the molding department and was the first person to make an iron casting in the county. Mr. Hill is still engaged in the manufacturing business in the city. Mr. Keiser, deceased, recently at Muncie, where he at one time owned and successfully operated a manufacturing establishment. It was not until the '60s, however, that any considerable number of manufactories were located in Anderson, and of these enterprises, which probably did not exceed ten or twelve in number during the decade that followed, but two or three are now in operation. Of the factories that were established and did a large business during the time mentioned, but which are now almost forgotten, may be mentioned a chair factory at the north-west corner of Meridian and Eleventh streets. This factory was established in 1871 by E. M. Jackson and E. B. Holloway, who had formerly been engaged in the marble and monument business. The factory was originally operated as a bent wood works, but was afterward merged into the Eagle Chair Company, and for several years did a profitable business. It was during 1865 that James Quinn & Sons, H. W. and A. J., built a carriage factory on North Meridian street, where they manufactured and sold high grade buggies and carriages for a number of years. The main building of this factory was subsequently converted into a livery stable, and is being used as such at the present time.

The Anderson Hub and Spoke Factory was another enterprise that flourished back in the '60s. This factory was built by J. B. Anderson, Dr. G. F. Chittenden and H. C. Cisco, in 1868, and was located on the east side of Meridian

street, between Fourth and Fifth streets. Hubs, spokes and other supplies used in the manufacture of wagons and carriages, were manufactured extensively, the output of the factory being shipped to all parts of the country. In 1873 the company was reorganized, L. J. Burr purchasing a controlling interest, perhaps, in the stock. This industry ceased operations in 1886 and the buildings were abandoned.

Another industry that did an extensive business a quarter of a century ago, but which has since passed out of existence, was the pump works of Platter, Foreman & Battreall. They manufactured a porcelain-lined pump, which found ready sale in central and northern Indiana, southern Michigan and western Ohio. In season it required a number of wagons to distribute their pumps over the territory mentioned. This factory was located in the building erected by George Keiser, on North Main street, for a foundry and machine shop. The building is now used as a stable by the Anderson Transfer Company.

HEADING AND STAVE FACTORIES.

In 1870 C. T. Doxey located a heading and stave factory on the east side of Main street, just south of the Big Four tracks. This was the first factory of the kind operated in the county and was destined to have a fateful history. On the 16th of November, and only a few months after it was built, the boiler exploded, demolishing the building and killing two of the hands, Clay Godwin and Stephen Sullivan. It was rebuilt and on January 3, 1873, was destroyed by fire. It was again immediately rebuilt on the same site and run until April 20, 1875, when it was once more consumed by fire. Notwithstanding the losses resulting from these disasters, Major Doxey again rebuilt the factory and continued to run it until the spring of 1877, when it was sold to H. J. Bronnenberg, who continued to operate the plant until 1884, when he sold it to J. L. Kilgore. The capacity of the plant was increased by additional buildings and machinery being added by Mr. Kilgore, who continued to operate it until 1895, when it was closed down on account of the scarcity of timber in this part of the country. The machinery was subsequently shipped to a factory at Paducah, Ky., in which Mr. Kilgore is interested.

The amount of heading and staves manufactured at this factory during the time it was in operation was enormous.

A large number of hands was employed and a vast sum of money was expended for timber and labor annually.

Two other heading and stave factories were operated near "The Crossing," but not until some time after the Doxey factory was built. One of these factories was situated just east of "The Crossing," and was originally built for a sawmill and excelsior works, but was purchased by J. J. Ralya and converted into a stave manufactory. This factory was subsequently purchased by Henry and Frank Adams, who run it until recently, when it was closed down. The other factory was run by J. L. Kilgore in the old packing house just west of "The Crossing," at the junction of Ohio and Columbus avenues. The building where this factory was operated was built in 1861 by Warren Ellis & Co., pork packers, of Boston, Mass., and was used as a packing house up to 1874, when the company failed. The slaughter house was situated on what was known as "the old Pugh farm," a half mile east of the packing house, and the slaughtered animals were hauled in wagons from the former to the latter house, where they were cut up and packed for the Eastern market. This company in its day disbursed large sums of money in Anderson and Madison county. The packing house still stands and is owned by ex-Governor Claflin, of Massachusetts.

The first grain "warehouse" erected in Anderson and the county was built by Leever & Morris in 1853 and was located just north of the Big Four railroad where the present passenger depot stands. It was owned by many different persons in its time the last being E. J. Walden. It was destroyed by fire in 1875, but was rebuilt and again burned.

In 1855 Atherton & Sons erected a warehouse and elevator on East Fifth street and just west of the P. C. C. & St. L. tracks where they bought and shipped grain until 1858, when the property passed into the hands of J. G. and T. N. Stilwell. It was afterwards owned by James Hazlett and William Crim who operated it until 1867 when it was sold to Carl & Son, who converted it into a grist mill. It has changed hands many times and is now owned by James Wellington and Joseph Schalk. It is supplied with the latest and best processes for manufacturing flour and does a large local and export business.

In 1865, B. Noland, H. D. Noland and Stephen Noland, composing the firm of B. Noland & Co., built a grain warehouse on the East side of the P. C. C. & St. L. railroad, near "The

Crossing." The company handled grain until the autumn of 1868, when the building burned and was never rebuilt.

What were known as the Dickson mills, afterwards burned, were built by James M. Dickson in 1874 and were located where the Hickey House now stands.

In 1875 E. J. Walden erected a two-story frame elevator east of Main street and immediately north of the Big Four road where he handled grain for one season, when he leased the property to W. C. Fleming. Mr. Walden and C. T. Doxey afterwards formed a partnership and took possession of the property doing business under the style of Walden & Doxey. In 1877 Mr. Doxey retired from the firm and was succeeded by Samuel Pence, the firm becoming Walden & Pence. This firm did a large business, handling 100,000 bushels of wheat and 150,000 bushels of corn in 1878. The elevator was afterwards destroyed by fire and was never rebuilt.

Of the old manufacturing establishments that are still being operated are the following:

The Mathes wagon and carriage manufacotry established in 1868 by George Mathes; the Hoosier planing-mill, established in 1868 by Samuel Templeton, Jonas Raber, Frederick Engle, Henry Kessler and Stephen Market, and run under the firm name of Templeton, Raber & Co.; the Armstrong planing-mill, built in 1868 by William Wright and Nathan Armstrong at the south-east corner of Meridian and Sixth streets; the Anderson foundry and machine works, originally known as the Michner Machine Works, and erected at the north end of Jackson street by a corporation of which D. W. Swank was president and J. W. Westerfield secretary and treasurer; the grain cradle works and snath factory, established by William Wagoner and Thomas C. Fisher, in 1867, and situated, originally, in the building now occupied by the Bulletin Printing Company, but subsequently removed to the south-east corner of Milton and First streets; the Hill boiler and machine works, erected in 1870 by J. N. Hill on Sixth, between Meridian and Jackson streets; the Bosworth planing-mill and sash factory located on South Jackson street.

NEW FACTORIES.

An account of the discovery of natural gas at Anderson, and the steps taken to secure the location of factories and other industrial enterprises are given elsewhere in this work. The following are the results:

The first manufactury located was the Longsworth Handle Factory. Then came the Truss-hoop Factory; Fowler Nut and Bolt Works, now operated by the Schofield Co.; the Anderson Flint Bottle Works; the American Wire and Rod Mill; Knife and Bar Works; American Straw-board Works; J. W. Sefton Manufacturing Co.; Pennsylvania Glass Factory; Hoosier Glass Factory; Cathedral Glass Works; Pennsylvania Quartz Mill; Gould Steel Works; Crystal Ice Works; Union Window-Glass Factory; Hazen Wire Nail Mill; Columbia Encaustic Tile Works; Anderson Paper and Pulp Mills; Arcade File Works; North Anderson Window-glass Factory; Woolley Machine Works; Victor Window-glass Factory; Anderson Iron and Bolt Works; Indiana Box Factory; Anderson Forging Co.; Buckeye Manufacturing Co.; Barber Bed Spring Co.; Gentzen Art-Glass Co.; Wright Shovel Works; National Tin Plate Factory; Cansfield Stationery Co.; Sheppard Canning Co.; Fred Myers Planing-Mill; L. D. Adams Planing-Mill; Raible & Snyder Box Factory; the Springer Planing-Mill.

These factories, together with the minor manufacturing concerns, have about $4,000,000 invested, and employ 3,000 operatives to whom thousands of dollars are disbursed each week.

From the foregoing it can be easily seen why the small country town of a few years ago has become a manufacturing center; a thriving, bustling city of 21,042 inhabitants.

What will the city be in wealth and population fifty years hence?

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Anderson Banks.

Anderson has three regularly organized banking institutions, and all that can be said in commendation of one applies with equal force to all. While they are managed upon conservative principles, the strictest business methods are employed in their transactions with the public. While many similar depositories throughout the State and country were compelled to close their doors during the financial panic of 1893–4, the banks of Anderson withstood the shock, promptly meeting every demand that was made upon them. They are financially sound and enjoy the public confidence in the fullest degree.

THE CITIZENS' BANK

Was organized in 1855 by the late Neal C. McCullough and Judge Byron K. Elliott, and is the oldest banking institution in Madison county. Judge Elliott retired from connection with the bank in 1863. In 1879 the bank was reorganized, C. K. McCullough and W. T. Durbin being admitted to partnership. D. F. Mustard was also admitted as a partner in 1881, but three years later retired, and, in connection with A. J. Brunt and others, purchased the Madison County National Bank. This bank was organized originally by J. E. Corwin, J. H. Terhune, L. J. Burr, N. R. Elliott and other capitalists, and was known as the "Madison County Bank." It afterwards became a National bank, but after doing business several years, went into liquidation and resumed as a private bank. It was consolidated with the Citizens' Bank in 1886, Messrs. Mustard and Brunt becoming members of the firm. Mr. Neal C. McCullough, the head of the institution, died in 1888 and his interest was continued by the estate, perhaps the largest and most valuable in the county. The bank is now under the management of W. T. Durbin, D. F. Mustard, J. W. Pence, C. K. McCullough, the McCullough estate, J. H. Terhune, F. R. Brown and R. F.

Schenck. The capital stock of the bank is $150,000 and the surplus $18,000. Aside from the capital invested by the members of the firm, they represent large property interests, and, as the bank is not incorporated, are individually liable to depositors to the extent of their possessions both in money and property, excepting the amount set off by law.

NATIONAL EXCHANGE BANK.

In 1866, William Crim & Co. organized the Exchange Bank of Anderson, with Joseph Fulton as cashier. The bank was located in a building owned by the late Robert Adams, and was situated where the Phœnix block now stands at the north-west corner of Main and Eighth streets. In 1881 the bank was reorganized, H. J. Daniels, John L. Forkner and T. J. McMahan, being admitted to the membership. In 1884 the Hon. J. W. Sansberry purchased Mr. Daniels' interest, the latter retiring from the firm and purchasing an interest in the Citizens' Bank. The Citizens' and Madison County Banks having been consolidated, the Exchange, in 1886, removed to the former quarters of the Citizens' Bank at the north-east corner of Main and Ninth streets, where it is now located. In 1892, the bank was organized under the National banking law and is now operated under the name and style of "The National Exchange Bank, of Anderson." The present officers are, T. J. McMahan, president; C. W. Prather, vice-president; J. L. Forkner, cashier, and James W. Sansberry, Jr., assistant cashier. Including the officers of the institution, the directory is composed of James W. Sansberry, Sr., B. W. Scott, J. F. Wild, C. W. Prather, J. W. Sansberry, Jr., J. L. Forkner and T. J. McMahan, all of whom are safe business men and numbered among Anderson's most reliable and influential citizens. The capital stock is $100,000; surplus and profits, $15,000. The bank does a large, safe and profitable business.

ANDERSON BANKING COMPANY.

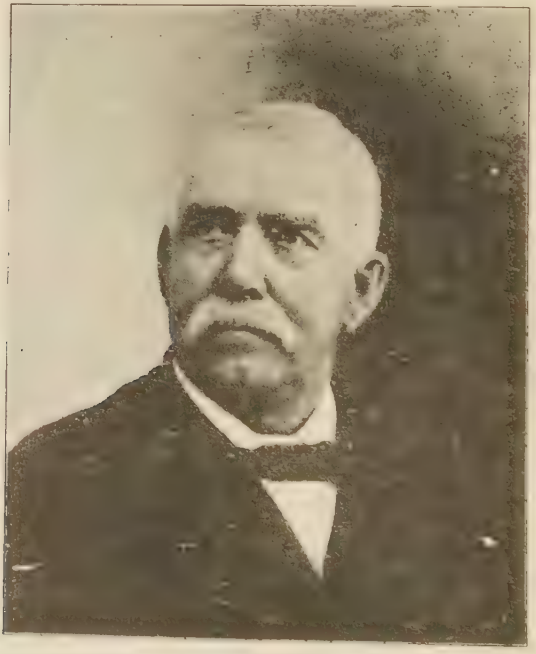
This bank was organized in February, 1890, and immediately sprang into prominence as a safe and reliable financial institution. The stockholders are, Dr. B. Baker, W. H. Quick, Jesse L. Vermillion, George F. Quick, Harrison Canaday, U. C. Vermillion, S. E. Young, J. A. J. Brunt and H. J. Daniels. The active managers are, H. J. Daniels, Jesse L. Vermillion and George F. Quick. The capital stock of

this institution is $125,000. The individual members of the bank have large holdings in real estate, the aggregate amount exceeding 4,300 acres of the finest and most valuable lands in Madison county. The bank has been successful in its business from the day it opened its doors, and is regarded as one of the soundest repositories in central Indiana.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

St. John's Hospital.

Through the philanthrophy of John Hickey, Esq., a native of County Wicklow, Ireland, but a resident of Anderson since 1853, the city is indebted for one of its noblest institutions—St. John's Hospital. This asylum for the afflicted was



JOHN HICKEY, ESQ.

founded in 1894, the deed to the property having been made on the 31st of March of that year by Mr. Hickey, or "Uncle John" Hickey, as he is affectionately called by all who know him. The conveyance is made to "the trustees of the corporation of St. Mary's Academy, for the use and benefit of the Sisters of the Holy Cross," and specifies that in the event it should ever become necessary to dispose of the property the

trustees shall invest the proceeds of the sale thereof in other property within or adjacent to the city. This contingency may never arise, however, as the property is eligibly situated for the purpose to which it is devoted, being the old Hickey homestead, between Jackson and Brown streets, in the south part of the city. The frame residence was used as a hospital until the present brick building was completed in the spring of 1895. This building is two stories high and 95 feet long by 65 feet wide. It is constructed in such a manner that the additions contemplated in the original plans will, when made, enhance its attractiveness as well as enlarge its conveniences. A number of public-spirited citizens, sympathizing with the object and appreciating the efforts of the Sisters of the Holy Cross to erect a suitable building in which to carry on the beneficent work of ministering to the wants of the sick and afflicted, made generous donations of materials and money to that end and now have the satisfaction of knowing that but few cities in the country of the population of Anderson have a better equipped or better managed charity of its kind than St. John's Hospital. The institution is superintended by Sister Victoria, a devout Christian and most gracious woman, assisted by six Sisters of the same order. The doors of St. John's Hospital are open to all who are sick, without regard to race, color or condition in life. Its impartial charities are bestowed upon all who seek them, and if necessary without money and without price. If Mr. Hickey should leave no other monument or work to perpetuate his memory, this noble institution will be sufficient. His name will be identified with its benefactions as long as it endures.

Among those who contributed generously to the building of this institution were Major C. T. Doxey, A. J. Brunt and Hon. James W. Sansberry.

CHAPTER XL.

Anderson Cemeteries.

With the settlement of Anderson a public cemetery or burying ground became necessary. At the March session, 1832, of the County Commissioners they made the following order with reference to the matter: "Ordered, that William Curtis, agent of Madison County, for Andersontown, the seat of justice of said county, do make and execute to John Berry, in consideration of a certain lot of ground by said Berry transferred, for the purpose of a burying ground, a deed for Lots No. 15 and 16, in the south-east square of Andersontown." And again at the January session, 1834, it was, "Ordered, that Joseph Shannon be, and he is hereby appointed county agent for the seat of justice of Madison County, and that he is hereby instructed to receive a good deed of John Berry for a burying-ground, agreeably to said Berry's undertaking, and also to collect the amount of donation subscribed thereon."

It does not appear of record that Mr. Berry ever executed a deed as required by the county Board, but the ground designated by him was used for years by the citizens of Anderson and surrounding country as a place of interment. This cemetery was situated at the east end of Tenth street on a hill studded with graceful forest trees. It was used for many years as a burial-ground but was finally vacated, the remains of those buried there being removed to a cemetery laid out by Collins Tharp on a strip of land lying just west of Delaware street between Eleventh and Twelfth streets. In 1867–8 the hill upon which the first cemetery was located was removed by the P. C. C. & St. L. Railway Co., in order to obtain gravel for its road-bed and the partial remains of a number of persons who had been buried there and forgotten were hauled away and dumped along the line of the road as so much dirt.

In 1863 it became apparent that a larger cemetery was necessary and the Anderson Cemetery Association was organized. Ground was purchased across the river north of the city and the Tharp cemetery was abandoned. Those having friends

buried there removed their remains to the new place of sepulture. The first interment in the new cemetery was that of James M., infant son of Mr. and Mrs. William Crim, and the grave was dug by James Battreall and Bryant Taylor. The child died in August, 1863, of the dread disease, diphtheria. This disease became epidemic that year in Anderson and the idols of many households were stricken before it ceased its ravages. In 1867 the Catholic church purchased the ground on South Brown street since known as St. Mary's cemetery and subsequently consecrated it as a place of burial. The first person buried in this cemetery was Michael, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Carmody.

CHAPTER XLI.

The Public Schools of Anderson, City and Township, Past and Present — Their Number — Cost of Maintaining Them, Etc.

The history of the public schools of Anderson and Anderson township is in many respects essentially the history of the public schools throughout the county. In a previous chapter the progress made by the public schools in general has been given and it is only necessary here, therefore, to mention such matters of interest as relate to the schools of Anderson in particular.

The first school in Anderson township was taught by Richard Treadway in 1833. The school house was made of logs and was situated on what is now known as Central avenue, between Tenth and Eleventh streets. Col. Ninevah Berry subsequently taught school in this house. A few years later a subscription was raised and a frame school house was erected near the northwest corner of what are now designated as Delaware and Eleventh streets. This building was used for several years as a school house, but was afterward remodeled and converted into a residence. It still stands and is one of the oldest frame buildings in Anderson. The first teacher who taught in this building was Samuel Brattan. He was followed by Seth Smith, Jones R. Daily and others. The first professional teacher to practice his profession in Anderson was O. P. Stone. He came to Anderson in 1846, and taught regularly until 1853. The Hon. James W. Sansberry also taught school about this time. Other old-time teachers were Messrs. S. W. Hill, Pentecost, Hoxhurst, I. N. Terwilliger and Misses Hudson, Bowman and Burns.

In 1828 the Legislature passed a law authorizing the erection of county seminaries at the public expense and in 1849 a two-story brick seminary was erected on the site of the present building at the corner of Main and Twelfth streets. The building was forty feet square with an east and west hall extending through it. The ground was donated for school

purposes by Newell Williams and Andrew Jackson. This building was destroyed by fire in 1856 and another was erected on its site, which in the course of time (1889) was torn down to be replaced by the present edifice, which was known as the High School building until 1890, when the imposing structure which now stands between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets and just east of School street, was erected. In 1868 a two-story brick building was erected by the school trustees at the north-east corner of Seventh and Milton streets. The trustees at that time were N. C. McCullough, Dr. B. F. Spann and C. Kirlin. This building was used for school purposes until 1895, when it was torn down and the present spacious building erected.

From 1862–5 Joseph Franklin had charge of the public school, there being but one in Anderson. In 1868 Mr. Franklin erected a frame building on the west side of Delaware street between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, where he conducted a graded school successfully for several years. He was assisted by Miss Genevieve Robinson, who had charge of the primary department. From 1868 to 1871, the schools were superintended successfully by Charles Hewett, T. C. Davis, H. M. Rust and W. R. Myers. From 1871 to 1873 there were no superintendents. In 1873 the schools were reorganized and J. N. Study was appointed superintendent. It was during this year that the Anderson High School was organized. The enumeration at that time was 1,033, and the school enrollment 640. Five years later the enumeration was 1,203 and the enrollment 902. The trustees at this time were, James Battreall, W. R. Myers and Dr. C. S. Burr. The first class was graduated in 1876 and consisted of four young ladies. The commencement exercises were held in the old Union Hall at the south-east corner of Main and Eighth streets. Mr. Study resigned the superintendency in 1877, since which time R. I. Hamilton, A. J. Dipboye and J. S. Carr respectively, have been appointed to the position. Prof. Carr is the present efficient superintendent. He is assisted by Mrs. Sarah Tarney Campbell.

In 1874 but twelve teachers were required in the public schools and there were only thirty-one pupils enrolled in the High School. This year (1896) the total enrollment of the public schools is 3,088 of which 264 attend the High School. The number of teachers required is fifty-eight, and next year sixty-five will be employed, so rapidly has the school

population increased. This year the sum of $3,250 was paid to the teachers every school month. Besides the buildings already mentioned, three others have been erected since 1890, namely, the Hazelwood building in 1891; the Central avenue building in 1892; the "Columbia" in 1893. Another handsome edifice is now being erected on Columbia avenue, which, when completed, will make seven model buildings. The estimated cost of these buildings is placed at $178,000. It can be safely affirmed that no city of equal size in the State has better school accommodations, or better schools for that matter, than Anderson. Nothing has been spared to place the schools upon a high plane of excellence, and the success that has attended the efforts of the officers and teachers in this direction is not only a matter of gratification to the friends of education, but merits the highest praise. The Board of Trustees at present is composed of Messrs. S. M. Keltner, C. W. Prather and George Quick, the latter gentleman succeeding Mr. W. T. Durbin, who was prominently connected with the Board for several years and took an active part in providing adequate school accommodations for the youth of the city.

TOWNSHIP SCHOOLS.

The number of persons in Anderson township entitled to the privileges of the schools outside the city is, at this time, 990. The township owns fifteen buildings, all of which are brick, and employed eighteen teachers the past year. The enrollment in the township schools is steadily increasing, and next year twenty-one teachers will be employed. The schools, both in the city and township, have been well managed, and to the credit of all concerned, are in a flourishing condition.

PAROCHIAL SCHOOLS.

The first parochial school in Anderson was taught by Mrs. Maggie Ryans, *nee* Mohan, in 1858. The school was taught in the small Catholic church that stood where the present church is located. Mrs. Ryan was succeeded by John Finley, who taught until 1866, when he left Anderson to join in the Fenian invasion of Canada. Mrs. Patrick Skehan, *nee* Collins, and Maurice Ferriter afterwards had charge of the school. The attendance at this school has gradually increased until the enrollment now numbers 200 pupils. The church recently vacated at the south-east corner of Fletcher and Eleventh streets

has been converted into a school building and is used exclusively for that purpose. The school is in charge of six Sisters of the Holy Cross. Only the primary branches are taught.

ANDERSON LIBRARY.

In 1879 a joint stock library association was organized by the public-spirited citizens of the city under the act of 1852 as modified by the act of 1873. Shares were issued at $5 each and a considerable sum of money was raised. Books were purchased and many donations of various kinds of literary works were made by friends of the cause, and for a while the library prospered. But in the course of time interest in the library began to decline and it was finally closed to visitors. In the winter of 1888 the noted temperance lecturer, Francis Murphy, came to Anderson and held a series of meetings, and at the last meeting of the series, which was held in the Doxey opera house, he inaugurated a movement that resulted in the re-establishment of the old library upon a permanent basis. A new association was formed and the books belonging to the old library were transferred to the new organization. Suitable rooms were rented on the north side of the public square, many new and valuable books were bought and M. Milburn, Esq., was appointed librarian. In 1891 the library board effected an arrangement with the city whereby the latter assumed control of the library and proceeded to levy a tax for its support. The library now has between four and five thousand volumes and is largely patronized. The rooms are situated in the Newsom block on North Meridian street and furnished in such a manner as to present an inviting appearance. Miss Anna B. Myers is librarian.

ANDERSON NORMAL UNIVERSITY.

This institution was founded by W. M. Croan and formally opened on the evening of August 29, 1896. The university occupies the second and third stories of the Opera House block, situated at the north-east corner of Main and Eleventh streets, and on the above occasion was visited by hundreds of Anderson's best citizens, who were no less gratified than surprised that an institution of its character and magnitude had risen in their midst almost unobserved. No appeal for financial assistance was made to the general public to establish this institution, and whatever prominence it may attain will be largely, if not wholly, due to the indefatigable efforts of its founder. The faculty is composed as follows:

President, Wm. M. Croan; Higher Mathematics and Astronomy, George H. Colbert; Pedagogy, J. C. Black; Language, J. P. Mullin; Literature, Lottie N. Mullin; Principal Commercial Department, J. Goodwin Perkins; Geography and Mathematics, E. E. Copple; Chemistry and Pharmacy, W. C. Rousch; Penmanship, Ellsworth L. McCain; Musical Director, Chas. Nelson; Elocution and Delsarte, Laura Quick; Voice Culture, Grace S. Langell; Conductor Band and Orchestra, Jas. F. Wysong; Shorthand and Typewriting, Louis J. Weichman; Military Science, Kenneth M. Burr; Law, John E. Wiley; Fine Art and Drawing, Margaret Beachley.

SOME OLD VILLAGES—VICTORIA.

Only the old-timers and those who are familiar with the early records of the county, are aware of the fact that the site of Anderson is not the only one that was ever platted for a town in Anderson township. In 1838, while the construction of the Indiana Central canal was in progress, John Renshaw platted a town site across White river, where the Anderson cemetery is now situated. A log cabin was erected and the "town" was called Victoria. But work on the canal was abandoned and the hopes that had been indulged in by Mr. Renshaw with reference to his town perished with the collapse of that great public enterprise. He subsequently disposed of the land where the town was located, and Victoria was forgotten.

ROCKPORT.

This was another canal town that was located in Anderson township. It was laid out in July, 1839, by J. W. Alley and was situated two and a half miles west of Anderson on part of the land now owned by J. W. Sausbery, Sr., and used by him as a stone quarry, the quarry having been developed many years after the town site had been platted. Rockport was on the south bank of the canal, and near the Strawtown road, or what is now known as the west extension of Eighth street. Rockport boasted of several houses at one time, but they have long since disappeared.

OMAHA.

At the crossing of the Big Four railroad and the county road, running west from the McCullough farm, near the

residence of Alexander Bell, in the south part of Anderson township, was once the village of Omaha.

Eli Gustin operated a saw mill and George Darrow, late of Denver, Colorado, but at this writing at Montpelier, Indiana, was a merchant and kept a store there. It was a thriving little place, and served as a trading point for the neighborhood.

There is nothing now left to tell where this town was situated, except a vacant piece of ground and a pile of ashes, and the decaying sawdust where the mill once stood.

CHAPTER XLII.

The Anderson Street Railway Company.

Soon after the discovery of nature's great fuel at Anderson it became apparent that the population would greatly increase and that the city, in order to keep pace with other enterprising and progressive towns, would have to be supplied with a street railway system. Several individuals, as well as companies, had taken a survey of the field and discussed the matter both with private citizens and the city officials, but nothing tangible resulted until August 19, 1887, when the City Council granted a charter to Seldon R. and D. C. Williams, of Lebanon, Tenn., through the efforts of D. C. Chipman, their associates, successors and assigns for twelve years, authorizing the construction and maintenance of a street railway in Anderson. Some time after the granting of the charter the work of constructing the track was begun. Meridian street was selected as the thoroughfare through which the railway should be constructed, the terminal points being the Big Four and Pan-Handle depots. The passenger depot of the Pan-Handle was at that time located on North Main street in the building now used as a freight house. Certain inducements, however, were offered the Messrs. Williams to change the proposed route of the road in order to accommodate the patrons of the leading hotels, and this was accordingly done. The track of the railway, as originally laid, extended from the Big Four depot north on Meridian street to Tenth, east on Tenth to Main, north on Main to Ninth, west on Ninth to Meridian, north on Meridian to Fifth, east on Fifth to the Pan-Handle depot. The point of transfer then as now was on Ninth street between Meridian and Main streets.

The road was completed on the morning of the 6th of September, 1888, and that evening street cars were run for the first time in Anderson. This was an occasion for much congratulation and rejoicing among the people, who turned out en masse to witness the novel spectacle — street cars

running through the streets of Anderson! The rolling stock of the company consisted of two cars with a seating capacity of about twenty people each. A span of diminutive mules supplied the motive power. On the evening the road was opened for traffic the city officials together with a number of prominent citizens and the Riverside Park Band (the only musical organization of its kind in the city at that time) were invited to take the first ride over the road. The band occupied the first car, and as the wheels began to turn in response to the efforts of the horses (for this occasion only) it struck up an inspiring air, the small boy shouted and the people generally who thronged the sidewalks along Meridian street joined in congratulation over the fact that Anderson was the first and only city in the gas belt provided with a street railway. The driver of the first car was Robert E. Burke, at this time a resident of Iowa. His uncle, Newton T. Burke, furnished the teams for the "excursion."

Branches were subsequently constructed from the main line to the north-west part of the city, Hazelwood addition and the Crossing, but owing to inefficient service were not very largely patronized; in fact, the "rapid transit" furnished by the "mule system," as it was called, was regarded as being somewhat of the nature of a joke. It is related that one of the car drivers, who also acted in the capacity of conductor, was so exceedingly polite and humane that instead of employing his whip when the mules manifested a disposition to stop and take a nap while making a "run," he would urge them on with such expressions as, "I wish you would go on. Now, please do go 'long," etc.

In 1892 the Anderson Electric Street Railway Company was organized, and on the 30th of May of that year the city council voted the company a right of way to the streets of Anderson for a period of thirty years. The Anderson Street Railway Company had, in the meantime, disposed of its franchise, rolling stock and other property to the electric company. Following the action of the council granting a thirty-year franchise, the new company re-constructed the road. The old iron rails, of which the tracks were constructed, were taken up and heavier iron was put down; the system was enlarged by the extension of the old lines; a large electric power house was erected; new cars were purchased, as well as a complete equipment of such electrical machinery and appliances as were necessary for a first-class street railway.

As the time approached for making a trial trip over the road with the electric cars great interest was manifested by the people, a majority of whom, perhaps, had never seen a car run by electricity. This interesting and important event occurred at 2 o'clock p. m., on March 12, 1892, and from that time on Anderson has boasted of a street railway system as good as the best in the country. In this, as in many other important matters, Anderson was the first city in the Indiana gas field to introduce electric cars. It is a fact worthy of mention that the Anderson Electric Street Railway Co. is composed exclusively of local capitalists. It is also proper to state that Philip Matter, of Marion, Ind., who is largely interested in Anderson real estate, and the Hon. C. L. Henry were the original promoters of the electric street railway system, and that they introduced electric cars and run them over the tracks of the old company before the city council granted them a franchise for the use of the streets. Mr. Matter subsequently disposed of his interest in the road to Mr. Henry, L. M. Cox, and others.

CHAPTER XLIII.

Anderson Fire Department.—Water Works and Sewerage System.

ANDERSON FIRE DEPARTMENT.

Prior to the year 1869, Anderson was without any organized fire department. About the year 1870, Hon. Charles T. Doxey and Mr. John P. Barnes who were members of the city council advocated the purchasing of a fire engine. Their efforts resulted in obtaining a Silsby engine at a cost of seven thousand dollars. At that time there were no public wells or cisterns within the city limits by means of which the engine could be tested, and it was therefore taken to the river bank in the rear of where Pierse's saw mill now stands. It was here fired up, and at once it displayed its ability to cope with fire in magnificent shape.

A laughable occurrence took place in which Mr. Barnes was the object of a good deal of merry-making. Two horses were hitched to the engine, and Mr. Barnes assumed the chieftancy by mounting upon the seat by the side of the driver. The horses were sent at full gallop down North Main street, and when in front of the present residence of Charles T. Doxey, the front wheel struck a stone in the street, and Mr. Barnes was thrown into the front yard. The horses were going at such speed that no attempt was made to stop them until they reached their destination at the river, and Mr. Barnes came a few minutes later on at a dead run to again assume his command of the embryo fire department.

After this test had been made it dawned upon the citizens and taxpayers that a large outlay of money would be necessary to supply the city with cisterns, horses, and other paraphernalia for putting the steamer in use. In consequence of this state of affairs an injunction was applied for in the Circuit Court, and the City Council was restrained from purchasing or paying for the engine out of the city funds. The machine was run into a building owned by Wagner & Fisher on West Eight street,

which is now occupied by the Daily Bulletin. Here it remained locked up under the order of the Court until a final decision was made in the matter. The case was finally taken to the Henry County Circuit Court, and tried at Newcastle on a change of venue when the Court decided against the purchase of the engine, and thus ended Anderson's first attempt to establish a fire department.

The next adventure in this line was in the year 1876 when the Hon. James Hazlett was mayor, and H. H. Conrad a leading member of the City Council, who both favored the organization of a fire department. After much agitation, a committee consisting of all the members of the council and the mayor was appointed for the purpose of purchasing a fire engine. This committee purchased at a cost of six hundred dollars a small hand engine which did service for quite a while in connection with a hook and ladder apparatus.

The first fire to occur after the purchase of the hand engine was at the residence of the Hon. Howell D. Thompson on North Meridian street. When the engine had been hauled to the place of the fire, it was discovered that there was no cistern handy, and the hose was, therefore, attached to a well, and in this condition it was unable to cope with the flames and the residence was almost totally destroyed.

The City Council erected a shed on the first alley east of the public square on East Eighth street where the fire apparatus was kept under the protection of William Black at a cost of twenty-five dollars per year.

The little hand engine later on redeemed itself to a certain extent by at one time saving the east side of the public square where a fire broke out in the cellar-way under the Gruenewald block.

During the construction of the Anderson water works in 1886, the organization of a volunteer fire department was again agitated by a number of persons petitioning the City Council to that effect. Fifty-seven names were secured. A meeting was called and a committee was appointed, prominent among whom were C. K. McCullough and Mr. Bart Proud. After a thorough canvass of the city, another meeting was called on the 13th day of August, 1886, in the mayor's office at the corner of Main and Eighth streets at which time the following named gentlemen enrolled themselves as volunteers: Amos Coburn, C. K. McCullough, Bart Proud, S. A. Towell, Jesse Talmage, John Ewing, Charles Alford, Charles

Perrett, James Hartley, Frank Myers, Charles Hubbard, Thomas J. Nichol, Samuel Taylor, Frank Craven, Peter Miller, Val Roll, "Snub" Shawan, Dr. Bin Reid, David Cook, Charles Kline, Eugene Groves, Frank Van Pelt, John Spence, John Phipps, Samuel Bass, Charles Bacon, Philip Hollingsworth, Ira Keeley, Marion Gustin, Caleb Shinkle, Perry Falkner, William Carmody, Benjamin Roadcap, Erastus DeHaven, H. H. Conrad, Lorenzo Moore, Wallace Black, Arthur Branson, John F. McClure, Michael Moriarity, Henry Burke, James Randall, James Bradley, Gabriel Hodge, Wm. Talmage, Albert Battreall, John Snyder, John Teepe, Frank Thompson, John Kenton, John Shinn, Frank Ethel, Joseph Rasin, Patrick O'Meara, Seth Cook, Ed. Wilcox, and Albert Clay.

At this meeting rules, regulations and by-laws governing the department were provided and adopted, and the organization was accomplished by the election of Amos Coburn as chief; C. K. McCullough, assistant; S. A. Towell, secretary; Bart Proud, captain Hose Company No. 1; and Jesse Talmage, captain of Hose Company No. 2. John Ewing was elected captain of the Hook and Ladder Company.

The equipment at that time consisted of two hand reels, hook and ladder truck and one thousand feet of hose in addition to the hand-engine. Rooms for the headquarters were secured in the basement of the court house. Regular meetings of the department were held on the first Friday evening of each month. Demands were made on the city council for more and better equipment, and soon the fire "laddies" were furnished rubber coats, hats, boots, etc.

The first fire to occur after the organization of this department took place at the residence of Dr. William A. Hunt on South Jackson street, in December, 1886. The weather was intensely cold, the thermometer marking 17 degrees below zero, and there was at that time also a heavy coat of snow upon the ground. When the signal of fire was given, not only the department responded, but nearly the whole population was on hand to witness the first fight made by the volunteers, and to see the new water works, which had just been completed, tested.

Many mistakes were made, the most serious of which was in attaching the hose to a hydrant some distance from the fire and the man at the hydrant turning the water on in full force before the hose had been unwound, which caused them to

burst and a deluge of water was poured out upon the streets, causing the hose to whip around like a monster serpent in the street, throwing the water in every direction and drenching the people on the sidewalks, as well as the members of the department. As soon as the mistake could be remedied an attachment was made to another hydrant and the fire was soon under control, and a portion of the Hunt residence and the building owned by Richard Lake, adjoining, were saved. While some were ready to criticize the department, the general feeling was that the boys did valiant service, and their mistakes were soon forgotten and forgiven.

The citizens took great interest in the fire department and a banquet was given to the members thereof, which gave them great encouragement, and the department started out anew in great spirits. The city council soon realized that the department must be provided with better equipments, and they were accordingly furnished with better hose and other appliances and were allowed two dollars each for every fire they attended. In the spring of 1887 Chief Coburn resigned and Samuel A. Towell was chosen in his place. In 1888 two horses were purchased and Edward Wilcox was placed on regular pay as driver.

In 1889 three additional men, Charles Alford, Charles Perrett and Philip Hollingsworth, were put on pay at forty dollars per month, and the chief's salary was made one hundred dollars per annum. The old reels were now converted into a one-horse reel, and two horses were purchased for the department. Prior to this time the liverymen of the city furnished the horses to pull the hose wagons.

In the year 1890 the Gamewell fire system was introduced, and the handsome building was erected which the city now occupies at the corner of Eighth and Central avenue. A modern hose wagon was added to the department which had moved into new headquarters at the city building. Two additional men were added to the force, and the pay of the members was fixed at $45 per month, and the salary of the chief was also advanced.

In 1893, the department was, on motion of John L. Forkner, councilman from the Second ward, converted into a full paid department with thirteen members. Station No. 2 was established, and a building erected at the corner of Seventeenth street and Madison avenue.

No department in Indiana has a better or clearer record

than that enjoyed by the Anderson force. The only death that has occurred since the organization of the department was that of Samuel Taylor.

"Sam" and "Bob" were the pioneer fire horses, and nobler ones never ran under harness in answer to an alarm. They were scarcely looked upon by the boys as dumb brutes, but as members of the department.

"Bob" took what is known by horsemen as "big head," and, after a long siege of suffering, taken off duty, and cared for until he could eat his food no longer, when he was killed.

"Sam" never missed a run or a meal up to the fall of 1895, when he came in contact with an electric wire which caused his death.

Samuel A. Towell for many years did valiant service as chief of the department, and was universally liked by the organization as well as the citizens at large, and being offered a better salary, he became superintendent of the water works, and Charles Alford was selected in his place.

Among the most enthusiastic members of the city council who have taken great interest in the department, we mention John McMillan, John F. McClure, Fred Gedge, and H. C. Ryan.

The Anderson fire department has saved millions of dollars worth of property since its organization. At one time the department came near disbanding, owing to the supposed non-appreciation of their services by the public. A meeting was called for the purpose of disbanding the organization, when J. J. Netterville, J. L. Kilgore and others, made an appeal to the boys to desist from carrying out their intentions. They spoke of the many deeds of heroic valor they had performed, and begged them not to disband. From this appeal the boys took fresh courage, and have, since that time, always done their duty as a noble and heroic band.

ANDERSON WATER WORKS—A BRIEF HISTORY OF THE SYSTEM BY S. A. TOWELL.

Early in 1885 Anderson agitated the question of water works. The city had no fire protection whatever, and a number of large fires put the people to thinking, and water works was decided on. An appropriation of $20,000 was set aside for a start. A board of trustees were elected consisting of Lafe J. Burr, T. M. Norton and H. J. Bronnenberg. With the exception of Mr. Bronnenberg the same men have

been retained up to the present time. Mr. Bronnenberg, on account of an accident which befell him August 22, 1888, forced him to give up the work he was faithfully performing, and Mr. Harrison Canaday was elected to take his place, and has ever since been retained. Work was commenced, buildings were erected, and pumping machinery bought with great care, with a view of serving the city the next twenty or twenty-five years. The capacity was two million gallons daily, or two pumps of one million gallons each. They arrived from Hamilton, Ohio, over the Pan Handle, and hundreds viewed them on the flat cars while they stood on the side tracks. They were put in place in the new building, which was just large enough to give room to walk around them after they were put into position, as it was supposed that that was about all that would ever be needed. About five miles of mains were laid and forty-five hydrants set.

The work was completed and the pumps started in July, 1886, and everything went smoothly until natural gas was discovered, when trouble set in. The town grew like magic, miles of mains were demanded, and where one of the two pumps had done work, both were now required, and put to their full capacity. The trustees were confronted with the fact that the two million plant was no longer able to keep pace with the growth of the city. Something must be done and that at once. Meetings of the board and city council were held, and the result was that an appropriation of sixty-five thousand dollars was made in the spring of 1892, for enlarging the system.

It was just the same, or really more than putting in a system from the start, as much of the old mains had to be replaced with larger ones; entire new buildings had to be erected, and larger machinery and boilers bought.

Work was commenced in August, 1892. Miles of large mains were laid ranging from 12 to 20 inches; during the construction of the buildings Doxey's Music Hall which had been rebuilt, burned the second time. Six streams were turned on the fire. The line to the little pumps was thrown wide open. They responded like things of life; they made the greatest effort of their existence for six long hours, but the duty was far beyond their power to furnish pressure to the streams, and the Music Hall was destroyed the second time.

The new buildings were completed and the big pumps

with a capacity of four million gallons each daily were placed in position and started on duty July, 1893.

Anderson now has one of the best water works plants in the State for its size, capable of furnishing eight million gallons daily through nineteen miles of mains, and one hundred and fifty hydrants for fire protection.

Jasper N. Hill was the first superintendent, and served up to August 21st, 1886, when C. K. McCullough was appointed. Mr. Hill gave his service to the city, and at a meeting on the above date the Board voted their thanks to Mr. Hill for his kindness. Mr. Alfred Coburn succeeded Mr. McCullough as superintendent, other business matters causing Mr. McCullough to give it up. Mr. Coburn filled the position with credit up to the time of his death, which occurred April, 2nd, 1891. Mr. Frank Davis was appointed to the vacancy but on account of other business he was forced to resign after a few months' service. The Board then accepted the services of S. A. Towell as superintendent, and he still holds the position.

E. P. Schlater was the first clerk. He filled the position up to April, 1888, when on account of other matters he resigned. Mr. Byron McMahan succeeded Mr. Schlater, and filled the position to the entire satisfaction of the Board and everybody else until his law practice increased so as to require his whole attention, and he had to lay down the quill.

Mr. Edmund Johnson was Mr. McMahan's successor and kept the books to the satisfaction of all until his election to County Clerk in the fall of 1894 and Mr. James T. Knowland was appointed to the clerkship of the Board, and a very satisfactory appointment it was proven to be. His daughter, Miss Lena Knowland, one of his assistants in his office, is the faithful custodian of the books.

Patrick Cain was the first engineer at the pumping station. His contract dated July 6, 1886. He was succeeded Sept. 13, 1886, by John Ewing, who resigned Oct. 4, 1886, and a contract was entered into with David O. Cook. Mr. Cook was succeeded, Oct. 29, 1887, by Theo. F. Jones, who filled the position to June, 1895, when, on account of sickness and loss of a limb, he was forced to retire. He was succeeded by Mr. Henry Drach with Chauncy O. Towell as assistant.

The first meeting of the Board of water works trustees was Oct. 15, 1885. H. J. Bronnenberg was the first president.

The Anderson water works have been self-sustaining so

far as operating expenses are concerned for the last six years, and now have a surplus of between four and five thousand dollars to apply on debts or put into extensions.

ANDERSON'S SEWERAGE SYSTEM.

Prior to the discovery of natural gas, Anderson was entirely without any system of sewerage as is the case with all country towns and smaller cities. With the influx of population, it soon became apparent that a system of sewerage was necessary for the health and comfort of the growing city. In the month of January, 1891, a movement was placed on foot in the direction of placing a thorough system in operation by instructing Henry Rawie, city civil engineer, to open correspondence with George E. Warring, a sanitary engineer of Newport, Rhode Island.

Mr. Rawie accordingly made investigation, and after a consultation with Mr. Warring, a move by the city council was carried out by making a complete survey of the city, and a map of the location of the proposed mains and laterals thereto.

Mr. Warring is an expert engineer in sanitary sewerage, having been a member of the Royal Institute of Engineers of Holland, and also of the Institute of Civil Engineers for England. His plans were completed by Engineer Rawie who made a topographical map, and presented it to the city council which was adopted and resulted in the advertising for sealed proposals for the construction of the work, and on the 15th of July, 1891, a contract was made with Kinser & Tuhey, of Terre Haute, Indiana, for the carrying out of the same, the contract price being $71,900.

The work was under the Barrett law system making the cost payable by parties owning lots touching upon the line of the streets through which the sewer passed. Work was begun immediately by the contractors and carried on to successful completion in the year 1892, thereby giving Anderson one of the most complete and thorough sanitary sewerage systems in the State of Indiana.

At this writing, it has been in use for four years without obstruction or in any way being a source of aggravation to the citizens. Mr. Rawie, the city engineer, was in the outset criticized quite freely by many of the tax payers, and the sys-

tem condemned, but time has shown that he was right, and that his critics were wrong. The sewerage system of Anderson is a standing monument to his wisdom and also to the good sense of the city fathers who adopted his plans.

CHAPTER XLIV.

Fires, Reminiscences and Personal Sketches.

BURNING OF DOXEY'S BREWERY.

About the year 1865, Charles T. Doxey and William Craycraft built a brewery on the lot now occupied by Matthias Colchen's saloon and residence on West Eighth street, long known by the old-timers of Anderson as the Craycraft property.

They operated this establishment for about one year, when in the month of May, 1866, it took fire in the night and was destroyed and never rebuilt. This was Anderson's first brewery, and although small it was a pioneer in its line. It was soon followed by the now extensive place owned by T. M. Norton which was in its primitive stage a small affair as compared with its present capacity.

AN OLD TIME FIRE.

What threatened to be one of the most disastrous fires that ever took place in Anderson occurred on a Saturday night in the month of November, 1866. About 9 o'clock in the evening the cry of "fire! fire!! fire!!!" was heard to ring out on the air. This was the only mode of giving an alarm at that time. Such fighting of fire is never seen in these days of telegraphic fire alarms and rubber hose attached to a water-plug. On this occasion the old frame livery barn that stood on the alley between Ninth and Tenth streets, fronting on Main, being the locality where John Boland's saloon and the opera house barber shop now stands, was on fire. It stood in the center of town, with two hotels in proximity, one of which, the old Ross house, that occupied the present site of the Perrett house, was a frame structure. The old United States hotel that stood where Daniels' drug store now stands, was a large three-story building with a flat gravel and tar roof—a splendid "catch-all" for sparks and burning shingles flying in the air in all directions. The stables were full of horses, buggies, and other vehicles. The mow being

well filled with hay and straw, it was but a short time until the whole structure was enveloped in flames, scarcely time enough to get the horses out before the building collapsed. No attention was given to the saving of the barn. The object was to save the town. If not immediately checked the whole south side of the public square must go, besides many thousand dollars' worth of property near by would be destroyed. The steady nerve and cool work of a few brave men saved Anderson from being swept off the earth.

Capt. W. R. Myers, Major C. T. Doxey and a man of the name of Joseph Pickard, a plasterer, who then lived at Alexandria, saved the day. They took their stations in different localities about the fire district, organized the "Bucket Brigade" into an army of fire fighters, stationed men on the roofs of houses all around with buckets of water, the good women of the town also taking a hand in supplying the men with bed clothing which was saturated with water and spread on the roofs, keeping them from taking fire. Myers and Doxey gave commands to the men which were obeyed almost as well as a well disciplined army. Everything worked like clockwork. Steady streams of water were kept coming from the neighboring wells by the bucket brigade standing in line and passing the buckets from one to another until the livery stable was burned to the ground, and not another building was lost, although many times during the fire they were lighted and it looked as if they must go. Joe Pickard took his stand upon the wall of an adjoining building where he stood and fought fire like no man ever in the history of Anderson before or since then has done. At times it seemed as if he was enveloped in the flames. Friends called to him to leave his post, but in vain. When he was taken to his boarding house, the U. S. Hotel, it was found that his hands and face were terribly burned. He still bears the scars of that memorable fire. He had not the least pecuniary interest in the property burned; neither had he any particular friend that had, but it was purely a matter of heroism on his part. In the days of the bucket brigade every person in Anderson was a fireman, the women were always on hand and many of them were right "in it" when it came to fighting fire. Major Doxey was always the best commander; he was not afraid; he was always in front; the people listened for his command and always obeyed. He has saved more property from destruction by fire than any other man in Anderson.

THE WEST SIDE OF THE SQUARE DESTROYED.

Among the many fires that have burned in Anderson none has ever been more disastrous than the one which enveloped the west side of the public square on the 17th of May, 1875. At the dead hour of midnight, the cry of fire was heard to ring out on the clear atmosphere. This was a signal for Anderson's populace to hasten to the scene of the conflagration, as the city at that time had no organized fire department. In less than twenty minutes nearly every able-bodied man and woman were on the streets, headed for the center of the city, each one carrying a pail, and ready to do battle with the flames, as was their usual custom on such an occasion. The "Bucket Brigade" was the only means of fire protection then at hand. It was at once ascertained that heroic work would have to be done, or all the west side of the square, and perhaps other portions of the city would be destroyed.

A line was formed to the public well, that was then on that side of the square, and the fight began.

Men and women vied with each other in their efforts to do deeds of heroism, but fate was against them. In spite of all efforts nearly all the west side was swept away.

The fire had broken out somewhere in the middle of the block, in the neighborhood of where Van Nuys & Co.'s drug store now stands, and spread north and south.

The buildings that occupied the space were mostly wooden "shacks" and were easy marks for the fire. The Odd Fellows hall stood where the present White House now stands and was almost the exact counterpart of the present building. It was the only substantial structure that occupied that part of the square, and was erected in 1867 by the Odd Fellows and others. The Odd Fellows occupied the third story for their lodge room. In the lower room was situated the hardware store of Nichol, King & Makepeace, the firm being composed of Joseph Nichol, Amos J. King and Alonzo I. Makepeace. In the adjoining room was the shoe store of Limon M. Cox & Co.

On the ground now occupied by the Citizen's Bank was a one-story frame house, in which was a shoe store owned by Ryan & Broadbeck. Dr. Townsend Ryan, the senior member of the firm, was the father of Judge H. C. Ryan.

Where the store of Nichol & Makepeace now stands, there

was a two-story frame building owned by Samuel Pence, in which a Mr. Bliss kept a confectionery store. The adjoining lot now occupied by the Burr Block, was owned by Arthur Charman, and contained a two-story building in which was a bakery and confectionery store, and the American Express company's office. Mr. E. R. Charman was the agent for the express company.

The next was a two-story frame building owned and occupied by George Daich, as a residence, grocery and bakery, his residence being on the second floor.

On the second floor of the Odd Fellows' hall were situated the Anderson *Democrat* office and the law offices of Sansberry & Goodykoontz and Calvin D. Thompson. The *Democrat* lost all its material, files and other valuable matter and the plant was totally destroyed. Sansberry & Goodykoontz lost many of their valuable books and papers which could not be replaced. Mr. C. D. Thompson was also a large loser of books. The people who were at the fire did all in their power to save the merchandise that was contained in the buildings, and all the stocks of goods were carried out on the public square in the court house yard and were heaped up in one mass, it being almost impossible the next morning for the owners to identify their goods. It very much resembled the breaking up of a large military camp after a disastrous battle. Several of the stocks were covered by insurance while others had none whatever. The firm of Nichol, King & Makepeace were large losers because one of the companies in which they were insured had some time previous to this fire gone into the hands of a receiver, and the local agent had failed to notify them of the fact and they were in ignorance of the condition of the company and therefore failed to be insured in any other agency.

The fire threatened at one time to spread to the southwest and destroy that portion of the city, as there was quite a lively gale which blew the embers for a considerable distance in that direction. People took their carpets and bed-clothing and saturated them with water and spread them upon the roofs of their houses, thereby saving them from the flames. The fire wall upon the building now owned by John Rickes saved the balance of the block from being destroyed. This building was erected by John Hickey some years previously. It has always been his habit in constructing his buildings to

erect fire walls on either side and in this instance it was shown that he had done the wise thing in that respect.

An instance of how people may become excited in times like these, was exhibited in the action of Rev. W. Morris Grimes, the pastor of the Presbyterian church. During the conflagration he became so excited that he was evidently beside himself. He ran from one place to another in a most frantic manner, and would grab men, women and children as he came to them, and severely shaking them would exclaim, "You are on fire, you are on fire! Don't you see you are on fire?" when in fact there was no fire about their persons. He also went to the residences in the neighborhood, where ladders had been put up against the buildings, and removed them from one place to another.

There never resided in the city of Anderson a better or purer man than Rev. W. Morris Grimes. He was dearly beloved by his congregation and by all who knew him. His action in this matter served for a long time as a point about which to joke him. It was several days before the merchants, whose stores were destroyed, could procure rooms in which to place their goods. It was necessary to guard them on the public square until such time as they could find a place in which to store them. This fire had the effect of agitating the public mind on the question of fire protection, and accordingly a hand engine was purchased in an adjoining city, and served for some time as a means of fighting fire, and was the nucleus of the present efficient fire department of Anderson.

BURNING OF THE JUNCTION HOUSE.

For many years there stood at the crossing of the Pan Handle and Big Four railroads in Anderson, a hotel known as the "Junction House." It occupied about the present site of the target house. This is about the half-way point on the route from Cincinnati to Chicago, and was the stopping place for all through trains for lunch, and was known far and wide among the traveling public. Mr. H. L. Searle, the father of Gid. D. Searle, the druggist, who sometime since removed from Anderson to Chicago, was the proprietor and kept the house for a number of years. On Sunday morning, the 23d of February, 1868, at the hour of 10 o'clock, the building took fire and was burned to the ground. There was no fire department in the town at that time, and there was no means of combatting the flames, and it was but a short time until it

was in ashes. It was never rebuilt, and the crossing was soon abandoned as a stopping place for the public. The depot was thereafter removed, and the once busy suburb was not long retrograding to a point of inactive "desuetude," and until the finding of natural gas, was a dead letter on the map of Anderson. It was once the liveliest suburb in the place, owing to the fact that the only depot on the Big Four road in Anderson, was located there.

JOHN HILL AND HIS EXPERIENCE IN WHITE RIVER.

Many of the old-timers will remember John Hill, a Methodist minister who was here about the close of the war. He was not exactly an old-timer, but was here long before the day of natural gas. He was an Irish Methodist minister who filled the pulpit of the M. E. church at Anderson for three years. About the time his ministry ended here he for a time retired from the pulpit, engaging in the manufacture of patent cement, brick and stone. A company was formed, of which he was a prominent member, along with E. B. Holloway Enoch M. Jackson and others.

Their establishment was situated at Meridian and Eleventh streets. The intention of the company was to make brick for the erection of the Methodist church, but the scheme failed; they lost what they put into the enterprise. John Hill went back to preaching and the others into various other vocations.

The "old patent brick house," as it is called, that stands at the crossing of the Bee Line railroad and Brown street, is a silent monument to John Hill and his patent brick business. It is the only house ever erected in the town from that material. Mr. Hill was very popular as a preacher, not only with his congregation in Anderson, but in the country around. He was popular with the country folk and was often called to perform the marriage ceremony.

One time comes to mind: it was in the winter of 1866–67, during the regular January "thaw" we used to have in this country. There was a wedding at the farm residence of Joshua Chappel at Moss Island. Mr. Hill performed the solemn ceremony that made "two hearts beat as one." It was before there was a bridge across White river at Moss Island; in shallow water it was a bad ford; when the water was high a canoe was kept there to ferry people across.

The wedding was on Sunday night. Several Anderson people were invited and attended, among whom were Garrett

W. Brown, Frank W. Demott, and others. Brown, Demott and their friends went out in carriages, with Mr. Hill riding a pony behind the procession. The carriages drove out pretty fast, soon reaching the river. The night was as dark as Egypt—so dark you could cut it with a knife. The river was up, boiling, seething and foaming.

Frank Demott was driving the front carriage and knew the ford so well that they all went through safely, but came nearly going under several times. The ford ran diagonally across the river, coming out several feet below where it started in. The preacher's pony was in the rear; it could see where the horses came out, and being scared and anxious to get with the horses that had crossed, it plunged in, and taking the bit in its mouth, struck for the opposite shore, straight across. It was no time until it plunged into water from ten to twelve feet deep, over the head of itself and rider.

The carriages had stopped when they got across to await Mr. Hill's arrival. The pony being light, it could not stem the tide, but drifted down the river, its rider holding on like grim death. The pony fought the waves with all its little might and struggled to land its rider safely on the other shore, until at last it drifted onto a little island, where it regained its feet. The preacher began to yell at the top of his voice: "Oh, Garrett! Oh, Garrett!"

Garrett Brown was one of his best earthly friends. Garrett soon answered and told him to hold his position until a canoe could be sent over to him. There he staid until the canoe and a light were procured, when he was landed on the other side of the river. The pony was turned loose and soon swam ashore.

Dripping wet, Hill went on his journey, procured dry clothing from the family where the wedding was to take place and performed his part in good style, but he did not ride the pony home. After the wedding was over and supper being spread, the guests all joined in general conversation around the festal board. Mr. Hill was very quiet, thinking all the while of his narrow escape. Some one asked him when he was calling "Oh, Garrett," why he did not call "Oh, Lord!"

He said, "I knew Garrett was a good swimmer." He never smiled, but went on with his eating. Mr. Hill, after leaving here, went to Milwaukee, where he lived for many years, afterwards being killed by an accident.

THE VELOCIPEDE, ANDERSON'S FIRST WHEEL.

The great fad of the present time is to have a "wheel"—a bicycle, a tricycle, or some other kind of a wheel to ride on. It no doubt seems easier than walking, although the premises are open to doubt.

The wheels of the present day are altogether different from those of twenty-five years ago. The first wheel that made its appearance in Anderson was in 1868. It was brought here by R. N. McCullough, commonly called "Little Neal." He was a nephew of the late Neal C. McCullough, of this city, and a son of Thomas McCullough, of Oxford, Ohio.

He was employed by his uncle in the capacity of salesman in the hardware store in the room, at the corner of Main and Eighth streets. He and Lew Markle were both salesmen in the same store. They were a good pair and well adapted to business. The wheel craze had at that time just broken out all over the country. They were then called "Velocipedes." They were rude affairs compared with those of to-day. They were constructed more like one of the "safetys" than any other pattern now in use. They were very clumsy in their make-up. The wheels were both of a size, coupled together with a rude bowed-stick, the hubs and spokes being as large as those of a present day buggy, with an iron or steel tire. It generally took some one to hold the machine while the rider mounted. After it was in motion and going at full speed, God only knew when or where the rider would dismount. He was often picked up in the fence corner along the road, all battered and banged up. There were some good riders here in those days, and great feats of speed were accomplished.

When Neal McCullough brought his velocipede to town it was the wonder of all the populace. To learn to manage it was the next thing. Accordingly Union Hall, directly over the hardware store, was selected as the place to "break it." All of the sports in town were on hand. Neal was to make the first attempt, of course, as it was his first machine. He was assisted in mounting the thing; his equilibrium given him and turned loose. Some one gave it a start; Neal applied his feet to the treadles, and in less than no time, he was "gew hawing" in all directions, the track of a snake being no comparison to the route he was taking over the hall, and the longer he went the faster he went. His senses began to quake;

his head became light, and he yelled for some one to stop it. "Take me off! Let me loose!" But no one could get to him until he was picked up in the corner under the stage where he and his wheel fell when he collapsed. He was a sorry-looking sight when picked up, all mashed, bruised and bumped.

After dragging him out and applying arnica in copious quantities to his wounded places he retired from the ring. Sam Towell, Lee Trees and other sports, tried their hands without accomplishing much toward riding the "animal." Jeff Sausser was a quiet spectator to the "monkey shines" of the riders, but too cute to be enticed into trying it himself. After many trials the wild velocipede was at last subdued and became a favorite on the streets of Anderson.

The velocipede fever, like all other kindred sports, became a thing of the past, and was forgotten until the present craze broke out.

During the velocipede fever, a party of riders made an overland trip from Knightstown to Anderson, causing great excitement by their wheeling into town unannounced and unknown. There were no ladies in the party. The ladies did not know how to ride a wheel in those days.

SANDY CARR FASTENED TO A LAMP-POST.

In 1868 the city council passed an ordinance similiar to the one now in force, requiring all city prisoners incarcerated in the bastile for drunks and other minor offenses to be worked on the streets when they had no means of paying their fines. The city marshal was then ex-officio street commissioner. He had charge of all street works as well as the "hoe gang." Cornelius Daugherty was then city marshal. He was an efficient officer and did his duty fearless of the consequences. Public clamor or public sentiment cut no figure with him in the plain discharge of his public duties. There lived here at that time an Irishman by the name Sandy Carr, who is yet living somewhere in Hamilton county in this State. He was engaged in the retail liquor trade in Anderson for many years.

Sandy was arrested for violating the city ordinance for selling without a license, tried, convicted and fined by the mayor. In default of the payment thereof he was committed to jail, where he was confined for several days, neither paying or replevying his fine and costs. The marshal under the ordinance then in force took him out to work on the public streets. Sandy was very obstinate. He absolutely refused to

work a lick, but would stand like a statue from morning until noon and from noon until night on the curb stone with his shovel in his hand, but would not move a muscle in the way of labor.

The marshal tried persuasion and every other means but actual violence to get him to work, but to no purpose. Finally becoming aggravated at his obstinacy, he took Sandy by the arm and marched him to the Doxey House corner and chained him to a lamp post, where he left him sitting all day in the broiling hot sun. Sandy's wife brought him his dinner and stood over him with an umbrella, protecting him from the sweltering heat of the sun during the afternoon. The circumstance brought forth much indignation from the people in "Free America." To see one of her citizens a prisoner for a trivial crime, chained to a post in the public thoroughfare of the city, was more than they could bear. The Irish people were especially wrought up. Many threats of violence were made. They looked upon it as an act of barbarism. The best element of the Irish citizens, however, kept cool heads, thereby avoiding what might have been serious trouble. The pressure finally became so strong that the marshal was forced to turn Sandy loose. Carr claimed that the city could not lawfully compel him to perform labor on the streets to liquidate his fine. He had made up his mind to die chained to the post rather than work, and he would undoubtedly have done so. The feeling against the marshal was very strong for years thereafter. Many of the old Irish people treasure it up to this day. Their blood boils when they talk about it. There are serious doubts whether the city ordinance could be enforced in case of refusal to perform labor of this kind if it were stubbornly contested, but unfortunately the poor creatures have neither friends nor money to fight it, so they have to submit. The working of tramps on the streets is probably as well as keeping them in jail at public expense. They do not care for being in jail, but they do hate to work.

THE BURNING OF WALDEN'S WARE HOUSE.

E. J. Walden was one time one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of Anderson and was for many years engaged in buying and selling grain and lumber, having a grain elevator situated on South Main street near the Big Four railroad station.

On the 27th of January, 1875, the warehouse was discov-

ered to be on fire. The alarm was sounded at about a quarter past 10 o'clock at night by John Mershon. Before help could be obtained the building and contents were destroyed, with the exception of the office. The office desk and books were saved, but the flames had made such progress that it was impossible to check them, and the building with its contents, consisting of 2,000 bushels of wheat, 2,000 bushels of corn and a quantity of oats, and the fixtures, scales, elevators and steam engine were destroyed.

The building had but lately been purchased by Mr. Walden and it is thought that the fire was the act of an incendiary, as there had been no fire in the engine that day nor had any been left in the stoves at night by the employes.

The loss was quite a heavy one to Mr. Walden, as he was not fully insured.

A HANDSOME RESIDENCE DESTROYED.

The beautiful and substantial residence of the Hon. Howell D. Thompson, formerly located on the spot where his present home now stands, was destroyed on the 24th of April, 1879. The residence was built in 1862 by George Nichol who resided in it for several years and then sold it to Mr. Thompson who in the year 1877 enlarged and remodeled it making it one of the most beautiful dwellings in Anderson.

On the afternoon of the day above mentioned the building caught fire and was almost totally destroyed. At that time the only means of fighting fire in Anderson was with a small hand engine which the City Council had purchased but a short time prior, and there being no cisterns or reservoirs from which to draw the water, it seemed almost a useless task to undertake to contend with this conflagration. The fire "laddies" who were in those days composed of volunteers, were on the scene as soon as they could get there from the different quarters of the town, and after placing their hose in the cistern of the house belonging to the family, did their best to save the building, but without success. The house was insured in the Ætna Fire Insurance Company for $4,500. Mr. Thompson immediately erected another mansion, a handsome brick, which now occupies the place of the one that was destroyed.

BURNING OF A FLAX MILL IN 1876.

About the year 1870 the firm of Shillitto & Company from some eastern State, came to Anderson and started a flax

mill, locating on the ground where the thriving suburb of Avondale is situated, on a part of the John Hickey farm. Their business was to buy flax straw of the farmers throughout the country, and manufacture it into jute, for bagging and other purposes for which the article is used. They did a very successful business for several years, until Friday night, the 7th of July, 1876, when the mill caught fire from sparks from a smoke stack, which ignited a pile of refuse lying near the outside of the building and the factory was in a short time destroyed. The alarm was given, and the people in that locality rendered such assistance as was in their power, to save the property. The building being filled with combustible matter, was soon wiped out, leaving nothing but the iron work, machinery and boiler standing to tell where it had once been located. The mill at the time of the disaster was leased by N. H. Cammack & Sons, of Cambridge City, Indiana. They had on hand a stock of manufactured goods amounting to $2,500, with no insurance. The machinery in a short time after the fire, was bought by L. M. Cox, and moved to a point on the Fishersburg road, near Green's Branch. It was operated for several years by him, until about the year 1886, when it was again destroyed by fire, since which time this business has not been revived in Madison county.

THE FISHER SNATH AND CRADLE FACTORY BURNED.

The extensive snath and cradle manufacturing establishment of Thomas C. Fisher for many years occupied the site where the *Bulletin* building now stands, being placed there by Messrs. Wagoner & Fisher for the especial use of this factory. Here they carried on a very extensive business until the 19th of February, 1888, when the entire plant was destroyed by fire. The disaster took place on Sunday night, when but a few people were upon the streets, and the building was enveloped in flames before aid could be rendered. The alarm was not sounded until several minutes after the fire had been discovered, and the flames had spread with such rapidity that it was soon beyond control. The fire originated in the engine room, which was near the center of the building, and spread in both directions. The factory was filled with dry material and manufactured goods, there being 25,000 snaths and several thousand grain cradles on hand at the time, all of which were destroyed. Three streams of water were turned on, but the location of the fire was such

that effective work could not be done. The small buildings surrounding the sides of the walls prevented the firemen from getting readily to work. Luck and Providence seemed to be against the fire-boys, as they had scarcely got the hose attached when it bursted, causing much trouble and delay. They immediately replaced the bursted section, but they had hardly done so when it gave way in another part. This occasioned a great deal of delay, and, in the meantime, the flames had steadily devoured the building. All that could be done now was to make an effort to save the surrounding property, which they did in an efficient manner.

The loss to Mr. Fisher was a serious one. Aside from the damage to the building and machinery, he incurred a great loss from the destruction of a vast amount of manufactured goods and raw material which he had on hand. His manufactured products were just ready to be shipped to his customers, and it being late in the season he could not possibly remanufacture them to meet the wants of his trade in time, and thus many of the orders were cancelled. The building and contents were partially insured.

Mr. B. Brasket, agent for the Singer Sewing Machine Co., had his office and warerooms in the building. He was a loser to the extent of several hundred dollars in machines and other property.

Mr. Fisher immediately rebuilt the house and converted it into business rooms, but abandoned it as a manufacturing establishment.

BURNING OF THE DOXEY OPERA HOUSE.

On the 14th of November, 1884, the magnificent opera house erected by the Hon. Charles T. Doxey on North Meridian street was destroyed by fire, entailing a loss to its owner of $80,000, with no insurance.

The fire is supposed to have originated in the rear end of a livery stable owned by Jesse W. Hurst, situated immediately south and adjoining the theater building. The first alarm of fire was sounded about 1 o'clock at night. In a few moments thereafter the building was a mass of flames. The heat became so intense that it was impossible to stand within fifty feet of the burning edifice. The iron fronts of buildings on the opposite side of the street were heated almost to a red heat. When it was discovered, had there been a fire department in Anderson, the upper part of the building might pos-

sibly have been saved, but as there was no organization of that kind the people stood around helplessly and saw the magnificent building go up in smoke and flames. A message was sent to the Indianapolis department for help, and a train was started from the Union Depot with one steamer on board. The run to Brightwood was made in two minutes, but when the train reached that station an order was sent countermanding the former one and the engine returned to the city, the fire having gone so far that help of that kind would be of no use.

On the night of the fire the Laura E. Dainty Theatrical Troupe had just finished a performance in the theatre. The members of the company did brave work in their efforts to save the building and other property from destruction. The only thing saved of any value were the draperies around the boxes and a few other articles, which were afterwards utilized when the house was rebuilt.

Among the losers were George Woerner, merchant tailor, who had his shop in the same building, and Fenton C. Rogers who conducted a music store, and also Mrs. Ella Malone, who had a millinery establishment on the second floor. Mr. Hurst, the liveryman, was a loser to a small extent. The building which he occupied belonged to Bazil Neely.

Immediately after the fire, a move was set on foot by the citizens of Anderson to organize a stock company, placing Major Doxey at the head and the Opera House was rebuilt, but on not so magnificent a plan as the old one. On the 19th of November, 1885, it was reopened to the public, Miss Hortense Pierse being the star upon the occasion of its dedication.

Major Doxey eventually purchased the stock of all those who so kindly contributed to the rebuilding of the house and was at the time of its second burning its sole owner.

The second conflagration which took place March 30, 1893, was attributed to carelessness in leaving a gas jet burning which was situated near the drapery of the stage and in some manner became ignited, and before assistance could be rendered this handsome building was again destroyed.

After this Major Doxey became discouraged in his attempt to furnish the Anderson people a play-house and gave up the idea. He sold the property to Messrs. A. J. Brunt and Louis Loeb who rebuilt it and converted it into a business block.

Prominent among those who kindly assisted Maj. Doxey in rebuilding the Opera House were Lafe J. Burr and H. J.

Bronnenberg, who gave the details of its construction their personal attention. This building was again destroyed December 24, 1896, elsewhere noticed.

BURNING OF THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Probably the most disastrous fire since the "west side conflagration" in 1875, that has visited Anderson, occurred at 6 o'clock p. m., March 1st, 1893.

In addition to being dangerous the fire was a "mean" one to fight, and gave the department a great deal of trouble, it being a very difficult matter to either get the blaze under control or in any position to fight it.

It originated a few minutes before 6 o'clock in the rear part of the Olympic theatre, which was occupied by the Columbia Rifles as an armory. The entire upper portion of the building was ruined, several business rooms with their stocks, water soaked and smoke stained, and most of the arms and equipments of the Columbia Rifles totally destroyed.

The person who discovered the fire was Mrs. J. O. Hardesty, who had rooms in an adjoining building. Mrs. Hardesty's attention was attracted by the crackling of the fire, and on looking out of her window saw the flames bursting from the window in the opposite building, not three feet distant. She started to the street to give an alarm, but in the mean time Mr. A. J. Jones, the hardware man, heard the falling glass, and looking up from his back door, discovered the blaze. He sent a still alarm to the fire department.

The department made a run down Eighth street and rounded up in front of the burning building with a hundred feet of hose trailing from the end of the hose wagon. The hose had been attached to the hydrant, on the corner of Eighth and Meridian streets, before the wagon stopped, and a nozzle was quickly put on the other end. The line was taken up the front stairs and down through the auditorium, and in a few seconds the flying sparks and a rising cloud of steam showed that the fire was being checked. As soon as the line was laid the wagon was driven around to the Seventh street hydrant and a second line was taken through the alleys and the fire was again attacked from the rear.

For an hour the department, under the direction of Chief Towell, waged a hard and at times a seemingly hopeless fight, but by 7 o'clock the fury of the flames was exhausted and they were under control. At 8 o'clock the fire was practically

extinguished and the taps "out" were sounded by the chief a few minutes later.

It is supposed the blaze originated under the stage of the theater. Private John Hopper left the place about 5:45 o'clock, having first turned all the gas jets down, and, as he thought, left the place perfectly safe. The theory is that a gas jet set fire to the window casing, and from there the fire spread to the stage above. As soon as it reached the scenery, the blaze flashed from the window. The fire, when first seen, was curling around the window of the "company room."

After the fire, the interior of the once pretty theater was as perfect a picture of ruin as can be imagined. The ceiling had fallen in, and the stars peeped between the charred rafters that had upheld the roof. The seats were covered with broken plaster and bits of burnt wood, while here and there about the stage lay the stock of the barrel of a rifle or a blackened and bent sword.

DESTRUCTION OF CONRAD & MATHES' WAGON SHOP.

In the spring of 1866, the firm of Conrad & Mathes located in Anderson, and started a factory for the manufacture of farm wagons, the firm being composed of H. H. Conrad and George Mathes, both of whom are yet residents of Anderson. Their shops were located on north Main street, on the grounds now occupied by the buildings of H. H. Conrad. On the 20th day of June, 1867, their plant was destroyed by fire, the conflagration being the work of an incendiary. The buildings consisted of the wagon shops, blacksmith department and paint shops, all of which were devoured by the flames, together with all the wagons on hand and a large quantity of paints, oils, spokes, hubs and poles. This was the third attempt to destroy this place, the first having occurred on the 3d of June, and again on the 7th of the same month. No cause could be assigned why any one should burn the shops unless it was to keep the firm from occupying the grounds which were so near the city and to the business portion of the town. It was never ascertained who the guilty parties were, although it was stated at the time that a man seated on a black horse was seen to ride rapidly down the railway tracks towards the "junction" about five minutes after the fire was discovered. He was heard to say in a low and excited tone, that it would go this time. The loss was about $1,500 with $1,000 insurance. This factory was after-

ward destroyed by fire, H. H. Conrad having become the sole proprietor of the establishment.

JOHN FORD'S RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE.

When the old Methodist church stood opposite its present site there was a colored gentleman living here by the name of John Ford, who came from the South some time after or during the war. He followed white-washing, doing chores, and was for a while assistant sexton at the church. He made the fires, swept the house and did such work as came in his line.

He was one of those good-natured fellows, full of talk, and was always "shooting off" to the white people wherever he met them. He was one of the politest men in America. Always tipped his hat if he met you every twenty minutes in the day, with "Mornin', Majah; mornin', sah."

During a spirited revival that was being carried on many conversions were being made and people were joining in flocks. John got religion among the rest. An experience meeting was being held one Sunday night, and the house was crowded to suffocation. Every one had something to say as to his experience in the religious world. Nearly every one would close his talk by asking an interest in the prayers of the congregation.

John was standing away back by the door, leaning, with his hands behind him. He became too full to stand it any longer—he had to have vent. Brother Burnett had just concluded a fervent prayer, and a soul-stirring hymn had been sung, when John broke in:

"My belubed bredren an' frens, Ise a son ob Ham, a chile ob de dark continent, as it were. Accordin' to de nature of things Ise not permitted to mingle wid de white folks much or hab much to say in dere meetin's, but I am done tole you Ise gwine to say somethin' for de Lord dis ebenin'. I has to say somethin', I can't help it. Ise about to splode. My bredren, altho de Lord has made my hide as black as de pitch on a pine knot, de soul He put widin me is as white as snow. Ise found out dat de longer we libs in dis world de mo' wisdum cums into de cocanut."

At this point John's feet slipped from under him and down he came like a thousand of brick onto the floor, jarring the house until the old bell in the cupola rang. The house, of course, roared. Even the old deacons and sisters tittered and laughed. John got upon his feet and order was about restored

when he got in again with, "Bredren, I ax an inquest on my pra'rs." This started the laughing again, which kept up at intervals until church was out.

From what the writer knew of John Ford, he was as true a Christian as any one, black or white. He was sincere and felt as he said, that though his hide was black his soul within was as white as snow.

SMASHED THE MUSIC BOX.

A long while ago it was a custom in Anderson to have serenading parties. There were several good singers among the inhabitants at that time, who have since settled down to steady business men. Joseph H. Sharp, the hotel man, is one among the number. There was at that time a young Baptist preacher here who was unmarried and liked to associate with the "boys," as they made it quite pleasant for him. There was also an old music teacher here by the name of King, who was a "daisy" and no mistake. He could play a melodeon or organ to the Queen's taste and was always ready for anything that was up. One night the party went out hauling a melodeon in a spring wagon. They took in the town, going to the homes of all prominent citizens. It was the custom in those days to set out wine or some palatable beverage to serenading parties, and the party partook freely of the flowing bowl on this occasion. By the time they got around they were comfortably "full." Then they started back to replace the instrument in King's room. King was so glorious that he was past being any help in taking the instrument upstairs. Sharp was in front going up, the preacher bringing up the rear. They tugged and pulled at it as best they could in their condition until they had the melodeon about half way up the stairway when Sharp made a misstep and down the music box and all came with a mighty crash. It tumbled over the preacher, rolling down to the foot of the stairs, nearly killing the whole party and smashing the melodeon until it was completely ruined, where it was left on the sidewalk until morning. The mishap leaked out among the congregation and the preacher was soon called to other fields, where it is to be hoped he is doing a good work among the faithful, and serenading parties are not in vogue.

THE FIRST HEARSE BROUGHT TO ANDERSON.

Looking out upon a funeral procession passing by, the streets lined with lodge men, brass bands, long strings of car-

riages and an immense hearse, black as ebony, with plate-glass sides, drawn by two elegantly matched black horses, covered with heavy drapery of net work almost dragging the ground, with large plumes on their heads, caused the writer to turn back in memory to the long ago, and compare the simplicity of by-gone days to the gaudy splendor of to-day. It also caused him to investigate the matter as to who brought the first hearse to Anderson, and compare it with those of the present time.

Upon calling on several of the old fellows sitting on the store boxes around the square, who have spent their fifty years in Anderson, it was learned that A. A. Siddall, commonly known in his life time as "Ab" Siddall, brought to Anderson the first hearse. This statement is agreed to by a majority of the old-timers now living. Mr. Siddall and his father, Atticus Siddall, were the first undertakers proper in Anderson. Their place of business was at the corner of East Main street and Central avenue, which was then the business center of Anderson. On the opposite corner was the "tavern," the only place of public entertainment.

This was in the '40s, between 1840 and 1845. The hearse, rude as it was, had its time and served its purpose. It was rather on the order of a spring wagon, with box-covered body, without glass in the sides, and more like what is now used as a "dead" wagon by all undertakers. This old hearse was used by the firm for several years, finally giving way to one of more modern pattern. After it was abandoned as a hearse, John Sabin procured the body of it and used it for a peddling wagon, while the "running gears" were used for a beer wagon. George Hughel, Wesley Dunham and many other old settlers remembered this hearse, and in talking of it, compared it alike with the difference in the way people die and are buried now and fifty years ago.

In those days, when a man got sick unto death, no hired nurse nor lodge brothers stood around his couch, but the hardy pioneer neighbor dropped his work, went to the bedside, and watched until the last moment came. Then no cloth suit wrapped his form in preparation for burial, but a simple white muslin shroud was placed upon him. He was encased in a plain wooden coffin, without silver handles or covering, and with the assistance of friends and relatives the body was solemnly and quietly consigned to the tomb to await the final resurrection. No pomp, no splendor, no brass band preceded

the procession. The tears shed at the burial were tears of real sorrow.

Those old fellows long ago gone before, buried in the plain simplicity of pioneer days will, no doubt, shine as brightly when called by Gabriel's trumpet, as those laid away with all the splendor of to-day. Many of them have no monuments to mark their last resting place, and their graves have long since been obliterated by the ravages of time. But when the time comes for the swinging open of the golden gates, they'll be there.

"Ab" Siddall, after going out of the undertaking business, became a druggist and later on a dry goods merchant, which business he followed until he died. He was fond of a horse and always kept a good one. One day he brought his horse up town and hitched him across the street in front of the store. On going home in the evening he noticed a horse tied up. It was raining and cold. "Ab" hunted up the marshal and informed him that some inhuman brute had tied his horse out in the cold rain, and that the animal ought to be taken care of. The marshal went and took the horse to the livery stable, where he had him cared for. In the morning, "Ab" went to the stable to feed his horse, when lo! the horse was gone. It just then dawned upon him that he had the day before hitched his horse up town and forgot all about it. He sneaked up to hunt the marshal, got his horse out of the livery stable, and paid the bill, making the boys promise to say nothing about it. It leaked out some way and he never heard the last of it.

JOHN M. SABIN, A MAN OF MANY PECULIARITIES.

John M. Sabin was a familiar figure upon the streets of Anderson for many years. He was well known to all classes of people, irrespective of their politics or religion, as he was one of those kind of men whose general make up admit them to all classes of society.

In the Anderson *Democrat*, of December 22, 1882, a fine tribute is paid to Mr. Sabin by an old friend and admirer to which we give place as follows: "The subject of this sketch was born in Clinton county, Ohio, near the town of Wilmington, on the 16th of January, 1832, and died at his home in Anderson, December 16, 1882, at the age of fifty years. He was the son of Doctor Sabin, a man distinguished for his learning, enterprise and generosity. John M. Sabin received a common-school education, and early in life learned the sad-

dlery and harness-making trade. At the age of sixteen years he enlisted as a volunteer for the Mexican war, but never got farther south than the city of New Orleans. In 1850, he came to Indiana, and settled in Greensburg where he remained until 1854. Here he became imbued with those studious habits for which he was noted. He was distinguished for his ready wit, and keen satire. He was also a prominent member of a literary or dramatic society which ranked first in the State. Many of its members have become distinguished in literature, and in State and National politics. He came to Anderson in 1855, which he made his home almost continuously until the day of his death. He served acceptably four years as Justice of the Peace. In 1857 he was married to Miss Eliza Jackson, daughter of the Hon. Andrew Jackson, of Anderson, by whom he had one son and two estimable daughters, who survive him.

"In speaking of John M. Sabin, the writer is fully aware that his life was not altogether blameless. No one ever spoke unkindly of him who was his intellectual peer. He was a man of very much more than ordinary intellectuality, with a vast amount of general information, and was quite conversant with many standard works of history and fiction. He possessed a marvelous and accurate memory, and a fair amount of language, with a kind and generous nature. He was a genial companion and a devoted friend, and naturally endowed with the instincts of a gentleman. His associates were the best in the community. He rarely indulged in profanity or vulgarity. In his days of prosperity, many partook of his hospitality and liberality who have since traduced him. Whatever his faults and shortcomings may have been, he had none of the sin of ingratitude. He never forgot a kind act or word. For several years his bodily sufferings had been such that he should have had sympathy, and many who withheld a kind word while he lived were the most fulsome in his praise after he was dead and beyond their reach or need for any of their sympathy."

In addition to what the above writer has stated, we wish to add that while Mr. Sabin had his faults like other men, his sympathetic nature, genial disposition and keen sense of humor brought about him associations that might be envied by men holding a much higher station in life than he. Mr. Sabin, besides many other peculiarities, was a very sensitive man. If he should happen to be standing and talking with a

party of gentlemen, and a friend should join the circle and ask any of the party for a chew of tobacco, and not ask him, he would feel that he had been slighted. On one occasion while in the act of conversing with some friends, a gentleman approached all the members of the party except Mr. Sabin and requested change for a five-dollar bill, which none of them had. A few days after this the gentleman who desired to have the note changed was met upon the street by Mr. Sabin who asked him why he had offered him an insult on that occasion. The gentleman was very much surprised and requested him to state what he meant. Sabin replied that he had asked every other gentleman in the crowd but himself to change his bill, and that while he might not have had the money to make the change, common courtesy would have dictated that he also should have been asked, as there was a stranger or two in the crowd who did not know whether he (Sabin) was worth one dollar or a million.

He was full of dry wit and sarcasm; they both oozed out of him when he was sitting around. He made a race for the nomination for mayor of Anderson, at the same time Nathaniel Garrish ran for marshal. Sometime afterward Sabin and Garrish got into a quarrel. Several flings were made at each other, when Sabin said to Garrish, "If I would ever run for office in this city, and not get more votes than you did for marshal last spring, I would leave the place."

An examination of the poll books showed that Garrish got six votes and Sabin seven. Sabin and Buff Dehority planned the organization of the first street railroad enterprise for Anderson, in 1866. They intended to put a line around the public square, then from the Pan-handle to the Bee Line depot. The Bee Line then had its station out at the Ohio avenue crossing. After much talk and bluster, the scheme fell through. Some of Sabin's friends asked him why it was not a go.

"Well," said he, "the main reason was that we had not sufficient means. We bought the iron on credit, but could not raise the money to ferry it over the river at Louisville."

This was one among many other schemes of Mr. Sabin's. Many men have lived in Anderson, but few better-hearted men ever did. He was true to a friend, and a favor bestowed upon him in his adverse days, was always remembered; though perhaps unable to repay it, it was always on his mind. If any one did him a wrong, it was as deeply felt and as long remem-

bered. Peace to the ashes of John Sabin, and may kind friends see that his grave is kept green.

JOSEPH MIX, "THE SEER OF WHITE RIVER."

Joseph Mix is one of the characters of Anderson township, having lived here for nearly fifty years.

To meet him on the street one would consider him nothing more than an ordinary individual, as there is nothing outside of the ordinary that impresses the passer by with his appearance, yet his fame is spread all over this country as a

JOSEPH MIX, THE "SEER" OF WHITE RIVER.

wonderful "seer." He was born in Ohio in the year 1824, and is now about the age of 72 years. He moved with his father to Madison county when he was quite a small lad, and settled in the northern part of Lafayette township, near where the village of Linwood now stands.

In the year 1851, the father of Joseph Mix was found dead near the root of a large tree, having been on a spree, and in trying to find his way home, had lost his bearings. The weather being very cold he was frozen to death.

In the year 1861, Joseph Mix was married to a Miss

Fifer, and in a little while thereafter, removed to the place where he now resides in North Anderson. He soon became acquainted with Dr. John W. Westerfield, and through his influence conceived a great interest in spiritualism. He first entertained the idea of mediumistic power, and its benign influence, but soon discovered the fact that his clairvoyant powers enabled him to see things hidden from the vision of other mortals, and he developed into a full-fledged fortune-teller.

It is not for the rest of the human race to know how this peculiar endowment comes about, or why the author of our being has denied to us what he has been pleased to furnish to Joseph Mix, unless it be that it is necessary to keep some things from the wise and reveal them to the weak. Be this as it may, many wonderful discoveries were made through the vision of this seer, property located, and lovers made miserable or happy, which served to maintain Mr. Mix's reputation as a seer.

Mr. Mix is really ignorant of anything like books, as he can neither read nor write, and to this fact he attributes the failures he has made in his line. Mr. Mix in his old age has nearly lost his mind which has destroyed his usefulness as a seer and has placed him almost upon the verge of poverty, as he had but little means laid by for a cold day from his earnings in a younger and more useful life. Only a short time since a guardian was appointed for him in the Madison circuit court in the person of Floyd S. Ellison, who is chargeable with taking care of his person and property.

Among the many strange things that Mix has performed as a seer or fortune teller, one instance comes to mind in which in the year 1877, John Awalt, who was then a jeweler in the city of Anderson, lost a valuable horse, one that he had purchased for his wife's special use, and which was prized very highly. One morning the horse was missing from the stable, and was gone for quite a while. A diligent search was made by Mr. Awalt. The city marshal and others in the immedate vicinity of Anderson assisted him, but their united efforts were not successful in locating the animal.

Mrs. Awalt had often heard of the wonderful powers said to be possessed by Mr. Mix, and without the knowledge of her husband, in company with a lady friend, went to the Mix residence, and related the circumstance of the stolen horse. After going into some kind of a trance and manipulating

himself in various ways, Mix described the horse and the locality where he would be found—near Rochester, Indiana. Mrs. Awalt returned to the city and imparted the information to her husband who at first made light of it, but afterwards concluded that as the investigation would cost but little, he would follow Mix's advice. Mr. Awalt set out for Rochester, and employed assistance. In a few days the horse was found in the locality described.

Another instance: Mrs. J. L. Forkner lost a gold watch and chain which she valued very highly, having been a present to her. After exhausting all means known to her, to recover her lost property, she, as a last resort, went to see Joseph Mix. He told her that on a particular day in a large crowd, she was in the act of stepping across a gutter in the street when a man clipped the chain and took the watch from her person. He informed her that on a certain day within two weeks a black-eyed man would visit her husband and propose to return the stolen property for a consideration, provided no questions would be asked as to where it had been; that it was in a distant town and that it would take several days to procure it, and that the property when returned should be brought back through the hands of Amos Coburn, who was then the City Marshal.

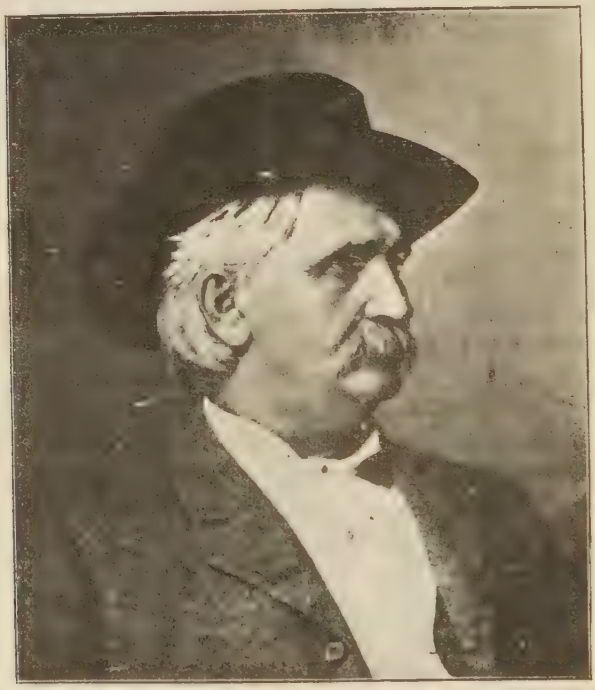
But little confidence was placed in this story, but it so happened that on or about the day that Mix had predicted, a man filling the description given by him, and who is at this writing a resident of Anderson, came and proposed to return the watch through the channels above described, which was eventually done, and Mrs. Forkner now has the watch and chain in her possession.

It transpired that the watch had been taken from her on the occasion of Hi Henry's minstrels making a parade through the streets of Anderson. The watch was taken from her in the manner described.

Another instance: A woman from the State of Kansas came to ascertain the whereabouts of her husband, who had deserted her several years previously. Mr. Mix described her lost husband and told her that he was at a certain town in the State of Kentucky, and was married to another woman. The wife immediately set out for that locality, where she found her husband living with the woman described.

Numerous other instances of this wonderful faculty of Mr. Mix might be cited, but it is unnecessary to take up the

the Pan Handle and Bee Line, on the east end of Ohio avenue, when that was the principal railway station in Anderson. He had charge of all the departments—freight as well as passenger traffic. One time he was giving personal attention to the switching and changing of some freight cars from one track to another, when by some means a freight train was thrown from the track and several cars damaged and banged up to a considerable extent. John did not like to be discharged from the service of the road, but realized that his name was "Dennis,"



JOHN W. PENCE.

so he never took time to look after the matter any further, or to give himself any concern, but immediately leaped from the top of a box car, telegraphed in his resignation and at once considered himself a private citizen. He sauntered back to the depot, where he unexpectedly ran across the superintendent of the road, who was on the rear end of the freight train when it collided, but the fact was not known to Pence. The superintendent tackled Pence for an explanation of the matter.

"No explanation about it; my resignation has already gone into headquarters."

The superintendent leisurely walked around the wreck and took in the situation, but said nothing to Pence further about it. When the superintendent got to Indianapolis, he wired Pence that his resignation was not accepted. This was the last ever heard of the matter, and Pence continued in the service of the road many years thereafter. He was agent for the Bee Line when Justinian Walters robbed the ticket office and was convicted and started over the road to the "pen" in custody of Sheriff Ross, but made his escape near Walkerton by jumping from the train into the midst of a tamarack swamp, never being recaptured and is still at large, if living.

John Pence has seen more of the world than any other man in this locality and has a large store of general information. He is not fond of displaying what he knows, but if you flash something upon him that is not exactly correct, he will call you down, and in nearly every instance his ideas are correct and borne out by some standard authority. He has traveled extensively in this and foreign countries, and singular to say, with all he has seen and knows about his travels, he rarely ever alludes to the matter unless asked about it.

Away back before railroads traversed the golden shores of the Pacific ocean, when to go to California was much more of a task than a tour around the world would now be, John went to California. His trip to California included a tour of the wild West. He was at Virginia City, Nevada, when it was a mining camp, and was then supposed to be one of the richest in the world and excitement ran high and real estate went crazy. At that time a "Californian" was as great a sight to behold as Barnum's tattooed man or his bearded woman. Who has not sung that melodious old song the "Dying Californian?"

One of the mistakes of John Pence's life is that he does not write and publish his travels, trials and tribulations, and leave them behind him when he is dead and gone. Pence was not born in Madison county, but was so nearly reared in the county that he looks upon it as his native land.

The Pence family came here from Frankfort, Clinton county, away back in the early fifties, when John was a mere lad. Dan Mustard was then a boy, younger several years than Pence. He says that when he spied John first upon his arrival from the wilds of Clinton county, he was somewhat of a curiosity in the homespun make-up he had on, consisting of

linsey breeches, home-made straw hat and blue checkered shirt.

But Pence was not long in Anderson before he asserted himself and placed himself upon a foundation as solid as the "Rock of Ages," where he has ever since done business and from whence he has sent out all business dispatches. While John Pence is by no means a wit, nor does he make any pretentions in that direction, yet in his way he is funny.

The man who sits in a room in a circle of friends with John as the center of attraction, as he of course would be, if he did not laugh at Pence before the group was broken up, would certainly have no laugh in him. In his style of conversation and his way of answering inquiries he is always sure to say something to bring down the house, although he does not mean to be funny. He has been the butt of many good stories; some, of course, are true, and no doubt many are the offsprings of imagination. He has a genteel way of swearing that is not profane, and, to tell the truth, adds to his conversational powers in a way that is not unbecoming. In other words, it just fits him, and no one can take offense.

It is said that one time a party of young folks had congregated at the Pence residence, on the corner of Thirteenth and Brown streets, to go through some literary exercises. Among the guests was the Presbyterian preacher, whom John was entertaining in conversation while the young folks were having a time in the adjoining room. A lady with soft, light step glided up behind Pence's chair and laid her angelic hand upon his shoulder.

"Mr. Pence, do you care if we dance?"

"No, I don't care a d—n what you do if you don't tear down the house."

Never breaking the thread of conversation with the preacher. In fact, he nor the preacher was conscious that he swore, but oh, my, it shocked the angel behind the chair; she nearly fainted.

Pence, besides having traveled all over this country, has also done Europe and Mexico in a style it is seldom done by one of the common people. Several years ago he sailed for Europe, where he remained for one year, and if you think he didn't see it, you are mistaken. He took in everything, from licking the Blarney stone in "Ould" Ireland, to standing upon the ruins of Pompeii. The Holy Land, Paris, London, and all the sights in London, were done

in his meanderings through foreign lands. Pence never wears a necktie, it is too much trouble to take it off, adjust it, and put it on. The only time in his life when he ever appeared in a real necktie was in Monaco. He through curiosity visited a gambling house there that is the finest in the world. On coming to the entrance with a card of admission, which he handed to the gentleman at the door, it was taken and carefully read, and handed back to him in the politest manner in the world, with "Yes, sir, you will be admitted, but you have no cravat on."

"I ain't got any."

"Well you must get one, no one admitted here unless he has on a tie."

Pence, of course, provided himself with a necktie, which he wore on that occasion, but has laid it aside since returning to the land of the stars and stripes. He appeared before notables of all grades and titles during his stay across the Atlantic, but in a gambling house was the only place his attire was challenged.

A story is told of John when he was in Washington, D. C., getting his passports and letter, preparatory to leaving for his European trip. It is said he was in a group of prominent gentlemen, congressmen, senators, judges and department people, discussing his departure and the prospects of a pleasant time.

There was a congressman in the party who was a preacher. He at a proper point broke in:

"I suppose Mr. Pence, you will visit the Holy Land on your trip?" "Oh h—l yes, I wouldn't miss that." The party smiled a loud smile, but Pence didn't notice it, and felt just as good as if he had expressed himself in some other way; he said just what he meant and put the proper stress on it to emphasize his meaning. John Pence may be summed up as a man with a big head full of good, hard sense; a noble heart full of good feeling for his friends, and a man full of glittering eccentricities. A man who is as ready to applaud the right as he is to denounce the wrong. He has held many places of honor and trust, and in all his dealings in public as well as in private positions, not a single cent has ever gone astray.

He was postmaster at Anderson under Cleveland, and held over for nearly a year under Harrison, when he resigned the place, not by invitation from the administration but as a matter of choice.

CHAPTER XLV.

Reminiscences and Personal Sketches.

A HERO OF THE BATTLE OF RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.

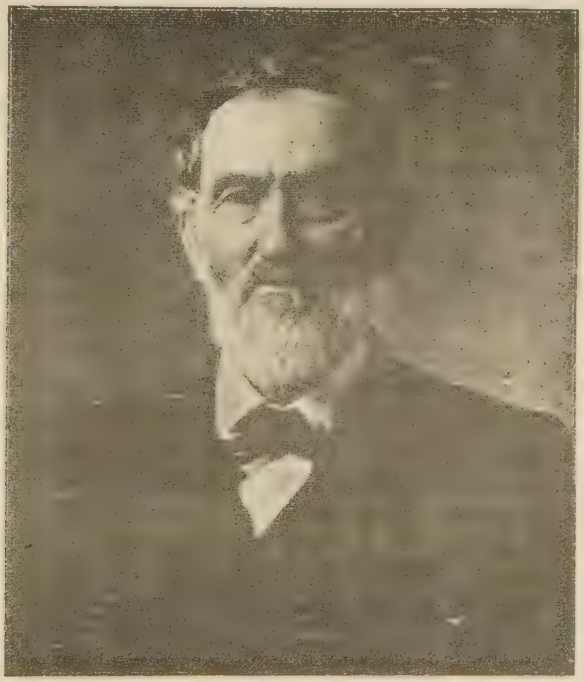
Robert Titherington is an old-timer in all that the word implies. He has been here through all of the ups and downs of Anderson. He has associated with all classes of men. Was one of the warmest friends and admirers of the late Col. T. N. Stilwell in his lifetime. It is quite a treat to take a leisure hour and listen to "Daddy," as he is familiarly called, recite some of the lights and shadows of his career in Anderson.

He enlisted in the army for the defense of the old flag he so dearly loves, was out a few days in the field with his company, and was hastened to the front of the enemy at Richmond, Ky. "They fought well but fell early." They were unmercifully "licked" in less than no time. The company was ordered to retreat and they made haste to obey orders. When Daddy got to retreating he never stopped till he reached Anderson. It was said that he beat the telegraphic news home. The first the Anderson people knew that a battle had been fought was when he came to town. His company never had his presence thereafter. He immediately resigned. One drubbing was all he wanted.

One of the closest calls Robert ever had was when C. T. Doxey's heading factory blew up in 1870. He was boarding in a house that stood right up against the head of the boiler. The boiler jumped out of its bed and shot through the house like a cannon ball. There were six persons in the building, all in one room, when the boiler passed through, not one of whom was even scratched. The house was a total wreck. A pet coon was tied outside which was never seen or heard tell of again. Robert flew up town as soon as he recovered from the shock. Being met by some friends, he was asked what he thought had happened when the boiler went through the house. He said he thought "hell was up."

There is not a resident of Madison county who has lived here for any length of time who does not know the subject of

this sketch. His business career and his years of practice of his profession, that of a doctor of medicine, endeared him to many of the households of the community; besides, he was in his younger days a leading politician, and was honored by the people by being selected as school commissioner, a highly responsible place, being charged with the sale and accounting for, of a vast area of Madison county's domain, designated as "school lands," the same having been set apart by Congress for the purpose of creating a common-school fund for the edu-



J. W. Westerfield

cation of the youth of the State. Every sixteenth section of land in each county was set apart for this purpose, and a commissioner was elected to sell and convey the same to the purchasers, and to have charge of the collection and accounting for of the proceeds thereof. This duty Dr. Westerfield filled to the entire satisfaction of the people, who demonstrated

their appreciation by electing him to the office of county auditor, which place he filled for four years.

The Doctor was born in Preble county, Ohio, June 1, 1816, the year in which Indiana was admitted into the Union, being of German parentage. At the age of twelve years he came to this State, where he remained until his death, which occurred on the 29th of September, 1895. He was united in marriage to Miss Mary E. Bussell, of Rush county, on the 17th of March, 1842, who yet survives him, and lives at the old home on North Main street, in Anderson.

As stated in another part of this volume, Dr. Westerfield was the first druggist in Anderson, and had his store at the corner of Eighth and Main streets.

In his early life he was a prominent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but about the year 1850 he and Mrs. Westerfield began the investigation of Spiritualism, and became devoted believers in that doctrine, and ever after lived in that belief, and the Doctor died firm in the faith.

Dr. Westerfield was the president of the State Association of Spiritualists at the time of his death, having served continuously in that capacity from the time of the organization of the society.

He and his estimable wife were fondly alluded to as the father and mother of Spiritualism in Indiana by the members of the association. Much of the wonderful growth of the belief and the success of this organization was due to the efforts of these two worthy people.

Although Dr. Westerfield had many neighbors and acquaintances who bitterly opposed his belief, there was never one who uttered a word against his sincerity or doubted his honor in anywise. His word was as good as gold, and his integrity as pure and as unsullied as the mountain snow.

CAPTAIN ETHAN M. ALLEN.

Captain Ethan M. Allen was a born gentleman. It was as natural for him to be polite as it was for a duck to swim. In all his intercourse with his fellow-men he never forgot to be suave in his manners; even if he quarrelled with a brother or had an altercation with any person whosoever, if it became necessary to hurl epithets, it was done in the choicest language, and with the utmost politeness. He will be remembered by all the older residents of the county. He was born on the 26th of August, 1837, and died on the first day of August, 1879,

at the age of 41 years. He was the only son of William B. Allen, ex-sheriff of the county. He attended the common schools in Anderson township, and became very proficient in the studies of that day, and later in life he became a great reader, informing himself upon all leading topics. He was a fine conversationalist, and it was a great treat to listen to him.

In 1860 he entered the law office of Hon. R. N. Williams, and began the study of law, but when the war broke out in the following year, he was among the first to enlist. He entered the service for three years as First Lieutenant of Company G, of the 17th Indiana Regiment, and served through the campaigns of that organization, especially in Kentucky, West Virginia and Tennessee. In 1862 he was promoted to the Captaincy of his company. His record as a soldier was above reproach. He was generally esteemed by all his comrades.

In 1863 he was detailed by Governor Morton as Provost-Marshal of this district, which position he retained until 1865, rendering efficient and valuable service.

In 1865, his time having expired, he returned to his home, and in the following year he was a candidate for township trustee against B. B. Campbell, the Democratic nominee, and although the township was largely in favor of the Democracy, his opponent carried the day with but few votes to spare.

In 1867 he purchased the Ross House, then the leading hotel of the city, which stood on the corner of Tenth and Main streets. He kept this elegant hostelry for several years, and then disposed of it to Mr. George R. Griffith, now deceased.

He was a lover of the beautiful in nature, poetry, music, and the fine arts, with a soul exuberant with wit and generous impulses. In his friendships he was sincere and affectionate; to his enemies, who were few, he was conciliatory and forgiving. He was an uncompromising Republican, and never failed to defend the doctrines of his party whenever occasion required it. His wife, who survives him, was a daughter of the late Seth Smith, at one time a prominent personage in Anderson, and the father of Thomas E. Smith.

During Captain Allen's incumbency of the Provost Marshal's office, he had a serious adventure in Anderson on the 4th of July, 1862, in the attempt to capture and place under arrest one Jonathan Benefiel, who had deserted from the army. The Democracy of the county on that day had a large gathering and celebration, in what is now called Rud-

dle's grove. Benefiel was in attendance. The meeting was addressed by the Hon. James W. Sansberry, a leading politician of the day. Captain Allen, who had been on the lookout for him, spied him, and undertook to place him under arrest. Benefiel was a very powerful man, and fought his way to liberty through the crowd, many of whom had responded to Allen's demands for assistance.

Benefiel made his escape and was for a long time a fugitive, but was afterward arrested and returned to his command, court-martialed and sentenced for a term to Ship Island, where he died.

In justice to Mr. Benefiel and his friends, we state, from what we can learn about this affair, that his leaving his command was not from any disloyalty, or lack of true patriotism, but was the result of a disappointment in getting a place promised him when he enlisted. It is claimed that as an inducement to get him to volunteer, he was to be wagon-master of the regiment, and after being sworn in it was denied him. This so enraged him that he swore he would suffer death rather than the humiliation of being reduced to the ranks, which he fully carried out. Mr. Benefiel has many friends living in this county. Captain Allen's widow and her excellent and interesting family yet reside in Anderson.

WILLIAM CONNER, AN OLD-TIMER.

William Conner was an old-timer, of whom worthy mention must be made. He for many years lived down on White river, on the Perkinsville road, in an unpretentious house made of hewn logs, where he and his family lived as happily as man ever lives in this world.

Over the door of the entrance to the house were two little wooden forks, made from the limbs of a small dog-wood bush, in which was carefully laid an old-fashioned "long-range" rifle; to it was also added a calf-skin pouch and a large cock-spur gun charger. These implements were not kept by William for offense or defense, but merely for the pleasure they offered him in hunting and trapping quail, squirrels, deer and other game. He was a crack shot and a "dandy" at a shooting-match. No man ever entered the cabin of William Conner who did not meet a hearty welcome and the warm hospitality of his generous heart. He had not an enemy in the wide world. A Saturday never passed during his long residence in

this county that he did not visit Anderson, unless he was sick and unable to come.

He was nearly six and a half feet tall and commanded the attention of every one as he leisurely stalked through the streets, with his linsey hunting jacket on, shot pouch around his shoulders and his old-time rifle across his back. He always brought his rifle, for it was nearly an every Saturday occurrence to have a shooting-match in Anderson, and William was always "in it."

For many years he followed trapping along the river, which occupation, together with tilling a small farm, made him quite a good living. He and the Robinetts, Benefiels and Hoziers were great old chums and had their good times together. Conner was a relative—perhaps a nephew—of John Conner, who, together with Col. Berry's father, laid out the village of Andersontown; they were the oldest families connected with the history of this city; all of the south-west part of the old limits of the city stands on the grounds owned by John Conner. It has not been long since a suit was commenced and maintained against the heirs of John Conner to quiet title to all of the lots laid out in the lands owned by him. The suit included certain grounds the county of Madison owns, and a large number of city lots owned by private parties. Edwin P. Schlater conducted the suit to a successful termination.

William Conner was an old hickory-Jackson Democrat. He was so built and constructed—he could not be otherwise. He never failed to attend all Democratic rallies, and to go to the polls on election day.

In 1868, the campaign was the hottest ever experienced in this county. The Democrats had the finest organization they ever had in the history of Madison county politics. B. B. Campbell, and A. H. Hellwig, his business partner in merchant tailoring, were the leading spirits in the organization of the Democratic hosts that year. Along towards the winding up of the campaign, a grand rally was held at Indianapolis. A prize was offered to the largest uniformed company present. Madison county, of course, competed. Campbell and Hellwig scoured the country for recruits, which resulted in their leaving the Bee Line depot with one thousand men in line, attended with brass and martial music. The men were uniformed in blue jackets and red zouave pants made of flannel. On the morning of their starting to the State capital, William

Conner came to town and was at the depot to see the boys off. Hellwig noticed him there and tackled him to go.

"I've got no uniform," says William.

Hellwig looked at his watch and ascertained that the train was late.

"Come up to the store and I'll make you a pair of 'breeches' before the train comes."

Off they went. Hellwig downed him on the table, marked around him with a piece of chalk, cut out the flannel and sewed it up on a sewing machine, and in less than twenty minutes William was rigged out in red flannel "pants." They were about six inches too short for him, and he had no socks on, which made him present rather a funny appearance, but Hellwig was after the prize and it mattered not to him as to looks. William was duly mustered in and on to Indianapolis he went. While there, it rained and turned cold. William was a sorry looking spectacle, with nothing but his flannel "pants" between him and the elements, no socks and wet as a rat. The chilly winds turned him blue from the tip of his nose to the ends of his toes. He never missed a step nor lurked in the march, but kept right in line with the tramp, tramp, tramp of the martial music in front of the procession. The company came home with the prize and William was as proud of it as any man in the county. It was his nature to do his duty, regardless of wind or weather. Hellwig, no doubt, takes a quiet laugh to himself many a time about making those "pants" for Conner. The written history of that wonderful campaign with all its accidents and incidents would make a readable book.

WILLIAM WAGONER.

William Wagoner, who died in Anderson in the month of April, 1886, was one of the wealthy business men of the city and was conspicuous among his associates in more ways than one. He came to Anderson in 1858 and engaged in the manufacture of grain cradles, which he made wholly by hand. In 1862 he discontinued this business and engaged in the grocery trade, in connection with the O'Hara Bros., on North Main street, until he formed a partnership with Thomas C. Fisher and again entered upon the business of manufacturing grain cradles. Their place of business was in the basement of the old post office building, which stood on the corner of Eighth and Meridian streets, where the "Star Dry Goods"

store now is situated. Here, under the firm name of Wagoner & Fisher, was carried on the business for several years, the total product of the factory being made by hand. About the year 1872, Wagoner & Fisher, having so thoroughly established themselves in the grain cradle market that, unable to meet the increasing demands made upon them, they were compelled to enlarge their buildings. Accordingly they purchased the ground upon which the present Bulletin office is situated, on Eighth street, and erected thereon a two-story brick building, in which they placed improved machinery. It became one of the greatest factories of its kind in the United States.

Mr. Wagoner continued this business until a short time before his death, when Mr. Fisher purchased his interest and became his sole successor. Mr. Fisher carried on the business in the same locality until it was destroyed by fire, after which the building was rebuilt, but he never again occupied it as a factory. He erected an establishment near the Pan-Handle railway, in the northern part of the city, which he still occupies.

Mr. Wagoner was a man of much influence in business circles. He was a man of very kind and charitable disposition, and had a very tender heart for the poor. He was a consistent member of the Presbyterian Church, and was influential in that congregation. His widow and two sons and one daughter are yet living in Anderson, having a pleasant home on West Fifth street.

In politics Mr. Wagoner was a staunch Republican, but was always fair to his political opponents. He served acceptably as a member of the City Council for one term, being elected to represent the Second ward of Anderson.

He was born at Shade Gap, Pennsylvania, September 14, 1824.

DR. B. F. SPANN.

For more than a quarter of a century the familiar form of Dr. B. F. Spann was daily seen upon the streets of Anderson, he being a prominent figure as a physician and politician. During his residence in Anderson he was appointed by the governor as a member of the Board of Trustees for the Central Hospital for the Insane at Indianapolis and was a faithful servant in that capacity. After his term of office expired he was again called upon by the governor to act as a trustee to the Rose Polytechnic Institute at Terre Haute, in which capacity

he served until the time of his death. He was an able physician, an honest, upright citizen, but a man of strong prejudices, and generally liked by the community. Like other people he had some enemies from the fact that he was very free to express his opinion upon any and all subjects that came up for discussion, but what few there were in the community who had a dislike for him drew the mantle of charity over his faults when his remains were covered up in their last resting place in the cemetery at Indianapolis. Among Dr. Spann's prominent traits were his benevolence and charity for the poor. From the time he was first married, and kept a house, and as long as he lived, his roof was the shelter for friends and relatives who were less fortunate in the walks of life than he. Dr. Spann during his lifetime also acted in the capacity of coroner of Madison county for a number of years, being a very faithful and conscientious official.

On the 5th of November, 1889, while riding in his buggy along Main street, between Eighth and Ninth streets, on the public square a horse attached to a delivery wagon belonging to Dale Shanklin ran away, starting on Meridian street in front of R. P. Grimes & Co.'s store the horse dashed around the square at a furious rate, and on the east side, opposite the grocery store of of Geo. W. Kline the runaway collided with Dr. Spann's buggy turning it completely over. The doctor was thrown very forcibly from the vehicle and in falling received a fracture of the hip joint and other serious bruises about the back. He was picked up and carried to his home by sympathizing friends and from that time until the day of his death he was a cripple. He recovered after many months of close confinement, sufficiently to enable him to walk by the aid of crutches, but he never recovered the full use of his limbs. He lingered in this condition until the 2nd of February, 1894, and while sitting in his drawing-room pleasantly conversing with his family and friends who surrounded him, he suddenly expired without a groan or the movement of a muscle, being the victim of heart failure. His death not only caused a great shock to his family and immediate friends, but to the entire community as well. He was a prominent member of the order of Odd Fellows which association took charge of his remains and conducted the funeral ceremony. His wife yet survives him and resides in the old homestead at the corner of Central avenue and Eighth street.

His family friends were all interred at Indianapolis and his remains were taken to Crown Hill for burial.

ISAAC BOOCO, AN ECCENTRIC OLD-TIMER.

What old-timer does not vividly remember Isaac Booco? Isaac was what might properly be called a "daisy," by birth, education and occupation. His like was never produced before or since his demise. He came to this county many years ago, settling in the south-eastern part of Anderson township, where he remained until his death, which occurred about fifteen years ago. He raised a large family who did not always dwell in peace and harmony together, often resorting to the courts to settle their difficulties.

Isaac's oldest son, William, was the bane of his existence, and gave Isaac lots of trouble; they were always at "outs" and at law. Isaac once declared on the witness stand, in court before Judge Craven, that his son William was a natural born d—d fool. This brought down the house, court, jury and all. Booco became enraged at their laughing at him, and came near cleaning out the house.

When A. C. Davis was deputy sheriff he visited Isaac with a fee bill and levied it on some property and advertised it for sale. Booco followed him to town and marched up and down in front of the court house a half day in a foaming rage, denouncing Davis and the whole sheriff's force as d—d "malfeasers."

Every time Booco got sick he thought he was going to die, no difference how trivial his ailment. One time he had one of his periodical sick spells; he thought his time had come. He sent for Isaac Clem, an old Dutch neighbor, to make his will. Clem came prepared with pen, ink and paper to perform his solemn task.

"Vell, Booco, did you dink you vas goin' to die?"

"Yes, Isaac, I think my time has come."

"Vell, vat vas you vant to do, Booco?"

"Well, there is my son, Bill; he always was a d—d mean scoundrel. I don't want him to have anything."

"Vell, vat next?"

"Well, I want to give my wife and the balance of the family all of my property, personal and real, equally."

Clem made out the will as dictated by Booco, setting out all the items and bequests, and read it over. It seemed to be

satisfactory, and the old man turned his face to the wall, and was ready to give up the ghost.

Clem thought the old man was not seriously ill, so he broke in:

"Vell, Booco, I dink dere vas someding vat you forgot."

"Oh, dear, Isaac, what is it?"

"Vy, vashn't you goin' to vill Shake Stanley your wind pipe for a flute?"

This had the effect of bringing Booco back to life. He bounded out of bed like a rubber ball. It took the whole family to keep him off of Clem, but he made his escape. Booco got well and lived many years afterwards. It is said that in Booco's early life in Ohio, he had some trouble about a hive of bees that followed him home. This tale followed him to Indiana. The boys used to get close to him, and "buzz, buzz, buzz." This was all that was necessary to get him in a rage, and the nearest man to him got knocked down, if he did not immediately "get up and get."

Booco was a great coon hunter and often had a grand hunt, calling on his neighbors to join. One time he and Hutch Stanley, and a lot of fellows, were out on a coon hunting expedition. The boys kept talking among themselves, which very much annoyed the old man. He would whisper to the boys, "Boys, be still; you'll scare the coons." The boys would subside for awhile, soon breaking out again, laughing and talking loud.

Booco became enraged at last, yelping out at the top of his voice, "Boys, boys, be still. Don't you know that a coon is a h—l of a sly thing?" He yelled out so loud that if a coon had been within a mile of him, it would have scared him to death. The boys laughed so heartily that it made Booco raging mad and the hunting party was broken up.

SAD DEATH OF A ONCE PROMINENT DRUGGIST.

Garrett W. Brown was, at the time of his death, one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of Madison county. He was born in this county on the 19th day of June, 1839. For many years he lived upon a farm south of Anderson, in Fall Creek township. He was married about 1865 to the daughter of Jacob DeMott, a prominent farmer, who lived near the city of Anderson, after which Mr. Brown removed to the city of Anderson and engaged in the drug business with the brother of his wife, Mr. Frank DeMott,

under the firm name of Brown & DeMott, which firm continued doing business in the room which was, until recently, occupied by Blank's Clothing Store, on the south side of the public square. DeMott remained in the firm for some time, and then sold out to Brown. Mr. Brown then removed the business into the room occupied by Buck, Brickley & Co., on the corner of Ninth and Main streets, and here he continued until the time of his death, on Sunday, September 19, 1886. The facts of this accident were about as follows: Mr. Brown had been in the habit of taking extract of dandelion occasionally, for some disorder of the stomach, and on the Sunday mentioned, at about 11 o'clock he went to his store, and took from a shelf what he supposed to be a bottle of dandelion, and took about a teaspoonful of it. As soon at he had swallowed the drug it dawned upon his mind that he had made a mistake and had taken belladonna instead. It seems from his actions immediately after taking the fatal dose, that after all he was uncertain as to whether he had, or had not, made a mistake. He got some mustard, an antidote for such poisons, and started home, going past the residence of Dr. John C. Cullen, on South Main street. Here he stopped and informed the doctor of what he had done, who advised him to go straight home and take the mustard at once. After Mr. Brown had left Dr. Cullen's house, the doctor became uneasy and followed him. He found upon arriving at Mr. Brown's house, that he had taken the mustard and was vomiting freely, but the doctor saw from the symptoms that the case was a very serious one, and immediately summoned other physicians to his assistance. It was noised around in a short time what had happened to Mr. Brown, who, being on very good terms with the physicians of the city, it was only a short time until many of his medical friends came to his aid. They worked with the unfortunate man all through the night and until 9 o'clock the next morning, when he died from the effects of the poison, after every relief known to medical science had been administered.

The wife to whom Mr. Brown was married in 1865, lived but a short time, and he was again married to Miss Catherine L. Grove, of Warsaw, Indiana. This lady survived him, and afterwards became the wife of Dr. George F. Chittenden, now residing in the city. Besides his wife Mr. Brown left three children, the eldest a son, Chester, and two daughters, Olga and Hazel, who are all living with their mother.

Garrett W. Brown was the personification of honesty, and in all his dealings was fair with his fellow-men, believing in the doctrine of living and let live. He was liberal to his family, and charitable to the poor. And yet, while he was charitable in his disposition, he was also economical in his business habits, and amassed a nice fortune which he left to his bereaved family. The closer the relationship one had with Mr. Brown the more dearly he was beloved. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, and was prominent in that organization for a number of years. His remains were interred at Anderson cemetery, followed by a large concourse of people. His funeral sermon was preached by Rev. Mr. Kemp, pastor of the Methodist church, who was assisted by Rev. Dr. Ziegler, of the Presbyterian congregation.

BENJAMIN SEBRELL, AN EX-SHERIFF.

Benjamin Sebrell was one of Madison county's old-timers, who cut quite a figure in the county's history both as a citizen and a politician. He came from Virginia at an early day and settled in Boone township, when all that part of the country was a wilderness, a part of the township then being in the "Indian Reserve." He was a large, stout man, just the kind for a pioneer. He cut out of the dense forest a fine farm for himself, living there until 1862, when he was elected sheriff of Madison county, which office he held for four years, and a better or more popular sheriff never filled that place. He was one of those large, warm-hearted fellows that draw men to them, and he counted his friends by the score. His most estimable wife was his equal in generosity and benevolence and was universally beloved by all who knew her. No one ever came to her door hungry and was turned away. After retiring from the sheriff's office, the Sebrells kept the Ross house for many years, at the corner of Tenth and Main streets, and were favorites among the traveling people, the host and hostess being always on the alert to see that their guests were properly fed and cared for; Mr. Sebrell being jolly in his nature, made it a pleasure for the drummer to "Sunday over" with him.

He was a devoted friend and admirer of Colonel Stilwell, they having spent many happy days together. Colonel Stilwell had just returned from a week's visiting and hunting on the Sebrell farm on the fatal evening when he met his death; he and a party of friends having gone out there for a few days' recreation and sport, when on the evening of his return

he met his rival which resulted so fatally to him. Mr. Sebrell took the Colonel's death bitterly to heart and never got over it. Ben Sebrell was an uneducated man, but had a giant intellect, and had it been properly cultivated in his younger days, he would have been one of the foremost men of the times.

His head was full of old-fashioned "horse sense." He was a man that seldom lost his temper and always had a way of gaining his points by good humor and persuasive argument. His frame was made of iron and could stand any kind of hardships. One time he was a witness to a street row and went in to quiet it by his usual good-natured way, by talking the participants out of their anger. Someone standing in the crowd threw a bowlder, hitting Sebrell in the breast, but it never staggered him or gave him any seeming discomfiture. He saw the fellow who threw it, and cooly collared him with one hand and threw him over in the court house yard, remarking, "You fool, you'll hurt someone, throwing them stones around here."

Mr. Sebrell died in 1878 at his home in Boone township, shortly after the death of his wife. She was the balance-wheel of his life, and after she was gone he was like an engine running without a governor. He was lost to all the world, and never saw another happy day. His family left this county shortly afterwards, and now live in California.

HOW WELCH MADE MUSTARD THROW OFF THE COSTS.

Daniel Franklin Mustard has contributed his share to the history of Anderson. The "Major," as he is called by his friends, came to Anderson, when, as George Harris once said, "White river was a howling wilderness." He grew to manhood in this community, always respected by the people, as a boy, and honored by high places of trust, when mature manhood had arrived. By trade he is a shoe-maker, which occupation he followed until about 1868, when he was made deputy auditor, from which time he reached the top round of local political distinction and financial success. In 1876, he was elected treasurer of Madison county, and re-elected in 1878. He made a record for closely collecting all of the delinquent taxes. During his candidacy for his second term, he was placed in a very close position by one of his constituents. John Welch, an Irishman, walked into the office one morning not many moons before the election, and tackled the Major thus: "Well, Dan, I see you have got that danged, little

Bill Frampton collecting taxes for you, and he's got me cow levied on."

"Yes, John, you know my duty, under the law, is to collect the taxes, and I am under bonds to faithfully perform all services required of me."

"Well, Dan, I want to settle it. How much is it?"

Dan took his pen and commenced—"taxes, so much; interest, so much; costs, so much."

"Hould on," said Welch. "Be aisy wid your pin, Dan, touch the costs lightly, for by Jasus, I'll have the 'pin' in my hand on the day of the election."

The Major very politely threw off the costs, and Welch settled, feeling very good towards Dan. He gallantly supported him at the polls and was his friend as long as he lived.

Mr. Mustard, after retiring from four years of honorable service as treasurer of Madison county, entered into partnership with the late Neal C. McCullough, in the banking business, and has had a long and successful career as a banker. He is looked upon as being one of the leading financiers of the city of Anderson, and holds an enviable position among his fellow-townsmen.

THE OLD-TIME FIDDLERS.

The old Billy Myers hotel was a great institution at one time in the history of Anderson. Many men, who afterwards became solid business men and raised families in the city, spent their happy, young days at the Myers hostelry, among whom were J. M. Dickson, Joseph Howard, Alex. Clark, St. Clair Dyson, and the Athertons. In early times every first-class young man could fiddle more or less. In fact, if he couldn't fiddle he was "not in it." There was a fiddle always kept in the bar-room at the hotel for practice, and for the amusement of the guests. An eastern gentleman came out to Hoosierdom on a commercial tour, and stopped at the Myers hotel. He was eastern bred and eastern in all his make-up. He was wholly unaccustomed to western styles and Indiana customs. He was alone in the bar-room, reading a paper, when Alex. Clark came in, picked up the fiddle, gave a few rakes of the "Arkansas Traveler," and laid it down. The stranger merely looked up from his paper, then proceeded to peruse the news. In a few minutes Gus Williams strolled in, took up the fiddle, rattled off a few strains of the "Money Musk," and laid it down. The stranger paused a moment,

looked at the fiddle and went on reading. In a short time Joseph Howard came in, took it up and gave a strain or two of the "Devil's Dream," laid it down and took a seat. The stranger looked up again, but still said nothing. St. Clair Dyson came slipping in, took up the fiddle and ripped off about twenty minutes of that old, familiar tune that was all the go in this neck of the woods at that time, "Hell on the Wabash." This brought the stranger to his feet. He looked at his companions, who were all sitting in a row around the wall on an old-fashioned settee. "What is the name of this town?" asked the stranger. Some one replied, "Andersontown." "Well, that is what I understood when I first came here, but I think it is very badly named. I think 'Fiddlers' Green' would be nearer the thing, and I'll bet my old hat that that famous resort is not more than a mile distant from here." Before any one else had a chance at the fiddle he hied himself away to his room and remained there until time to leave on the out-going stage.

THE 'BUS DRIVERS AND THE BABY.

One of the funniest things that ever occurred in Anderson was when the trains coming in on the different roads all stopped at the crossing near Irondale. There was no down town depot on the Bee Line road then, and the passengers had to go out to "The Crossing" to board the trains. The omnibus business was then at its best. Stock in the Anderson 'Bus Line was away up; it was one of the best lines of business in the town. The government paid liberally for the transportation of the mails through the town. It was about the year 1868.

John Alderman and Lew Titherington were running the 'bus, making money hand over fist, and spending it with lavish hands. Nothing was too good for them, in fact, hardly good enough. Alfred Makepeace had an old 'bus he used to run when he kept the old United States Hotel. He saw Alderman and Titherington prospering so well he concluded there was room for two lines; so he hauled out his 'bus, painted it up and started in opposition to them. Now set in the fun from the first jump. Each line had its runners at the depot. As soon as a passenger landed, both would "collar" him and then it was fun to see who would get him. Sometimes they would nearly strip the clothes off people in their scramble for customers.

One morning the train rolled in from Crestline. Among the passengers was a handsome woman with a baby in her arms. Joe Dickey, who was one of Makepeace's runners, got hold of her, and Johnny Alderman, of the opposite line, got the baby. The woman did not know the position she was being placed in until after all the passengers were in and a start was made for town, when she noticed her baby in the other 'bus. Then business set in. She screamed, clawed her hair, and raved like a tigress.

Makepeace said, "What's the matter, woman; what's the matter?"

"Oh, my baby; my baby! They've got my baby."

"Golly damn it, woman, be still; be still! Your baby is all right. Them boys won't hurt a hair on its head; they will leave it at the hotel. It's only opposition in business. Your baby is all right."

The woman, however, refused to be comforted until she reached the hotel, where she found Johnny Alderman hugging and caressing the baby and it was cooing at him and as happy as a lamb. She walked when she went to the depot going out of town.

JOHN YOUNG AND HIS TRAINED DOGS.

Among the many odd characters who have lived in Anderson, none was more eccentric than John Young, a saddler and harness-maker, who lived here thirty years ago. John worked at his trade many years for Alex. Clark and Howard Baker, in a little frame shop that stood in the rear of the Phœnix block, fronting on Main street. He was an old bachelor, having "no one to love and none to caress."

He spent all his leisure time training a kennel of dogs. He had all kinds and sizes, from the pusillanimous "yaller-legged" hound to the finest species of first-class, high-bred animals. There was one thing about John's family of dogs—no matter what its station in life might be, or what position it held in the dog family, it had to mind John. To disobey his command meant a terrible thumping; they watched every move he made, and each one tried to see how good he could be when John was around. It was no unusual sight at four o'clock in the morning, to see John out in the rear of the shop going through the drill with his dogs, some of them standing on their heads, some hanging up on the limbs of an old peach tree that grew in the rear of the shop, some stretched

out at full length on another limb, each afraid of his life. To have slipped and fallen would have been nearly death to them. He boarded with Captain Ethan Allen, who then kept the Ross House. Once in awhile Young got on a "bender." At such times he always had his dogs on dress parade. He would start to his meals, coming along past the public square; when he got to the north-east corner he would give a signal. Here the entire family of canines would come, single file, the largest in front, dwindling down in size until the rear was brought up by the very smallest one in the kennel.

As soon as they reached the corner of the square, each dog in his turn, mounted the court house fence. They had to perform the task of walking entirely around the square, on the fence, by the time their master reached his boarding house. If one of them by chance fell off he would scream for life until he was back at his place. He was afraid of being "licked" within an inch of his life. When they reached the Ross House, each dog took his place on the curbstone in front of the hotel, with his tail sticking out behind him over the gutter, and sit there until Young ate his meal, when the line of march was taken up for home, going through the same performance of walking around the court house fence on their return.

He trained and sold to A. B. Kline, the famous dog, "Tip," that became one of Anderson's pets. Every man, woman and child in Anderson knew "Tip Kline." While Al. was performing his daily duties in the bank, "Tip" always sat in the "pay out" in the west end of the bank, looking out on the street and sniffing the breezes as they gently passed by. As long as "Tip" lived, he was Al. Kline's constant companion and best earthly friend. "Tip" knew and could perform many tricks which he delighted in doing at Kline's command.

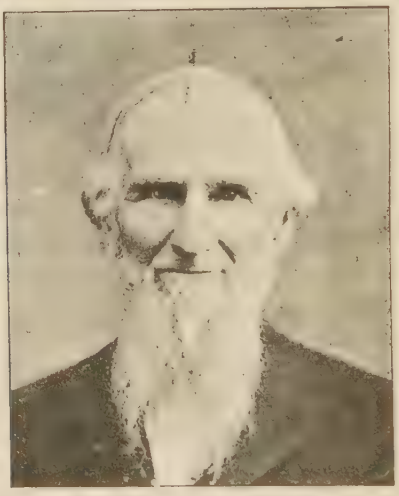
John Young was a man of good, hard sense, but seldom said anything to display his ability. He was fond of good liquor, but never molested any one when drinking. When he wanted to "fill up" he went to a saloon and tipped from five to six glasses down as fast as he could swallow them, until he would get "biling" over before he left the counter. He left here several years ago and is now dead. John Young and his trained dogs are a part of Anderson's history.

HENRY WHITMORE, THE OLDEST CLOCK PEDDLER.

It is the purpose of the writers to, as much as possible, avoid the writing of biographies in this volume, but there are

a few people in the county, who represent certain stages of the history of the community, and particular industries and lines of business, that without a brief statement of the lives and achievements of these individuals the story would be incomplete.

Again it is but proper to plant here and there a monument or a mile-stone to commemorate the old-timers' memory, and to hand down to the coming generation the fact that these honored and worthy people once lived and were the central figures of civilization as well as the propellers of the wheels of trade; that the places they filled in the commercial



HENRY WHITMORE.

world were as high and honorable as those of the magnates of traffic of the present day. Although there were no Goulds or Vanderbilts then, there were men who wielded a mighty influence in the world of business, and had their days of thrift and progress in the same proportion with their limited means at hand as do the giants of to-day.

One of the once noted and highly lucrative businesses of a generation past and gone, was that of clock peddling. Some of the most wealthy and highly respected men on the American continent were once clock peddlers. No less a personage than P. T. Barnum, the great showman, was once a thriving peddler of clocks, and laid the foundation of his princely fortune in this occupation.

In Madison county now lives the oldest clock peddler in the United States. And it is with great pleasure that we present him to our readers in the person of Mr. Henry Whitmore, of Anderson.

He is undoubtedly the oldest. He was born in Rocky Hill, Connecticut, on the 25th of May, 1807, and is now eighty-nine years old, although much younger in appearance. One to see him skipping along the streets would never suspect him to be over sixty.

He came to Indiana in 1846, and settled in Richmond, where he engaged in selling clocks, and continued in the business for six years. In his territory was included the States of Indiana, Ohio and Kentucky, over which he traversed with a wagon through rain and storm. The corduroy roads of those days were in some seasons of the year impassable, and it was no uncommon thing for him to be tied up in some locality for a week or more, waiting for the mud to dry up so he could move on.

A clock peddler in those days was, in the words of one of later times, "a bigger man than old Grant." The hardships of the road were to a certain extent over-balanced by the many good times the peddler had on his trips through the country. They were looked up to, and at the hotel or roadside inn, the best was none to good for them. The fatted calf was always slain when this distinguished visitor came, and he was the guest of honor while he remained, as he always had a batch of new stories to tell.

Mr. Whitmore came to Anderson in 1856, and engaged in the dry goods trade, having for his partner the late Joseph Howard. He continued in this and other branches of trade for a long time, at one period having been proprietor of an Anderson hotel.

Mr. Whitmore was, in 1857, married to the widow of Dr. McClanahan, with whom he lived until her death, since which time he has made his home with his daughter, Mrs. Mary O'Meara, of Anderson.

In 1867 Mr. Whitmore was elected Justice of the Peace for Anderson township, which place he filled with credit to himself and satisfaction of the public. In his old age none is more respected in Anderson, and none enjoys the good wishes of the people more universally than he.

About the time Mr. Whitmore was engaged in the sale of clocks the once famous distiller of Cambridge City, Ind., Ab-

ner Bond, was also in the same traffic, and a little later on Ralph Clark, Esq., of Anderson, an old time dry goods merchant, known to all of the older residents of the county, was peddling through the country.

These associates of Mr. Whitmore have all been gathered into the granaries with the sheaves mown by the sickle of the reaper—Death, and he is left as a solitary and only living representative of that industry in this county, and as the oldest in the United States.

Since the foregoing was written Mr. Whitmore died, on the 25th of June, 1896.

ENOS B. WRIGHT, A PIONEER.

Enos B. Wright, one of the first merchants of Anderson, died on the 1st day of March, 1889, at the age of 85 years. He was born in Stafford county, Va., the 13th of March, 1804. Enos B. Wright for many years conducted a store in the large two-story frame building that stood on the corner of Ninth and Main streets, on the ground where the present Doxey House is situated. The old building is yet in existence, having been removed to another part of the city to give way to the erection of the Stilwell House, now known as the Doxey Hotel, in 1870. Mr. Wright came to Madison county in 1830 and first settled in Adams township. In a short time he removed to Huntsville, in Fall Creek township, at which place he engaged in the dry goods business as a clerk in the store of Enos Adamson. In the year 1837 he removed to Richmond, Ind., and clerked in a store for Mr. Bazil Brightwell, a merchant of that city, and remained there until the year 1842. He then returned to Huntsville and remained there a short time, after which he removed to Anderson and accepted a clerkship with Mr. James Gray, with whom he remained many years as clerk and afterwards as a business partner up to the time of Mr. Gray's death, at which time he purchased the stock and became the sole proprietor. He continued in this business until the year 1870, when he retired from active business life. He was also at one time proprietor of a retail grocery store, which was located in the room now owned by S. M. Bachmann, on the south side of the public square. Mr. Wright did a large business in those days and many farmers who had extra money for which they had no immediate use made his store a depository, as there were no banks then in the county. It was headquarters for

the farmers of the county; it was a kind of rendezvous for them. There was no man who ever lived in Madison county who enjoyed a greater popularity than did Enos B. Wright during those early days. At one time he boasted of knowing the name and place of abode of every inhabitant of the county. He was of a very happy disposition and had the name of every person who entered his store on his tongue's end, always hailing them with their given name, which gave him great prestige over his competitors in business, as his social qualities were a great advertisement with his customers.

He was married to Miss Nancy Taylor, of Ohio, in the year 1827, who died about nine years before Mr. Wright's decease. In the year 1865 Mrs. Wright was stricken with paralysis and was a confirmed invalid for fifteen years prior to her death. Mr. Wright was always considered an honest man and was a devoted Christian, being a member of the Christian church. He was confined to his room for several weeks prior to his death and seemed to understand from the time of his first sickness that his end was near at hand, and signified a willingness to succumb to the inevitable. His funeral took place from the Christian church on the following Sunday after his death, and was one of the largest that ever occurred in Anderson. Some reminiscences in relation to Mr. Wright will be found in another portion of this book.

CHAPTER XLVI.

Reminiscences, Accidents and Incidents.

Until within the last few years there stood on the banks of Green's Branch, fronting on Eighth street in Anderson, on the thoroughfare which was known at that time as the "Strawtown road" "the One-mile House," and which was a familiar

THE ONE-MILE HOUSE.

object to nearly every old inhabitant of Madison county. In fact it was one of the landmarks in this community. This book would not be complete without taking notice of this building and the many interesting incidents connected therewith. The writers could not give a better account of it than by reproducing what was said of it by the *Bulletin* in the year 1888, in which the editor says: "Old Anderson is fast passing away and but few of the old landmarks remain to remind a person of sixty years ago of 'Andersontown.' Perhaps the oldest and most historical object of that period in history is the old one-mile house, a log cabin on the north side of West Eighth street, a mile west of the court house. At No. 546, near the site of the old cabin, now lives Mrs. Margaret Harris. She is a pleasant and intelligent old lady of seventy-three years. Her memory is bright and her description of

the events that occurred sixty years ago is very vivid. Her account of this building is to this effect, that in the year 1826 David Harris, her husband's father, left Licking county, Ohio, and came on foot to Indiana, looking for government lands upon which to settle. He was then thirty-seven years of age, strong and full of that spirit of adventure and restlessness that once characterized the pioneers of the North-western territory. 'Andersontown' was one of his stopping places and it was here that he found such a spot as he had been looking for. All of that part of the city afterwards known as Hazlett's addition, extending from the cemetery bridge to the fair grounds, was then an Indian corn field. This magnificent territory, a mile long and a half mile wide, is now covered by the American Straw-board works and hundreds of fine residences. About three thousand Indians were living in the White river valley between 'Muncietown' and 'Andersontown;' each of these places were important villages of the Delaware Indians.

"Chief Anderson, of the Delawares, had his wigwam at the foot of the hill near where Norton's brewery now stands. Harris went west of the corn field and there found such land as pleased him. He then walked to Indianapolis where at the government land office he entered all of the lands west of where Madison avenue now is, to the old toll gate, and south from the river to West Eleventh street. This tract included the Harter farm, "Hillside," and hundreds of acres of valuable land. Returning from Indianapolis he camped under a honey-locust tree just north of where the one-mile house was afterwards built. A cabin stood at the spot where the gravel pit on Peter Bliven's land now is, and to this home the pioneer Harris brought his family. He lived about one year after his family removed to this place and then died. His remains were interred in the Indian burying ground on East Ninth street, and were no doubt hauled away at the time the Pan Handle company opened a gravel pit at that place.

"In 1839 his widow built the 'One-mile House.' At that time it was considered one of the finest houses in the western country. When it was 'raised' the people from miles around were invited and hundreds were present on that occasion. Among those who were there who afterwards became prominent in Madison county, were the Harpolds, the Elliotts, the Shauls, Robert N. Williams and Colonel Nineveh Berry.

Colonel Berry was master of ceremonies and saw that the work was well done.

"The house was erected for the purpose of a tavern. It was known from the settlement on the Wabash to the Alleghany mountains. Soon other settlers began squatting about the place. About this time John Berry built a frame house near the corner of Meridian and Eighth streets, that was considered a greater one than this, but the big log house still continued to be the principal stopping place for many years. The Strawtown road at that time was famous all over the nation, and was especially known to emigrants who were seeking homes in Western States. Strawtown, situated several miles west of the county line and in Hamilton county, was known further abroad than Indianapolis or any other town within five hundred miles of it. The scene along the road from early spring until late in the autumn was that of one continuous stream of covered wagons. These with two horses and two oxen hitched to them moved the pioneers to their Western homes. Nearly every team in those days stopped at this old tavern. Some of the parties not being able to partake of the hospitality and pay money for their lodging merely stopped for the purpose of watering their stock. The house continued to be a place of entertainment for travelers until about the time the railroads reached Anderson.

"Many instances in this locality of interest to old settlers are related. The earliest settlers of the county remember with a shudder the blackened stake that stood just back of where Bliven's gravel pit was. This stake was used by the Indians as a post to which prisoners were burned. A year before Mr. Harris came to White river a French trader who killed an Indian squaw was captured and burned alive at this stake. The ground around it had been tramped and beaten until it looked like a circus ring. When some of the oldest Indians would get sufficient fire water in them to loosen their tongues they told that many captives, both white and red, had been burned at this stake. But little is said about the matter now; but if the reader will ask any one who lives in that vicinity, he will say that when Indian summer comes and the nights are crisp and pleasant, that the ghost of this Frenchman, who was burned alive at the stake, appears. It is said to have been seen flitting around on many occasions, one leg being burned off above the ankle, and the fierce

flashes from his eyes, and the blue flames can be seen issuing from his nostrils. For many years superstitious old women and small children in that locality could scarcely be induced to leave their door steps after dark during Indian summer. In 1828 the Stover family came from Pennsylvania and entered what is now known as the Forrey land, north of White river. It was Margaret Stover who, at the age of seventeen years, was married to John Harris, and who is the author of the reminiscenses given in relation to this old hotel.

"One of the diseases incident to the country at the time the Harris family settled here was 'milk-sickness,' which was prevalent in the country for many years, and many people died from it. No cause for this peculiar malady was ever discovered, but as the country became clear of its heavy forest and was put into cultivation, the disease disappeared.

"A one-story log school house at one time stood in this neighborhood, near where the third district school building is now located, and in which Bartholomew Williams, the father of R. N. Williams and the grandfather of A. D. and Gus. Williams, was the teacher, and also the late Colonel Nineveh Berry taught a few terms of winter school in that building.

"When about fifteen years of age, John Harris and another young lad went about fifteen miles down the river to a mill. Darkness overtook them on their return home. The blazed trail through the woods was lost and the wolves began snapping and running around about them. The boys tied their horses to a tree near where the village of Hamilton now stands, where they gathered a lot of brush and started a fire and remained up all night fighting off the ravenous beasts with fire brands.

"Mrs. Harris also related a few historical facts not directly connected with the 'One-mile House,' but of much interest in relation to Anderson of that day. She said this city was named after the famous old chief, Anderson, the same as was Muncie named after the Muncie Indians and Kokomo named after a Miami chief. Anderson was an old man when the whites first came to the banks of White river."

AN OLD LANDMARK IN THE CITY OF ANDERSON.

Prior to the year 1880 there stood at the corner of Eighth and Main streets on the site of the present structure owned by John W. Lovett, and which is now being remodeled, one of Anderson's old landmarks and which was at the same time, a

monument to the thrift and enterprise of one of its former wealthy citizens. It was a two-story brick building with business rooms on the first floor and offices above. It was erected by Alfred Makepeace in 1843, being the second brick building erected upon the public square. In it Mr. Makepeace carried on for several years a general merchandising business such as dry goods, groceries, hardware, and other articles which he exchanged for butter, coon skins, ginseng and various other country products. There was but very little business done then in purely cash transactions. His business extended into every part of the county. There was no railroad into Anderson for many years after the building of this house. The people came a long distance to trade with Mr. Makepeace, and his store was a general rendezvous for all classes. The building stood at the edge of a grove of trees in which there was a burial ground of the Delaware Indians extending as far north as Martin Gruenewald's residence. This ground is now partly occupied by the present modern residences of Major Doxey, and Thomas Norton.

Mr. Makepeace was one of the shrewdest traders and business men of Anderson. He sold his goods to his customers on any length of time they might request, and at the end of the year he took their notes for any balance appearing against them adding thereto interest. He amassed a snug fortune in his business venture. In the year 1876 he died, leaving to his heirs considerable real estate in different parts of the city. He was the father of Captain A. I. Makepeace who yet resides in Anderson, and H. B. Makepeace, at present township trustee for Center township, at Indianapolis. There were several other brothers and sisters whose names are not at present remembered by the writers.

The occupants of the building after Makepeace left it, was the firm of Crim & Hazlett who there began a dry goods business, Mr. Crim afterwards organizing the Exchange Bank, the immediate predecessor of the National Exchange Bank, which is now doing business at the corner of Ninth and Main streets. Mr. Hazlett was at various times engaged in general merchandising, the buying of grain, and in manufacturing. He was twice elected mayor of the city, and finally ended his days at Riverside, California, only a few years ago. Crim & Hazlett disposed of their stock of goods to a firm styling themselves, Cook & Rhodes, whose whereabouts are now unknown.

Near the close of the war, John F. Eglin and Joseph

Sharp engaged in the grocery trade in the lower room of the building and did a thriving business. Eglin subsequently removed to Toledo, Ohio, and engaged in the produce and commission business. Joseph Sharp is still a resident of Anderson, and is at present the proprietor of the Columbia Hotel.

Samuel A. Towell, ex-chief of the Anderson fire department, for a short time also ran a grocery in this place, and was succeeded by Sparks & Branham, who remained there until 1876, when they retired. Mr. Sparks who was a very prominent business man in Anderson in his day, died only a few years since.

Mr. Branham, the junior member of the firm was the father-in-law of Dr. George F. Chittenden, at whose residence he died about ten years ago.

In the second story of this venerable pile was, for many years, located the Anderson *Standard*, which was published at one time by J. Fenwick Henry. He was a fluent writer, but a man of many eccentricities, who will be well remembered by the older citizens of Anderson.

E. V. Long, late Judge of the United States District Court at Las Vegas, New Mexico, was once the editor and publisher of the *Standard* while it was being printed in this building.

C. E. Jones who published a paper in 1845 and 1846 in this place, was succeeded by Dr. Mendenhall, who published a weekly paper there for several years. In 1856 Thomas W. Cook took charge of the *Democratic Standard*, and published it up to some time in the sixties, when it passed into the hands of Charles I. Barker, who subsequently disposed of it to William E. Cook, who published it for about two years and then sold it to Fleming T. Luse, present editor of the Crawfordsville *Review*. Thomas W. Cook is now a preacher in Hot Springs, Arkansas, and is laboring under the firm belief that he is Jesus Christ.

In 1882 John W. Lovett bought this old piece of property from the heirs of Alfred Makepeace. Mr. Lovett had it torn away and replaced with a new structure. Thus the old Democratic headquarters passed away. The building now standing there is, at this writing, being remodeled, and, will be, when completed, one of the handsomest in Anderson.

IN HONOR OF DR. HENRY WYMAN.

In mentioning the physicians who practiced medicine in Madison county, the name of Dr. Henry Wyman appears among many others in another place in this volume. He was one of the early physicians, as stated already, perhaps the first regular physician who practiced medicine in this community. He resided for many years in Anderson and then removed to Blissfield, Mich., which he made his home until a few years ago, when he died.

In the month of June, 1887, Dr. Wyman returned to Anderson to visit the scenes of his early life, and to mingle among his early associates and spend a few pleasant days with them. On this occasion the physicians of Anderson gave him a banquet at the Doxey House, which took place on the evening of the 22d of June in that year. The banquet was a very fine affair. When the eatables had all been disposed of, the gathering resolved itself into an evening devoted to reminiscences and speech-making. Many jokes and stories were told concerning the history of Anderson in its primitive days. Although many of the guests were infirm and feeble from age, the spirit of the occasion was bright and buoyant, and the evening was one of rare social enjoyment. Dr. William Suman presided at the table and acted in the capacity of toast-master. The toast of the evening was proposed by Dr. William A. Hunt, "Our honored guest, the first physician of Anderson." In announcing this toast Dr. Hunt spoke very feelingly, and among other things said, "That he remembered in his boyhood days when Dr. Wyman was spoken of as THE physician of Anderson and of Madison county. There was a Dr. Ruddle who came here before or after Dr. Wyman, but I believe it can be safely said that our present guest is the first doctor who practiced in Anderson. He came from New York in 1831, sojourning for a while in New Jersey and Pennsylvania, thence to Clarke county, Ohio, and thence to Richmond, Indiana, where he studied medicine with Dr. Warner, one of the most eminent physicians in his day. We had other physicians here at the time he located with us, but none north of White river possessing any medical education."

Continuing in this strain, Dr. Hunt gave an interesting account of the practice of medicine in early days, and gave the names of those who represented the medical profession at that period.

In response to Dr. Hunt's address, Dr. Wyman made a very happy speech in which he said: "What can I say that will be of interest to you? Can I say that I came here when Anderson was in hazel brush? When I first arrived here, there were about sixty people, old and young, living in nine families. Among them I only know of Addison D. Williams and Augustus Williams who were citizens at that time and who are still living. The country north of White river had just been opened for settlement. Between here and Alexandria there were six log huts that formed the homes of as many settlers. In that part of the county only the townships of Pipe Creek and Richland had been organized. There was a grist-mill located about one mile north of Anderson that made pretentions to grinding corn. They had a granite rock there cut out so as to break the grains into two or three pieces, and this formed the corn meal, the chief article of diet. A smaller mill was located on White river, between Strawtown and Perkinsville, and these two mills were the only institutions of the kind in the county."

"Anderson Forty Years Ago," was the subject of the toast proposed by Mayor Hazlett, who gave a brief synopsis of the appearance of Anderson as a town in those times, and dwelt upon the peculiarities of some of the people. "Judge Eggleston, of Madison, Indiana," he said, "then presided over the court at this place. On one occasion his decision in some matter was overruled by the Associate Justices, and he became so enraged that he left the court room forgetting his hat, and it was stated, too, that he forgot his horse, and started for Richmond on foot. Some of the attorneys started after him and had considerable trouble to induce him to return to continue the session of the court. At that time there were three judges, one the President of the Court and two Associate Judges, and in cases arising before the court, the Associate Judges would occcasionally decide against the president and overrule his decisions."

Samuel Myers, who was also present at the banquet, responded to this toast in a very happy strain, causing much mirth and laughter.

The exercises of the evening were closed by all present joining in singing the doxology, after which Rev. W. H. Ziegler, pastor of the Presbyterian church, pronounced the benediction just as the bell in the court house tolled the hour

of midnight, and thus ended one of the notable events in the history of Anderson.

As a historical fact it may be stated that Dr. Wyman came to Anderson in May, 1832, and at once took a leading part in the affairs of the county, being a man of ability and integrity. In 1837 and 1838, he represented Madison county in the state legislature. He was also identified with the *Pioneer Press*. In 1835, he was editor of the *Western Telegraph*, and so continued for a long time, besides attending to the large and lucrative practice of his profession.

STABBING OF HENRY VINYARD.

A serious stabbing affray occurred in Anderson on the 18th of December, 1866, in which Henry Vinyard, a once well-known character in Anderson, came near losing his life. The occurrence took place in front of a saloon occupied by John Morrow, on South Main street, very near the place now occupied by Michael Costello, between Ninth and Tenth streets. Mr. Vinyard received three stabs in the right breast, one of which entered the lung. His assailant was a man of the name of McClintock, whose home at that time was at Wabash, to which place he had just returned from California. McClintock was reported by those who knew him, as being a rather dangerous and desperate man to encounter in a battle. Vinyard, while not at heart a bad man, was rather bluff in his manner, especially to people of understature, and to those whom he thought he could bully-rag and bluff. Both parties had been drinking quite freely a few hours before the affray, and they had had a quarrel during that time and separated without coming to blows. Then meeting again in the saloon, words passed between them, and Vinyard, in a frenzied way, drew a pistol and fired a ball, missing McClintock, but entering the south wall of the saloon. Both men then engaged in a scuffle, and fell out of the saloon to the pavement, and while lying there Vinyard received the stabs from the knife in the hands of McClintock. Immediately on recovering his feet, Vinyard started in search of a physician, staggering along as far as the barber shop, which at that time was owned by James Lucas, situated on the ground floor now occupied by Philip Brehm's saloon, on South Main street, where he fell to the ground from loss of blood. Physicians were summoned who applied restoratives and dressed the wounds. He was taken to the Ross

House, where he was confined to his bed several weeks, but finally recovered. McClintock was arrested, and on a preliminary hearing was admitted to bail in the sum of $200, to appear in the Circuit court at the next term to answer to the charge of "assault and battery with intent to kill." He immediately gave bail and was set at liberty. Vinyard having been the aggressor, McClintock was held to be justifiable in his act, and was never incarcerated for the crime.

A KIT OF COUNTERFEITER'S TOOLS.

In the month of July, 1880, while tearing away the old building that for many years occupied the corner of Ninth and Main streets in Anderson, known as the United States Hotel, the workmen in removing the foundation walls unearthed a full kit of counterfeiter's tools and crucibles, such as are used in the manufacture of spurious coin. The articles were also accompanied by some portions of block tin and other metals in which antimony formed a part. The crucibles were of a material very much like fire-clay and were similar to ordinary cups, holding perhaps a third of a pint. Before the old brick building had been erected a frame had stood on the ground and was used for the carrying on of various kinds of business, but it is not known whether these articles had been there before the old United States Hotel building had been erected.

Dr. M. A. Bird, of Anderson, for many years a practicing dentist, has had possession of two of these relics. In all probability the molds for making the money were some place in the neighborhood described, and could have been found. The oldest settlers of the town could not imagine who could have made use of these articles or placed them in this hiding place. It was a matter of common remark for a number of years that counterfeit money had been made in Madison county by a number of the then leading and most prominent citizens, but no direct evidence was ever obtained against them whereby conviction could have been made. The bogus money made by them was evidently taken out of the county and placed in distant localities, as but little of it had found its way into circulation in Anderson.

BURGLARY OF THE POST-OFFICE.

On Tuesday night, June 30, 1883, the post-office at Anderson was burglarized. Mr. Stephen Metcalf was the post-

master at this time, and he had his office on the west side of the square in the room now occupied by Mr. August Biest. The safe was blown open, and the contents were removed. Much other damage was done. The furniture of the office was considerably injured. The front part of the room was used by A. H. Jefferson as a candy and confectionery store. An entrance was effected through the basement by forcing the lock of a trap door which was in the floor.

In their haste in looting the safe, many registered letters were dropped upon the floor, where they lay covered up by some papers, and were overlooked, as was some money in the cash-box under the delivery window. In order to deaden the sound of their work the handle of a broom was broken off, and drawn through the bushy part of the broom, around which a towel was wound, and it was then tied around the safe. With all this precaution, however, the noise of the explosion was heard by George Daich, who lived in the adjoining house, and who was aroused in consequence thereof. He thought it was some one splitting wood in the back yard, and paid but little attention to it. The burglary was committed between 1 and 3 o'clock in the morning. It was generally thought that the crime had been done by "local talent," but no clue was ever obtained as to the guilty parties. The tools used were obtained from the blacksmith shop of Thomas A. Loftus on North Main street. The only occupant of the room at the time of the robbery, was "Grant," a large dog owned by Postmaster Metcalf, which, it seems, made but little resistance or noise while the robbery was being accomplished. It was believed that he was drugged by the burglars, as he was usually on the alert when anything wrong was going on.

The loss by this robbery was estimated to be $1,000. No private letters were disturbed, nor was anything of value to private parties touched.

ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

A sad accident occurred at the farm of Thomas Harmeson, about three and a half miles south of Anderson, on the 15th of June, 1883, in which George Harmeson, his son, was accidentally killed by the discharge of a gun. The young man had taken the gun in the morning to spend a day hunting. His father, being busy upon the farm hauling wood, requested the boy to accompany him to the woods to help. The gun was taken and after the wagon was loaded the boy spent his

time in hunting. The second load had been placed on the wagon, when he told his father he was going to visit the district school in the neighborhood and that he would leave the gun at the wood-pile.

After having been gone some time he returned with the intention of taking the gun away, when in some manner it was discharged, the contents entering his left side, ranging upwards, passed through the heart and causing instant death.

Upon returning toward the team Mr. Harmeson was told by a smaller son that his brother George was asleep, and, hastening to the place, they found him lying dead. Coroner George Armstrong was immediately summoned and after an inquest a verdict of accidental shooting was returned. Young Harmeson was a boy well-liked by all the neighbors and was a favorite of his parents.

Thomas Harmeson and his estimable wife, the father and mother of this young man, are both highly respected citizens of the township and are living upon the farm where this occurrence took place.

ISAAC C. PENNISTEN KILLED.

On Wednesday, the 21st of July, 1880, a railroad accident happened in Anderson, near the Big Four station, in which Isaac C. Pennisten, a brakeman, was killed. He was on top of a freight car at the time getting ready to couple the car on which he stood with one in front of it, when a car to the rear of the one he was on came rolling along, striking it and knocking him off. He fell on the track and was crushed by the wheels, which passed over his left arm and his breast, killing him instantly. He was about twenty-three years of age and left a family, consisting of a wife and two children. At the time of this accident he resided in Indianapolis and was well known in this county, where he had lived several years. He was a brother of Geo. T. Pennisten of Lafayette township, and also of the wife of Carl Bronnenberg, a prominent farmer of Union township. His wife was a daughter of 'Squire J. W. Heath, of Chesterfield. He had been in the employ of the company for about two years, was popular among the men along the line of the road, and generally respected by all his associates.

SHOOTING OF EDWARD B. CHITTENDEN.

In the spring of 1882 the Democracy of the city of Anderson placed in nomination Michael Ryan for the office of

City Marshal. The Republicans put up as his opponent, Augustus Heagy. The city was then very close politically, and a hard and bitter fight was made for this position which ended in the defeat of Mr. Ryan, and the election of Mr. Heagy.

On Tuesday, the 2d of May, late in the evening, after the returns of the election had come in, it was found that Mr. Heagy and the other candidates on the Republican ticket had been triumphant. Accordingly a crowd assembled upon the streets and had a jubilee over the result. As the night wore on, the boisterous spirits of the crowd concluded to have a good time, a band was brought into service, and the successful candidates at the polls were treated to a serenade. While the band was playing near the Doxey hotel several persons were on the south veranda listening to the music and enjoying the scene. Dr. Edward B. Chittenden, then a young man about eighteen years of age, who was enthusiastic over the election of the successful candidate for Marshal, gave vent to his feelings by cheering loudly for Heagy. At this moment some person standing on the opposite side of the street fired two pistol shots at the persons congregated on the veranda, one of which took effect in young Chittenden's body, passing entirely through him below the pit of the stomach. Chittenden immediately ran into the hotel and announced that he was shot. The crowd cried out that he was merely joking or playing a trick upon them. He then stripped off his clothing and showed them the wound, after which he was taken to his home, where his father, Dr. Geo. F. Chittenden, and other physicians, who were friends of the family, dressed his wounds. Young Chittenden soon recovered from the shot and is yet living, and is one of Anderson's most prosperous physicians.

Suspicion at that time pointed to William Ryan, son of the defeated candidate for Marshal, as having been the party who fired the shot. He was placed under arrest for assault and battery with intent to kill, and upon trial in the Circuit Court after a hot legal battle, was acquitted. He was defended by the Hon. James W. Sansberry. The prosecution was conducted by W. A. Kittinger and the law firm of Robinson & Lovett. It was not proven on the trial that Ryan had fired the ball which pierced the body of Chittenden. Another saving clause in Ryan's behalf was that he entertained no malice or ill-will towards Chittenden, but was one of his devoted friends from boyhood. In the estimation of the jury which tried the case there was no provocation for Mr. Ryan to do this unlawful

act. Mr. Wm. Ryan is yet a resident of Anderson, and is at this writing filling the honorable position of shipping clerk for the Indiana Box Company.

SHOOTING OF A TRAMP.

In the year 1879, there was a great number of tramps roaming over the country, many of whom, in May of that year, camped on the banks of White river, in what is now known as "McCullough Park," situated directly east of the Pan Handle railway station. These fellows made themselves offensive to the community by calling at the residences of the people and demanding food of the female occupants in the absence of their husbands, who were away attending to their daily business. One of these parties, who gave his name as John Kelly, and his residence as New Haven, Conn., came to the home of Hiram Peden on the 22d day of May, and demanded that Mrs. Peden should give him his supper. Carrie Peden, a little daughter, informed him that there was nothing for him. The tramp then sought Mr. Peden, who was working in the garden, and made a similar demand of him. Mr. Peden reiterated the statement of his daughter. At this the tramp became exasperated, and used vile and filthy language, and abused Mr. Peden unstintedly. He was ordered off the premises, but refused to go. Mr. Peden advanced toward him, and the tramp then put his hand in his pocket, and told Peden he would shoot his brains out if he came any nearer. Peden then raised a hay rake he had in his hands, and went toward the tramp, who at once turned and fled.

Mr. Peden afterward notified the marshal of the city of this affair, and in a little while Deputy Marshal Amos Coburn arrived upon the scene. The tramp had gone in the direction of the river bottoms, and Peden and the officer went thither, where they found him with five others. Kelly was pointed out to the officer, who placed him under arrest. The tramp refused to accompany the officer, who then struck him with a "billy." At this Kelly's comrades, standing near by, advanced upon the officer in a threatening manner, when Coburn ordered them to halt, warning them not to encroach upon him, and at the same time drawing a revolver. The tramps seeing this, for a time desisted. Soon, however, one of them, who called himself Robert Carson, became very demonstrative and moved toward the officer, having in his hands a piece of rail about twelve feet long, which he raised over Coburn's head,

at the same time cursing and abusing him. Carson dared Coburn to shoot. Carson still persisted in his threatening manner, approaching the officer. Coburn seeing this, fired at him and brought him to the ground. The officer then took charge of Kelley, whom he landed in jail. A wagon was sent for, and Carson, the wounded man, was carried to the United States hotel, where he was attended by Drs. Cullen and Spann. Carson's wound was in the left side, just above the groin. He was unable to be removed for some time, but as soon as his condition permitted he was taken to the County Infirmary, where he eventually recovered.

Carson had every appearance of having at one time been a sailor, as his body was covered with tattoo marks peculiar to that class of people. On his breast was a picture of a huge monument covering nearly the entire front of his body, and on it was inscribed, "Sacred to the memory of my Mother." There were additional inscriptions upon other portions of his body. Mr. Coburn surrendered himself to the officers of the law, and demanded an investigation of his acts, and after a full and fair investigation, he was declared to be guiltless of any wrong. Carson upon recovering from his wounds, left the city, and afterward with some "pals" went to the house of an old couple near Delphos, Ohio, and, taking a lighted coal oil lamp, held it to their feet and burned and tortured them until they gave up all the money they possessed. They were afterward captured and convicted, and served a nine-years term in the State prison at Columbus, Ohio.

CHAPTER XLVII.

Recollections of Ye Olden Time.

AN OLD-TIME SCHOOL EXHIBITION.

In the early history of Anderson there was but very little amusement for the people outside of what they made for themselves. There were no opera houses, no public halls or any other place in which to congregate when occasion presented itself for the assembling of the people. The old Methodist church that once stood on the corner of Eleventh and Meridian streets, immediately north of the present church, was often used for home entertainments of a moral character. One of these took place there on the 16th of March, 1855; it was an old-fashioned school exhibition, such as all old-timers remember of having witnessed in the long ago, but which is now a thing of the past. Who of the older people of Madison county does not remember with pride when the last day of school arrived, how they "spoke their piece" and how they longed for the day to arrive; how many anxious days, hours and minutes they put in committing to memory Patrick Henry's address before the Virginia Convention, "Ben Battle was a Soldier Bold," "The Mariner's Dream," and so on.

These happy moments are gone; they will never come again. The school children of to-day will never witness these scenes. Whether the present way of training the young mind is an improvement over those of the earlier period of our free school system is an open question which we do not intend to discuss in these pages. We will assert, however, that the giants of the Madison county bar, men who have proven the most successful in their professions; the old-time doctor, who battled with the ills of the Madison county pioneer, and made a mark in the world, and many of our most influential business men, have had their training in the old-fashioned way. They went to country school three months in the year, and worked the balance of the time on the farm, or in the shop. They had to speak their "pieces" on Friday afternoons.

One of the oldest members of the bar of this county says

that his early training in that direction has been a great help to him in his practice. But leaving all of this to be settled by those whose business it is, we return to our subject.

In 1855 the Anderson schools were under the able management of Professor I. N. Terwilliger, one of the most competent instructors of his day. He evidently believed in the custom of teaching the students to speak in public, as is evidenced by an old programme that has been unearthed, which tells the story of one of those enjoyable occasions that took place in the Methodist church.

Many who took part in the exercises are now dead; some have filled high and honorable positions in civil and military affairs; some are yet living in Anderson, and look back to this occasion with joy and pride. The programme given below tells the story better than it is possible for one not there at the time to attempt to describe it. It is as follows:

PROGRAMME

OF THE

EXHIBITION OF THE ANDERSON SCHOOL TO COME OFF IN THE METHODIST CHURCH NEXT TUESDAY EVENING.

Introductory Speech.....Jasper Myers

MUSIC BY THE ANDERSON BAND.

American Eagle.....Miss Mary Myers
African Chief.....E. M. Roach
Old Bachelors.....Thos. O'Neal
Speak Gently.....Sarah Snelson
The Flowers.....Mary Antrim
Marco Bozzaras.....C. Webster

SINGING.

Billows.....By Several Misses
Music on the Melodeon.....Miss E. Allen
Prisoner for Debt.....Miss Pierson
Traveler at the Nile.....Mary Roach
Comic Piece.....David Harris
To Arms.....C. H. Davis
Charnel Ship.....S. D. Makepeace
Lochinvar.....Wm. R. Myers

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

Declamation.....Wm. Snelson
Sailor Boy.....Cassa Lemon
Dialogue.....Misses L. Makepeace and S. McGraw
Dialogue.....Misses N. J. Roach and Almira Pierson
All is Action.....Albert C. Davis
Weep On.....Horace E. Jones
Landing of the Pilgrims.....T. Snelson

SINGING.

Rockaway.....Misses Hudson and Allen accompanied by melodeon
Napoleon at Rest.....Oliver H. Smith
Duties of Americans.....John W. Pence
Fortune Telling—Dialogue.....Myers, Blacklidge and Misses Allen
The Isles of Greece.....Oliver C. Davis
Truth Telling—Dialogue.....Misses Jackson, Allen and others
The Grave.....Miss A. Craycraft
The Birds Let Loose.....Miss Almira Pierson
Take Thy Banner.....Miss Mary Myers
Ambition.....T. Snelson
Music on the Melodeon.....Miss E. Allen
The Homes of the Earth.....Misses Craycraft, Myers and others
Dialogue about School.....Almira Pierson and Mary Myers
Dialogue on Fashion.....Misses E. Allen and Mary Myers
Contrasted Soliloquy.....Miss Esther Allen
He Never Smiled Again.....O. H. Smith
Yankeeism—Dialogue.....George Hughel and Jesse Neff
Remorse.....J. R. Reasoner
French Aggression.....C. H. Davis

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

Dialogue.....O. L. Pierson and J. W. Pence
Ben. Battle.....Geo. Hughel
Name in the Sand.....Miss Nancy Jane Roach
Orator Puff.....D. Snelson
Soliloquy.....J. R. Reasoner
American Indians.....C. Webster

SINGING.

Do They Miss Me at Home.....Miss Hudson and girls
Dialogue on Laughing.....Misses Holt, Blacklidge and others
Old Ironsides.....Almyra Pierson
Sukey Smith.....Wm. Myers
School Promotes Happiness.....Misses Davis and Robinson
Character of LaFayette.....J. C. Myers
Ambition.....F. N. Pence
Declamation.....Martin Roach

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

Cassius and Brutus.....E. M. Roach and Wm. R. Myers
Old Arm Chair.....Miss C. Myers
I'm With You Again.....Miss Samantha Kindall
Niagara—an Allegory.....Wm. Snelson
Responsibleness of America.....H. B. Makepeace
Declamation.....W. H. H. Vernon

SINGING.

Home Again.....Miss Hudson and girls
Doctor and Patient.....Reasoner and several girls
Truthfulness and Honesty.....Misses McGraw and Titherington
South Carolina.....John W. Pence

Massachusetts.....O. L. Pierson
Edward and Warrick.....Myers and Pierson

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

American Flag.....Miss Craycraft
Ice Voice.....J. Neff
Doctor and Patient.....C. H. Davis and C. Webster
Starlight on Marathon.....Miss Pierson
Soliloquy.....J. R. Reasoner
Declamation.....Caroline Jackson
The Mariner's Dream.....Elizabeth Allen
Speech of Patrick Henry.....O. L. Pierson
Declamation.....J. W. Pence
Declamation.....Chas. Webster
Declamation.....Wm. R. Myers
Declamation.....Enoch M. Roach

MUSIC ON THE MELODEON.

Young Holland.....Jasper Myers

MUSIC BY THE BAND.

Maud Muller.....Mary Myers
Speech.....

SINGING.

March 16, 1855.

The above long programme was gone through taking until quite late in the night to complete it. The house being small it was impossible for the entire populace to witness the exhibition, so it was determined by the management to repeat the performance the next evening. The audience that greeted the second production was even greater than the first. Many were turned away, who could not gain admission. There were a great many funny incidents that occurred in connection with this affair, as there naturally would be in such an enterprise. There were some of the "stars" who, it seems, wanted to monopolize the whole business, and go outside of the programme, so to speak. This caused the Professor a great deal of trouble and annoyance. Among the number who was persistent in making himself "promiscuous," was Enoch M. Roach. He was one of Anderson's bright young men, and was a leader among the boys of his day. Enoch concluded that the audience was dying to hear him speak again, after he had had his turn, and insisted on going before the curtain with W. R. Myers, and repeating the quarrel of "Brutus and Cassius." To this Professor Terwilliger strenuously objected; warm words ensued, and it was no time until Roach and the Professor were mixed in a fight. This came near breaking

up the show. Order was at last restored behind the curtains, but there was much excitement out in the audience; the people were anxious as to what was going on behind the scenes. Mr. J. R. Reasoner, prided himself on his great ability as an orator. He insisted on going out in front and rendering one of his "fiery pieces," in order to divert the attention of the audience from the affray that was going on among the actors. He had to be sat down upon by some one before he would subside. Finally, when all was quiet and serene, the show went on, and the programme was completed, and this passed into history, as one of the great events in Anderson. It has never been forgtton by those who took part in it as well as those who witnessed it. It never will pass out of their memory. It was one of the occasions that one always treasures up, and looks back to with happy thoughts. Time has caused sad havoc in the ranks of those whose names appear on this old musty programme. Many have gone to their long homes. Those who yet survive, are scattered from the lakes to the Gulf of Mexico.

Among the number who have distinguished themselves in the affairs of life we mention Hon. W. R. Myers, who has been a member of Congress, and thrice elected Secretary of the State of Indiana.

John W. Pence, ex-Postmaster of Anderson, now cashier of the Citizens' Bank of this city.

F. N. Pence, once City Clerk of Anderson.

Albert C. Davis, once Recorder of Madison county, and lately assistant door-keeper of the National House of Representatives.

Jasper Myers, for many years a Captain in the Regular army, now a farmer in California.

Thomas H. O'Neal, a prominent newspaper man.

William Snelson, a prominent doctor, now of Iowa.

H. B. Makepeace, a prominent business man of Indianapolis.

H. E. Jones, one of Anderson's noted physicians.

George Hughel, one of Anderson's leading tailors.

Miss Esther Allen is now the wife of J. C. Lord, of Fort Worth, Texas.

Miss Caroline Jackson is now Mrs. E. C. Bliven, of Anderson.

Miss Nancy J. Roach is now Mrs. B. B. Campbell, of Anderson.

Miss S. Kindall is the widow of the late Major Isaac M. May (now deceased).

Miss Elizabeth Allen is now Mrs. A. J. Wilcox.

Many of the others are yet living, but have passed out of the remembrance of the old-timers, as to their present abiding places.

ANDERSON BRASS BAND OF 1854.

It has been said by the bard of Avon that "music hath charms to soothe the savage breast." The saying is true. Music will sometimes have the effect to quell a riot, stop a run on a bank, or bring order out of chaos on a field of battle.

In the history of Anderson, like all towns, villages and cities, she has had her share of musical talent.

In the good days past and gone, when Anderson was but a small speck on the map of Indiana, known scarcely a hundred miles away, she had her gallant young men and dashing belles, just as at the present day.

No town of any importance was considered up with the times that did not have a "brass band."

We find that on the 23rd of November, 1854, the young men of Anderson met at the court house and organized a band composed of the following members:

Geo. W. Kline, Horace B. Makepeace, William Barrett, Z. M. Atherton, Alonzo I. Makepeace, James L. Willets, Abram B. Neff, Theo. H. Myers, James Vanort, James H. Jackson, James T. Sparks; Samuel D. VanPelt later on becoming a member.

The instruments were purchased personally by the members with the exception of a few small donations, made by enterprising citizens, who helped the boys along, John P. Barnes, the hardware merchant, being one of those who donated.

This became one of the famous bands of Indiana. Each and every member of the aggregation was a musician. There was not a drone among the lot. Their reputation spread abroad and they were often called to adjoining towns to play for the Fourth of July celebrations, Masonic picnics, and agricultural fairs, often going to New Castle, Tipton, Noblesville and many other places.

Geo. W. Kline, who yet lives in Anderson, was the leader. He played one of those old-fashioned key bugles, the present day cornets with piston or rotary valves not having come into use.

It is said that George held the championship of that day for street playing. He had but few equals and no superiors as a bugler. The first teacher of this band was Prof. William Lybrand, of Ohio. He conducted the band for awhile and gave instructions until they were able to go it alone, when he left Anderson. The boys played by themselves for quite awhile, until an old circus band instructor came along in the person of Prof. Ruhl, whom they employed for awhile to instruct them. He did not remain long with them, and from the time he left they were alone under Geo. W. Kline as teacher and leader.

Of those who were members of this musical organization there are but three yet living in Anderson: George W. Kline, Alonzo I. Makepeace and S. D. Van Pelt. H. B. Makepeace lives at Indianapolis and is trustee of Center township.

They were all men of more or less prominence in the days in which they lived in this city.

Alonzo I. Makepeace was Sheriff of Madison county from 1886 to 1888 and is now a prominent merchant in Anderson.

Geo. W. Kline is in the grocery trade, where he has been for nearly half a century. Theo. H. Myers and William Barrett live in Iowa.

ANDERSON'S FIRST EXCURSION TRAIN.

On the 4th of July, 1851, the first railroad train that ran into Anderson made its appearance. It was an excursion train from Indianapolis over what is now the Big Four road. It was then known as the Bellefontaine road, and later on as the Bee Line.

That was the day this division of the road was formally opened for traffic, and it was a big feather in Anderson's cap. The train was not one of those swift-flying luxurious affairs that are the pride of so many great railway corporations of the present time. It consisted of three plain, unvarnished coaches, about which there was a decided absence of show or ornamentation. The seats were not upholstered in satin or plush but were ordinary bench-like affairs. The opening of the road for travel was an event that had long been looked forward to by the people, and when at last an excursion was announced to be run from Indianapolis, the town made preparations for a grand, gala day. Many people through this section of the country had never seen a railroad train, and so anxious were they to get a glimpse of the curiosity that for two days before

the Fourth, they rolled into town, some of them coming long distances. All the boarding house and hotel accommodations were readily taken, after which strangers began to camp about town waiting the arrival of the train.

At the old ford, where the iron wagon bridge now spans White river, at the Anderson cemetery, there was quite a settlement of sight-seers camped, waiting for the big day to roll around. The curiosity to see the train was not confined to country people alone, for the "town folks" were equally as anxious for the appearance of the "covered cars." A number of Andersonians who were acquainted with the lay of the country walked out as far as Omaha, now known as McCullough's gravel pit, between this city and Pendleton, in order to get the first glimpse of the great curiosity. When the steam engine puffed into sight, sizzing and snorting under the load of excursionists, many lookers-on viewed the huge iron horse with wonder mingled with distrust. Suddenly the engineer gave a few vigorous yanks at the whistle, which responded promptly in a shrill voice, and that settled the curiosity of the sight-seers scattered along the track. There was a general stampede to the hazelbrush and swamp grass, and it is related of one man who was more frightened than the others, that he never stopped running until he got to Anderson. The train was received in Anderson with all the "pomp and circumstance" of the times, and after the curiosity of seeing a train of cars had worn away, people all joined hands and had a big celebration.

On July 4, 1855, the first train over the Pan Handle railroad reached Anderson. It was an excursion from Richmond, which at that time was the leading city of this section of the country. The train consisted of four cars, all well filled, and that occasion was another big day in Anderson. There was a big celebration at which speeches, foot races, wrestling matches and jumping contests were the chief features. A "sheepskin band" was procured for the day, and the plunking of the players sounded just as musical in the ears of the old pioneers as the piano-like strains of the most expert band of the present day. For several days before the arrival of the excursion, the hardy backwoodsman and his family kept rolling into town to join in the festivities, and it is safe to say that nearly everybody in this immediate section of Indiana was in Anderson that day.

THE FIRST DRUG STORE IN ANDERSON.

In the early settlement of Madison county such a thing as a drug store was not dreamed of. People who wanted a little "Spirits Frumenti" or a little quinine with which to fight the chills usually went to the corner grocery, where a general stock of drugs, groceries, whisky, turpentine, boots and shoes, and quinine were kept on sale. The physicians of the county knew nothing whatever of the practice of writing prescriptions for sick patients. Every physician had a large pair of saddle bags, filled with long-necked bottles in which they carried their specifics for the cure of all ailments, being composed principally of a bottle of calomel, a bottle of quinine, and a lance with which to bleed. In those days, the doctors used these remedies for nearly every ill to which human flesh is heir.

The pioneers of Madison county, like the settlers in all new countries, lived, suffered and died under the treatment of these medicine men until the enlightenment of science caused them to throw aside the lance, and to abandon the use of calomel for purging and salivating.

One day in 1838, a tall, handsome, young physician made his appearance in the quiet village of Anderson. He not only engaged in the practice of medicine, but opened the first drug store in the place in 1843. This was no less a personage than Dr. J. W. Westerfield, who died here in 1895. Dr. Westerfield originally located at Moonsville.

He was the sole dispenser of drugs and medicines for about three years when Atticus Siddall, in the spring of 1846, purchased the store and became Westerfield's successor. Siddall, continued the business alone for eleven years, in the meantime suffering greatly from a big fire which in the fall of 1851 wiped out the entire south side of the public square.

In 1857 the elder Siddall associated his son, P. F. Siddall, in business with himself as an equal partner under the firm name of Siddall & Son. In the following year Siddall, senior, died, and Dr. Westerfield became his successor and the partner of P. F. Siddall, the style of the firm being Siddall & Westerfield. The business was continued until the year 1860, when Dr. Westerfield retired from the firm, giving way to A. A. Siddall, and the name of the firm was changed to Siddall & Bro. A. A. Siddall remained in the business but a short time when he sold out to Dr. Westerfield, who con-

tinued in the firm until the year 1868, when the business was sold to Dr. J. F. Brandon. This was not only the oldest drug store in Anderson, but remained the longest of any in the same place, it being located for over twenty years in the room now occupied by the Cassel Bros., on the east side of the public square.

Several eminent physicians of Madison county were at different times interested in this old drug store. Besides Drs. Westerfield, William A. Hunt, E. H. Menefee, late of Alexandria, and G. N. Hillogoss, there were many others whose names the writer does not now recall, who were at times behind the prescription counter, dealing out medicine in this temple of pharmacy.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

Reminiscences and Personal Sketches.

JUDGE HERVEY CRAVEN AND THE PROFESSIONAL JURYMEN.

Prior to the year 1875 it was a custom in this, as well as other counties throughout Indiana, for men to hang around the court house during a term of court to get on the jury. The professional juryman was an occupation that many followed for a living. They did not pretend to do anything else, their pay was two dollars and a half per day and meals furnished while on duty. This custom became so prevalent that the Legislature took the matter in hand and passed a law prohibiting any person from setting on a jury more than once in a year. This had a tendency to cause professional jurors to look out for some other job.

The Hon. Harvey Craven was then judge. The first day of court after the taking effect of the new law, the court room was crowded with the old-time professionals who did not know of this new act. Craven surveyed the premises, taking a glimpse over the house, and calling the sheriff to his desk, whispered to him to fill the jury box up with as many of the professionals as he could get in when the jury was called. In a few moments the judge called court:

"Mr. Sheriff, you will please call the regular panel jury and supply the vacancies from the bystanders."

The order was complied with. Six or seven of the panel answered, and the balance was supplied. Court went on in its usual way until noon, the jury sitting in the box all the while with nothing to do. The old-timers sat like "Patience on a monument." They thought they were fixed for a five weeks' term. They had hung their hats and coats up on the hooks around the court house and were ready to delve into the mysteries of any case that might come before them.

Just before adjourning time at noon Judge Craven said: "Mr. Sheriff, will you please hand me the acts of the last Legislature?" Taking the book he deliberately turned through

it until he came to the act in point. He read it very slowly, emphasizing where it said that a person should only be eligible to sit on a jury one term in any one year. Turning, facing the jury, he said:

"Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard the reading of the law. I do not know what the object of the Legislature was in passing such an act, unless it was for the purpose of

THE OLD COURT HOUSE.

disposing of infernal dead beats that lay around the court houses throughout the State of Indiana for the purpose of getting on the jury. I do not know that any of the present jury are of this class; I hope they are not; but we will have you sworn to answer questions. Swear the jury, Mr. Clerk."

By this time great drops of sweat were rolling off some of the jury. As the proper questions were propounded to them they took their hats and coats from the hooks and dropped

out one at a time until the jury-box was cleaned out. This stopped the professional juryman business in Madison county. It is one of the best laws on our statute books.

F. T. LUSE AND HIS MAGIC LANTERN.

Among the many good fellows who have lived in Madison county, none will be longer remembered than Fleming T. Luse. He came here in the fall of 1866, and purchased the Anderson *Standard*, and published it for several years, and afterwards served as deputy treasurer of the county, in the capacity of tax collector. He removed from here to Crawfordsville, Ind., where he is now living, and is the editor and publisher of the *Review* of that city.

During Mr. Luse's residence in this county, one winter he, in company with Clem Chappel, embarked in the show business. They purchased a magic lantern, and traveled through the country districts giving exhibitions in the school houses. They did a thriving business, and had some very rich experience as well. One of the funny incidents in connection with their show business, was at one of their exhibitions at Strawtown, in Hamilton county. They had stopped there on Saturday night to "Sunday over," and concluded that it would be a capital idea to approach the trustees of the village church, and propose to give a show on Sunday night for the benefit of the church. They accordingly visited those dignitaries, and made such a proposal, which was promptly accepted. It was given out by the minister at the Sunday morning services that an exhibition would be given in the evening, assuring the congregation that it would be strictly moral, and that the church would receive half the proceeds, and urged a large turn-out.

When the time arrived for the show to begin the house was packed to suffocation, and everything was going off as smoothly as it could be wished for. The canvas was stretched across the front of the pulpit, and the lantern was in the rear, entrusted to the care of Chappel, who was to manipulate the machine, and place the pictures in proper position, while Luse stood out in full view of the audience and delivered a lecture upon each picture as it passed in sight.

All went on in perfect harmony, and the patrons were more than pleased with the performance, when a little mistake came near spoiling the whole business. Mr. Luse, was in a very sedate and solemn manner, describing a passing picture on the canvas, about as follows: "Ladies and gentlemen: The

picture before you now represents the miracle of our Saviour walking upon the water. The beautiful body of water you see is supposed to be the sea of Galilee, which the artist has portrayed in a most excellent and natural manner." At this point Luse noticed the small boys in the front row were tittering and laughing, and some of the old deacons wore a very broad smile on their faces; and many of the good old sisters had their handkerchiefs stuffed in their mouths; when he turned his face to the canvass, and forgetting for the moment where he was, or the solemnity of the occasion, he exclaimed, "Hell-fire! Clem, you have got this picture upside down."

This put the young bloods in a roar of laughter, and shocked the deacons of the church to such an extent that it nearly broke up the show. But after an apology by Luse it proceeded until all of the pictures were viewed by the audience, and all went home happy and satisfied.

ADDRESSES A SOUTH AMERICAN AUDIENCE.

A. B. Kline, once cashier of the First National Bank of Anderson, was one of the boys, and was prominent in society as well as politics; a fast friend of Colonel Stilwell, who was at one time sole proprietor of Anderson, and run it with a brass band. Stilwell was prominent with the administration of Andrew Johnson, and "swung around the circle with him." In return Johnson appointed him minister to Venezuela. Kline was, of course, made Secretary of Legation. While there the government of that country was in a state of turmoil and civil war. The troops at the capital had had a battle with some of the rebellious subjects and were victorious. A banquet was given the officers by the head of the government, and all of the foreign ministers and their staffs were invited, among whom were Stilwell and Kline. Wine flowed freely and a good time was had. Speeches were made congratulating the army on the great victory. At last it came Kline's time to speak. He mounted the table and said: "You can talk about your wars and warriors in this country, but they don't amount to a last year's bird nest when compared to the army of my country. Why, during the late Rebellion in the United States there were more men killed every morning before breakfast in Camp Morton by the accidental discharge of fire-arms than there is killed in this country in a year. I can take a company of Indiana soldiers and clean out your entire army in less than twenty-four hours."

This was as far as he got. A grand rush was made for the speaker, but through the heroic efforts of Stilwell and his friends present, Kline was saved from the angry mob. It was necessary to at once send him home under the protection of the American flag to save him from bodily injury.

ONE OF MADISON COUNTY'S JOLLY SHERIFFS.

William Nelson, who filled the office of Sheriff of Madison county from 1864 to 1866, is worthy of mention. William did not make as much money out of the office as many before and since his time, but no man ever had as much fun out of it as he did. He didn't care how the weather was, so the wind didn't blow. He had but little of the cares of office upon his mind, leaving the complications of the matter to his deputies.

Thomas J. Stephens was his principal deputy, who was assisted by Enoch M. Roach, Robert Titherington and numerous others. Mr. Nelson was a great billiard player; he spent much of his time in John Hizer's billiard parlors on South Main street, playing with his friends. He was a great fellow to sing when playing billiards. He would start in, in the morning, and play until night without stopping. He had a favorite song he used to sing while in a game:

"This baby had a daddy, oh,
It sat right on its daddy's knee," etc.

He was continually singing this song, or humming it, from the time the game commenced until it ended, He and "Daddy" Titherington went to Perkinsville, once, to arrest some fellow. On their return they stopped along the road, under a shade tree, to take a quiet game of seven-up, the prisoner joining in the game. The players soon tired of their sport, and the Sheriff and deputy dropped off to sleep, and the prisoner made his escape and it is supposed that he is still at large.

Nelson was at one time Justice of the Peace in Richland township, before he was Sheriff. A case was to be tried before him — the lawyers from Anderson drove out to his place. The case was called, but he could not find his docket. After studying a minute, he said: "No, I think I remember now; them cussed 'youngons' had it down in the orchard playing with it yesterday."

He went down in the orchard, found his docket and the trial proceeded. Mr. Nelson was one of the kindest hearted of men — too good to his friends for his own good, but he

never regretted being a good fellow; it was his nature and he enjoyed it.

He removed from here to Jasper county, Indiana, when his time as Sheriff had expired, but now lives in Iowa, where he is engaged in farming. He was in Anderson a short time ago, looking hale and hearty, and although over sixty years of age, looked much younger. The good and happy days when "Uncle Bill" was Sheriff of Madison county will long be remembered by many of the old-timers; for instance, "Daddy" Titherington, Thomas J. Stephens and James Shawhan. There is a time in the existence of all men when they eat their "white bread." "Daddy" Titherington ate his when "Uncle Bill" was Sheriff — he never had such times before, nor since.

OLIVER P. STONE AND W. S. BEARD.

Oliver P. Stone, who died a few years ago, was one of the old land-marks of Anderson. He came here in an early day, engaged in school teaching, studied law and practiced his profession for several years. He reared an intelligent and very respectable family, taking great pains and spending money freely that they might be properly educated. He accumulated quite a large real estate interest in and around Anderson, which, if his estate now covered would be worth to them one hundred thousand dollars. Unfortunately it was sold by his administrator just before the boom—before gas was known to exist—at a very low price. He owned the block of lots now known as Lincoln Terrace, besides the block where W. A. Kittinger's palatial home stands and a large tract of land near where the tile works are situated.

He was a very peculiar man in his make-up, stubborn and hard to convince in matters where it was necessary to bend his ideas. He would rather have a law suit in a settlement than settle it any other way. If he was at war with you about a matter it made no difference with him in his every day intercourse with you. He was always the polite gentleman when he met you on the street in or out of law. In fact it was often remarked that he was more genteel to one with whom he was contesting a case than he was with others.

He was at one time City Marshal. He was a small, spare man, and although courageous enough, he could not cope with the tough element that was numerous here at that time. When the boys wanted to have some fun on Saturday

nights they would corral Marshal Stone and then proceed to "paint the town red."

While he was Marshal, old Billy Beard got on a spree. He was making things lively with his nasal-whanged "bazoo," talking loud and long. Stone admonished him to quiet down or he would take him in. Beard replied:

"You think you are d—d smart since you are Marshal of Anderson. I knew you, sir, when you were a common country school teacher."

Stone drew his club and rapped Beard over the head, bringing him to the ground. Beard raised up and said:

"Thank you, sir, I suppose that is according to scripture. It says we shall bow down to wood and stone."

Beard was allowed to go hence on promise that he would behave himself.

Stone was entirely out of his sphere as Marshal; the place did not fit him. Many of our best business men got their education from Mr. Stone. Capt. Myers, John W. Pence, D. F. Mustard and many others were pupils of his.

SKETCH OF COLONEL NINEVEH BERRY.

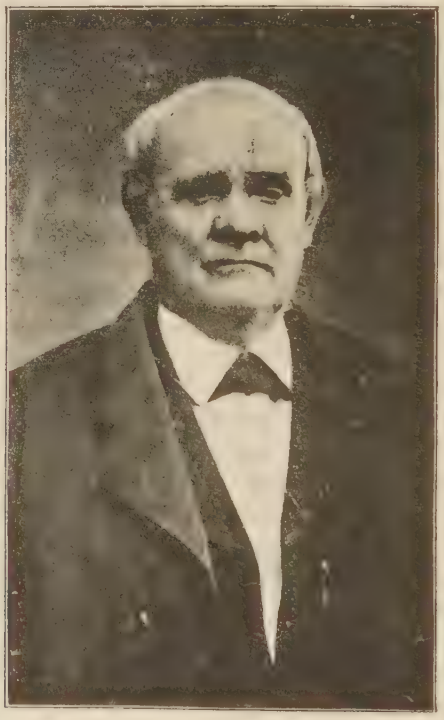
To the writers there is nothing so interesting as reminiscences of olden times, and the lives of the early settlers of the wilderness. We believe that in this respect we do not differ from the general rule among readers of the public prints and books.

In the year 1880, the *Democrat* of this city indulged very freely in the publication of reminiscences of the lives of the pioneers of Madison county. In doing so it has perpetuated the memory of many persons and events which would have been otherwise forgotten.

Among others thus spoken of, and who is worthy of more than passing notice in our pages, is Colonel Nineveh Berry. Of him the article from which we quote states as follows: "The border incidents of half a century ago, are the most interesting of American history. The trials and perils of the early settlers, their great labor in opening a new country, their adventures on land and water are of absorbing interest. Every country has its pioneers who recite to us the thrilling adventures of border days. Our country was the scene of many an interesting event in those times. In many respects it was a favorable home for the Indians, while game such as

deer, elk, bears and other animals abounded in forests once so numerous."

Colonel Nineveh Berry was born at Springvale, Clark county, Indiana, on the 20th of April, 1804. He lived in this State during the whole of his natural life, and just before his death it was claimed that he was the oldest living Hoosier in the State. The Colonel, with his father, John Berry, arrived in Anderson on the 4th of March, 1821. What mighty events in American history are to be found within the years



COLONEL NINEVEH BERRY.

he spent in this city! Two great wars, the Mexican and the war of the Rebellion arose and were terminated in his lifetime. The invention of the telegraph, the sewing machine, the threshing machine, the cotton gin and many others were all accomplished in his day. The traversing of this vast continent by steam, and the opening up of immense tracts of land to civilization and to happy homes are all events which he lived to see brought about.

When Mr. Berry arrived at Anderson there were but two white men living in the place, Eli Harrison and George Clay-

ton, who have long since passed over to the happy hunting grounds. There was then no public school, no streets; only one road, running east and west, and a few Indian trails running north and south. A few unoccupied Indian cabins and an Indian graveyard, with numerous wooden crosses over the graves, extending along the bluff of the river, were the only signs that indicated anything like a settlement. The place had been known in Colonial history for half a century prior to this as Anderson's town.

For the first eight years of his life Colonel Berry lived in a house which had been abandoned by Chief Anderson. It was located on a hill directly south of the spot where Norton's brewery now stands. The rich bottom lands known as the Hazlett farm, on which the American Straw Board Company have recently erected their buildings, were entered of the government by John Berry, the Colonel's father, at $1.25 per acre. They had been cultivated for years before by Indian squaws, and had been planted in corn. A post-office was established here and John Berry was appointed postmaster. The mail was carried between Anderson and Indianapolis on horseback, and then at a great risk to the carrier; the roads were not as yet made, and hungry wolves were frequent along the route of passage. A mail route was established between Anderson and Winchester, and Britton Brasket was the carrier. The postmaster frequently carried the entire mail in his hat, and on being asked by any one if there was any mail in the office for him, would remove his hat and make an examination. The salary of the office for the first four years rated at fourteen dollars per annum. The first two years the settlers were compelled to purchase their corn of the Indians at Strawtown, and transport it to Anderson in small bark canoes.

In the trial, conviction and execution at Pendleton, of Sawyer and Bridge for murder of Indians, a full account of which is given elsewhere in this book, Colonel Berry assisted as an inside guard over the prisoners during their execution. One of the prisoners, a youth of seventeen years, it will be remembered, was pardoned by the Governor in person, only a moment or two before the fatal noose was to be drawn. The terrified young man upon hearing the words of the Governor fell in a swoon. He was caught in the arms of Colonel Berry, who described the scene and its effect upon the spectators as thrilling and exciting in the extreme.

The first office ever held by Colonel Berry was that of County Surveyor to which he was appointed in 1831. He held this position at different periods for twenty years. In his labors he had to make many rough journeys through the country.

The streams of White river and Killbuck at this early date abounded in fine fish of a variety known as bass, and others. In an hour's labor with a spear, it was not an uncommon thing for one man to supply a dozen families with this excellent food. The deer were also very numerous, and were often killed within half a mile of the public square, and also along the river west of the town.

In 1833, Colonel Berry was married to Hannah Pugh, with whom he lived until the year 1875, when she died. He became the father of six children, of whom but one now survives, Mrs. E. Howland, of Indianapolis.

In 1838 he was elected County Recorder, and held the office for four years. In May, 1847, he sought new adventure, and joined an Indiana regiment for the Mexican war, and served with it until the close of that conflict. He became the commissary of the regiment, and in fourteen months returned to Anderson with $5,000 in gold and silver, and warrants for 160 acres of land.

The Colonel was very free hearted, and could not refuse a neighbor or friend any accommodation asked by him, which led him into the habit of going security, so that within a few years after his return from Mexico he had by this means lost his fortune. In one single year he thus paid out over $4,500 for other people's debts, and for which he stood responsible.

A prominent event in early times was "muster day." There was then a law compelling all male persons between the ages of twenty-one and forty-five years to appear at certain parades and be drilled in the manual of arms. There were battalion, regimental and company drills, and they generally drew out large crowds to witness them, and created as much interest as a county fair does at the present day. Among the prominent members of the militia in this county were Joseph Howard, William Craycraft, John Allen, William Roach, John Kindle and Colonel Berry, who received the title of Colonel from the fact of his belonging to the militia, and this title stuck to him during his life.

In 1856, he was elected County Treasurer, and was re-elected two years thereafter. The office was worth then about

twelve hundred dollars per annum. He was subsequently a candidate for the office of County Clerk, but was defeated by James Hazlett. After this he never held any official position, but became engaged in the business of running a small grocery store, on the north side of the public square.

In 1849, the Colonel became a member of the Masonic fraternity. The lodge then held its meetings in the second story of the old court house. He became an enthusiast in Masonry, and took more than ordinary interest in the welfare of the order. He held its teachings in the same light that a Christian does the Bible, and often said that a true Mason was just as sure to reach heaven as a true Christian.

In politics, the Colonel was an ardent and intense Democrat, and was always ready to argue his side of the question, yet he was always shown respect by his political opponents, to whom he never gave offence in any of his discussions. He was a ready talker, and enjoyed a good joke upon himself as much as upon any other person. Although a man of strong prejudices, he possessed more than a usual number of good traits. He lived long enough to see Anderson grow from a small settlement to a city of more than six thousand people, and one of the most beautiful county seats in the State. He beheld the wilderness opened up, and gazed upon highways, turnpikes, business houses, and elegant homes where once the forests bowed beneath the storm.

During Colonel Berry's incumbency of the County Treasurer's office, there came one season which was very wet. It began raining in the month of March, and kept on almost incessantly until the first of June. The country was in those days but little drained by ditches, and the surface of the ground being very flat, the water lay upon the earth in such quantities as to prevent the farmers from planting and cultivating their spring crop of corn. It looked as if the county would be visited by a famine. Colonel Berry in the goodness of his heart took from the county funds a sufficient amount of money with which to proceed to Canada where he purchased a large quantity of a small kind of corn raised in that country of short season, and speedy growth, and brought some of it home with him to distribute among the farmers of Madison county for seed. Upon the meeting of the Board of County Commissioners at a subsequent session, they refused to allow the amount expended by Colonel Berry for this purpose, or to reimburse him for the same. The Colonel had to make good

the amount expended which fell very heavily upon him. However, public sentiment soon changed in this particular, and the people came to recognize that the Colonel was actuated by motives having reference to the public good alone. Accordingly the Board of Commissioners finally made a compromise with him and he was allowed the greater part of the money which he had spent.

The last piece of property that Colonel Berry owned stood on the site where the present Lovett & Robinson block stands on the north side of the public square. He sold it to them about the year 1880 for $7,000. The last building in which the Colonel did business is a very small, one-story house with a square front projecting above the comb of the roof, and is now situated south of the Big Four railroad, opposite the property of John Craighead.

Volumes could be written about Colonel Berry and the early pioneers of his day, but space forbids us dwelling any further upon this subject. There is no old-timer who has lived within the borders of Madison county for the past fifty years who does not know the subject of this sketch, and knowing him does not love him.

In the war of the Rebellion, Colonel Berry enlisted in the 34th Indiana regiment, volunteers, and served in the commissary department for about one year when owing to his failing health, he resigned his position and came home. He died August 17th, 1883. His funeral was attended by all his friends, by the great mass of the citizens, and was conducted under the auspices of the Masonic fraternity.

IN MEMORY OF MRS HANNAH BERRY, A PIONEER OF MADISON COUNTY—A NOBLE WOMAN WHO DIED IN ANDERSON IN 1875.

As stated in another place in this volume, it is not our intention to go into details as to the biography of the people who make up the citizenship of Madison county, but there are a few people who have lived and passed away, whom we deem it just and proper to speak of and to place in such a position that the history of their lives and good deeds shall not be forgotten. Among the many prominent women who have lived and died in Anderson none is more worthy of mention than Hannah Berry, wife of the late Colonel Nineveh Berry, who died on the 11th day of June, 1875. She was born in Licking county, Ohio, on the 4th day of August, 1815, and

emigrated with her parents to Madison county in the fall of 1826. Her father settled in the vicinity of Anderson, and his daughter resided with him until the 19th of March, 1833, at which time she was married to Nineveh Berry. The Colonel settled in Anderson immediately after his marriage, where he continued to reside until the time of his death. Mrs. Berry left behind her to mourn her loss, her husband and two daughters, Mrs. M. C. Howland, of Indianapolis, and Mrs. Elizabeth Clark, of Anderson, who died in this city but recently, being the wife of Alexander Clark, who yet survives her.

MRS. HANNAH BERRY.

Mrs. Berry was one of the oldest inhabitants of Madison county, having lived in Anderson and its vicinity for nearly fifty years prior to her death. She was in the county when it was a wilderness. She witnessed the improvement and progress made since the organization of the county. She was well known by all the citizens of Anderson as well as nearly every household in the county. Her husband having been prominent from his boyhood, in politics and business, she thus had a splendid chance to form the acquaintance of people, to know their ways, and to become familiar with them in every respect. In her married life she was a very kind and

affectionate wife and one of the best neighbors in the community.

She lived with her husband happily for forty-five years; that the ties which united them were very strong was shown on all occasions by the respect they manifested toward each other, and the watchful care bestowed on the wife by her husband during her long illness. Her children were strongly attached to her as no one could doubt who witnessed the constant presence of her daughters at her bedside night and day for several days prior to her demise. Colonel Berry was one of the first Free Masons in the county, and was always prominent in that order. Mrs. Berry herself was a prominent member of the Eastern Star degree. Her funeral took place on the Sabbath day and was attended by the Masonic fraternity headed by a band of music. This was the first instance in the history of Madison county in which the Masons turned out in a body to attend the funeral of a woman. It will long be remembered by those who were then residents of Anderson as being the largest funeral that had ever occurred in the county up to that date. Thousands of people filled the court house yard in front of the residence, and the streets were jammed for many squares in every direction by people who were anxious to witness the ceremonies which took place under the direction of James A. Thompson, who delivered the address in a very solemn and impressive manner. The sermon was preached by Elder Thompson of the Christian church, of which Mrs. Berry was an honored and consistent member. The passing away of Mrs. Berry removed from Anderson one of the old land-marks of the county, and her death will long be regretted by those who enjoyed her friendship.

NOLLIE WALDEN, AN OLD-TIME RESIDENT.

It is our purpose in these pages not only to mention the good deeds of the Anglo-Saxon, but to do full justice to our colored brethren as well. In writing this book it would be improper to pass by a prominent character that once filled a place in daily life in Anderson. This was no less a personage than Nollie Walden, a colored gentleman, who for many years made Anderson his home. He was among the first, if not the very first, colored barber who did business in Anderson. He was born in Halifax, North Carolina, in 1814. His parents were colored and enjoyed the proud distinction in those days of being free. Mr. Walden had largely the ap-

pearance of having in his veins a mixture of Indian blood; he was not what might be termed black, but possessed a copper-colored hue, and his hair was straight like the red man's. Nor did he have the traits of the negro in other respects, for his nose and lips were like those of a white man. He was taught the trade of a painter, in which, it is said, he excelled. He was without the advantages of education, but was nevertheless well posted on the political, religious and other questions of the day.

On attaining his majority he left North Carolina and came to Cincinnati, where he pursued his trade for some time, and from that place he went to Madison, Indiana. In 1845 he was married to Miss Susan Sizemore, of Wayne county. Shortly after his marriage he moved to Indianapolis, and thence to Anderson in 1859. He purchased the house and lot on the corner of Ninth and Jackson streets, in which he made his home. He opened a barber business in Anderson and he steadily continued in this pursuit until the day of his death, on the 24th of December, 1874.

"Uncle Nolly," as he was familiarly called by the people, had many peculiarities. It was the general opinion that he was possessed of a "Mascot," as he never purchased a ticket in any kind of a lottery drawing in which he failed to secure a prize. In the year 1866 at a lottery drawing conducted by Samuel Pence in the old Union Hall in Anderson, Mr. Pence disposed of the entire outfit of a large livery stable that he then owned. Nolly was the fortunate man to win the chief prize, which was a horse, buggy and harness.

A few months later a gentleman from Wabash came to Anderson selling tickets for a lottery in which the capital prize was a residence in that city worth several thousand dollars. Mr. Walden invested a dollar and purchased one of the tickets. He laid it aside and hardly gave it a passing thought. What was his surprise when reading the newspapers a few days after the drawing took place to discover that his ticket bore the lucky number which won the house. The property was immediately deeded to Mr. Walden on surrendering his ticket, and he held onto the same until the day of his death.

At the date of his advent into Anderson, there were but three or four colored people in the town, Rollin Williams and family, "old Black Jess" and another family by the name of Richardson. These people constituted the sum total of the

colored population. Mr. Walden from the day of his first appearance took the lead among the colored people, and he was at the head of all enterprises, social, religious, or political, in which his race was interested. When he died he owned property at the corner of Sixth and Jackson streets, where his widow dwelt for a long time after his decease, but subsequently re-marrying, she disposed of it, and moved away from Anderson.

HAMILTON, THE HORSE TAMER.

Many small shows, circuses and other classes of amusements are going through the country, as they always have since the organization of civilized society, but none ever struck Anderson that made the hit that Hamilton, the horse tamer, did with his spotted pony and small caravan of trained horses. He visited this place in the summer of 1866. He traveled something like a circus, with accoutrements of similar character. He pitched his tent on the vacant ground, or "commons," just south of Twelfth street on Meridian, where James McKeown's houses now stand. He stayed there about two weeks, giving exhibitions twice a day of his skill in handling wild and vicious horses. He would take any horse brought to him, no matter how wild or unmanageable, and in less than no time he would have him following him around like a pet dog. He would hitch up an unbroken horse, and in a short time would drive him through the streets without a bridle. He gave lessons in the art of horse taming. Nearly every young man in Madison county at that time became a horse tamer, but did not follow it up long, soon tiring of the fun, finally dropping back to the old way of training their colts by main strength and pure awkwardness. Hamilton made money like dirt and spent it with a lavish hand. He had a pretty wife to whom he was fondly devoted. Nothing was too good or too rich for her. She was several years his junior and he seemed to think she was the only woman there was in this wide, wide world. She sported diamonds and costly jewels, and had everything that money could buy. The Professor himself was rather vain of his personal appearance; he wore a large diamond and carried a gold-headed cane. He was coming up from Richmond on the Pan Handle train one morning with his family, his wife occupying a seat in front of him. It was a very warm day and the cars were crowded. Mrs. Hamilton tried to raise the window to let in fresh air. She

could not get the window up. The Professor tried it, but it would not move. He took his cane and smashed the window pane out, and resumed his seat, talking to a friend as if nothing had happened. The conductor soon arrived on the scene, accosting him:

"Sir, that will cost you a five-dollar note."

"All right. Here's your money," giving him a ten-dollar bill.

The conductor began to fumble around for the change.

"Never mind the change. I'll take another one," and, taking his cane, he punched out another light and went on with the conversation with his friend. It was a great advertisement for him. It was no time until the whole train load of people knew of the occurrence and were all talking of Professor Hamilton, the great horse trainer. While at Richmond he bought and gave away to the poor of the city one hundred cords of wood. It was but "bread cast upon the water to return many days hence." He did an enormous business in Richmond, Cambridge City and other towns in that locality.

His wonderful trick pony that he had in Anderson will long be remembered. Many is the boy who has tumbled over his head. As far as the pony could hear Hamilton's voice he would obey his commands.

A boy would be placed on the pony's back and started off at a full gallop. Getting a square or two off, the Professor would say, "Whoa!" The pony would stop as quick as if shot, but the boy would go on, alighting several feet in front of him. No person on earth could cause the pony to change its position or move until Hamilton gave the command. If he commanded the pony to back, it would back all the way to him. If he said roll back, roll back it was. If he said lie down, it would lie down and stay there until it was commanded to get up. There have been many imitators of Hamilton, but there never was but one Hamilton. His way of doing business and gaining the confidence and respect of the people was a gift to him not enjoyed by any of his imitators. He would go into a strange town, and in twenty-four hours every one in town would know and like him. His mode of handling the horse was perfect, and, if practiced by people, would be of great benefit to both man and beast. Whilst he subdued the animal, he made it love him, and it soon loved to do his will. The Professor was a "Michigan Yankee." He

is now supposed to be dead, or at least he has not been heard of in this country for a long while.

HOW JOHN SALYERS GOT HIS PENSION.

An odd character of thirty years ago was Uncle Johnny Salyers. He was a veteran of the war of 1812, and was a constant applicant for a pension for years, without avail. He had Thomas A. Hendricks, T. N. Stilwell, William S. Holman and all of the prominent men of the times to try his case. None could succeed. Finally he made up a collection among the people, went to Washington and in person applied to the pension office, told his plain, simple story, and was granted a pension, which he drew until his death. This was during the time that Colonel T. N. Stilwell represented this district in Congress. The department officials had quite a time "kidding" Uncle John. One of them asked him if Stilwell was the smartest man in his district and the best timber for Congress. "No," he said, "we have lots of smarter men than Stilwell, but they are all busy teaching school." There was no one who enjoyed the joke more than Tom Stilwell, who often related it in his lifetime.

CHAPTER XLIX.

Fires, Accidents and Incidents That Have Occurred in Anderson Township.

LIVERY STABLE DESTROYED BY FIRE.

One of the most disastrous fires that ever occurred in Anderson was on the night of October 31, 1885, when flames were seen to be issuing from the livery stables owned by Hunt & Pence, on East Ninth street, on the spot where the livery stables of Wm. Merrick now stand, opposite the Doxey hotel. The origin of the fire was enveloped in mystery. The barn was a double structure, the front building being of brick, and joined to it in the rear was a two-story frame. It was owned and occupied by Richard J. Hunt and G. W. Pence, and operated as a livery and sale stable and breeding barn.

The fire was first noticed in the mow of the frame building at about 12 o'clock at night. Sixteen horses, eighteen buggies and carriages, two hearses, twenty tons of hay, three tons of straw, 600 bushels of oats, and 200 bushels of corn, thirty-six sets of single harness, seven sets of double harness, thirty robes and much other personal property, were in the building at the time of its destruction, entailing a loss of over $10,000.

Among the horses that perished was the noted stallion, "Viceroy," which was very valuable. He came at one time near being rescued and had almost gained the front door, when, in his excitement, he suddenly whirled around and ran back into the stable, and in a moment fell dead from suffocation. He was one of the best horses that was ever owned in Madison county, having been brought here by the late Judge Winburn R. Pierse and W. H. H. Penisten, who after having him trained for several years transferred him to Richard J. Hunt and George Ross. "American Boy," a famous pacer, yet living and owned by Mr. Hunt, was also an occupant of the building at the time, but fortunately was rescued without injury.

The terrible outcry made by the imprisoned animals was

piteous and doleful, and to hear them rear and plunge about in their stalls in their frantic efforts to escape until they were enveloped in the flames, and then became silent one by one, was agonizing in the extreme.

Of the sixteen horses, fourteen belonged to Mr. Hunt and Mr. Pence; one to William McMullen, driver for the United States Express Co., and one to Mrs. Theodore Zion.

The two hearses that were destroyed belonged to Mr. Stephen Markt, the Anderson undertaker, who had purchased them but a short time previously at a cost of $1,500. Neither of them was insured. Of the buggies burned one was the property of J. W. Pence and the other of Hon. Howell D. Thompson.

The building belonged to Hunt & Pence and the loss upon it was nearly covered by insurance. The people living along the line of the street moved their furniture and household goods in anticipation of the effects of the fire, but the flames were prevented from extending by the high roof of an adjoining building.

BURNING OF DR. WM. A. HUNT'S RESIDENCE.

The frame residence of Dr. William A. Hunt, situated on South Jackson street, was destroyed by fire on the 31st of January, 1887. The fire caught from a defective flue and had gained considerable headway when discovered. Only a portion of the household goods were saved. Considerable furniture, clothing and other property were destroyed. It occurred on a severely cold night and there was a heavy snow on the ground. This was the first fire in which Anderson's new fire department was called to battle with the flames, and several serious mistakes were made by the "fire laddies" in getting their paraphernalia together. One of the most serious was: They attached their hose to a hydrant a considerable distance from the building, and before being quite ready the stream was turned on by some one with such force that it bursted. This mishap gave the fire quite a headway before the hose could be repaired, but as it was, the firemen made a brave fight and saved a portion of the building. The loss to Dr. Hunt was $1,500, which was fully covered by insurance. The firemen suffered from the intense cold, many of them being drenched with water, which immediately turned into ice upon their persons. They received the congratulations of the people of Anderson who were present to witness the display made

by the new department. The few mistakes that were made were overlooked, and they were given credit for saving thousands of dollars' worth of property in the adjoining buildings, which would most certainly have been destroyed had it not been for their untiring work. Dr. Hunt never rebuilt his residence, but removed to North Main street, where he died not very long after this occurrence. Dr. Volney Hunt, his oldest son, now occupies a handsome residence on the ground on which this fire took place, and is one of Anderson's best and most influential citizens.

"WHEN BLOCK" DEMOLISHED.

On the morning of the 5th of March, 1895, one of the most teriffic explosions of natural gas took place in Anderson that ever visited any community. The "When Block," owned by John H. Terhune was wiped from the face of the earth, with scarcely anything left to tell where it once stood.

The cause of the explosion will never be known. There are several theories advanced concerning it, however, the most popular being the belief that the store was on fire and that a broken gas connection had emptied sufficient gas into the building to complete the wreck. That the building was on fire before the explosion occurred there can be little doubt. The doors of the store room, which were blown from their hinges across the street into the court house yard, were charred in a manner that indicated as much. Besides this, Mrs. McKee, the wife of D. D. McKee, whose photograph gallery was in the building just north of the When, and who occupied rooms there, happened to be up at the time and discovered that the store was on fire before the explosion took place. She saw the fire and had started into an adjoining room to arouse her mother when the explosion occurred.

The explosion tore out the entire east wall of the building and the front end; a portion of the second floor was still in position when the fire department got on the scene.

Almost at the same instant that the explosion occurred flames leaped into the air, and just as the water was turned upon the debris the front of the building fell into the street and the roof and second story collapsed.

A man who was stopping at the Doxey hotel and saw the disaster gave the following account of it: "First came the sound of the explosion, then a crash of glass that seemed to extend all around the public square. I raised my window and

looked out. A huge cloud of white smoke that seemed mountain high was rolling up from where the big block had stood and a scene of awful desolation was presented. The whole front and roof of the building, extending half way back, had been blown away. About ten minutes later another crash occurred and the remainder of the wall had tumbled down." Mr. Sherwood took occasion to pay a high compliment to the fire department. He said: "The firemen worked energetically. The department had but four lines of hose, but did great work and were entitled to much credit." The chief did valiant service in saving the adjoining buildings from ruin. It was due to the efficiency and hard work of the department that the adjoining block was left standing.

The Terhune block was occupied by the When Clothing Company, with a $35,000 stock; Prather & Son with a $10,000 stock of boots and shoes; C. C. Hadley with a $7,000 stock of drugs and fixtures. The loss of Prather & Son, and the When store was total, as absolutely nothing was saved. Mr. Hadley saved some of his stock.

Up stairs the block was occupied by Dr. Jonas Stewart, the insurance firm of Cheney, McCormick & Langell, the law firms of Lake & Shuman, Frank P. Foster, Frank Mathews, Carver & Ballard, E. C. O'Crowley, abstracter. No insurance was carried by the attorneys, and the loss on books and papers amounted to $2,000. Messrs. Foster and Mathews had just purchased over five hundred dollars' worth of new books, and they were not insured. The When carried $10,000; Prather & Son, $5,000, and Hadley, $4,000.

The loss on the building was total, as it was a complete wreck. The building was erected in 1888 at a cost of $20,000. There was but $4,000 insurance on the building.

It was known to a good many that Mr. Guy Ballard and Mr. Frank Mathews, both of whom had offices in the ill-fated building, had formerly roomed there at night, and the startling rumor was soon abroad to the effect that both young men were in the building at the time of the explosion and were buried in the ruins. Fortunately neither of the gentlemen was in the building, and their early appearance on the streets allayed all fears of their friends and placed an effectual quietus on the rumor concerning their fate.

The Hon. John H. Terhune, the owner of the building, was, at the time, in Indianapolis attending to his duties as a legislator. Upon hearing of the loss he had sustained, he

cooly telegraphed a friend to at once have the wreck cleared away and prepare for a new edifice, to be erected on the site of the ruins. As soon as his duties would allow him he came home and commenced the building of the handsome block that now adorns the corner of Main and Eighth streets, where the old one stood.

FIRST JEWISH WEDDING IN ANDERSON.

Prior to the year 1865 there were but very few Jewish families residing in Anderson. Besides the families of Louis Loeb and Joseph Stein, there were perhaps a half dozen Hebrews living in the city. About the year 1870 several other families moved here, and since that time they have steadily increased until at the present writing there is to be found here quite a small colony of Jewish people, many of whom are quite prominent in business and social circles.

The first event of any importance that occurred in Anderson in Jewish circles was the wedding of Louis B. Warner to Miss Rebecca Hart, of Williamsport, Pennsylvania. Mr. Warner was at that time a prominent clothing merchant, being the partner in the firm of Gates & Warner, who had their store in the Doxey House building, in the room occupied at this time by J. F. Fadely & Co., as a shoe store.

Miss Hart was the daughter of wealthy and prominent parents, living at Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and was at the time visiting friends in this city.

Mr. Warner, being prominent in social circles, sent out a large number of invitations to his wedding, which took place at the Odd Fellows' hall, on the 22d of February, 1873. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. Messing, a Rabbi of the Jewish temple at Indianapolis, according to the forms prescribed by the Jewish church, and was delivered in the English language. The ceremony was lengthy, but beautiful and impressive. The stillness that prevailed during the whole time showed the deep interest manifested by all those present. The Odd Fellows' hall, during its construction, from some cause, had a wall cracked in the south-east corner, which caused some alarm, and some person suggested, during the ceremony, that the building was unsafe. As many of the population of Anderson as could get within the walls were present to witness the event, many crowding in who had not been invited. The ceremony, however, passed off without any accident, and the crowd quietly dispersed.

The bridesmaids were Miss S. Hart, Miss Rose Weil and Miss Sarah Baum. The groomsmen were J. Obendofer, Jacob Warner and Philip Obendofer. Immediately after the wedding the newly married couple gave a reception in the sitting room of McKeown's Photograph Gallery, in the same building. Here they received the congratulations of their friends, and many handsome presents.

Mr. Warner, immediately after his marriage, disposed of his business interests in Anderson and removed to Watseka, Illinois, and there engaged in business.

This being the first Jewish wedding in Anderson and the ceremonies of the ritual being so impressive and so well performed by Rev. Mr. Messing, he gained many warm friends thereby, and it will long be remembered as one of the most pleasant affairs that has taken place in our city.

We will state further in this connection that Isaac Loeb, son of Louis Loeb, was the first Jewish child born in Madison county. He is now a resident of Chicago, practicing law at that place.

THE DEATH OF A HERMIT.

Thomas Piercy was at one time a happy, prosperous cooper, who had a shop near the Bee Line Railroad crossing on Ohio avenue, where he carried on a trade making barrels and packages for the pork packing establishment that was for many years one of Anderson's leading industries. It is stated that he did not live happily with his wife, and that they separated. Afterwards Piercy became insane and was at one time an inmate of the asylum at Indianapolis, where he remained for a number of years, being turned loose upon the public as a hopeless and incurable case. He had no bad or vicious habits, and although he was crazy, he never attempted to do any person or any property any harm. He wandered from place to place for years, begging his bread from door to door. He finally attached himself to a piece of woodland on the farm of Samuel Hughel, about two miles east of Anderson, where he built for himself a rude hut of logs, and in which he lived in solitude for a number of years. During the month of November, 1889, it was discovered by some passers-by that Piercy was ill and lying in filth and rags upon the ground. His hair had grown out to the length of more than a foot, and he presented a very revolting spectacle, looking more like a brute than a human being. He was removed to the county asylum, where he died a few days after being discovered. It is said

that during his residence in the woods that for many days and months he would subsist upon herbs, roots and nuts and whatever scraps he could beg at the few residences in the neighborhood. He will be remembered by many of the older citizens of Madison county who knew him while in his busy and prosperous days.

INDIAN SKELETONS UNEARTHED.

While making the excavation for the McCullough-Durbin block on West Eighth street, in Anderson, in the spring of 1890, Newton Burke unearthed a number of skeletons, together with implements of warfare and defense. Several stone axes, stone pipes and a tomahawk were among the relics discovered by the workmen. The tomahawk was given to the Madison County Historical Society, and the others kept by Mr. Burke as relics. These human bones had perhaps been resting there for a century; how long no one knows. They are silent witnesses of a race now extinct in these parts and their history is merely traditional, as there are only a few living who ever saw a native Indian in Madison county.

They left but little to commemorate their memories when they folded up their tents and departed, as they were a people who did not reap, mow, plow, or sow, neither did they build monuments to leave to the generations coming after them to look upon with pride and wonder.

The flints and arrow heads found here and there, and the stone battle axes picked up promiscuously in the different parts of the county, are about all that is left to tell of the once noble red man and his habitation.

BURNING OF HENDERSON'S MILLS.

About the year 1875 the Hon. James M. Dickson, ex-auditor of Madison county, erected on South Main street, Anderson, on the ground now occupied by the Hickey House, a large and elegant flouring mill, equipped with grain elevators for the purpose of handling wheat, corn, and other grains to be shipped to foreign markets.

Mr. Dickson and his son carried on the business of milling, buying and shipping of grain for several years, and then the property passed into the hands of Major Edgar Henderson, who died some years ago in Kingman, Kansas.

Mr. Henderson transacted a large and extensive business in this place until October 22d, 1881, when the structure was

destroyed by fire. It was first discovered after it had bursted through the roof. Major Henderson had only a short time before the fire added new machinery to the mill, and it was the impression that the fire was caused by a hot box in the third story of the building. There were but meager arrangements made by the city in those days for fighting fires, and nothing could be done to save the building from the flames.

The Major had purchased a large blood-hound of a most vicious disposition, which he was in the habit of keeping in the mill for the purpose of guarding it. On the night of the fire the dog was shut up as usual in the mill, and for this reason many people who went to the scene made no effort to save the contents because they were afraid of the dog. The animal perished along with the other contents. The loss was variously estimated at from $18,000 to $20,000..

In a short time after this destructive fire Major Henderson sold the real estate on which the mill was situated, and it finally passed into the hands of John Hickey, its present owner, who erected a hotel and other valuable buildings on its site.

WRECKED BY GAS.

On the morning of February 12, 1895, the residence of Calvin Hedrick, at the north-west corner of Fourteenth and School streets, was wrecked by an explosion of natural gas at 6:20 o'clock in the morning.

The mystery of the accident was how five members of the family escaped without injury, save a slight bruise on the left side of Mrs. Hedrick's head.

The report and force of the explosion was like a keen clap of thunder and was heard for more than two miles distant.

Houses throughout the city felt the shock and the report awoke nearly everybody yet in bed. Over in North Anderson people ran out to see what was the matter and out by the Arcade file works there was a scare.

In the meantime an alarm from box 34 called out the second division of the fire department, but there was no fire to fight. A great crowd assembled about the ruins in a short time and everyone was afraid to ask how many people were killed.

Of the several gas explosions here none was more destructive than that at the Hedrick home and it is the first case where the occupants were not burned or crippled or a fatality resulted.

The only explanation of the family's escape is that the frame work of the house was not very strong and yielded quickly to the force of the explosion. Had it been brick or even a larger frame building the result would certainly have been appalling.

After firemen had investigated the cause of the explosion Capt. Shinkle, of Compary No. 2, was inclined to believe that a gas leak in the cellar was the origin of the accident.

The force of the explosion can better be imagined when it is known that houses shook for eight or ten squares distant. Directly opposite the explosion all the doors and windows in the residences were blown in, the locks and hinges being torn from the doors.

A half square north glass doors in the Nichol residence were shattered.

Rector McGlone's little daughter was up early and at the piano when the explosion occurred. The piano seemed to jump up and the little girl was thrown off the stool.

Windows in the High school building a square and a half north were shattered.

A glass was broken in Broady's residence, two squares east.

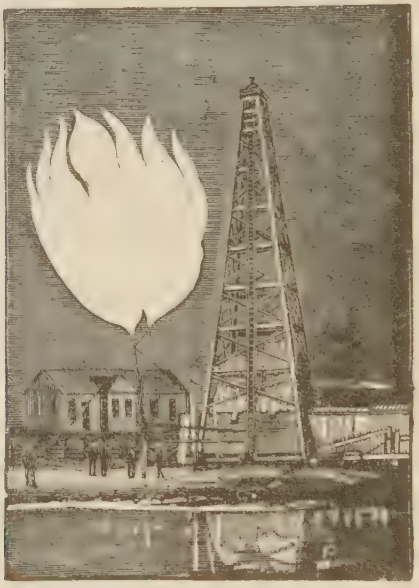
In the houses of the Kellums, Turners, Cadugans, all a half square north, windows were broken.

The Baptist church opposite the explosion was not damaged and there was no effect on the Episcopal church a square north.

Fire Chief Towell's residence, a square east, was well shaken and the chief thought his own house had gone up.

CHAPTER L.

The Discovery of Natural Gas and its Effects Upon the Development of Madison County, Together With Other Matters of Interest—Important Manufacturing Establishments.



THE FIRST GAS WELL AT ANDERSON, MARCH 31, 1887.

The excitement caused by the discovery of natural gas in the surrounding towns of Kokomo, Marion, Noblesville and other localities, caused the Anderson people to awaken from their lethargy. After considerable discussion, pro and con, had been indulged in by the leading citizens of the town, in reference to the formation of a company for the purpose of exploring for the fluid which has made Anderson so famous, a company was finally organized. A meeting was held in the court house on Tuesday evening, January 25, 1887, at which a stock organization with a capital of $20,000 was effected. A board of directors was elected as follows: Colonel Milton

S. Robinson, Wm. Crim, Harry Brelsford, James W. Sansberry, Sr., H. J. Daniels, E. P. Schlater and J. L. Kilgore.

Among the many objects set forth in the articles of association, Article No. 2 reads as follows: "The object of the formation of this company shall be for the purpose of sinking or constructing one or more gas wells by drilling, or otherwise, with a view to the discovery of natural gas, or other products of the earth, and the furnishing of a supply of the same for all purposes to which it may be adapted or utilized. The term of existence of the corporation shall be for fifty years."

The initiatory steps to the organization of this company were taken on the 17th of January, 1887, and articles of association were signed by the following named gentlemen: Lafayette J. Barr, G. D. Searle, C. K. McCullough, Thomas McCullough, Harry Brelsford, R. P. Grimes, George C. Forrey, E. P. Schlater, Nichol & Makepeace, J. F. Wild, A. B. Buck, E. T. Brickley, James Wellington, Peter Fromlet, Harrison Canaday, Joseph Schwabacher, Patrick Skehan, George Matthews, J. F. Brandon, Samuel Kiser, W. T. Durbin, I. E. May, J. A. Munchof, Sansberry & Sansberry, N. C. McCullough, William Crim, Milton S. Robinson, John H. Terhune, J. L. Kilgore, Thomas M. Norton, L. D. Adams, Thomas J. McMahan, A. J. Brunt, W. L. Maynard, B. L. Bing, W. A. Kittenger, H. J. Daniels, F. W. Makepeace and H. J. Bronnenberg.

The above list comprises the names of the citizens who were at that time residents of the sleepy country town of Anderson, who had the courage to go down into their pockets and risk the uncertainty of the development of the product for which they were hunting, and to them is due much of the honor of starting Anderson upon its career of wealth and prosperity. After much discussion as to the proper place to sink a well, the matter was brought to "a head" by Mr. John Hickey, who kindly offered to donate the ground upon which to drill the first gas well. This was at a point immediately south of the Midland Railway station near Meridian street. In a few days after the organization of the Board had been effected, a contract was made with Mr. John Porter to drill the well, and he immediately set about his work. The progress of the drilling was watched patiently by the people; daily measurements were taken and announced through the press of the depth to which the drill had penetrated, and

finally on Wednesday morning, March 31, 1887, the stockholders of the company and the people of Anderson were rejoiced to hear from Mr. Porter that he had succeeded in striking a gushing gas well. The drill in its descent had passed through 130 feet of drift, 200 feet of Niagara limestone, 512 feet of Hudson river shale, and then immediately entered Trenton rock for a distance of several feet, the total depth of the well being 847 feet.

This was the beginning of Anderson's greatness. The people went wild with excitement. It was heralded throughout the country in the daily reports of the newspapers, and the dispatches of the Associated Press, and in all the leading dailies of the United States, and it was but a short time before people from all points of the compass began to flock to Anderson, some as sight-seers and some as capitalists, who were looking for a place in which to invest their money. For weeks a pipe was attached to the well through which the gas was allowed to flow without hindrance, being ignited and sending the flames 100 feet into the air, and at the same time making a noise like the running of a heavy railroad train. This attracted strangers and passers by, whose attention was called to the town from the fact of its being designated as a natural gas town. The people for fully one month after this find were seemingly unconscious of the great benefit that might be derived by placing the gas under control so as to use it in their houses. At last sentiment began to crystalize in the minds of the leading business men, and steps were taken to place the fluid in such shape that it could be used for the benefit of the citizens and manufacturers. On the following 24th of May, a meeting was called at the court house for the purpose of organizing a Board of Trade. George Nichol was called to the chair, and E. E. Hendee acted as secretary. A letter was read from a Connecticut manufacturer in the line of augurs, bits and shovels, who desired to locate in the Indiana gas belt, and who wanted to know what inducements were being offered by the citizens of Anderson in that direction. This was the first inquiry made about the location of a manufacturing establishment.

A committee was formed to formulate by-laws, rules and articles of association, and after due deliberation reported such articles and code of by-laws, which were adopted. On the following Tuesday evening another meeting of the Board was held at the law office of Chipman & Chipman. It was attended

by George Nichol, H. J. Bronnenberg, J. W. Lovett, J. L. Kilgore, I. N. Hoover, Harrison Canaday, Chas. L. Henry, Jas. Wellington, W. S. Diven, and Samuel M. Hodson. Geo. Nichol was unanimously chosen president of the board, and M. A. Chipman secretary. At this meeting a proposal from a glass manufacturer was received and discussed informally, but no action was taken in the matter.

This appeared to be the end of all united efforts toward locating manufacturing establishments until late in the fall, when communication was opened between the Board of Trade and the Fowler Nut and Bolt Works of Buffalo, N. Y., which resulted in that establishment removing its plant to this city. This was the first establishment in Anderson to utilize natural gas for the purposes of manufacturing. Immediately thereafter the Union Strawboard Company, through negotiations with the Board of Trade, located its extensive plant on the Hazlett farm north of the city. This was soon followed by the Anderson Flint Bottle Company, of Butler, Pennsylvania. The American Wire Nail Company, of Covington, Ky., and the Knife & Bar Works of Dayton, Ohio. Following these many other large and extensive plants were built up in different parts of the city, the names of which are given in detail in another place in this volume.

Prominent among those who stood in the front and who did the most toward bringing these industries to this locality were George Nichol, the Hon. Chas. L. Henry, Hon. Jno. W. Lovett, James Wellington, J. L. Kilgore, Henry J. Bronnenberg, Milton S. Robinson, L. M. Cox and Stephen Metcalf. The first donation of land for manufacturing purposes was made by James W. Sansberry, Sr., Thomas J. McMahan and John W. Lovett, who owned the ground upon which the Fowler Bolt Works were located. They not only donated the site but a gas well also as an inducement for its establishment here.

The newspapers of Anderson, the *Bulletin*, the *Herald*, and *Democrat*, it must not be forgotten, did heroic work in their columns to induce manufacturers and other people to locate in the city, as is plainly evident by a perusal of their columns published in those days.

Anderson, being the chief city in Madison county, was an inviting field for capitalists, who were anxious to put in mains for the purpose of supplying fuel to the people for domestic

use. The first parties to make a proposition to the City Council in order to procure a franchise, was a company of Elwood financiers together with one or two persons living in Anderson. Gustave Cramer, Patrick O'Brian and H. C. Calloway, of Elwood, together with Frank A. Vogt and Rev. F. C. Weichmann, of Anderson, presented a petition to the City Council, on Monday, the 24th of January, 1887, asking for an exclusive franchise of the streets for a term of ten years, with the privilege of piping the city with natural gas. As an inducement to the City Council to grant their charter, they proposed to furnish the school houses, churches and all the public buildings free fuel for the entire period for which their franchise ran, provided the gas would hold out during that time. There was quite an opposition to this scheme on the part of the leading business men of Anderson, prominent among whom were William Crim, Col. M. S. Robinson, N. C. McCullough, Thomas J. McMahan, H. J. Daniels, John W. Lovett, J. W. Sansberry, Sr., LaFayette J. Burr, E. P. Schlater and W. T. Durbin, who attended the meeting of the Council on that occasion and made a fight against the granting of the charter. The Council was called to order by the Hon. J. F. McClure, the Mayor, and the petition was read after which Dr. Jonas Stewart, a member from the Second ward, took the floor in opposition to the granting of the charter and made the effort of his life. Several members of the Council favored the proposition, and after a thorough debate on the subject, and considering the opposition of the business men, on a vote being taken, the measure was lost, and thus Anderson was saved from a corporation getting its clutches upon the fuel lying beneath its streets. And to Dr. Jonas Stewart the honor of the defeat of the scheme is due.

The excitement at Anderson growing out of the discovery of natural gas, was caught up by other towns and villages throughout the county, and on the 14th of February, 1887, a company was organized at Pendleton and funds to defray the expenses of boring for natural gas were raised and a stock company was organized. The following prominent citizens of Pendleton were chosen directors of this company: B. F. Amien, J. R. Clark, Dr. O. W. Brownback, W. G. Campbell, W. H. Lewis, and J. W. Zeublin. This company was known as the Pendleton Natural Gas and Oil Company, and was capitalized at $15,000. They immediately contracted for the drilling of a well, and in a short time thereafter were success-

ful in finding an abundant flow of gas, which has since been utilized in that place.

A gas company was also formed at Summitville about the same time. Alexandria was the place at which gas was first discovered, in Madison county, and it was also there that the first gas company was organized. A full and detailed account of these matters will be found in the history of the different townships in the county, in another part of this work.

M. A. Chipman, the first secretary of the Anderson Board of Trade, was very active in his efforts to attract the attention of capitalists and manufacturers to the gas fields. Much is due to his energy in the initiative steps of locating manufactories in this county. He was succeeded by Stephen Metcalf, and later by A. A. Small, who did valuable service in the good work, John F. McClure being treasurer and a valiant worker.

Hon. Charles L. Henry was the "head center" of all. He took the lead in donating ground and procuring subsidies. He had in his office at the time Stephen Metcalf, now editor of the Anderson *Herald*, who was an untiring worker for Anderson, and devoted much time and good service to the cause.

The Board of Trade was composed of men who worked day and night for Madison county's growing greatness without compensation, and at the same time going deep into their pockets as individuals to help the cause along.

Mr. George Nichol was the continuous President of this organization, and to his sound sense and good business judgment is largely due its grand achievements as a promoter of enterprise.

The Hon. John H. Terhune, James Wellington, John L. Forkner, H. J. Bronnenberg, W. S. Diven, John W. Lovett, S. M. Keltner, John F. McClure, Stephen Metcalf, Isaac D. Bosworth, C. L. Henry, were nightly attendants at the meetings of the board, and at midnight on more than one occasion factories have been "signed up and located" when the unsuspecting public was asleep and surprises sprung upon it the following morning by a vigilant press.

In the month of May, 1887, a new impetus was given the gas excitement by the opening of an immense well known as "Vesuvius," in the McCullough park, at the east end of Eighth street. This was the largest well in the gas belt and was the wonder of the nineteenth century. It was visited by

thousands of people from all parts of the United States. The railroads ran excursions from all directions to witness the wonder. A continuous blaze of fire was kept pouring out a volume into White river, making a seething foam of fire and water, accompanied by a roaring noise equal to Niagara, for months.

Enough gas was wasted at this well to have run the factories of Anderson for more than two years.

After the development of the last named monster well, which was the private enterprise of Neal C. McCullough, the problem of the abundant supply of natural gas was solved and capital began to pour in, and town lots began to take a boom. Lots that had previously been a drug in the market at two and three hundred dollars, at once commanded from five hundred to a thousand. But little progress was made then, however, in building until late in the fall, when the first factory located; when the building craze took possession of the people and every idle or surplus dollar was invested in lots and residences to rent, and many new and handsome business blocks began to spring up.

The Standard Oil Company sent representatives to the scene and a brisk trade was opened up in leasing lands for gas and oil.

No effort was made to utilize the gas for domestic purposes until the summer had been well advanced, when C. T. Doxey who had in the meantime purchased the stock of the original holders in the company that made the exploration for gas, combined his interests with N. C. McCullough, who owned the artificial gas plant, and formed a company to pipe the city for domestic use.

Much talk and speculation was indulged in as to whether or not the Standard Oil Company was not really the "power behind the throne," and prophecies were made that in the final outcome Anderson would be in the hands of an "Octupus." The newspapers took it up, agitation became rife upon the streets, and while the company was laying the mains, street talk was indulged in quite freely. The people demanded that a price be named to consumers, which was refused by the officers of the company, and this added to the distrust in the minds of the people. The formation of a rival company was fully discussed which resulted in a meeting being held at the court house on the 13th of July, 1887, when a Citizens' Company was formed with $50,000 capital, whereby each stock-

holder who paid into the capital stock the sum of $50, was allowed the free use of gas for one house or business room. By this move the Standard Oil Company was driven from the field and disposed of all its leases.

John L. Forkner was elected president, G. M. Ballard, secretary, and L. M. Cox, treasurer of the company, the directory being composed of Chas. L. Henry, H. J. Bronnenberg, A. C. Davis, G. M. Ballard, John L. Forkner, Jonathan Jones and L. M. Cox.

The company at once put down a well on the land of Harrison Canaday, who donated the site near the residence of Hon. J. W. Sansberry. In August they were rewarded by striking a wonderful flow of gas. Mains were at once laid in the streets and Anderson had two full-fledged companies from which to supply the people with fuel.

The Citizens' Company was a great factor in advertising Anderson. It was the means of giving Anderson what no other city on the globe could boast of—free fuel. The franchises issued by the company attached to the real estate and were transferable with the same, and was a great inducement for people coming here to invest in homes.

These two companies continued as competitors until September, 1893, when the Doxey plant was absorbed by the Citizens' Company, thus ending a six years' struggle of turmoil and strife between the two organizations.

To the Citizens' Gas Company more than any other cause can be attributed the wonderful tide of immigration to Anderson. Many who wished to live in ease, who had retired from business were attracted here on account of the free fuel, and made their homes in our midst, whilst capital was also lured here by this inducement.

Albert Cole drilled the first well for the Citizens' Company, getting a fine flow. He was considered a "mascot" for the organization, and continued in its employ for a long while as a driller.

Much credit is due to the Hon. W. S. Diven, T. J. McMahan, Stephen Metcalf, Dr. Z. Hocket, J. W. Sansberry, Harrison Canaday and others, who stood by the Board of Directors in their fight against strong opposition, and in the infancy of the company contributed of their means and valuable time to make it a success. The consolidation of the two companies was a happy conclusion of all the gas troubles, and gave Anderson the finest plant in the State of Indiana;

and healed up the sore places made by a bitter warfare, and enabled the different interests to present a solid and substantial front for Anderson and her future.

THE INDUSTRIES OF MADISON COUNTY.

It was the original intention of the writers to give a brief sketch of every manufacturing establishment in the county, and in order to obtain this information, postal cards were addressed to the secretary of every establishment in the county, some of which met with a response, while others were ignored. To those who took the pains to give us the desired information, we give brief space, while as to others of which we can secure no data, we are obliged to content ourselves with giving them a passing notice.

Among those who answered our communication is the Anderson Knife and Bar Company. This establishment was organized by W. H. Manning and S. E. Farmer of Dayton, Ohio, who located in Anderson in September, 1888, employing a capital of $25,000 and eighteen employes. William Rogers, of Philadelphia, is the president, and E. E. Lovejoy, of Lowell, Massachusetts, secretary and treasurer. This company manufactures all kinds of machine knives for wood working, paper cutting, shear blades and fly bars. E. W. Randolph is the resident manager.

The Columbia Encaustic Tile Company was organized by Indianapolis parties, who located in the south-eastern part of the city of Anderson, where they manufacture unglazed tiles for floors and a full line of enameled tiles for hearths and mantels; also opaque and embossed enamel tiles. Mr. B. O. Haugh is the president, George Lilly, vice-president and treasurer, and Harry Haugh, secretary.

Among the many public buildings for which this firm has furnished decorated floor tiles, they mention the court houses at Grand Rapids, Mich.; Uniontown, Pa.; Cadiz, Ohio; Ottumwa, Iowa; Hartford City, Ind.; Winamac, Ind.; Wapakoneta, Ohio; San Antonio, Texas; Olympia, Wash.; Fresno and Auburn, Cal.

The capital stock is $100,000, and the average number of employes one hundred.

Union Glass Company.—These works were established in Collingwood, a suburb of Anderson in the month of August, 1890. Several extensive buildings were erected on South Pearl street. On the 20th of December in the same year, the

plant was placed in operation for the manufacture of window glass—four months and one day from the time the company was organized.

Mr. Forbes Holton is the President and General Manager of the concern which enjoys the reputation of being one of the finest manufactories of window glass in the United States. Among the favorite brands which are most widely known to the trade are the Arm and Hammer brand, and the American window glass.

Mr. Holton owns a patent system of flattening by the use of water, a feature which is only used by this company.

Mr. Noble Holton is Secretary of the company, and is actively connected with the affairs thereof.

American Wire Nail Company.—One of the largest manufactories of steel rods and wire nails in the United States was established at Covington, Kentucky, in the year 1875. In 1888, attracted by the benefits accruing from the use of natural gas, the capital stock was increased from $60,000 to $300,000, and the plant was removed to Anderson. The officers of the company are L. H. Gedge, President; F. C. Gedge, Vice-President; C. P. Garvey, Secretary, and E. J. Buffington, Treasurer.

The daily output of the mill is 200 tons of wire rods, 200 tons of plain wire, 75 tons of galvanized wire, 3,000 kegs of wire nails, and 500 kegs of fence staples.

This is the most extensive manufacturing establishment in Anderson and employs an average of 500 people.

Anderson Iron and Bolt Company.—This institution was incorporated on the 6th day of October, 1890, and is the only institution in the city that is made up exclusively of Anderson capital. The originators of the concern were L. S. Taylor, N. J. Pilger, R. J. Walton, J. L. Forkner, W. S. Diven, T. J. McMahan, John R. Page, A. J. Brunt, William Leib, Charles Leib, George Nichol, A. I. Makepeace, J. E. Canaday, J. J. Netterville, L. M. Cox, C. S. Burr, C. T. Doxey, Lafe Swank.

The capital stock is $75,000. The officers are C. T. Doxey, President; John R. Brunt, Secretary and General Manager; A. J. Brunt, Vice-President, and J. L. Forkner, Treasurer.

Indiana Box Company.—This organization has a capital stock of $25,000 and was located in Anderson in September, 1891. The concern manufactures boxes for the glass factories

of Anderson, Elwood, Alexandria, Gas City and other surrounding towns.

The officers are H. Park, of Muskegon, Michigan, President; Thomas Munroe, Vice-President; J. F. McIlwraith, Secretary and Treasurer. The company employs about 100 hands on an average.

National Tin Plate Company.—This company was organized in July, 1894, and became legally incorporated during the same year. The plant was located in North Anderson. The capital stock is $150,000. Four hundred people are employed, having a weekly pay-roll of many thousand dollars.

The company manufacturers tin plates of all grades, and roll their own black plate.

The officers are Philip Matter, of Marion, Indiana, President; W. H. Donner, Secretary and Treasurer, and Joseph I. Irwin, of Columbus, Indiana, Vice-President. Mr. Donner is also the General Manager.

This is one of the largest and most prosperous manufactories of its kind in the United States.

The American Straw Board Company.—This factory was established in 1889 by C. Fairbanks, of Terre Haute, C. B. Fatout, of Lima, Ohio, and William Baker, of Akron, Ohio, with a capital stock of $500,000. It was originally known as the Union Straw Board Company, but was reorganized under its present name. Mr. C. L. Crum, of Winchester, Virginia, superintended the construction of the building, and was general manager of the plant after it was placed in operation for nearly two years, when he was succeeded by M. R. Williams, the present incumbent. It is one of the largest institutions of its kind in the country, and has done a large and profitable business from the day of its completion.

The Schofield Bolt Works.—This was the first manufacturing establishment to locate in Anderson after the discovery of natural gas. It came from Fowlersville, near Buffalo, New York, in November, 1877. It was originally known as the Anderson Bolt Company and was owned by Fowler & Sons, of Buffalo, New York. It was incorporated as a company under the name of the Fowler Bolt Works. L. S. Taylor was the first manager but was succeeded by E. S. Fowler who had charge of the plant until it was sold to its present owners in 1895, and became the Schofield Bolt Works.

The Buckeye Manufacturing Company.—This company was formed in Union City, Ohio, in the spring of 1884, under

the firm name of Lambert Bros. & Co., with a capital stock of $2,000, at which time they began the manufacture of buggy neck yokes, with a force of six men and a few boys. The firm was soon afterwards changed to J. H. Osborne & Co., and a line of hardware specialties was added to the business. In 1890, J. H. Osborne withdrew from the firm and it again assumed the name of the Buckeye Manufacturing Company. In 1891 the plant was consumed by fire entailing a loss of $15,000 with an insurance of $12,000. New buildings were at once erected, and in 1893 fully covered 60,000 square feet of floor surface. In 1894, the Lambert gasoline engine was perfected, and patented, and was at once added to their line of manufactures. In 1894 the company was reorganized and incorporated with a capital stock of $100,000 with John W. Lambert, President, Geo. Lambert, Vice-President, and C. A. Lambert, Secretary and Treasurer. The plant now was removed to Anderson where the buildings were erected in what is known as the Evalyn addition. About three hundred men and boys are employed annually.

It has a large output of manufactured articles of various kinds, and a weekly pay-roll of several thousand dollars.

Pennsylvania Glass Company.—This company was originally located at Meadville, Pennsylvania, and was removed to Anderson in the year 1888, since which time it has been one of the leading industries of the city, employing 500 people at their two plants with a weekly pay-roll of $1,500.

T. J. McMahan is the President of the company, John Schies, Secretary and Treasurer, and Flery Toms, Manager.

Anderson Paper Company.—This company was organized in 1892, with E. J. Blake as President, and A. Reynolds as Secretary and Treasurer. The present officers are C. Fairbanks, President; M. R. Williams, Secretary; W. T. Durbin, Treasurer and General Manager. The plant is situated in Hazlewood addition, and does a large and extensive business.

Anderson Glass Company.—This company was organized in North Anderson in 1890 by Philip Matter and G. W. Burke, of Marion, and Charles L. Henry, of Anderson, with a capital stock of $200,000. It is one of the largest manufactories of window glass in the gas belt. It employs 400 men annually and has a weekly pay-roll of $2,500.

The Anderson Flint Bottle Company.—This was the first glass factory to locate in Anderson, and came from Butler, Penn., in 1888. It has a capital stock of $60,000, and employs

100 people under Mr. Alexander P. McKee, Secretary, Treasurer and General Manager. It has a weekly pay-roll of $1,500. It was through the influence of Conrad Smith, one of the large stockholders, that this plant was located here. He, as well as Mr. McKee, is well known to the glass trade throughout the United States.

Philadelphia Quartz Company.—This institution is situated in the south-eastern portion of the city. It came from Philadelphia in 1890. It has a capital stock of $100,000, and is owned by T. and J. Elkington and Ephraim Smith. The resident manager is W. H. Stanton. The company manufactures silicate of soda. They employ about sixty people and have a weekly pay-roll of more than $500.

The Cansfield Stationery Company.—This company came from New York in January, 1893, and has been doing a thriving business in the manufacture of box files and stationers' supplies. Mr. Samuel H. Cansfield is the President of the company, and General Manager of the concern. The product of this factory is sold in every State in the Union and in Canada.

The Clyde Window Glass Company of Frankton, is one of the busy industries of Madison county. Its capital stock is $50,000. It employs one hundred men. Mr. M. J. Blodgett is President, F. Dussler, Secretary, and John Lux, Treasurer. The works were moved from Clyde, Ohio, in 1890, after which place the company was named. It was incorporated in 1890.

United Window Glass Company at West Alexandria.—This company has a capital stock of $250,000, and employs 225 men under the charge of Superintendent John A. Sweat. T. D. Catlin is president and treasurer, and W. T. Gray, vice-president. The company manufactures window glass and does a large business.

The Alexandria Window Glass Company.—This company was organized by Harper and Cruzen, of Findlay, Ohio, in 1889. These gentlemen were unsuccessful in the operation of the plant, and it was purchased at assignee's sale by Sylvanus Free and others, since which time it has been successfully operated by the present company, composed of Henry W. Heer, M. Miller and Sylvanus Free, under the firm name of the Alexandria Window Glass Company. They have a capital stock of $40,000, and employ about 100 people. The factory has a large output and has a large weekly pay-roll.

We are sorry that all the manufacturing establishments to whom we sent postal cards, did not see the importance of being fully represented in this work. While we have been unable to give an extended notice, we have endeavored to make mention of every factory in the county.

Among other factories of importance are the Sefton Mfg. Company, Cathedral Glass Company, Wright Shovel Company, Victor Window Glass Company, Arcade File Works, Anderson Forging Company, Coping and Glass Cresting Company, Raible Bros'. Box factory. Anderson Paint Company, Wooley Foundry Company, Haugh-Kurtz Steel Company, Electric Power Company, Irondale Steel and Iron Company, Fisher Cradle & Snath Company, Gedge Bros'. Roofing Company, Anderson Pottery Company, Anderson Broom Works, The Gould Steel Company.

CHAPTER LI.

Historical Miscellany—The Original White River Bridge.

The handsome and substantial wooden covered bridge spanning White river at Anderson, where the present magnificent iron bridge stands, near the cemetery on North Main street, was, on the morning of November 23, 1883, swept away by a terrific flood, the effect of a week's heavy rain. The crashing and falling timber arrested the attention of people in the vicinity and all eyes were turned toward the bridge just in time to see that old landmark break in two and sink into the angry waters. The water had undermined the middle pier until the weight caused it to tilt over to the west. Two large sycamore trees standing near the west end prevented it from being carried away entirely by the current.

This old bridge was one of the landmarks in the history and prosperity of Madison county. It was built in the years 1863 and 1864, upon the Buckingham truss plan, and was constructed by the County Commissioners, who made an appropriation out of the county funds for that purpose. A large number of tax payers of the county also subscribed to the fund, giving their notes, some of which were never redeemed and are yet on file as mementos in the office of the County Auditor. Mr. William Crim was superintendent of the work and Benjamin Thomas, contractor for the masonry and G. W. Webster, of Grant county, for building the superstructure. It cost $20,000 and was in its day the best bridge within a radius of fifty miles.

Immediately upon the washing away of this bridge the Auditor of Madison county convened the Board of Commissioners in special session and steps were taken to erect an iron structure in its place. They advertised for sealed proposals, and after examining the same the contract for building the new bridge was awarded to the firm of McCormack & Sweeney, who were then engaged in building the court house. These gentlemen secured the contract for the stone work, and the

contract for the superstructure was awarded to the Massillon Bridge Co. The new bridge was completed in 1884. Some interesting reminiscences relative to the old bridge will be found in another part of this volume.

THE FIRST GAS LIGHT IN ANDERSON.

Prior to the year 1865 Anderson was but a small unimportant country town, and existed only as an ordinary town corporation. In the spring of that year it began to show signs of improvement and an increase of population, and the citizens concluded that Anderson could best subserve the interests of the taxpayers and the people by throwing off its town garb and assuming the proportions of a city. Accordingly at a meeting held at the court house, it was resolved to take on city airs, and Milton M. Harriman was appointed to take a census in order to ascertain the population, and see if the town possessed a sufficient number of people to entitle it to a city charter, the required number under the statute being 2,000. It is said that Mr. Harriman in taking the enumeration, not only copied the names on the hotel register, but also visited the cities of the dead, and secured names from the tombstones, in order to get the required number. Be this as it may, a sufficiency was obtained, and in the spring of that year Anderson obtained a charter and became a city. R. N. Williams, Esq., was elected Mayor to serve until the next general election; Milton M. Harriman was chosen marshal, and Calvin D. Thompson, Esq., elected city clerk, and Joseph Fulton treasurer, who all held their offices until the general election in the spring of 1866. During Harriman's incumbency as marshal he agitated the subject of lighting the streets. He and John P. Barnes, who was then a member of the city council, contracted for and erected iron posts around the business part of the city, which were lighted with coal-oil lamps. These contrivances served to furnish light until 1875. In the spring of that year the agitation for more light became so general among the tax-payers that the city council contracted with Mr. P. F. Good, of Ashtabula, Ohio, and H. C. Bardwell, of New York, and gave them a franchise of the streets of the city for a term of twenty years. These gentlemen immediately went to work to erect a gas plant for the purpose of furnishing light to private consumers, as well as for lighting the streets of the city. On the 2d of July, 1875, the work of putting in the plant was completed and accepted by

the council, and on the evening of the 3d of July, for the first time in her history, Anderson was lighted by gas. On that evening the streets, stores and residences provided with gas facilities were beautifully illuminated. The city began to assume something of a metropolitan character. The great superiority of illuminating gas for artificial light over the usual methods of coal-oil lamps was very forcibly illustrated. Stores that had heretofore been provided with a multitude of lamps, and but dimly lighted at that, now almost shone with the brightness of noonday. People who had lighted their dwellings were happy to find a flood of soft light illuminating their rooms, a thing which they had never dreamed was possible.

The gas was generally considered to be good and gave the utmost satisfaction. The mains were then limited to the following territory: Main street, from the Bee Line depot to the Pan-Handle railway; Meridian street, from the Bee Line railway to Hanna street; Jackson street, from Lane to Anderson; William street, from Main to the Catholic church; Bolivar street, from Jackson to Delaware; Anderson street, from Main to the Fair Grounds; East Washington street, from Meridian to Water street; Lane street, from Jackson to Brown street; Hamilton street, from Meridian west to its terminus; Hanna street, from Meridian to its western terminus.

P. F. Good & Co. operated the plant for about one year under the superintendency of J. C. Lord, who is now in charge of a similar institution at Fort Worth, Texas. Mr. N. C. McCullough, late President of the Citizens' Bank of Anderson, investigated the profits of this enterprise and became satisfied that it was a financial success and purchased the entire stock of the original owners and operated it successfully until 1887, when the finding of natural gas in Anderson destroyed its usefulness. The old building and tank that now stand at the foot of Eighth street on the line of the Pan-Handle Railway are silent monuments to what was once considered one of the best paying "bits" of property within the city limits and are now slowly going to decay.

FREE MAIL DELIVERY IN ANDERSON.

On the 3rd of June, 1890, the free mail delivery was inaugurated under an order from the post-office department. Postmaster H. J. Daniels appointed Charles Stewart, Jacob Bravy, Joseph Morrey and —— Kinkaid to be letter carriers,

which appointments were confirmed by the government. Charles Stewart was allowed a horse, being the first mail-carrier in Anderson to deliver mail in that manner. Each carrier was required to give a bond of $1,000 to be approved by the Postmaster General for the faithful performance of his duty. Each carrier was to receive as a compensation for his services $600 for the first year's work and $800 for the second. There were distributed through the different portions of the city 30 mail boxes for the collection of mail matter. These boxes were located under the direction of Postmaster Daniels. The mail-carriers were required to make four trips a day for the delivery and collection of mail. After the adoption of the free delivery system, dropped letters were required to have a two-cent postage stamp, whereas before that time they only required a one cent stamp. Parker Short and Charles Tyre were appointed as substitutes, their duty being to take the place of the regular carriers when any of them were sick or taking their vacation. This was a great event in the history of Anderson and marked a new era in the city's progress. We speak of this matter in order that hereafter the residents of Anderson, when it becomes a metropolitan city, may look back to the establishment of the first free mail delivery here, and note the changes that have taken place.

FIRST NATURAL GAS ACCIDENT.

During the laying of the mains for the Citizens' Natural Gas Company of Anderson, in September, 1887, a bad accident occurred, by which John Clancy, a laborer, was severely injured and rendered a cripple for life. His leg was broken, his shoulder dislocated, and he was otherwise severely bruised. The men were working at the time on West Eleventh street near the corner of School, when the accident took place. It was customary in putting down pipe to test the strength of it after the connection had been made by turning on a full pressure of gas from the wells. This had been done in this instance, and the pipe proving to be of sufficient strength, the men at the well were signalled to turn off the gas, the plug was removed from the end of the main, when almost instantly the gas was turned on again from some cause, and came rushing through the pipe with dreadful force. The last joint that had been attached to the line bursted with a terrific noise, being heard for several squares, and a section of pipe 20 feet long was torn loose from its fastening and whirled against the fence on the

opposite side of the street. The air was filled with the black, escaping gas, which coupled with the noise it produced caused great consternation among the working men and the people in that vicinity. Several parties were slightly bruised, but John Clancy was the worst injured. He was standing close to the pipe when the accident occurred. He was struck by the flying mass of iron and his left leg broken and badly mangled. The bone protruded through the flesh and was severely mutilated. The left shoulder was also dislocated and other bodily bruises were inflicted. Clancy was immediately taken to his home and Drs. H. E. Jones and Geo. F. Chittenden were called to his relief. It was at first thought that amputation of the limb would be necessary, but to this Mr. Clancy strenuously objected. By the wonderful skill displayed by the physicians his limb was saved and a permanent cure was effected, although to some extent Clancy was rendered a cripple.

This was the first accident of any account that had happened in the county with natural gas.

Mr. Clancy is yet living in Anderson, and after his recovery served for several years as janitor of one of the public school buildings. H. J. Bronnenberg was at the time of the accident superintendent of the Citizens' Gas Company and had charge of laying the mains. He gave it as his opinion that the cause of the accident was due to the disobedience of his order in the turning on and off the gas at the well.

The gas company realizing that there might be a chance for litigation and damages went to work to effect a compromise with Mr. Clancy which they consummated by paying him handsomely, and attending to him during his confinement at his home. They paid all his doctor bills and other expenses in consideration of which he gave the company a receipt in full and a release from any suit for damages.

VISIT OF A COMPANY OF SCIENTISTS TO ANDERSON.

On the 20th of August, 1890, Anderson was visited by some of the most learned and distinguished educators and scientists in the United States. They were chaperoned by Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, of Indianapolis. They visited this locality for the purpose of investigating the natural gas field. It had been announced for a day or two prior to their arrival that the gentlemen would at first go to Indianapolis and then come to Anderson. The Board of Trade at Anderson held an impromptu meeting and appointed a reception

committee to welcome the visitors and show them about the city. The committee consisted of Major Dixon C. Williams, Hon. Charles L. Henry, Hon. W. T. Durbin, John L. Forkner, John H. Terhune, George Nichol and Stephen Metcalf. They were met at the train by Hon. Chas. L. Henry and Major Dixon C. Williams, who gave each of the distinguished persons a beautiful souvenir, and a meal ticket at the Hotel Doxey, and also tickets for passage on the street cars. Carriages were also in waiting, which, together with the street railway, were at the disposal of the visitors to convey them to the hotel and places of public interest. After a substantial meal had been served they were conducted to the beautiful Riverside Park, where an exhibition, the like of which they had never before seen, was given them. Old "Vesuvius," the monster gas well on the river bank, was turned loose into the river with about sixty feet of pipe extending into the water, and the gas was ignited, thus affording the visitors one of the grandest sights upon which the human eye ever rested. These learned gentlemen, accustomed to ferreting out the secrets locked up in the subterranean chambers of Mother Earth, looked upon the sight with amazement, mingled with awe, and were unable to realize that what they had witnessed was a factor of nature subserved to the use of man.

After this exhibition the visitors were conducted to the Doxey Opera House, where they were entertained with speech-making and fraternal greetings. Hon. Charles L. Henry came forward and delivered the following address:

"Ladies and Gentlemen and Members of the American Association for the Advancement of Science: I am heartily glad to have you among us. I regret that we have been obliged to lay aside some of our plans for entertaining you. We had hoped to have you here a few hours in the day-time, so that we could have shown you our pleasant little city. We hope you have had a pleasant tour through the town, and we welcome you because we are glad to have you with us."

To this Professor Mason, of Washington City, responded as follows:

"I don't think I ever met with such a hearty welcome as you have given us. Before reaching your city I was handed a street-car ticket, and when I alighted at the station I stepped into the car to go to the hotel. I was immediately notified to get out of the car, and being obedient, I was transferred to a carriage that was driven by Judge M. A. Chip-

man, which I found was a good change from the rear of a street car. Say, you are the only people I ever saw who set a river on fire." Professor Mason also expressed the hope that Anderson would have a happy and prosperous future.

Short addresses were also made by Hon. C. W. Fairbanks, Professor Goodale, of Harvard; Ellery Avery, of Cleveland; Professor Coulter, of Wabash College; Mayor Sullivan of Indianapolis; Hon. John Jay, of London, England; Professor Mill, of Alabama, and H. N. Brown, of the Indianapolis *News*, who responded to a toast proposed to the press in a happy manner, and elicited loud applause. The opera house on this occasion was packed to its fullest capacity by the citizens of Anderson, who listened with delight to the eloquent and instructive addresses that were made. This was one of the happiest meetings that ever took place in the city of Anderson. It sowed broadcast, not only in the United States, but in the countries across the Atlantic, the great advantages that Madison county possessed, and was one of the chief sources of adding to Anderson's prosperity, and was the means of bringing to her borders manufacturing and commercial industries. Perhaps never in the history of Anderson will she again be honored with so many wise heads at one meeting as were assembled on this occasion.

THE FIRST SINGING TEACHER IN ANDERSON.

The old-timers learned to sing as well as the present generation, and when they worshiped God it was not done by a brass band and pipe organ, but by preaching without money and without price, and by singing psalms by the word of mouth.

The first instructor in vocal music in Anderson was Joseph Shannon, the father of Thomas Shannon, who now resides in this city. He taught the pioneers the beauties of the "scale" and how to do-ra-me-do, in 1832. James Hollingsworth and many others yet living were under his tutorship.

ANDERSON'S CRACK MILITARY COMPANY.

During the year 1883, Dr. Horace E. Jones, who is a prominent member of the order of Odd Fellows, organized a military company, which afterwards proved to be one of the best disciplined and most thoroughly drilled companies in the United States. They were members of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, and, under a dispensation granted by

the Grand Master, assumed the name of "Uniformed Patriarchs." They had a splendid cornet band, composed of members of the organization, under the superb leadership of Dallas K. Elliott, who was the acknowledged champion of the western country as a cornet player. This company, after being thoroughly drilled by Captain Jones, set out to capture every prize that was offered at the competitive drills in different cities throughout the country. One of their contests was at Indianapolis, in the month of May, 1884, when they drilled upon the State Fair grounds against several of the leading organizations in the State, the judges being Colonel Nicholas R. Ruckle, Major J. R. Ross and Major J. R. Carnahan. They performed their evolutions with remarkable celerity and exactness, so much so that the committee promptly awarded them the first prize.

Upon their return to Anderson they were given a grand ovation by the people, and a banquet was spread at the Doxey House in their honor. At Chicago, in 1883, they contested with several companies, prominent among which was one commanded by Colonel Eddy, of New York, who had promulgated the original tactics used by these organizations. The Anderson company was at a disadvantage on the grounds where the drill took place, as they were at quite a distance from the judges' stand, and had it not been for this they would have received the first prize; as it was, they carried off the second. Later on, at Columbus, Ohio, in the contest of all the leading Patriarchs of the United States, they were easily the winners of the first prize. The band on this occasion was also the recipient of a handsome medal. At Lake Minnetonka, near St. Paul, Minn., in 1886, this company took first prize against all competitors.

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, however, from some cause unknown to the writer, took exception to the military features of this organization and placed a "damper" upon it by ordering it to disband. Since this time Anderson has not enjoyed the privilege of beholding the military bearing and recounting the achievements of such a military organization.

Dr. H. E. Jones is undoubtedly one of the best drill-masters in the United States, having had a thorough military education in the United States navy and is besides naturally of a military turn of mind. He, as well as the entire population of Anderson, was very proud of this organization and was very sorry to see it disband.

SUSETTE & CLIFTON'S MINSTRELS.

The most gorgeous and dazzling aggregation of burnt cork artists ever organized by a home talent company, was the result of the young men of Anderson getting the "minstrel fever" in the spring of 1867. The company bore the name of "Susette & Clifton's Plantation Minstrels, combined with O'Neil & Munson's Burlesque Opera."

It was headed by William E. Cook, who was at one time the editor of the *Anderson Standard* and later the founder of the *Plaindealer*, the immediate predecessor of the *Anderson Democrat*.

With him were associated many of the young men of Anderson, some of whom have become successful business men. Daniel F. Mustard, the banker, was one of the musicians who belonged to the band that accompanied the show, consisting of twenty-four pieces. David A. Ranck, a prominent business man of Chicago, was also a member of the party.

Thomas H. O'Neil afterwards a famous newspaper correspondent, and at one time the train dispatcher for a railroad company, was one of the "stars" on the stage, and did some clever work.

The company gave an exhibition in the old Union Hall to a crowded house after which it went by wagons to Marion, Ind., there being no railroad from Anderson to that place, where they showed one night.

On returning to Anderson for a few nights' rehearsal they went to Logansport, and made a one-night stand to a moderate house. From Logansport they went to Delphi where the company disbanded from the lack of patronage and by reason of the treasurer "taking a walk" with the cash he took in at the door, leaving the boys, some of whom had to walk out of town. Samuel D. Makepeace was musical director, and got possession of the band instruments and tramped out of the place with several brass horns and a bass drum strapped around his body, and did not return to Anderson for several years thereafter. Mr. Makepeace is yet living, and is engaged in the profession of instructor in band music in which he is quite proficient.

The writer was not a member of this company, although he had a small contribution of money in it, and a handsome base ball uniform upon which he fondly doted, that went up in the wreck.

Thomas H. O'Neil sang a song entitled, "Hark, I Hear an Angel Sing," with much pathos and brought forth loud applause. He also made a burlesque "stump speech" that was simply superb, and filled the house with laughter. It was full of local hits that all enjoyed.

After the boys all strolled back to their homes they each settled down to quiet lives fully satisfied with their brief stage experience. William Snelson, who is now a prominent physician in Iowa, took the company to Marion in two large farm wagons to fill their engagement there, and brought them back to Anderson.

At Marion the performance did not come up to the standard of the amusement going people's ideas, and serious trouble was averted by Mr. William Neal, a prominent citizen of the place, quieting the disturbing element.

Among the most prominent members of this party, were Capt. Henry Vineyard and Capt. Leroy Anderson. They were the business managers and "did" the financial "act" for the company.

Wm. E. Cook, the originator, afterwards drifted to San Francisco, California, where he was engaged in the job printing business when Gen. Grant made his famous trip around the world, and printed the souvenir cards for the menu at the banquet given in honor of the distinguished guest when in that city. Cook finally went to Honolulu and it is said died there several years since.

ANDERSON'S FIRST LABOR DAY DEMONSTRATION.

In Anderson's early history such a thing as a Labor Day demonstration would never have been thought of, as but a few factories were located here, and but few people earned their livelihood by working at different trades in these industries. The first Labor Day demonstration held in Anderson took place on the 7th of September, 1891. It was one of the grandest parades that ever occurred in the city. Bands of music and banners were in the procession and thousands of people in line, and the parade moved with a precision and regularity as though it was conscious of the impression it made upon those who witnessed the scene. Every store and business place was closed, and farmers, laborers, lawyers and clerks mingled in one happy mass to celebrate this event. It was estimated that fully twenty thousand people took part and witnessed the procession. After the parade through the

principal streets of the city the march was taken up to the park of the Madison County Trotting Association, in North Anderson, where a meeting was held, being addressed by Moses Hull, of Chicago, C. A. Robinson and J. A. Allen. Jeremiah O'Sullivan acted as grand marshal of the procession. The Anderson Fire Department turned out with two hose wagons and the hook and ladder trucks. The wheels of their apparatuses were decorated with the American flags and presented a very beautiful appearance. Many of the merchants turned out with their wagons trimmed with bunting and laden with merchandise of different kinds, adding splendor to the occasion. As this was the first demonstration of this kind in Madison county, it made a deep impression upon the people and brought forcibly to their minds the importance of the laboring classes to the community. The final climax to the day took place at Music Hall, in the evening, where a merry dance and other ceremonies took place.

Since this memorable occasion Anderson has always observed Labor Day and it has become one of the holidays that is looked forward to with pleasure by the people at large.

A HAUNTED HOUSE IN ANDERSON.

At the corner of Meridian and Fifth streets in the city of Anderson, now occupied by the spacious dwelling of James Wellington, there stood a neat frame cottage. On the 8th day of June, 1877, it was whispered around from house to house that this dwelling was haunted. It was owned by James Wellington and occupied by Isaac Sharp and Frank Knight as tenants. These two families lived in the building for quite awhile, and nothing had ever occurred to disturb their neighborly relations, or to vex the current of their domestic lives. They glided along life's gentle stream without a ripple. About 7 o'clock one evening a loud noise was heard at the front door, and it was answered simultaneously by both ladies going to their respective doors; but on opening the front door they saw no one there. They were considerably startled. The mysterious noises were heard again at occasional intervals until 9 o'clock that evening, the ladies growing more and more disturbed with each repetition. The raps, as described, were very loud and clear; in fact, the neighbors living on opposite sides of the street could hear them distinctly, and, to use the description of one of these, it

sounded like the knock of an impatient person, who, having once knocked, rapped a second time.

The rapping was again heard that night, and when the ladies spoke of it to their husbands they only laughed at them. The next morning at 9 o'clock the sounds were again heard, and were kept up almost incessantly during the day. It began operations next morning an hour earlier than the preceding day. In the meantime it seemed to have passed the Rubicon and was knocking incessantly around the interior of the house, first at one point and then another, but showing a decided partiality for the hall, with an inclination to go upstairs. The raps now became quite loud and sounded like the knocks of a gun upon the floor.

The men of the house, however, were not favored with the visitation that so distinctly jarred upon the ladies. On the next evening, being Saturday, and the unmistakable evidences being present that there was some supernatural agency at work, Mr. Isaac Sharp left his place of business at an earlier hour than usual and went home, and with his aricular organs waited and watched to the keenest point of curiosity, and was hoping that the mysterious agent would furnish him with some of its knocks to gratify him, even saying he would give a hundred dollars to hear it just once, when rap, rap, rap, came through the stillness of the room, and Mr. Sharp was so disturbed and frightened that he at once got out of bed and lighted a lamp; then he went to watching and stayed up the remainder of the night. At 4 o'clock in the morning the rapping began again and continued until 9 o'clock, and was so loud and noisy that it attracted the attention of Mr. Lafe Burr, who at that time lived on the opposite corner.

The news spread through the city in relation to the haunted house and thousands of people from all quarters flocked to the scene of the strange phenomena. Mr. Wellington, the owner of the house, acting upon the advice of many credulous people, had the floor raised, expecting the cause to be discovered in loose boards or some natural reason. But the search was unsuccessful and nothing was discovered that might account for the mystery. A great many people who believed in ghosts and spirits became interested in the affair and declared it was nothing less than "spirit rappings." Accordingly mediums came from different directions within and without the city and demanded admission into the house to hold communion with the spirits, which was denied by the occupants

of the house, and came near causing serious trouble. The whole population in Anderson and the surrounding country became wrought up over it. The newspapers in other cities sent reporters to the scene and asked for dispatches in relation to it. Some went so far as to have cuts made of the building and to print long accounts of the mysterious affair.

It was afterwards developed that the whole thing was only a trick of one of the lady occupants, who was a servant in one of the families in the house. She had invented the contrivance in the back part of the stairway, which she could manage by stepping on a certain board, or pulling a wire, unnoticed by the people, and cause the knocking. In this way she could at her will produce this unearthly noise.

This was a sad blow to those who had gone so far as to stake their existence, and who were willing to wager their earthly possessions, that it was spirits.

The affair in due time blew over but these two families separated and found homes in different parts of the city; and had no desire to again occupy the premises. This house still stands on the lots now owned by H. B. Reed, on North Delaware street, where it was removed to give way to Mr. Wellington's new home, that now occupies its former site.

A newspaper in Helena, Montana, had a picture of this house, and a three column, blood-curdling account of it, which was mailed to some friends in Anderson.

One old gentleman, who lives in Madison county, came from his home and demanded admittance and was finally allowed to go in. He proceeded to the corner where the noise had been coming from, and striking an attitude, he exclaimed: "If you are a spirit speak to me." This he repeated several times. At last when he was not looking for it, "bang, bang, bang" it went. It is said he flew out over chairs, tables and anything else that came in his way, and he "never came back."

CHAPTER LII.

In Which a Number of Happenings of More or Less Interest Are Recalled.

RENDERED A CRIPPLE FOR LIFE.

H. J. Bronnenberg, one of Anderson's most enterprising young business men, met with an accident on the 22d of August, 1888, that has rendered him a permanent cripple. The circumstances of the case were about as follows: Mr. Bronnenberg was an intimate friend of Mr. Charles L. Crum, who was superintendent of the construction of the straw-board mill situated in the north part of the city. On the morning of the day on which the accident occurred, he, in company with Mr. Bronnenberg, visited the gas well that had been recently put down in the ground belonging to the Straw-board Company, near White river, north of the mill. When the driller had finished his work he connected a two and a half inch pipe therewith, and placed it in a horizontal position, running out several feet from the well, attaching a valve for the purpose of regulating the flow of gas. Mr. Crum and Mr. Bronnenberg were in the act of lighting the gas from the well. When Mr. Bronnenberg was turning on the gas, the pipe leading out from the well became disconnected in some manner, about five or six feet away. The intense pressure of the gas caused a violent rotary motion of the elbow cap, to which the pipe had been attached. In the first revolution Mr. Bronnenberg was struck, and knocked some twenty or thirty feet distant. He was for a time rendered unconscious by the severity of the blow, and lay for several minutes as though he were dead. Dr. Cullen, his family physician was summoned, and on arriving made a hasty examination of Mr. Bronnenberg, who was then placed on a stretcher and carried home. It was found that he had sustained a compound fracture of the right arm, the bones being badly splintered and protruding through the flesh. He also sustained other severe bruises and injuries about the sides and limbs. It was at first thought that amputation of the arm

would be necessary, but the physician subsequently concluded that the arm could be saved, and perhaps, rendered of use to Mr. Bronnenberg, and therefore the operation of amputation was forgone.

It has been a question with Mr. Bronnenberg and many of his friends, whether it would not have been better to have submitted to the amputation, as he has been an intense sufferer during all these years since the accident occurred, and, perhaps, will remain so the remainder of his existence. This was not only a sad blow to Mr. Bronnenberg, but also to the community at large. During his many years as a resident at Anderson no man was more enterprising, nor was there any one who cared more for the welfare of Anderson, in a business way, than did Mr. Bronnenberg. Upon the discovery of natural gas, he was one of the first to suggest the organization of the Board of Trade, and put on foot the movement for bringing capital to our borders. During his membership of the Board none contributed more liberally, or was a more earnest worker in behalf of Anderson's prosperity than he, and even now there is no one who has the city's interest more at heart.

He has been a successful business man, and prior to this occurrence had accumulated for himself a handsome fortune, the income of which now supports him and his family in ease and comfort.

A TRAVELING MAN DROWNED.

On the 14th of June, 1892, D. A. Cone, a traveling salesman, stopped at the Hotel Doxey and registered his name and had his baggage cared for, and immediately went to the river to take a bath. It was very warm, and a cool, refreshing bath was something a person could better obtain in the river than in a small bath room. He went to the "old swimming hole," back of Norton's brewery, and plunged into the water. Some boys who were in the neighborhood noticed that he did not come up after diving; so they at once gave the alarm and a search was made for his body. It was soon found and brought to the hotel and his friends notified. It was at first thought that it might be suicide, but there was no cause for this, as his employers testified that he was all "straight" and enjoyed their undivided esteem and confidence. He was a man about twenty-one years old and unmarried. Dr. C. L. Armington held an inquest and returned a verdict

of accidental drowning. His remains were sent home by his friends for burial, and thus another victim was added to the fatal swimming hole.

A SERIES OF NATURAL GAS EXPLOSIONS.

Several years after the laying of the gas mains through the city of Anderson and other places in Madison county for the purpose of conducting the fluid from the streets for the purposes of domestic use, gas explosions occurred at frequent intervals before the pipes had become sufficiently settled in the trenches to prevent breaks in the lines. The severe cold weather also had the effect of contracting the iron to such an extent that in many places the lines were separated, and in some instances the couplings and joints became broken, allowing the gas to escape from the mains, which invariably followed the service pipes into residences and cellars under business houses, causing much anxiety to the gas companies and endangering the lives of the citizens.

The first gas explosion of any note that took place in Anderson was on the 4th of February, 1888, when a frame building that had formerly been occupied as a residence by Oliver P. Stone, on the ground at the present time known as Lincoln Terrace, was blown up with terrific force. The house was at the time occupied by the Sisters of the Holy Cross; this was before the erection of the new hospital. A break had occurred in the pipes in front of the building opposite the residence of Dr. George F. Chittenden, the cellar of whose house was also thoroughly saturated with gas. The front part of the Stone building was entirely blown out and the timbers were badly wrecked, but fortunately fire did not ensue nor was there any loss of life or limb.

Dr. Chittenden, detecting the gas in his cellar, was cautious enough to enter the place without a lighted match; as a result his building was saved from destruction.

A few days afterwards, in the same month, an explosion took place in the cellar of the business rooms occupied by Stephen Markt on North Main street. Mr. Markt had detected a smell of gas about the building, and on going into the cellar to make an investigation thoughtlessly lighted a match, and in an instant he was hurled to the opposite side of the building, being terribly burned and bruised, from the effects of which he did not fully recover for more than a year. The discovery at the time it was made was very timely as but little

fluid had collected in the basement, otherwise the entire block of buildings adjoining would have been totally destroyed.

It is said that Mr. Markt had hardly recovered from the shock and got upon his feet, when he remarked to some one that he supposed the people would say that "the d—d fool struck a match."

On the 7th of February, 1888, one of the most terrible explosions of natural gas took place at the residence of Thomas Norton on North Main street, nearly opposite the Markt building, which originated from a break in the gas mains at the corner of Main and Seventh streets. The gas had followed the service pipe from the street into the basement of the Norton building where it had been pouring in for quite a while. The family noticed the leak, but failed to locate the point from which it made its escape. The night prior to the explosion Mr. and Mrs. Norton had been entertaining a number of friends, and remained up until a late hour.

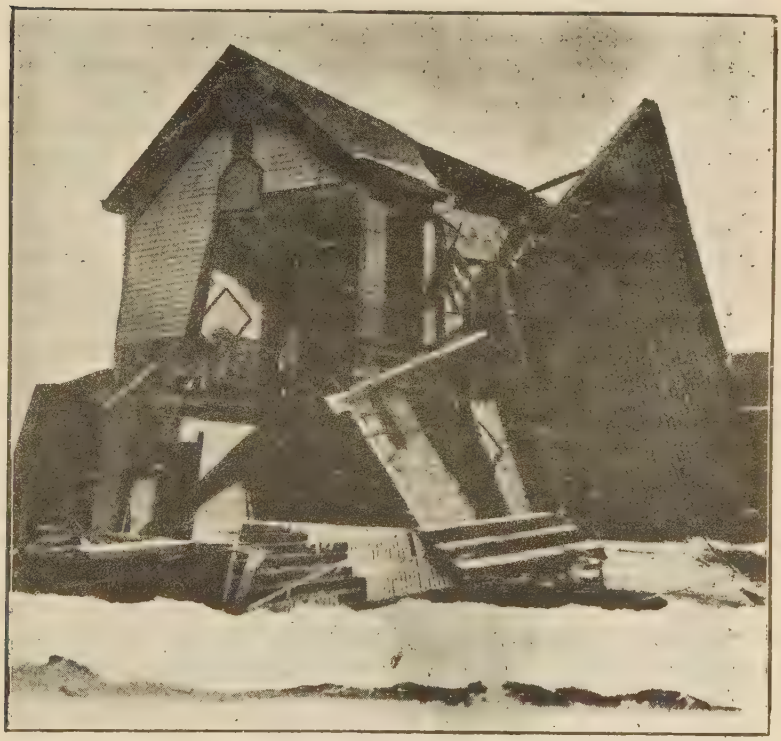
In the morning the family arose about 7 o'clock, and after preparing the morning meal Mrs. Norton entered the room occupied by Mr. Fenton Rogers, who was a guest in her house, to awaken him. He had not been feeling well for a few days, and for this reason remained in bed later than usual. Mrs. Norton then proceeded to light the fire in his room so that it might be warm when he arose. No sooner had she done so than a terrific explosion took place. She was hurled through the doorway into the adjoining hall, and was badly burned about the face and hands, but luckily escaped serious injury. Mr. Rogers was instantly killed. The front and side walls of the house were blown out and he was crushed beneath the falling debris. Two ladies, Miss Norton and Miss Bridget Breen, were occupants of the same room on the second floor immediately above that which was occupied by Mr. Rogers. They were precipitated to the ground; the bedstead on which they were sleeping sliding to the front yard, and, strange to relate, they were not injured in the slightest degree.

Mr. Rogers was at one time a dealer in musical instruments, having a store in the Doxey opera house building. He was the son of a widowed mother. He was well known and was especially beloved by the Catholic people of Anderson, being a member of St. Mary's Catholic church choir at the time of his death.

The damage to Mr. Norton's property was in the neighborhood of $4,000, without any insurance. This catastrophe

caused considerable litigation between Mr. Norton and the Anderson Gas Company, against which he brought suit for damages, but before the case came on for trial a compromise was effected and Mr. Norton was fully reimbursed for the loss he had sustained.

On the 13th of January, 1892, another gas explosion occurred in Anderson at the residence of David Dillon, on Madison avenue, in Hazelwood addition. The house was a



THE DILLON HOME, DESTROYED BY A NATURAL GAS EXPLOSION.

new one, having been erected only a few months prior to its destruction. There were several persons in the house at the time who were more or less injured, among whom were David Dillon, his wife, Maud Dillon, his daughter, John Donahoe, James Kilbain, Andrew Rogers, Cora Heaton and Cora Pulse. While several of these parties were severely injured, all survived. Mr. Dillon was badly burned and carried the marks on his person for several years thereafter.

The cause of the explosion was supposed to have been

from a leak in the gas mains or from the service pipe connected with the pipes in the street, which was, however, never fully determined by those interested. The cellar had become filled with gas, the family having noticed, for a day or two prior, the evidences of a gas leak, but were unable to ascertain where the difficulty lay. About 4 o'clock in the afternoon Mr. Dillon came home from his work and went into his cellar to get some apples. While there he detected the presence of gas and made up his mind to locate it. Returning to the kitchen he provided himself with matches and returned to follow out his investigations. Upon entering the basement he struck a light and a terrific explosion instantly followed. The work of destruction could not have been more complete had it been planned in advance. The building reeled and tottered for an instant and then the walls tumbled to the earth with a heavy crash that was heard several blocks away. The east front of the building was torn from its fastenings and almost hurled across the avenue. The roof came down with a crash, while cross pieces and timbers fell in a heap below. Fragments of furniture were found two squares distant, the house being literally gutted of its contents. An alarm of fire was turned in at once, which was responded to promptly and the remainder of the building was saved from destruction. The cries of the wounded were pitiful to hear and brought tears to the eyes of many who witnessed the scene. The force of the explosion was plainly felt upon the public square in the city, nearly a mile distant. John Day, a next-door neighbor, was sitting at his home in a rocking-chair about five feet from the window. The concussion threw him against the window, thereby breaking the glass. The clock was thrown from the shelf and broken into many pieces. Dishes and glass and all kinds of table-ware lined the sidewalk.

Shortly after the explosion at the Dillon residence another occurred at the home of William Shively on the opposite side of the street. This, like the former one, occurred in the cellar, but no disastrous results followed. The glass in the windows was broken, a portion of the flooring was torn up and some of the doors were blown from their hinges, but no one was hurt in the wreck. The cause of the accident was attributed to the same fact that had brought about the one in the Dillon residence. Considerable litigation was the result of this disaster. The parties who were injured brought suit against the Hazlewood Gas Company for damages to be

awarded in compensation for their injuries, all of which were amicably adjusted by a compromise between the parties.

A fatal explosion of natural gas took place in Anderson on the 11th of May, 1893, at 116 and 118 South Central avenue, in which Mr. Eli Murray and his wife both lost their lives. The accident occurred in a double frame house owned by James T. Knowland, and was occupied by the Murray family and George Greyer, the jeweler.

The accident is supposed to have been caused by leaving a gas jet burning in a room in which there was a leak in the pipes, or by a sudden rise in the pressure in the street mains causing the lights in the house to be partially extinguished, and the escaping gas coming in contact with the burning jets, after filling the room, exploded. It will, perhaps, never be known what the real cause was, the whole matter being conjecture. It was about ten o'clock at night, after the Murray family had retired, the Greyers not yet having gone to bed.

The explosion was a most terrific one, being heard for a long distance, and blowing Mr. Murray out of the house through the front door. His wife was also blown a considerable distance, both being terribly burned and bruised. They were taken to Emergency hospital and cared for by physicians, and also by kind friends, but both soon died of their injuries, suffering untold agonies.

The Greyer family escaped serious injury, but were more or less burned and terribly shaken up. The building was entirely destroyed and the family lost all of their household goods. Mrs. Greyer had just gone into the bath-room to get some water and was blown out of the house, severely bruising and badly frightening her. The most remarkable circumstance was the escape of the children in the building, who were not injured in the least.

The loss of the property was about $5,000. The Murray estate brought suit against the Citizens' Gas Company for damages, and in a compromise was awarded $2,000.

The Hon. Ben. Smith, of Rushville, represented the administrator of the Murray estate, and, in his argument in the case, made a wonderful and telling speech.

On the 1st of February, 1893, at about the hour of midnight, the house occupied by Ulysses Bronson, at the corner of Main and Twelfth streets, was wrecked by a natural gas explosion, and the inmates terribly burned. The explosion was caused by a leak in the street mains, allowing the gas to

find its way into the cellar of the house, and when coming in contact with the burning jets on the upper floor, exploded. The building was demolished and entirely destroyed by fire. The family were all terribly burned, but recovered. The property was owned by C. K. McCullough, and was formerly part of the possessions of the old artificial gas plant.

The report of this explosion was heard many miles in the country, and the shock was perceptible in every part of the city.

At about the hour of 11 o'clock p. m., on the night of January 23, 1893, the terrific noise of an explosion shocked the people of Anderson, shaking their houses and scaring them out of their wits. It was soon discovered that an explosion of gas had occurred in the basement of the Doxey House under the National Exchange Bank, in which corner this establishment was located. The entire room was blown to the four winds, or as much thereof as was in shape to be affected by the explosion. The floors were raised to the ceiling and the contents of the room were demolished. The promptness of the fire department saved the hotel and adjoining buildings from destruction. The safe and vaults in the bank were not injured and in a short time the next morning the officials had quarters in the court house, where the business went on as if nothing had happened. The guests in the hotel were so frightened that some left the city on the first outgoing train.

One fellow came down in the office from his room entreating his friends to not get excited; at the same time he was in his nightshirt, with his pants under his arm, with a "plug" hat on and making for the railroad station, to get out of town.

This fellow in an excited manner asked the hotel clerk what time the train went out.

"On what road?" asked the clerk.

"It don't make a d—d bit of difference which road—the first train out." He was pointed to the nearest depot and has never been seen in Anderson since. The entire front of the room in which was situated the bank was blown out, but the other part of the building was not injured.

The explosion was caused by a leak in the street mains as usual, which caused the gas to accumulate in the basement, in which was a hot air furnace. As soon as a sufficiency of gas had gathered to come in contact with the fire in the furnace, it

ignited and exploded with wonderful force. Luckily no one was injured, as it was at a time when no one was in the bank.

No accident ever occurred in Anderson that caused more excitement or looked more like a big conflagration would follow. If any person had been in the bank at the time of the explosion, he would have been instantly killed and cremated, as there was no possible means of escape.

THE FALLING OF A SHED.

For many years there stood at the corner of Twelfth and Main streets, in Anderson, a building known as the "Valley Grocery," which was owned and conducted by Amos J. Davis. In addition to this there was a row of old rickety buildings to which a large shed had been built, and which projected in front. Part of the building was occupied by Maurice Wallace as a meat market.

This place was a great resort on Sunday afternoons for men and boys who congregated there to shelter themselves from the rain or the rays of the burning sun. And here they would tell jokes and relate stories.

On the 23d of January, 1883, while a crowd was thus congregated, the shed gave way because of the heavy weight of snow piled upon it, and buried several persons, among whom were Grant Baker, William Carr, Michael Boland, Patrick O'Neal, Clarence Gustin and Maurice Wallace. Wallace received the most serious injury, having his right shoulder dislocated. He also received several painful bruises which confined him to his room for some days thereafter. Mr. Carr received a fracture of his right leg. The injuries of the other parties were but slight. Considering the weight that fell upon them, it may be regarded as miraculous that none of them was more severely wounded. It took a long time and a good deal of hard work to liberate the parties from their imprisonment under the fallen shed, and great excitement prevailed until they were finally and safely rescued.

FOUND DEAD.

On the 20th of December, 1875, Vincennes Guenthensberger, a German citizen of Anderson, was found dead in his place of business, on South Meridian street, on the lot where the street car stables stood a few years ago. He operated a stone yard at that place, and had it well equipped for the business. He had large saws and all modern machinery, and

was prepared to saw out door and window sills and other stone ready for the masons to use in the erection of buildings. He did quite a prosperous business, and was a man well respected by the community. His only fault was the cup. It is supposed that this was the cause of his sudden taking off. He left a wife and several children, one of whom is now Mrs. Amory Graham, of Anderson. His widow yet survives him, having married a Mr. Solomon Sheets, who has since died, leaving her again a widow.

SHOOTING OF WILLIAM KYLE.

Policeman Samuel Bass, of Anderson, shot William Kyle on the 24th day of September, 1891, while the latter was attempting to escape from custody. Kyle had been fined before the Mayor for intoxication and placed in charge of Officer Bass, and along with four or five other prisoners had been taken to jail. Mr. Bass had taken the prisoners into the jail office when Kyle, seeing the door leading to the residence portion of the building standing open, made a dash for his liberty. After reaching the lawn he ran down the hill towards the railroad, and the officer followed in close pursuit. When a little distance beyond the Pan Handle railroad, Kyle began pulling off his clothes for the purpose of swimming the river. The officer ordered him to halt, but Kyle paid no attention to his command. The officer, seeing that he would be likely to escape, opened fire on him, the ball striking Kyle in the upper portion of the left hip, lodging in the right groin. He was taken back to the jail, and his wounds were dressed by Dr. H. E. Jones. He afterward recovered and Officer Bass was held justifiable for the shooting.

A DISASTROUS WRECK.

A very disastrous railway wreck occurred in Anderson on the 18th of June, 1890, on the Pan Handle Railway near the Philadelphia Quartz Mills, the "Merchandise train" and through freight, consisting of forty-two cars, in charge of Conductor Spangler, of Logansport, being ditched. Thirteen box cars laden with various kinds of merchandise, pianos, books, pottery, lumber, hardware, and agricultural implements and furniture, were heaped up in one mass of broken lumber and splinters. The track was twisted out of shape for sixty or seventy yards from the scene of the disaster. No one appears to have seen the wreck at the time it took place except a car-

penter, who had been at work in the locality and who was waiting for the train bound north. His statement was to the effect that in facing the train he noticed that it had been disconnected from some cause, and that the engine with five or six cars was some distance ahead of the other section of the train; that the draw-bar of one of the front cars of the last section was dragging along the ground, and he believed that it entered the ground and threw the first car from the track, causing the others to pile on top of it. He had a narrow escape himself in getting out of the way of the falling cars. Neither the engineer nor fireman could give an authentic account of the accident. Arrangements had to be made to transfer the passengers around the wreck. Elsie Castor, son of Lewis Castor, section foreman at Frankton, had a remarkable escape from death. He was on top of the second car, and when the first car left the track they began to pile up one upon the other, and the concussion of the colliding cars threw him from the top of the train, but he sustained no serious injuries. He was stunned by the fall and it was thought for awhile that he was internally injured. He was removed to the house of William Wise, his uncle, where his wounds were dressed and he soon recovered.

The destruction of property was greater than in any similar disaster that has ever occurred in the vicinity of Anderson.

A WRECK ON THE BIG FOUR.

On Saturday, the 25th of August, 1883, one of the most destructive railroad wrecks that ever took place in this section of the country happened on the Big Four railroad where the road runs through what has for many years been known as the John Kindle farm, east of Anderson, in a curve in the road. The accident occurred through the negligence of the conductor in disobeying orders. His train was on the side track at the crossing in Anderson, and his orders were to remain there until the next incoming freight had passed him. Another train not running on schedule time, known as a "wild train," passed, and the conductor mistook this for the regular freight, and "pulled out." Both trains were running at the rate of twenty miles an hour when they collided. The engineers and firemen on the trains saved their lives by jumping before the crash came.

The two trains remained on the track, but were badly torn up and ruined. Fourteen freight cars were piled up,

one on another and were badly shattered. Their contents, consisting of boots, shoes, clover hullers, beer bottles, in fact, merchandise of all sorts that could be named, were scattered about promiscuously.

The wreck occurred about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and the noise of the collison was heard plainly at the railroad crossing nearly a mile distant. Great crowds of people from Anderson and vicinity visited the wreck. The evening mail train coming to Anderson was loaded with people who had been to Muncie to attend Barnum's show, who were side tracked at Daleville until the next morning. Many of the passengers who were anxious to get home "hoofed" it to town on the track. The damage done by this wreck aggregated many thousand dollars.

ACCIDENTALLY SHOT HIMSELF.

All of the older citizens of Anderson will remember Armstrong Taylor, who so long held the office of City Treasurer. It was said by one of his opponents in a race for this office, after Taylor had defeated him, that there was only one way to defeat Taylor for City Treasurer, and that was to kill him. Mr. Taylor was a cripple, having the use of only one of his arms, the other having been maimed in his youth, making him an object of sympathy, as well as being popular with the people in his intercourse with them. It was almost an impossibility to defeat him at the polls. For several years he was nominated, without opposition in his own party, for City Treasurer, and always elected, many Democrats voting for him through sympathy. Many of the most popular Democrats in Anderson have measured strength with him at the election and came out defeated. He was at one time Recorder and once Treasurer of Madison county, and while serving in the latter capacity, on the 1st of May, 1855, he accidentally shot himself in the fleshy part of his leg while fooling with an old single-barreled pistol. The ball was removed, and in a short time he was able for duty again, not having caused him much inconvenience.

Mr. Taylor was a dear lover of the sport of hunting, and had but few rivals in the county who could even interest him in a contest with a rifle or shot gun. He only had the use of one hand, but could load a gun as readily as most people would with two hands. When he went hunting he always came home with a shot pouch full of game. Armstrong Tay-

lor was one who filled his place among men of his day in a befitting manner, and left an honored memory behind him when he passed away. He died in Anderson a few years ago, leaving a respectable family to mourn his departure.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

On the 25th of April, 1881, about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, when the citizens of Anderson were busy at their vocations, they were suddenly startled by a heavy rumbling noise, culminating in a deep thud. It was soon ascertained that the roof of the Boring-Hannah building, on the north side of the square, then in process of construction, had fallen in. The building had been under way for about two months previously and Messrs. O'Neil & Crickenbarger were engaged in plastering it. The workmen were on a scaffold about twelve feet high, and were warned of the impending danger by the plastering giving away from the center of the building. In leaping from the scaffold, Mr. Crickenbarger was caught in the flying debris, and suffered a severe fracture of the bones of the left foot. His fellow workmen, who escaped injury, carried him from the building, and just as they were outside the door the entire roof fell in with a terrible crash. It was a narrow escape from a frightful death.

The building had been rented by the Commissioners of Madison county, to be occupied by the Circuit Court, Sheriff's and County Clerk's offices, and would have been so occupied in a few days if this accident had not occurred. It was, indeed, very lucky that the defects in the construction made themselves known by this occurrence, for it might have been much worse. Had the room been occupied by the court, there is reason to believe that many persons might have been killed. Mr. D. S. Crickenbarger has been a cripple ever since, and will be during the remainder of his life, although he is able to attend to the ordinary duties of business life. He was at the following spring election, owing to the sympathies of the people, regardless of political affiliations, elected to the honorable office of Justice of the Peace for Anderson township, which he filled successfully for the term of four years, and in the fall of 1894 he was again elected to that important office, and is at this time administering its duties.

This block stands immediately west of and adjoining the Robinson & Lovett building on the north side of the public square.

After the burning of the court house in 1880 it was used for some time for a court house, until the present edifice was ready for use in 1885.

This was the second serious accident that happened during the construction of this building, Andrew Thomas having fallen off the walls, an account of which is given elsewhere.

UNFORTUNATE RATIFICATION MEETING.

On the 11th of July, 1868, the Hons. James M. Dickson and William C. Fleming, who were then giants in Madison county politics in the Democratic fold, returned from the city of New York bringing with them the news that Hon. Horatio Seymour had been placed in nomination by the Democratic party for the office of President of the United States. It was then agreed by the central committee of Madison county that a grand ratification meeting should be held that afternoon in the court house yard. Jacob Hubbard was then a young and sprightly man full of vim and vigor and a Democrat all the way through. He headed a party consisting of himself, William McKahan, Milton M. Harriman, T. J. Fleming and others, whose names the writer does not now remember, who procured a small cannon that was in the possession of John P. Barnes, which had been kept by him for several years for such occasions. It was planted in the court house yard pointing directly to the north-west. After music by the martial band and other ceremonies had been gone through with, the firing of the cannon commenced under the direction of McKahan who held the cartridges, which were made of powder and put up in red flannel bags. Milton Harriman acted as "thumber" and Jacob Hubbard as "rammer." After several shots had been fired the cannon became quite warm from not having been thoroughly swabbed, a spark of fire was left in the breech. Hubbard had placed the cartridge in the gun and had the rammer in his left hand and the cartridge well pushed in when the cannon became so hot that it burned Harriman's hand. He removed it from the touch hole, thus allowing the air to enter, and the charge immediately exploded, blowing off the end of Harriman's thumb and tearing off Hubbard's arm nearly to the elbow. The rammer which he held in his hand was literally blown into pieces. His flesh was torn and the bones in his arm were crushed in a most frightful manner. He was blown a distance of nearly twenty feet, falling limp and helpless. The bystanders, thinking that he was dead,

picked him up. He soon rallied and was taken to his residence on West Eighth street, and Dr. Cullen was called and immediately responded. In consultation with Dr. G. F. Chittenden and other physicians, it was decided that an amputation of the arm was necessary and therefore it was taken off at the elbow.

Among the by-standers who received slight injuries was Samuel Cridge, a farmer who lived about three miles south of Anderson. He was severely burnt about the face and came near losing the sight of one eye. H. C. Ryan, who is now a prominent attorney, was then a mere boy standing by and received slight injuries on the head.

The entreaties of Hubbard to the physicians and others who took him to his house will ring in the ears of those who heard him as long as they live. He begged for them to kill him and asked them to knock him in the head and stop his misery. After being taken to his home and anæsthetics had been given to him, he soon recovered from the shock and sat up like a brave soldier and had his arm amputated without the least emotion or signs of pain.

But while this was a very sad occurrence to Mr. Hubbard, to some extent it was modified by the action of the Democratic party in the next campaign. In the year 1870 he was placed in nomination for the high and responsible office of County Recorder. He was elected and afterwards re-elected in 1874, and filled the office to the satisfaction of the people for a period of eight years. Mr. Hubbard, while in office, was one of the most accommodating and genial men that ever held that place, and he retired with the undivided good wishes and respect of the people of Madison county regardless of politics. Mr. Hubbard is yet a resident of Anderson; he has always lived well and never was miserly. He has enjoyed the comforts of life and has a competency in the way of money and property to last him during his declining years and will leave to his family a sufficiency. Mr. Hubbard has been pleasantly spoken of in different places in these pages.

The ratification meeting at the court house on the evening of this occurrence was addressed by Colonel W. R. Pierse, William C. Fleming, J. M. Dickson, James W. Sansberry, of Anderson, and Hon. Alfred Kilgore, of Muncie, Indiana. The accident put a damper on the enthusiasm of the meeting and it was adjourned at an early hour.

A CASE OF BODY SNATCHING.

A most brutal and outrageous case of body snatching took place on the 14th of January, 1876, when the body of Mrs. Abner Brothers was removed from the Whetstone cemetery about three miles south of Anderson.

Mrs. Brothers was a very highly respected lady, good-looking, and had a host of friends. She had been married but a short time when she was seized with sickness from which she died. Her remains were interred in the Whetstone cemetery, but were allowed to remain there but a few days when the ghouls, in the most horrible manner, resurrected her body for the purpose of dissection.

It is supposed, however, that they were mistaken as to the person whose body they intended to take, as it was afterwards ascertained from evidence, brought out in the examination that the resurrectionists were in search of the body of a pauper who had died about this time. The pauper had been buried in that cemetery by Samuel Myers, township trustee.

When the news of the dastardly act became known, great indignation seized the citizens and a great deal of talk about lynching the guilty party was indulged in, but the sober judgment of the people prevailed and no violence was resorted to.

The facts as elicited on an investigation of the case were about as follows: On the evening of the exhumation, Tunis Whetstone and John Stewart were returning home from a dance on the Fall Creek Turnpike near where the Whetstone burying ground is located. The attention of these parties, in approaching the cemetery, was at first attracted by noticing two men with two horses and a buggy hitched to the fence. They also detected an offensive odor pervading the air. It was a beautiful moon-light night and save the barking of dogs, everything was oppressively quiet. The suspicions of the young men became aroused. When they neared the fence they were horrified at beholding the nude corpse of a woman which had been taken from the grave, about twenty feet away. The young men immediately went to the residence of Dr. Railsback, which was about ten rods north. They awakened him and told him what had been done and requested him to keep watch on the movements of the two men in the cemetery. Railsback showed a timidity about leaving the house and locked it securely and then peeped out of the windows.

Meanwhile the young men had departed to give the alarm

to the neighbors. About this time the horses became scared and broke loose from their hitching place. They ran at a rapid rate down the road to a bridge and bounded off from it on to the ice. One of the horses fell and was badly bruised while two of the wheels of the buggy had several spokes broken out. Notwithstanding this mishap they were brought back to the cemetery by the unknown persons and the corpse was thrown into the buggy and driven toward Anderson at a frightful speed before any person could prevent it. Why these persons did not have the courage at once to arrest the offending parties has always been a mystery to the public and can only be accounted for on the ground of timidity if not downright cowardice.

On the following morning a thorough investigation was commenced by Henry McDaniel, a brother-in-law of Mr. Brothers, and other citizens of Anderson, who became deeply interested in the case. It was certain that the body which had been taken was that of Mrs. Abner Brothers, who had died a few days previously at the residence of her husband, in the neighborhood. Mr. Brothers watched tenderly over his wife in her last illness and shortly after her death had left the county for a few days to do some work for Mr. Miles Webb, a timberman and tie contractor who at that time lived in Anderson.

By examination of the grave and the grounds surrounding it, it was ascertained that the coffin had been broken open at the head and a halter strap placed around under the arms of the corpse which was then drawn to the surface. From the grave, her body had been drawn across the frozen ground to the buggy and the greater portion of the skin had been torn off of her anatomy, leaving it in a most horrible state and unsightly to behold. The tracks made by the buggy were traced as far north as the corner of Tenth and Main streets in Anderson; thence west to an empty house in Stilwell Park where it was thought the corpse was taken out and packed for shipment. Upon further investigation, it was ascertained to a certainty that the horses and buggy belonged to Dr. Zimri Hockett and that they were used for this purpose on that occasion. Suspicion pointed to a medical student under Dr. Hockett, who was at that time attending medical lectures at Indianapolis and who had only a few days previously taken the body of Joshua Moore, an old negro, from the Epperly grave-yard west of Anderson.

Considerable evidence was obtained and the fact sub-

stantiated that he was the guilty party, as he boarded, on the night in question, the 6:15 train from Indianapolis. He got off at Anderson with a large trunk, which he called for two hours later at the baggage room. Between 9 and 10 o'clock that night he called at the residence of Samuel Myers, the trustee of Anderson township, and inquired where a man of the name of Taylor, a pauper, was buried, and remarked that they needed subjects badly at the college in Indianapolis. Mr. Myers informed him that he did not know where Taylor was buried, but that he thought that he was in some cemetery south of town. It was found that Taylor had been buried in the same cemetery as Mrs. Brothers, and the two graves were only a few feet apart. Suspicion pointed to the student as being one of the resurrectionists, and some parties in the neighborhood of the cemetery swore to his identity at the time.

The body of Mrs. Brothers was recovered by her friends, brought back to Anderson from the Indianapolis college and re-interred. Marshal Neal Daugherty, of Anderson, took great interest in the case and went to Indianapolis on the following Tuesday for the purpose of placing the guilty party under arrest; but some one who was supposed to have been connected with the college and who also knew the City Marshal, informed him in time so that he could make his escape.

The fact that the horses and buggy of Dr. Hockett figured in this case caused considerable ill-feeling and talk against him for some time, and they even went so far as to charge the Doctor with being connected therewith, but he made a statement of the facts which thoroughly exonerated him from any connection with the affair. He stated that the young man had called at his residence on the night in question and after a brief talk, in reply to a question by the Doctor as to how the college was prospering, he informed the Doctor that they had no subjects that winter, but that the faculty had made arrangements to buy them, but had failed so far in procuring any, and the Doctor supposed that the parties had gone to his stable without his knowledge or consent and had taken his horse and buggy and proceeded to the cemetery for the purpose of exhuming the body and had hauled it to town, as stated, and that he had no knowledge whatever of these ghouls except what suspicion they had thrown around them by calling at his house on the evening named.

The excitement that prevailed at the time will long be

remembered by the older citizens of Anderson and vicinity. For many months after this no person was buried in the community whose grave was not carefully guarded for a sufficient length of time after the interment.

Abner Brothers, husband of this unfortunate woman, is now living and is a citizen of the State of Arkansas. He makes frequent visits to Anderson to see his old acquaintances and friends. He is a hard-working, industrious man and well respected in the community.

The supposed guilty party for a long time made his presence scarce in this locality, but as soon as the excitement died away he returned to Anderson. He has abandoned the practice of medicine, and is now living a quiet and secluded life near the site where this ghastly occurrence took place.

GORED TO DEATH.

Martin Edlin was a negro who was for several years in the employ of the Hon. Charles L. Henry on his farm, and also did chores for him at his residence. He was one of the many colored people who came north in the year 1880, in what was widely known as the "exodus." He hailed from the State of North Carolina.

One Sunday morning in March, 1886, in company with Mr. Edward Jarrett, a young man in the employ of Mr. Henry, they went to the farm, which was west of Anderson, where Shadeland is now situated, to attend to some stock. Among other animals on the farm was a Jersey bull. Edlin led the bull into the barn-yard and was holding him by a chain. Jarrett led a similar one out and had turned it loose. The two men were engaged in a conversation when suddenly the animal which Martin led became infuriated, and turned on him, lifting him on his horns and carrying him a distance of twelve or fifteen feet, and then dashed him against a board fence. The animal then made a rush for him and pinned him against the fence before he could get upon his feet. Jarrett went to Edlin's rescue and succeeded, with the aid of a club, in relieving him. Several boys were present and all except Jarrett became scared and retreated. Edlin received an ugly wound in the breast above the heart where one of the horns of the brute had entered, breaking three ribs and entering the left lung, from the effects of which he died in a day or two.

Edlin was a model negro and was very industrious. He

was very obliging to his employer, whose high esteem and confidence he enjoyed.

A SHOCKING DEATH.

On the 10th of December, 1894, as Edward J. Lester, a workman in the National Tin-plate factory, was on his way to his day's labor, while crossing the bridge over White river, on the Pan Handle road, he was caught and almost instantly killed by the local passenger train that is made up at Logansport and runs to Richmond, passing Anderson at 7:35 a. m.

Just before going on the bridge he was met by Michael Ryan, who warned him to look out for the passenger train as it was due and liable to be along at any moment. Lester walked on and had reached the middle of the covered part of the bridge when the train came thundering on the north end of the trestle work. He got down on the side of the track and out of the way of the train; the engine and baggage car had passed when he raised his head, doubtless supposing that the entire train had passed, and the steps of the second coach struck him on the head at the base of the skull, crushing it in a most shocking manner. The train was stopped and the unfortunate man was taken up and brought to the Pan Handle passenger depot, where his injuries were examined by Dr. J. F. Fattic, who at once pronounced them fatal. Lester was removed in Sells' ambulance to the home of his brother-in-law, William Fairless, a glass blower, at 105 West Seventh street, where he lingered until 10:45 o'clock, when his life went out.

The deceased was single, 26 years of age, and came here from England. He worked in the box factory in North Anderson until work was begun on the tin plate factory, when he accepted employment there.

INSTANTLY KILLED.

On the 16th of June, 1854, the quietude of the little town of Anderson was disturbed by the news flying from mouth to mouth that a man had been killed near the depot of the Cincinnati & Chicago Railway. The people hastened from all directions to the locality where the accident happened and learned that Howell J. Beaman, a workman on Atherton's warehouse, had fallen from the building and was instantly killed.

The Anderson *Standard*, of June 23, 1854, says: "How-

ell J. Beaman while working on Atherton's warehouse near the railroad, in the north part of the town, fell from the building, fracturing his skull and sustaining other injuries from which he died almost instantly.

"Beaman was a young married man, leaving a wife and one child. He was universally liked by the community, and his was one of the largest attended funerals that ever occurred in the county."

The reader may imagine what excitement and deep sorrow would follow such an occurrence in a small town like Anderson was in 1854. Then people were nearer to each other than they are in these days of "hustle and bustle." If a man in Anderson at that time was sick his neighbors stood beside his bed and ministered to his wants until his last breath was gone, and all turned out to see that he had a decent burial.

A sudden death like Mr. Beaman's, of course, was more serious, and caused a shock to the whole community, and was talked of for months and years afterward. Many people yet live in Anderson who remember this accident, and were personally acquainted with Beaman.

The building from which he fell was what is now the Wellington Schalk & Co.'s flouring mills, on the Pan Handle Railroad, opposite the old station at the crossing of Main and Fifth streets. It was built by Willis G. Atherton in 1854 for a grain house, and was used for that purpose for many years, when it was remodeled and built for a flouring mill.

Several accidents have taken place in connection with this building. By the bursting of a mill-stone in 1876, Mr. Schalk, one of the owners of the mill, was killed.

BURNED TO DEATH.

A terrible accident resulting in the death of a little child occurred in Anderson on the 14th of February, 1878. A child of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Seibert, living in the south part of the city, near the terminus of the Midland Railroad, was burned to death. The mother had been called to the home of an old neighbor who had just died. The little lad who was burned to death, was a bright boy of five years of age, although a mute, and was left alone in the house. During the absence of the mother, the child obtained an oil can filled with kerosene, and spilled some of it on his clothing while playing. There was a hot fire in the stove from which his clothing be-

came ignited, and he was so seriously burned that before relief could be had he died. His screams attracted the attention of the neighbors, who rushed to his rescue and found the child enveloped in a wreath of flames. The burning raiment was stripped off as soon as possible, but not in time to avert a fatal result. Jesse Seibert, the father, was well known in Anderson. He was engaged in digging wells, and also worked as a day laborer.

A FATAL ACCIDENT.

On the 21st of February, 1891, Charlie, the six-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Chappel, was cut to pieces while playing around an engine at the C., W. & M. round house. The little fellow had wandered away from his home on West Ninth street about 10 o'clock and went to the round house to play.

J. J. Richardson, the colored "hostler" in charge of the place, had climbed into an engine, which had just come in from a run, and was backing it into the yard to knock the fire out. The little fellow, unnoticed by Richardson, had climbed upon the brakebeam just before the engine started.

He was jostled off, and the engine passed over him, cutting off both legs and one arm. The little fellow was taken to his home, but died about fifteen minutes later.

This little lad was a general favorite among not only his playmates, but was the joy of the neighborhood. Charles Chappel is one of Anderson's most respected citizens and the killing of his little son was universally regretted by the whole community. It will be a long while before this sad event will disappear from the memories of those near and dear to this unfortunate child.

SHOOTING OF MARTIN COUGHLIN.

In the issue of March 31, 1864, the Anderson *Standard* announces the killing of a boy in Anderson, as follows: "On Wednesday of last week, a party of soldiers were amusing themselves by shooting at a target east of the Ross House, and while doing so, a boy twelve years of age, the son of Daniel Coughlin, was struck by a misdirected ball. The missile entered the hip, and lodged in the stomach, causing death in about thirty-six hours.

"The soldier who fired the unlucky shot was a member of the Nineteenth Indiana regiment, and departed with his company the next day. While we are satisfied that the loss of the

boy's life was due to an accident, it was a reckless disregard of law to permit shooting within the corporate limits."

Martin Coughlin, the boy, was a son of Daniel Coughlin, an old resident of Anderson, and a brother of Miss Mamie Coughlin, who is now matron of the asylum for the deaf and dumb at Indianapolis.

About the time he was killed, an older brother named Dennis Coughlin, who was in the army, was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of a comrade.

The soldiers were shooting from the old Ross House corner, at Tenth and Main streets, their aim being eastward. The boy killed was engaged in playing on the hill side, near the Catholic church. The fatal ball struck some object and glanced in that direction with the results above stated.

KILLING OF FRANK ARMSTRONG.

One of the most distressing accidents that ever befell a citizen of Madison county, occurred to Frank Armstrong, on the 19th day of October, 1886, at Noblesville. He was a young man about twenty-one years of age, the son of Nathan Armstrong, who own sand operates the planing mill on North Meridian street, in Anderson. He had been learning telegraphy from the station agent, Mr. C. B. Cooper, with the expectation of entering the service of the Midland Railroad as operator in one of the offices on the line of that road.

On the morning of his death he took the train to Noblesville to visit some friends, and while there held communication with the Anderson office over the telegraph wire. After the train returning to Anderson had been made up and the passengers taken on board, it was run back in the yards about a square west of the depot, and the engine cut loose from the train to do some switching. While this was going on, Henry Dunham, of Anderson, stood on the depot platform and held a conversation with young Armstrong, who was in the office at the time. Dunham waited until the train came past, which was running at an easy rate, and got on board. After running about two squares the train stopped to unload some freight. The train was composed of an engine, tender, two freight cars and one passenger coach. As it passed the depot young Armstrong attempted to jump on the passenger car, but missing his footing, fell and was dragged from the platform to the track, the rear car passing over his left leg just above the knee and the right leg above the ankle. None of the train-

men were conscious of the accident until they arrived at Anderson, and there found a telegram awaiting them in regard to the sad occurrence. An engine and a passenger coach, with the wounded boy's father and brother Walter on board, was at once started back to Noblesville, the scene of the accident. In the meantime, Dr. Chittenden, who was at Indianapolis on business, was telegraphed for and met them at Noblesville. Immediately after the accident young Armstrong was taken to the residence of a friend near by. Dr. Gray and other physicians of Noblesville were summoned to his aid but could do nothing to alleviate his sufferings. He gradually grew worse until about 2:45 p. m., when he died. He was past all human aid before Dr. Chittenden or his father and brother reached his bedside. The remains were brought to Anderson in the evening and kept until the following Friday, when they were followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends. The deceased was one of the best known young men in Anderson, was of a very quiet, genial disposition, and was loved and respected by the community at large. If he had an enemy in the world it is not known to the writers, as he was of a disposition never to give offense to anyone. This accident was the severest blow that the father and mother have experienced in their long and useful lives.

A FATAL FALL.

In the month of August, 1866, James Noland, a son of ex-Treasurer W. W. Noland, of Anderson, fell from the second story of his father's residence on South Central avenue, and was killed.

He was a very popular young man and was universally liked by the community. He was at the time a deputy in his father's office. He had been out the night before with some friends, among whom were Daniel F. Mustard and David A. Ranck, two of his intimate associates, and on separating he went to his home and went up-stairs to retire for the night, when, it is supposed, he sat down in the open window to take off his shoes (as the weather was very warm and the windows were open), when he lost his balance and fell backward, alighting on a cellar door, killing him instantly. None of the family knew of the circumstance until the next morning, when they were horrified to find his lifeless remains.

It was a heart-rending scene for the father and mother, who idolized him, to behold, as well as those of his friends

who enjoyed his good friendship. His funeral was one of the largest that ever took place in Anderson. The services were held in the Christian church, conducted by the Rev. Joseph Franklin, there being scarcely standing room in the building for the people.

The remains were interred in the cemetery at Chesterfield, the former home of the family. "Jimmy," as he was familiarly called, was one of the foremost young men in all society events, and was missed by the young people for many years. His father and mother removed to Riverside, California, several years ago, where Mr. Noland died a year or two previous to this writing.

A DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

A very distressing and unfortunate accident occurred in Anderson on Saturday evening, May 29, 1886. Mr. George Woerner, a merchant tailor, who at that time had a business in Anderson, lived on what was then known as Hannah street. He had a little step-son, by the name of Charlie Lavery, who was a cripple and unable to walk. He was a very bright boy and a great favorite with his family and neighbors. On the evening above named, Charlie Helms, a playmate, having secured a shot gun that belonged to a son of E. A. Platter, went to the house where young Lavery was at play with some others. They amused themselves by snapping the gun, and having no caps, as a substitute they took the shell of a cartridge and putting a match within, they placed it on the top of the gun and in this manner they would cause a report. They had no idea that the gun was loaded. Mr. E. A. Platter was sitting on his porch facing Mr. Woerner's house, reading a paper, and saw the boys playing with the gun and cautioned them to throw it down, but they disregarded his admonition and continued in their sport. Young Helms had the gun in his hand and in a playful manner pointed it at Lavery, when it was discharged. The load took effect in his neck. The wounded boy fell out of his wagon, of which he was a constant occupant on account of his inability to use his limbs, and expired in a few moments. Neither Mr. nor Mrs. Woerner were at home at the time and Mr. Platter hastened to the scene, gave the alarm to the neighbors and notified Mr. Woerner who was at his store. It was a sad blow to Mr. and Mrs. Woerner, who idolized the boy who had been a constant care to them from his earliest boyhood.

Mrs. Woerner was prostrated with grief and required medical treatment, and it was all that friendly neighbors could do to enable her to survive the terrible shock. Mr. Woerner was deeply afflicted over this accident.

The remains of the boy were interred in the Catholic cemetery and it was not long before the family removed from the city to make their home elsewhere.

A CRAZY MAN SHOT AND KILLED.

A fatal shooting affair occurred in Anderson on the 15th of January, 1878, in which Charles Brothers, a son of Malachi Brothers, who lived west of the city, shot and killed John Beaver, a half-witted epileptic who lived at Germantown, Wayne county, but who led a roving life having no particular business, being almost an imbecile from the effects of epileptic fits. Brothers had for some time been sleeping in the store of H. Funk, which then occupied the corner of Main and Twelfth streets. On the night in question, Brothers heard some noise in the back part of the building and got up to see what was the cause of the trouble. He ascertained that some one was on the roof and supposing that they were trying to gain admission for the purpose of burglary, he went back into the store and procured a revolver which was near at hand. Slipping out the back way he got on a board fence about twenty-five feet in the rear, from which he got a full view of the roof. In the hollow formed by the roof of the two buildings he saw a man who was acting in a very suspicious manner; he called to him to come down or he would shoot him, covering him at the same time with the revolver. The man on the roof clambered down and picked up a piece of scantling lying close by and came at Brothers, and threatened to strike him. Brothers came down from the fence and as the man approached him he ordered him to surrender. The man, however, paid no attention to him and struck viciously at his head with his wooden weapon. Brothers jumped aside and received a slight blow on the arm. The assailant again rushed at him when he discharged his revolver, the shot taking effect at the base of the neck tearing its way through. The range was short and the ball effective. The wounded man uttered not a word and turned and ran up Twelfth street to Meridian where he dropped and expired. Brothers ran to his home, but a little distance away, in great excitement and told his folks that he had killed a man. The alarm was given and the City Marshal

notified. The body was carried to the Mayor's office and thence to an undertaking establishment. The Coroner's jury was assembled the next day and after a full and complete examination of all the testimony available a verdict was rendered of justifiable homicide and Brothers was released from arrest. The deceased, John Beaver, was a harmless and unfortunate wanderer and while suffering from one of his fits had crawled to the top of the building without any intention of harming any one.

This building had been on several occasions burglarized and Mr. Brothers had been selected to sleep in the building for the purpose of defending it against any marauders, and the circumstances surrounding it made it plausible to him that the man was there with evil intent. Mr. Brothers was a respectable young man and no one ever attached any blame to him for this affair.

A DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

There have been numerous accidents in Anderson that have caused the community to shudder, but none has caused a more profound impression than the accidental killing of James H. Jackson, which took place in May, 1858.

Mr. Jackson was out squirrel hunting in company with a friend, Mr. James Collis, the father of Mr. E. M. Collis, who now resides in Pendleton, and is engaged in the jewelry business. He was also accompanied by his favorite dog "Tofno" who was his constant companion. Mr. Collis and the dog were the only witnesses to the accident. Mr. Jackson had just shot a squirrel, and had brought the gun down by his side with a load remaining in one of the barrels.

He was walking around a tree looking upward to see where the squirrel was that he had just shot, when in some manner the hammer of the gun caught on something, and caused it to be discharged. The discharge took effect in the rear part of his head killing him almost instantly.

His companion gave the alarm, and in a very short time the citizens of Anderson were out en masse to see the remains. Mr. Jackson was very popular and well known by every one, and the accident caused much excitement and grief in the town.

The Coroner held an inquest, empaneling a jury, which returned a verdict of accidental shooting in accordance with the facts.

He was a prominent member of the Odd Fellows and they took charge of the remains, and gave him all the attention due an honorable member of that most worthy order.

His burial took place in the old cemetery, on the 16th of May, 1858, under the auspices of the order, a band of music being in attendance.

The ceremonies made a great impression upon the community, and gave the Odd Fellows quite a good place in the hearts of the people of Anderson.

The Lodge met and took proper action in regard to Mr. Jackson's death by appointing an appropriate committee to draft resolutions of respect to his memory.

The minutes of the meeting that passed the resolutions were signed by Isaac M. May, Noble Grand, and Enoch M. Jackson, Secretary, both of whom are now dead.

Major May lost his life on the field of battle at Gainsville, at the second fight of Bull Run, and Enoch M. Jackson died in Anderson a few years ago.

This dreadful occurrence took place in "Sparks Woods," now the park in North Anderson. It occurred just where the street railway crosses a ravine near the entrance to the park.

Mr. Jackson was by trade a painter, but had quite recently before his death been engaged in the grocery business with Geo. W. Kline as his partner.

All the older citizens of Anderson remember Mr. Jackson, and his sad ending is frequently talked of among them when assembled together.

Mr. Jackson left a wife and two children, who yet live in Anderson. These incidents dating back to the time Anderson was a mere village are food for the old inhabitants to refer to, and cause many sighs of the heart of the old-timer, as they are called to memory.

CHAPTER LIII.

Personal Sketches of Men and Women.

DEATH OF ROBERT G. WORTH, ONCE A PROMINENT CITIZEN OF ANDERSON.

Robert G. Worth, who died in the city of Anderson, on the 7th of July, 1882, was at one time a prominent railroader and filled the honorable position of General Train Dispatcher for the Bee Line railroad system. He was among the oldest and best telegraphers in the country. From 1854 to 1858 he was in charge of the lines of the Bee Line and the old Madison and Indianapolis railroads under the superintendency of the late Governor John Brough, of Ohio. For many years he served as private secretary and confidential man to the Governor, by whom he was held in the very highest esteem.

Mr. Worth was a man of natural ability at anything he took hold of, and was a man of more than ordinary common sense; he was very genteel and polite in his deportment, and was universally respected by all who knew him. From 1858 to 1875 he worked at his chosen profession in the principal cities of eleven States in the Union. During the war he was the chief telegraph operator in the Army of the Potomac under Gen. George B. McClellan.

In 1878 he removed to Anderson where he resided continuously up to the time of his death, and was engaged in keeping an eating house and restaurant on North Main street. His wife, who yet survives him, was the daughter of the late Judge Wm. H. Mershon, and a sister of the wife of the Hon. Wm. R. Myers. Mr. Worth left two daughters, the older of whom is married to Mr. Morss of the *Daily Telegram*, of Anderson; the other daughter is the wife of Scott Bone, late of the Anderson *Democrat*, but now connected with the Washington *Post*.

Men admired Mr. Worth for his natural ability, and his sunny disposition. While he had faults, like all frail human nature, his many virtues covered them all and left standing out in bold relief: Robert G. Worth, a man.

HON. WILLIAM CRIM.

The Hon. William Crim, of Anderson, died at his home in Anderson on the 14th day of October, 1891, leaving a large estate and an interesting family behind him. He was born in Rockingham county, Virginia, in 1821. In early life he removed to Indiana and settled at Middletown, where he resided for several years. He at one time lived at Yorktown, and was postmaster there, and also resided for a short period at Alexandria. In April, 1849, he removed to Anderson, then a small village, and engaged in the grain business. He was one of the promoters of the agricultural interests of Madison county, and was one of the pioneers in that line in the State. He was for many years a member of the State Board of Agriculture, and was for two years President of the Association, being known throughout Indiana for his activity and zeal, laboring to promote agricultural enterprise. For several years he was a member of the Board of County Commissioners, and served one term in the Indiana Legislature as a Representative from Madison county. He also served two terms as a member of the City Council, and in every capacity of his public service was one of the most faithful and upright servants the county ever had. In the year 1866, he, in connection with Joseph Fulton, organized the Exchange Bank, and was for many years the sole manager of that institution. Many other enterprises engaged his attention, including mercantile pursuits and banking, and the selling of grain, and he was at one time a partner of the late James Hazlett, in that line of business. In his general demeanor he was unpretending and was very modest in his demands upon the public. In every instance where he was called upon to serve his people in a political sense, it might be said that the office sought him instead of him seeking the office. He was true to his convictions and pursued the even tenor of his way with a fixed purpose and determination. He was a Democrat of the old school and was firm in his fealty to that organization. He had on many occasions presided over conventions and meetings of his party. He possessed, as an executive officer, the distinction of being a man of sound judgment.

He was married to Amelia Scott on the 6th of July, 1845. Six children were born of this union, and all preceded him across the dark river except two, Mrs. H. J. Daniels, and one son, Otis. Mr. Crim will be remembered by the older citi-

zens of Madison county, perhaps, as long as any person who lived in the community. Although a man close in his business transations, he was generous to the poor and charitable to the faults of others. He was a strict advocate of temperance, and at times differed with the leaders of his party in that respect. He was a strong advocate of the adoption of an amendment to the Constitution of Indiana prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors, but in his differences with his party, on this subject, he never allowed such sentiments to sever him from his connection with that organization. Mr. Crim was a member of the Masonic Order, and was for many years a leading member of that society. His funeral took place from his late residence on West Eighth street, his remains being followed to the cemetery by one of the largest funeral processions ever seen in the county.

ALBERT A. SIDDALL.

No citizen whoever resided in Anderson was better known or more generally beloved throughout the county than was Albert A. Siddall. At an early day he identified himself with the business interests of this community, which he kept up constantly until the time of his death. He was undoubtedly one of the most popular merchants that ever stood behind a dry goods counter in this county. He was known by every man, woman and child who came here and purchased their supplies.

He was born in Richmond, Ind., in 1823, and died in Anderson on the 5th of June, 1883. He first came to Anderson in 1841 and engaged in the cabinet-making business, going into partnership with James Collis. After following this vocation for a short time he retired from the firm and accepted a clerkship in a dry goods store with Robert Wooster, in which he remained about one year, after which he engaged with Enos B. Wright in the dry goods trade. He also became a partner of the late William Crim, who was doing business in the same line of goods. During his partnership with Mr. Crim he was married in 1852 to Sarah A. Sparks, who yet survives him.

He was engaged in mercantile business at different periods with other firms, among whom was L. M. Cox, with whom he carried on business in the building now occupied by the White House, at the corner of Meridian and Ninth streets.

Mr. Siddall was very devoted to his family and indulged

them in everything that their hearts could wish for. It would be safe to say that he never denied them any request that was at all reasonable. He was a close friend and a genial companion. He was a great joker and enjoyed all kinds of jokes, even at his own expense. In another place in this volume will be given some pleasantries in regard to Mr. Siddall. He was a prominent member of the Odd Fellows, and also of the Knights of Honor, who took charge of his remains, which were interred in the Anderson cemetery.

ONCE AN EXPRESS MESSENGER.

One to look at Judge E. B. Goodykoontz as he rises in his dignity to address the court in some important case, would never suspect that at one time he was a messenger in the employ of the American Express Company, yet such is the case. From August, 1855, to 1858, he was a route agent on the "Bee Line" railroad, making regular trips daily through Anderson, handling many thousands of dollars, as at that time the banks did not do such an extensive business as they now do, and nearly all the money in transit passed through the hands of the express companies.

To be a messenger on the railroad at that time was an honor equal to being the president of a railroad company in these days. A man in that capacity had a "pull" with all the pretty girls along the road and was a man to be courted by fond and doting mothers. The Judge continued in this business until the year of 1857, when he was married to Miss Emma Hazlett, a daughter of the late James Hazlett, of Anderson, when he retired from the road and entered the law office of the Hon. John Davis and read law, after which he became one of Anderson's ablest lawyers, and at one time Judge of the Circuit Court. He was for many years the law partner of the Hon. J. W. Sansberry, during which time the firm enjoyed a large and lucrative practice.

THE THARP FAMILY.

It is the pleasure of the writers to give proper credit to the worthy pioneers of Madison county, who braved the storms and hardships of early life in the wilderness, who felled the forests that once abounded here, and who by their labors, have succeeded in making it one of the most beautiful sections of the State of Indiana.

Among the many people who at an early date made their

way into this locality, none were more prominent than the family of Collins Tharp. Mr. Tharp and his wife were born in North Carolina, and at an early period in their lives emigrated to Preble county, Ohio, where they remained about ten years. They then went to Daviess county, Indiana, and from that point they came to this county, and settled on what is known as the Washington Pettigrew farm, in the southeastern part of Greene township. This was in the year 1820. At the time of their removal to Madison county, where fertile fields now greet the eye, was one unbroken wilderness, and but a single pathway through the forests and thickets. One horse carried all the property that these good people owned. They also had another horse on which Mrs. Tharp rode, her husband walking at her side and making his way through the woods, and driving before him a cow and a few hogs.

There were at this period but six white families in the county: T. M. Pendleton, Thomas McCartney, Stephen Matthews, Judge Shaul, Samuel Holliday and Elias Hollingsworth.

The first year after his arrival Mr. Tharp planted two acres of corn, but, owing to the ravages made by the squirrels, he harvested but a small crop. This was not the only trial which the new settlers experienced in their new home. They were compelled to undergo all the hardships and privations of pioneer life. Their dress was of the rudest and coarsest materials, composed principally of coon skins. On one occasion Mrs. Tharp's wardrobe was reduced to almost nothing. This was caused by the only dress she had taking fire, and being almost burned off her. To replace it Mr. Tharp was compelled to collect some coon skins, and then he went to New Castle and purchased material for a new dress.

During the second year of their pioneer life on the Pettigrew farm, after seed time had passed, the little clearing that they made presented such an interesting view to the eye, with its six acres of growing corn, that Judge Holliday became enamored of it and purchased it for fifty dollars.

Collins Tharp then moved with his wife farther north and purchased what is now known as the Jackson farm near Anderson, the entire portion of which is now laid out in city lots and on which is located the beautiful suburb of Hazelwood, where the busy wheels of industry are heard revolving from morning till night.

The old cemetery in which Mr. Tharp was buried in 1845 was a portion of his new purchase. It has been long since

abandoned and all the bodies that were once buried there were removed and taken to different places for interment, the greatest number of them, however, being buried in the new cemetery across White river, just north of Anderson, where Mr. Tharp himself now lies sleeping.

In the year 1838, Mr. Tharp bought more land adjoining his property on the west side, and soon after built a brick house, which is now known as the old Jackson homestead, on West Twelfth street. Collins Tharp afterward sold the property to Andrew Jackson, who then became the owner of this valuable residence, and occupied the old homestead until his death a few years ago, since which time that part of his farm was laid out and sold to different persons for residence property.

Collins Tharp was a very peaceable, law-abiding citizen. He never had but one law suit in his life, and in that he came out second best. It relating this circumstance he states that he had to sell his only horse to pay the costs of the suit. The case was heard in Noblesville, and he and his wife had to walk through the woods, a distance of nearly twenty miles, and Mrs. Tharp worked in the tavern in that place for their board, while the trial was in progress. Mr. Tharp died in the year 1845, being then in easy circumstances. By hard work and economy they had risen from comparative poverty to considerable wealth. They left behind them a respectable family, the eldest of whom was Mrs. Ann Allen, the wife of William B. Allen, at one time Sheriff of Madison county.

Mrs. Tharp died in 1852, and was buried by the side of her husband.

These old people were strong in the Methodist faith, and gave the lot on which was erected the first church of that denomination in Anderson. Mr. Tharp was a member of the first grand jury that ever convened in Anderson. He was prominent in business affairs, private and public.

The old cemetery spoken of was on the ground now occupied by the residences of John E. Canaday, D. W. Storer, N. L. Wickersham and others. The last bodies removed from that place to the new cemetery was in 1875, since which time there has been nothing to indicate that this was a place in which to bury the dead.

Mrs. Cornelia Carter, wife of the late Dr. Carter, of Randolph county, is the only surviving member of this family.

MRS. ELEANOR GODWIN, A PIONEER.

Mrs. Eleanor Godwin, one of the old-time residents of Madison county, died at her home in Anderson, on the 1st of August, 1896. She was the daughter of William Dilts, one of the first settlers of the county who came from near Greenville, Ohio, in an early day and settled in Union township, near Chesterfield, when Mrs. Godwin was but three years of age. She had for her playmates, the little Indian papooses of the neighborhood, and learned to love them as she would other children. She grew to womanhood and married Edward Shimer in 1834, with whom she lived until his decease in 1848. In a few years after the death of her husband she again married the late Doctor Godwin, of Chesterfield, who died in 1865, again leaving her a widow, since which time she has almost continuously made her home in Anderson. She was the mother of Mrs. R. D. Scott, of Ohio avenue, where she made her home at the time of her death. The decease of this good lady has removed from this county another landmark, and has caused another vacancy that can never be filled. The pioneers are passing away; but a scattering one here and there yet remains. In a few years more they will live only in the memory of the dim past; their time of life and their customs will be only tradition; no human tongue will be here to tell the story, as they love to tell it now.

MRS. CHRISTIAN BLACKLIDGE.

The subject of this sketch was the mother of Harvey T. and Oliver Blacklidge, of Anderson, and John J. and James Blacklidge, of Richland township, all prominent and well-known people. She was one of the old-time women who knew the trials and hardships of the dear old pioneers who settled in the wilderness of Indiana. She was born in Washington county, Virginia, on the 22d of October, 1806, and removed with her parents to Rush county, Indiana, when but a little girl. She was married to Joel Blacklidge, October 26, 1826, and settled in Franklin county, where they resided for a few years, and ultimately located in Madison county, November 18, 1837. Here she stayed until the time of her death, which occurred in the month of April, 1881. Her husband, Joel Blacklidge, died on the 23d of April, 1847. Mrs. Blacklidge, in her early life, was a devoted member of the Baptist Church, but inasmuch as there were but few members of that denomination in those days in this section of the country, she

withdrew from that organization and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, of which she was a prominent member until death called her home. In her old age she was of a cheerful, sunny disposition and was dearly beloved by her children and acquaintances, who gathered around her. If all people were to live as she has lived and to die as she died, it would not seem to be a great sorrow to be called away from earth. The remains of Mrs. Blacklidge were interred in the Anderson cemetery beside those of her husband. Her body was followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends and relatives.

SAMUEL RICHARDS.

Of all the names connected with the history of Anderson that of Samuel Richards, the artist, stands out in singular characters. He was born in Spencer, Indiana, April 22, 1853. His father, Harlan Richards, was a lawyer of considerable ability and high character. From his mother he inherited the sunny, vivacious temperament, which was one of his chief charms, as well as the artistic traits, which were to develop into such marked recognition.

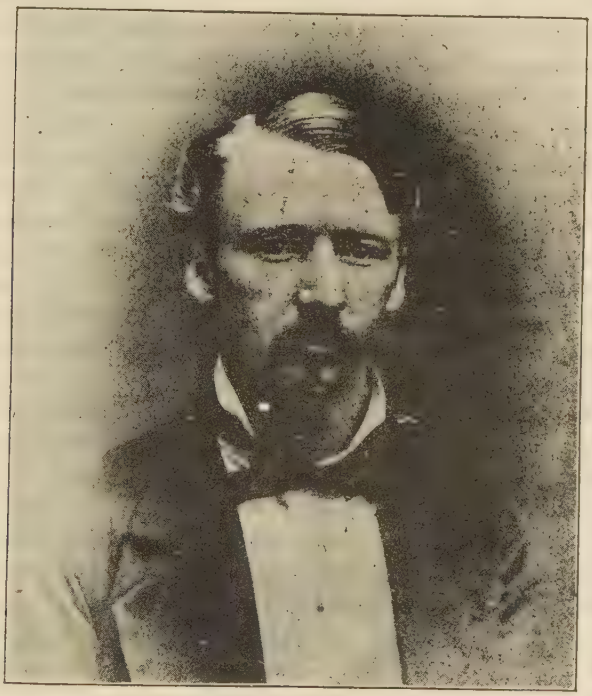
With nothing in his environments or associations to foster a love of art, except the picturesque setting of his native town and the beautiful scenery of the river and hills of Owen county, he nevertheless, from infancy, began to exhibit artistic tendencies, which could not be smothered, notwithstanding most strenuous opposition, and attempts to make anything, rather than an artist, out of the boy, who loved pencils and brushes better than all the enjoyments and diversions of the ordinary lad.

On account of the lack of opportunities in his own town and State, he early formed a resolution to go to Europe to study, and to satisfy that consuming ambition, which knew no bounds. At the age of fourteen he entered upon a clerkship in Spencer with the sole purpose of earning money enough to take him to the Old World, where he could devote himself entirely to art, and see her wonders. He remained in this position four years saving his earnings, but which at the end were swept away by an unfortunate speculation. In the beginning of 1874 he removed to Franklin, Indiana, where, on September 7, 1875, he was married to Miss Louise Parks, daughter of Rev. R. M. Parks, a prominent Baptist minister.

In the spring of 1877 he came to Anderson, where he lived until July, 1880. During the three years of his residence

here, he became identified with the people and the interests of the place to that degree that his memory will ever be held in most affectionate remembrance, and his place in the history of Anderson be referred to with pride.

Having obtained orders for copies from pictures by the Old Masters, which he hoped would enable him to study one year abroad, he sailed for Europe the latter part of July, 1880. His progress in the Royal Academy of Munich, Bavaria, Germany,



SAMUEL RICHARDS.

was so marked, and he met with such unqualified success there, that he finally concluded to extend his stay indefinitely.

Notwithstanding the fact that he spent only one half of his time in the Academy at his study, as he took the other half for filling orders, which came in faster than he could execute them, he was awarded an Honorable Mention on his work at the close of the academic year in 1882. In 1883 he was given a bronze medal on his drawing, and in 1884 another medal in painting.

He had now come to be spoken of by his professors as one of the most promising Americans who had ever been in the

Munich Academy. In 1885 he left the Academy, and devoted himself entirely to his original compositions. In 1887 he began his masterpiece, "Evangeline", but a few weeks before its completion in the spring of 1888, the already delicate constitution, overtaxed by the absorption in the work on his great picture, succumbed to the terrible strain.

For weeks his life was in the balance, but his indomitable will sufficiently triumphed, that he was finally able to finish his picture. It was then exhibited for several weeks in Munich, and immediately after in the World's Fair at Paris in 1889. Afterwards it was brought to America, where it was on exhibition in the principal cities of the United States.

From September, 1888, until the same month of 1891, he spent most of the time in Switzerland, where he painted his last large picture, "The Day Before the Wedding," exhibited in the Kunst Verein of Munich. He then travelled in Italy, having already visited many of the principal cities and galleries of Europe, and seen most of the great pictures of the world.

While in Davos, Switzerland, he became the intimate friend and associate of the great English scholar and author of the "Italian Renaissance," John Addington Symonds. During his residence there Mr. Symonds was engaged upon his extensive work, "The Life of Michel Angelo Buonarroti," in the preface of which he gracefully recognizes Mr. Richards' assistance in the following lines:

"My friend, Mr. Samuel Richards, the distinguished American painter, assisted me with technical and critical observations upon several intricate details of Michel Angelo's work, and, furthermore, enabled me to give the right solution of the action intended in the colossal statue of David at Florence."

Late in 1891 Mr. Richards returned to America, but on account of his health was obliged to make his home in Denver, Colo. There he rallied sufficiently to take the directorship of an art school, which gave promise of being one of the best in the country; but again failing health compelled him to resign. On November 30, 1893, he finally yielded up the heroic spirit and was laid to rest under Colorado skies, in view of the everlasting hills of the great Rockies.

His principal pictures are: "A Wanderer," owned by Miss Margaret Hamilton, of Fort Wayne, Ind.; "Blissful Hours," owned by Mr. David Gebhart, Dayton, Ohio; "A Letter," owned by Mr. Blew, Cleveland, Ohio; "Peasant

Stories," owned by United States Senator John R. McPherson, Washington, D. C.; "Evangeline," owned by the Detroit Museum of Art; "Day Before the Wedding," owned by Mrs. Platt, of Chicago; "Study Head," owned by the National Academy, New York. On Mr. Richards' return from Germany he presented to the Anderson Club several of his paintings.

MARION DAVIS, AN OLD-TIMER.

Marion Davis was one among the many early and prominent farmers of Madison county who resided south-west of the city for a number of years. He was a man of more than ordinary common sense and a great reader of public events and a strong advocate of his political convictions, being an ardent Republican. He was born in Connersville, Fayette county, in 1817, and died on the 10th of June, 1883. He came to Madison county in 1839, after which he returned to his native place and resided there but a little while, and then again returned to this county in 1848 and settled on the farm where he died. During his early life he was an active Whig and worked with that party until it disbanded, and upon the formation of the Republican party he became a member of its ranks. At the breaking out of the Rebellion he enlisted in the 47th Indiana Volunteer Infantry, in October, 1861, and served until February, 1863. At the time of his death he was a prominent member of the Madison County Historical Society, in which he took great interest. Mr. Davis left behind him an interesting family, several of whom reside within the county, and a large number of friends to deplore his loss.

A SKETCH OF HON. J. H. M'CONNELL.

The Hon. James H. McConnell was for many years a familiar figure in the courts of Madison county, and generally known throughout the commonwealth. He was one of those old-school Kentuckians, whose dignity was shown in every move he made, whether at the bar of justice or in the social circle. It was his nature to be polite, and if in a fit of anger it became necessary to give opposing counsel, or an enemy, a tongue lashing, it was done in the most dignified manner. He never stooped to use vulgar epithets, or language unbecoming a gentleman, even though the occasion might seem to warrant it. He was a brave man and did not fear to express his opinion on any subject. This came near causing him to lose his life on one occasion, in Centerville, Indiana, in a political

fight during the war. He was a Democrat in whom there was no guile, and strongly espoused the cause of that party's battles. And more than once during the war and immediately after, while the blood was yet warm, "Mac," as he was familiarly called, came near having serious trouble. But when the smoke of battle cleared away and the war feeling began to clear up there was none more ready to meet his former antagonists with the hand of fellowship than James H. McConnell. He at one time represented Daviess county in the Legislature, and was one of its influential members. He removed from Daviess county to Centerville, and from there he came to Anderson, in 1866, where he resided until his sad death, which occurred on the 1st of December, 1880. He was on his way home from his office, walking down Eighth street, when in front of the Harter block, that was then occupied by the Exchange Bank, he lost his footing on the icy pavement and fell with such force as to cause injuries from which he died before he could be taken home. This was one of the saddest deaths that ever occurred in Anderson. He left behind him a widow and a most estimable family, who are yet living in Anderson. His eldest daughter is the wife of the Hon. W. S. Diven, and his youngest daughter is now Mrs. L. H. Gedge.

One of Mr. McConnell's traits was cleanliness; no one ever saw him without faultlessly clean linen, and his boots were always shining as though he had just emerged from a barber shop. James H. McConnell will live long in the memory of Anderson's old citizens, and there is none whom the writers would rather remember in these pages.

CHAPTER LIV.

In Which a Number of Homicides, Suicides and Other Matters of a Criminal Nature are Related.

HOMICIDE OF JUDSON J. LEARNED.

On the 7th of November, 1876, the day on which Rutherford B. Hayes was elected President of the United States, a riot occurred at the polls, in Anderson, in which Judson J. Learned lost his life at the hands of Cornelius Daugherty, City Marshal, in the discharge of his duty. About half past 2 o'clock in the afternoon John Jackson and a colored man, whose name was unknown, became engaged in a quarrel near the intersection of Ninth and Main streets. While they were thus engaged B. F. Whitelock, a blacksmith, approached the negro and struck him on the back of the head with a stone. This caused the negro to turn his attention to Whitelock, and the two engaged in a fight, which naturally drew about them a crowd, one of whom was Learned.

The attention of Marshal Daugherty was also drawn to the disturbance, and he hastened to the place to quell it and to disperse the crowd, which by this time had become much excited and was making serious threats against the negro. The Marshal succeeded in separating Whitelock and the negro, and then made an attempt to get the negro out of the hands of the mob, but was for a time prevented by Learned, who insisted that the negro should be let alone, and endeavored to carry out his purpose by grasping hold of the Marshal to release his hold on the negro.

The crowd continued to grow more threatening, and a serious riot became imminent. The commands of the Marshal to disperse were unheeded. In his efforts to release himself from the impending danger and to check the rush of angry men, he struck back over his left shoulder with a piece of a billiard cue which he carried. The blow struck Learned and felled him to the ground. Learned immediately got up and put on his hat, but still made further demonstrations toward the Marshal who commanded him to leave, or he would arrest

him. This had the effect to disperse the crowd, and Learned walked to the drug store, and had his head bathed with arnica by Garrett W. Brown. The blow was on the left side of the head just above the temple. At that time it had indicated nothing serious, the skin being but slightly broken.

After having his head bathed he went out on the street and returned in about twenty minutes to pay for the service rendered. He was then smoking a cigar and appeared to be all right. About five o'clock he complained of nausea and went home. A little later he complained of being chilly, pulled off his hat and went to bed. In a very short time he became delirious, and about six o'clock on that evening, died.

Peter Madara, a next door neighbor, came down town to inform a number of the citizens of the turn of affairs. Coroner Sims was called and an inquest was held at the residence of the deceased on South Central avenue on the next morning. The Coroner's jury was composed of the following named gentlemen: H. L. Trueblood, E. B. Hartley, W. W. Jackson, Joseph I. Seward, James A. Thomas, and Andrew K. Rockenfield. Drs. Chittenden and Jones were witnesses in the case, having examined the body. Drs. B. F. Spann and C. S. Burr concurred in the opinions rendered by Jones and Chittenden as to the cause of his death.

After a full investigation of the affair, the following verdict was given: "That we, the undersigned jurors, empaneled and sworn on this 8th of November, 1876, at the residence of the deceased in the City of Anderson, Madison county, to inquire into and to make a true presentment in what manner and by whom, Judson J. Learned, whose body was found at his residence on the 7th of November, 1876, came to his death, after having heard the evidence and examined the body, we find that the deceased came to his death by being struck on the left side of the head by the butt end of a billiard cue in the hands of Cornelius Daugherty, on the afternoon of the 7th of November, 1876."

After a full and fair investigation, it was decided that the Marshal acted in the discharge of his official duty as Marshal of the City of Anderson, and no indictment was returned against him by the Grand Jury of the county.

Mr. Daugherty immediately after he learned that Mr. Learned was dead, surrendered himself to Deputy Sheriff Biddle until an investigation could be had, and gave bond for

his appearance to answer the charge on an indictment that might be brought against him.

Although politics was up to fever heat in that memorable campaign, that could not be assigned as a cause for this terrible occurrence, from the fact that Daugherty and the victim were both of the same political belief, being ardent Republicans.

Mr. Learned was at the time of his death twenty-five years of age and married. He left a wife and one child.

No one regretted this occurrence more than Mr. Daugherty, the Marshal. He was not even conscious of whom he had hit until told afterwards, his aim being only to quiet the riot and to preserve the peace. Mr. Daugherty is yet living, and is an honored and respected citizen of Anderson.

A TRAGEDY THAT SHOCKED ANDERSON.

Louis Titherington was a cab driver who lived in the house now occupied by Dr. J. W. Fairfield as a sanitarium at the corner of Meridian and Thirteenth streets.

Titherington went to his home on the 19th of October, 1876, in an intoxicated condition and became engaged in an altercation with his wife and sister-in-law, a Miss Jenkins, who lived in the family. He was in the act of severely chastising Miss Jenkins, and, it is said, had whipped his wife, when Daniel Jenkins, her brother, came into the house and ordered him to desist in his abuse, when he turned upon Jenkins and made threats of violence, whereupon Jenkins drew a revolver and opened fire upon Titherington, filling his body with leaden missiles, causing almost instant death. Jenkins was placed under arrest and indicted by the Grand Jury, and on a trial in the Circuit Court was acquitted on the ground that the killing was justifiable.

On the trial was exhibited a large lock of hair which Titherington had pulled out of the head of one of the women. Titherington was a familiar personage on the streets of Anderson for a quarter of a century, having been at one time a half owner of the 'bus and transfer line, which was a good paying property.

"Lew," as he was known by the people, was not a bad man when not drinking, but disposed to be unruly when imbibing to excess. He was mixed up in a great many street fights and other troubles, the result of too much liquor. His headquarters for many years before his marriage was at the

old United States Hotel. He was known by every traveling man from New York to San Francisco who stopped in Anderson.

John Alderman was for many years his partner and they made money fast and spent it with lavish hands. One of the jurors who tried Jenkins said after the trial was over that "the jury thought that he was not exactly justified, but that Titherington needed killing anyway, and that they just voted to let him off."

Neal Daugherty was City Marshal at the time of the killing and arrested Jenkins. Andrew J. Griffith was Sheriff and Randle Biddle his deputy.

Titherington left a widow, but no children. He was a brother to Robert Titherington, who yet lives in Anderson.

KILLED BY AN ASSASSIN.

Thomas Walden was a boy born and reared in Anderson, where he lived until he reached his maturity, when he started out in the world to do for himself. He finally arrived at Springfield, Ill., where he secured work in a rolling mill. He was a son of Samuel Walden, an old citizen of Anderson, and a half brother of the late Elijah Walden, once Trustee of Anderson township. His untimely death was the result of a feud between union and non-union laborers in the neighborhood in which he was working.

On the 12th of April, 1883, a party of men left the works and walked towards the railroad, near by which there was a co-operative coal shaft. They had reached the crossing, when a shot was fired, apparently from the lower works of the shaft or from some empty cars that were standing close at hand. This was followed by an order to fire, delivered in a loud voice, and instantly a rattling volley was poured in upon the men, who had not recovered from the surprise of the first shot.

Mr. Walden was struck by a number 34 ball, which killed him on the spot. It was never known to a certainty who did the deed, but it was known to have originated out of an ugly feeling that existed between the two labor elements in that locality, young Walden being a non-union man.

The Coroner held an inquest over the remains, and also notified Mr. E. J. Walden, of Anderson, who had the body brought to this city, where it was interred in the Anderson cemetery beside that of his father.

SUICIDE OF A POPULAR YOUNG MAN.

On the 6th of October, 1878, William Arthur Hunt, of Anderson, took his own life by taking an extraordinary quantity of morphine. He was the youngest son of the late Dr. William A. Hunt, was born in Madison county, on the 17th of June, 1855, and had spent nearly his entire life in the county of his birth. He was well known and highly esteemed by the people generally, and was a man of noble impulses and kindly disposition. He was a machinist by trade, having learned that occupation in the Anderson Foundry and Machine Works.

Just before taking the drug he went to the Griffith House and requested the use of a room, which Mr. Griffith complied with. Young Hunt intimated that he contemplated self-destruction, whereupon he was informed that he could not have a room under any circumstances. He seated himself in the hotel office and Mr. Griffith supposing the matter ended, turned to other duties requiring his attention. No sooner had he left the office than Hunt approached the porter and repeated his request for a room, who being unaware of the circumstances gave him one, at the same time supplying him with some writing material which he demanded. In a short time Mr. Griffith returned and made inquiries as to Hunt's whereabouts. On being informed of what had transpired during his absence, he hastened to the room and found that the door was locked.

He made repeated efforts to gain admission, but with no response. A view of the interior was finally obtained over a transom, and Hunt was discovered seated at a table, busily employed in writing. Mr. Griffith abandoned the effort to gain an entrance, but sent a messenger for the City Marshal and for Hunt's father. They both arrived at about the same time, and the door was forced open, not however, until Hunt had destroyed what he had written. He then accompanied his father home, and at his request retired to his room to sleep off the excitement under which he appeared to be laboring. The method of self destruction was not, as yet, understood by his father, and it was not until some time thereafter, that he learned that his son had obtained during the day, of Pierce & Richwine, druggists, a bottle of morphine containing sixty grains. This alarmed the father who hastened to his son's room. Finding the door locked he forced an

entrance, and found young Hunt lying on the bed in a comatose state from which he was aroused, when he informed his father that he had taken sixty grains of morphine, and had thrown the bottle out of the window. The Doctor at once notified the boy's mother, and sent for medical assistance.

It was but a short time until numerous friends of the family came and offered their assistance, and from that time until early next morning they did everything they could to save young Hunt's life, but without avail. He expired at half past five o'clock on Sunday morning without a struggle and, doubtless, without the consciousness of pain.

The causes which prompted the deceased to do the act are not known or understood, as he spoke very seldom of any trouble. It was supposed at the time to have been the result of a misunderstanding between himself and a young lady to whom he had paid marked attention for some months previous.

Young Hunt was an honest, upright man, and had been employed at one time by the express company as a messenger, and at another period was assistant to the corps of civil engineers who surveyed and marked out the right of way for the Anderson, Lebanon & St. Louis railroad, now known as the Midland. He had many friends in the community who mourned his loss and sympathized deeply with his parents and brothers, who survived him.

KILLED ON THE STREET.

About 10 o'clock on the morning of April 10, 1893, the people in the neighborhood of Main and Ninth streets, were startled by the sound of a pistol shot. Hurrying to the scene, it was ascertained that John Moriarity had shot his neighbor, McLelland Streets.

Before the police arrived, a Mr. Ed. King, who was the first upon the ground of the tragedy, took Moriarity into custody and held him until the police arrived. He was taken to the jail, while his victim was removed to the office of Dr. C. L. Armington, where he was examined and found to be mortally wounded. He lived but a little while after being taken to this place, and was turned over to the Coroner, who held an inquest. It was ascertained that the shooting was the result of a neighborhood quarrel and a general disturbance of the people in that locality over some trivial matters. Moriarity had become so worked up that he had made up his

mind to slay his enemy on sight, and carried out his design at the first opportunity.

It was a great surprise to all who knew Moriarity, as there was never a more peaceable man in Anderson than he. The writer will never forget the wild, vacant stare on the face of Moriarity when he first saw him, immediately after the shooting.

He stood in perfect silence, with no signs of remorse; not a muscle moved. The very looks of a maniac were depicted upon his countenance as he stood with the smoking revolver in his hand.

It is almost certain that reason had left him before he committed the deed, as he was never himself again. Visitors at his cell were met with a cold, expressionless stare; he did not even recognize his old-time friends, and did not court their sympathy.

Moriarity was a married man, and had a respectable family, who felt severely this awful tragedy. He was a very industrious man, and had accumulated some property, but left it encumbered, so that it was not of much value to his family.

This was one of the saddest occurrences that ever marred the peace of Anderson. It was the most unexpected. No one who ever knew John Moriarity ever suspected that he would commit murder. He never had murder in his heart; but being goaded to desperation by petty annoyances, his reason left him, and in his insane fit of anger he committed the deed that stained his hands with the blood of his fellow man.

He was incarcerated in the Madison county jail until the 16th of June following, when he took his life by hanging himself to a bedstead in his cell.

McLelland Streets, his victim, was a day laborer, and but little is known of him. His family seemed but little distressed when they were informed of his sudden ending.

SUICIDE OF ALBERT C. WALTON.

Albert C. Walton was during his life time one of the shrewdest and best business men that ever resided in Anderson. He was a brother of Robert J. Walton, a lumber merchant, who yet resides in this city. He moved to Madison county from near Willow Branch in Hancock county, in the year 1878, and in connection with his brother, Robert J. Wal-

ton, was engaged in the lumber business for several years south of the Bee Line railroad on Dolman street. About the time of his location in Anderson he was seized with lung trouble, which terminated in consumption. He was a very proud and high spirited gentleman, and a man of great nerve. He fought the troublesome disease as well as he could; he visited all southern climates and watering places within his knowledge for relief, but the disease had taken such hold upon him that there was no hope of recovery. After all his efforts had failed he came home, and on the 19th of May, 1884, while in his room at his home, he requested his wife to go out to the pump near by, and get him a drink of water, and as soon as she had left the room he got up, went to the bureau drawer, and taking from it a revolver, placed the muzzle to his temple, pulled the trigger and killed himself almost instantly. Mrs. Walton was just in the act of stepping into the room with the water, when she saw what was taking place, and called upon him to stop, but he warned her to keep away, and in her presence committed the awful deed. The only reason that could be assigned was that he had fought the fatal malady until he had given up all hope, and rather than die a slow death, a victim of consumption, he decided to end it all by the means he had selected. He left a wife and interesting family. Mrs. Walton, his widow, died a few years since.

CHARLES KYNETT KILLED BY THE CITY MARSHAL.

On the 28th of December, 1890, Marshal Edward Downey, of Anderson, was called to the old Rozelle House that stood at the corner of Eleventh and Main streets, to quell a disturbance in which Charles Kynett was engaged. Kynett was a bad man when drinking and on this occasion had been indulging to excess. The Marshal ordered him to cease his unlawful conduct, and to behave himself, when an encounter ensued between the officer and Kynett, in which Kynett was the aggressor. Downey ordered him several times to desist, but without avail, and finally Downey in the act of self-defense drew his pistol, and fired, the ball taking effect in the person of Kynett which proved to be fatal. Kynett died soon after the shot was fired and Downey surrendered himself to the officers of the law until the case could be investigated.

Coroner Armington was called and an inquest held, a verdict rendered that Downey was justified in shooting Kynett. Kynett was a day laborer, and was not a bad man when not

drinking, but a demon when under the influence of strong drink. At the time of the shooting many were disposed to criticise the Marshal, but those who best knew the circumstances agree that he did no unlawful act in defending himself and upholding the law.

No one in Anderson regretted the shooting more than Marshal Downey, and it is said he was greatly relieved when his term of service as City Marshal expired.

BATTLE BETWEEN OFFICERS AND THIEVES.

One of the most exciting battles that ever took place in the county occurred about four miles south of the city of Anderson, near the residence of Tunis Whetstone, about 1 o'clock on the morning of March 15, 1881, between City Marshal Alfred Coburn, his deputy, Amos Coburn, Sheriff Randall Biddle, and his son, Dory Biddle, who was then Deputy Sheriff of Madison county, and three burglars named Daniel Leehan, of Indianapolis, Ben Kramer and David Fetty.

On the Tuesday night prior to this event several residences in the city of Anderson had been burglarized, among which were those of A. B. Young, then a partner of the late Edwin P. Schlater; James A. Larned, a conductor on the Midland railroad; ex-Mayor Dunham, and H. C. Ryan. These robberies set the officers to work to catch the thieves. On the following Monday night, through some source, it was ascertained that the robbery of some farm houses in the south-western section of the city was planned, and was to be carried into execution that night.

At about 11 o'clock on Monday night the thieves stole a horse and buggy belonging to Joseph Sigler, near the Big Four depot, and drove rapidly south-west of the city to the residence of Tunis Whetstone. The officers who were watching them were soon in pursuit on horseback. About one-half mile this side of Whetstone's place the officers spied the buggy hitched in a fence corner. They immediately fell back, tied their horses, returned to the buggy and laid in wait for the thieves. When noticed approaching they were busily engaged in talking about robbing Dr. Brandon and about tapping Tucker's jewelry store.

The officers waited until they were all in the buggy in order to make a sure case of it. When the thieves spoke to the horse to go, Captain Amos Coburn, the present chief of the Anderson police force, bade them halt. Kramer and Fetty

surrendered immediately, but Leehan jumped from the buggy and started to run. The Captain ordered him to halt, which he refused to do, when Coburn snapped his pistol at him. Kramer then made for Alfred Coburn, who met him as he was aiming his revolver at him. Kramer shot at Coburn, but the ball struck the barrel of Coburn's pistol and glanced off and struck the knuckle of his right hand, wounding two of his fingers. This had the effect of knocking the pistol from Coburn's hand. Had the ball not struck the barrel of Coburn's pistol it would have undoubtedly killed him, as it would have struck him in the region of the heart.

Alfred Coburn then spoke to his brother Amos and told him to catch Kramer, that he had shot him. The contest now became decidedly interesting. The horse had become frightened and was plunging to get away. Pistols were being rapidly discharged, and none of the parties knew whose time would come next. Capt. Amos Coburn and Dory Biddle started in pursuit of Kramer, who was now rapidly retreating. They followed him for about half a mile. During the running battle fifteen shots were exchanged. Kramer finally disappeared in the woods and made his escape.

During the affray the scene at the buggy with the officers was exciting in the extreme. Alfred Coburn and Sheriff Biddle kept their men under surveillance. Leehan, as before stated, had jumped out of the buggy, and Alfred Coburn had ordered him to give up, but to this he dissented with an oath. Coburn then asked him a second time to surrender. Leehan stepped back one step, put his hand to his hip pocket and made the same reply a second time. Coburn then fired, when Leehan exclaimed, "You have shot me." To this Coburn made answer that if he had given up he would not have shot him, and that he himself was wounded and did not propose to take any more chances.

The officers then returned to the city with the captured prisoners and placed them in jail. Kramer was an old offender and had long been a resident of Anderson, and was well known to the officers, while Leehan was a stranger. Shortly after being incarcerated in jail Leehan died. An inquest was promptly held by the Coroner, and a verdict of justifiable homicide rendered.

Leehan had a sister in Indianapolis who was notified and came to visit her dead brother in jail, when she gave the following history of him: "Daniel Leehan was born in New

York in 1854, and was twenty-seven years old on the 22nd day of May preceding his death. With his parents, when he was quite young, he went to Louisville, Ky., and thence he came to Indianapolis. The last work he was engaged in was braking on the Belt railroad. His parents died when he was eight years of age, and he had been without a home ever since."

Leehan left Indianapolis on the Thursday preceding his death. His sister stated that he never drank, and that he had always treated his parents with the greatest respect. He made his home with his grandmother in Indianapolis, who was rendered heart broken over his fate. She had been a cripple for about two years before this sad affair took place, and had never walked in those two years, except with the aid of crutches. Leehan's body was taken to Indianapolis and buried in the Catholic cemetery beside his parents. His father was killed in the army at the second battle of Bull Run.

Alfred Coburn, the Marshal of Anderson at that time, was a fearless officer; he was possessed of steady nerve, and he had sound judgment. His deputy, Amos Coburn, is well known to the citizens of Anderson, and has figured in a great many scenes of this kind.

Randall Biddle, who was then Sheriff, is now dead. Dory Biddle, the Deputy Sheriff, is now one of the editors and proprietors of the Anderson *Bulletin*.

AN OLD SUICIDE CALLED TO MIND.

Near what is known as the Frank Lee farm, north-east of Anderson about two miles, a single man of the name of William Nelson committed suicide by hanging himself to a tree in 1834. A neighbor in the settlement was walking along the road running north and south near where the residence of Mr. Lee now stands. He was horribly shocked to discover a man hanging to a tree near by. A rope was tied around the limb of the tree and around the neck of the man, thus telling more forcibly than words the means by which the deed had been accomplished. It was a most horrifying sight to behold; the eye-lids of the deceased were open and his ghastly stare met the eyes of him who discovered the body. He rapidly retreated from the scene, summoning the neighbors, and the body was taken down. It was discovered to be that of William Nelson, who had lived in the neigborhood. He was known as a man of quiet habits, and had been missing

only a few days. There was no known cause assigned for him thus summarily taking himself off, other than that his mind had become unbalanced. He had relatives in the county who were notified and took possession of the body after the Coroner had viewed the same. The remains were interred in a neighboring cemetery.

KILLING OF DAVID H. WATSON.

David H. Watson was in 1858 elected Sheriff of Madison county, and served two years, shortly after which he unfortunately lost his life in an altercation with one Michael Howe. The following account of the affair is furnished by the Hon. James W. Sansberry, who was one of the attorneys who

EX-SHERIFF DAVID H. WATSON.

prosecuted Howe for the crime. We copy what Mr. Sansberry says about it, and have also added some additional matter to the same, as follows:

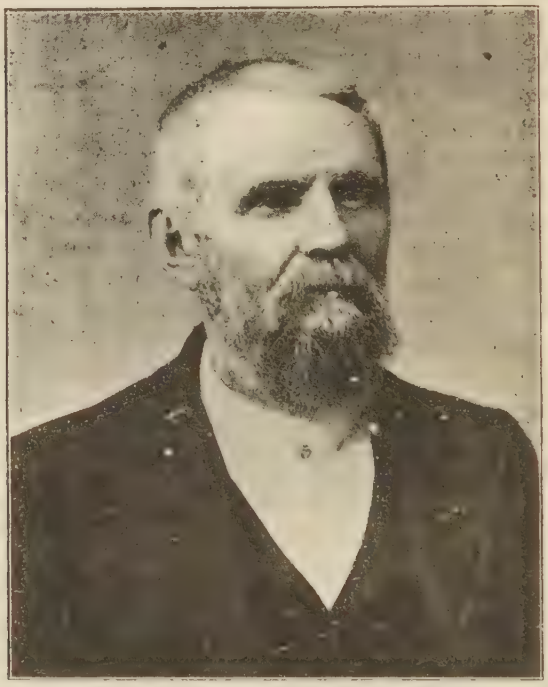
When the writer came to Anderson in the fall of 1850, no stranger could stop over night in our embryo city without being thoroughly interviewed by some inquisitive Andersonian, and in a few hours we were informed where he was from and where he was going, and how long he was going to remain among us. These interviews were not, as now, published in some daily newspaper, and read by ravenous sensation seekers, but passed from mouth to mouth.

In the summer of 1853, among others, and the number was not great, came from Virginia, two large, tall, well-built men, each, I should think, six feet two inches in height, half-brothers, by name David H. Watson and ———— Richards;

the latter remained but a short time and then returned to his native State, Virginia. Watson, like Joseph of Bible history, was a carpenter by trade, and having procured work, concluded to adopt Anderson as his home, and "grow up with the country." David, as we were all wont to call him, was a very kind-hearted, good-natured, jovial fellow, and soon became very popular; a little fond of his cups, but not at that time to excess. He helped to erect the first mill or warehouse built where Wellington's mill now stands. After a few years residence here he wooed and married Miss Lydia Kindle, daughter of James A. Kindle, who was at that time a prominent politician, of the Democratic persuasion, having held the office of County Treasurer and other places of trust. The fruits of his marriage were three children, two boys and one daughter, James, John and Mary Watson. After the decease of both parents, Mr. Bradley Makepeace took John and gave him a home, where he still lives with Mrs. Makepeace, whom he treats as a mother. Mr. Addison Holston, a worthy farmer of Madison county, took James and adopted him, having no children of his own. James Watson Holston came to his death in 1894, by an accidental pistol shot. Mary was raised and cared for by her aunt, Mrs. Samantha May Harriman, until her marriage to the Hon. John L. Forkner, of Anderson, where she and her husband now reside. In 1858, Mr. Watson was elected Sheriff of Madison county, and served as such until 1860. Mr. Watson, though a Virginian by birth, with friends and relatives in the Confederate army from his native State, offered his services to the Union army, and became a member of a regiment of Indiana volunteers, and while at home making disposition of his personal affairs for the purpose of going into active service, unfortunately on the 2d of Feburary, 1862, got into an altercation with Michael Howe, of Logansport, Indiana, in a house at the corner of Main and Eleventh streets, making some threatening demonstration and Howe, being a stranger and not knowing the kindly disposition of Watson, took his jokes for earnest. Howe was inside of the house when Watson was trying to gain entrance and being a powerful man physically, he opened or permitted Watson to open the door, and as Watson attempted to enter, Howe, with an ugly, dangerous knife, struck at him with a downward stroke above the left collar bone from which wound he died next morning at his home, situated where the Grand Opera House now stands. The Hon. John A. Har-

rison was Prosecuting Attorney at the time and proceeded at once in the prosecution of Howe for murder. Howe employed Calvin D. Thompson and Thaddeus Cooper, of Anderson, and the Hon. Daniel D. Pratt, of Logansport, Indiana, to defend him.

Mr. Pratt was an able advocate with few equals and no superiors, and was equally great physically, weighing near three hundred pounds. The defendant's counsel instituted habeas-corpus proceedings and Howe was let to bail and a



THE HON. JAMES W. SANSBERRY.

change of venue from Madison to Henry county was granted the defendant, where the case was tried before Judge Jehu T. Elliott, in the summer following. The case was on trial about six days and was closely contested throughout. The prosecution was conducted by the Hon. John A. Harrison, as prosecuting attorney assisted by J. W. Sansberry, who engaged in the case by request of Mr. Harrison and through his great regard for the deceased. Mr. Pratt made the closing argument for the defense, a powerful appeal of six hours duration. Harrison and Sansberry spoke four hours each. The jury

spent eight hours in deliberation and acquitted the defendant on the ground that he had cause to fear personal injury to himself sufficient to justify the homicide. During the trial a witness testified that Watson was trying to break in a door in the house where Howe was inside, and with cast knucks, or some other weapon, had pounded on the door until he made indentations an inch deep in the wood.

Mr. Sansberry came to Anderson, and examined the door, and, finding no such scars on it, went to Constable E. M. Roach and told him if he would produce said door before the jury at New Castle next day he would pay him five dollars, which Roach agreed to do. Next morning Roach went to the house, unhinged the door, took it to the train, thence to New Castle, and to the court house, where it was introduced to the jury and then returned to its former abiding place, having served as a truthful and silent witness.

Watson was a splendid shot with a pistol, and often indulged in the sport of shooting. The old court house was full of bullet holes that he had shot there when he was Sheriff of the county. It was no uncommon thing for him, while conversing with a friend, to take out his revolver and shoot through the door or ceiling, just to see his comrade badly scared.

He was a great friend of Joseph Fulton, and made his office, when the latter was postmaster, one of his places of resort. He would often go to the delivery window and ask for his mail, and after being waited on shoot the candle light out, just for fun. This was as much enjoyed by Mr. Fulton as by Watson.

One 4th of July he organized a company of "Rag Tags," composed of the young and lively gentry of Anderson, and gave a grand parade through the principal streets, winding up at the court house where they were addressed by Dr. Townsend Ryan and others.

This company and its wonderful parade served for many years for the people to talk about.

The jail register that he kept when he was Sheriff was a curiosity, and contained many unique entries. He always stated what condition a prisoner was in when received, and in what condition when discharged. For instance:

"Michael O'Rourke put in for intoxication, very boisterous during the night; his cries were continually, water!

water! Discharged next morning calm and peaceful but with an awful head."

"John Jones came in awfully religious—fully under the influence of 'spirits' and prayed incessantly all night; but in the morning he was discharged a wiser and better man, his spirits having died out."

In making returns on writs of execution, he was very brief and to the point. After he had held a writ until it expired by law and had to be returned to the Clerk's office for reissue he would say, "This execution found dead in my office."

David H. Watson was the best penman that ever held the office of Sheriff of Madison county, and before the court house was destroyed, the attorneys and court officials often perused his dockets and returns on the records with admiration for his skill as a scribe.

The many good qualities of heart and hand of Mr. Watson will long be treasured up by the old-timers who knew him. He had his faults like all frail humanity, but no truer friend, or more generous neighbor, ever lived than he.

His abrupt ending stopped what might have been a brilliant army career, as he was buoyed with the hope of distinguishing himself in the service of his country. His commanding appearance, and native ability would certainly have given him a place in the front line of promotion.

MURDER OF ALBERT MAWSON.

About three miles south-east of the City of Anderson there lived for many years Charles Mawson and family, on the farm once known as the Stevenson land. The family were thrifty, hard-working people and had accumulated considerable personal property and real estate, and while they did not circulate in the very best society, they were not at all regarded as bad or vicious people. The only thing that was ever said against Mr. Charles Mawson was that which was whispered around in the neighborhood after the hanging of Milton White, that Charles Mawson had confessed upon his death-bed that he was the guilty party, and that White was innocent of the crime.

But little importance was ever attached to this story because the circumstantial evidence against White was so closely woven together and united that White's guilt was proven beyond the shadow of a doubt to the minds of the jury.

After the death of Charles Mawson his widow, Nancy,

lived on the farm and kept house with her son, Albert. Her elder son, Thomas, had married and gone to Henry county.

On the 21st of October, 1874, news was brought to Anderson that the dead body of Albert Mawson had been found in a well on the Mawson farm. It was ascertained upon inquiry from Jesse Knull, a tenant on the farm, and from Daniel Hoppes, a son-in-law of Mrs. Mawson, that the discovery had been made early that morning; that the well had been filled with stones, and that in bailing the water out of it there had been uncovered a pair of human feet. Knull and Hoppes then hastened to the city and telegraphed to Thomas Mawson at Luray, in this State, and also notified the Coroner of their discovery.

It was but a short time before many people from the surrounding neighborhood and from Anderson hurried to the place of the murder. The well in which the body was found was located about fifteen rods south east of the house under an old shed that had been abandoned for some time. It was walled with stones and was quite narrow. It had been covered with loose boards, which had been thrown to one side. A pile of brick and stones lay near by which had been thrown out of the well, and at about eight feet from the top the feet of a corpse could be plainly seen. On the boulders and planks near the mouth of the well the stains of human blood could be noticed, and for a distance of several rods southward across the field frequent indications were found by which it was evident that a dead body had been dragged towards the well. Marks of blood were also visible on stones and bits of wood that lay in the foot-path.

When G. W. Maynard, the Coroner, arrived at the farm, he had the body removed. The decaying remains were gathered up in a sheet, and brought to the surface. It was a sickening, horrible spectacle, and cannot be properly described. The body was in a nude condition, and the flesh was falling from the bones. The front teeth were knocked in, the jaw broken, and the side of the head crushed in. A rope was around the neck. It was developed at the Coroner's inquest, almost to a certainty, that Nancy Mawson, the mother, had gone to Albert's sleeping apartments in the dead hour of night when he was in a sound slumber, and with an axe, had knocked him on the head, killing him instantly. Blood stains were visible on the walls of the room in which he had slept. Mrs. Mawson was in a very depressed condition, and

in her statements before the Coroner, which were interrupted by violent outbursts of weeping, and loud lamentations over the death of her son, whom she called her baby boy, she spoke of the many good qualities of her lost son, and how he had helped her in her lonely widowhood. She said she loved him dearly and truly, and that he was one of the best of boys; that he was always kind and good to her, and had assisted her in the household work, and in turn she had helped him in feeding the stock. She stated that he had never been away from home but a few nights previous to this occurrence, and that he had left home to avoid arrest in consequence of some transactions he had had with a young lady in the neighborhood. Previous to his departure, he had told her that the girl's parents were threatening him with prosecution. She said she had offered him all the money he would need to defend himself in the courts, and told him he could have a thousand dollars for that purpose, if necessary, but he would not stay, and she fitted him up to go away. On the 17th of July, she had provided him with $143. She sewed the money in a muslin belt which she fastened around his body, and he had left home about sundown, saying that he would go to his brother Thomas, in Henry county, and requested her that she should tell the neighbors that he had gone to Cleveland or Natchez, and possibly to his father's folks in England. Mrs. Mawson said that was the last she had seen of her son, and she had begun to think that he was dead, and had been killed near home, and that she suspected a family in the immediate neighborhood of being the murderers. She did not remember whether her son Thomas was at home on the night of Albert's disappearance, or not.

This story of Mrs. Mawson was disconnected in a good many respects and but little faith was attached to it. The real facts as they afterwards were developed were to the effect that she had had some trouble with her son Thomas, and Mrs. Hoppes, her daughter; that Albert was her youngest child, and that she had doted upon him, and had placed great confidence in him becoming a good and useful man, while her elder son was somewhat reckless, and disposed to be something of a spendthrift. The mother at that time deeded her lands or a portion of them to Albert, intending at her death that he should come into possession of the property that she might leave. In the meantime Albert himself had to some extent grown reckless, and had desired to stray away from home occasionally, and

at one time had entered the service of a railroad company as brakeman on a freight train. This displeased the mother and it is thought the supreme motive which compelled her to commit this horrible crime was to get possession again of the real estate which she had deeded to him. There could hardly have been any other motive for the commission of the act, as he possessed no money or other valuables and she did not want any one else to come into possession of the real estate, and it is said that after deeding away the land that she brooded over what she had done, at times, and that her son Thomas and her son-in-law and daughter harrassed her about it so as to cause her much trouble. Several instances connected with the affair pointed very strongly to Mrs. Mawson as being the guilty party. She told William Fosset, a teamster, who resided in Anderson, and who was hauling wood from her farm to the city the following story:

Fossett testified that about ten days prior to the finding of the body, while he was driving along the Columbus Pike, he met Mrs. Mawson near the residence of one David Pittsford. She halted him in the road and gave him the first information that he had received that Albert was absent. She told how good she had been to him and what she would have done had he remained with her, and then she said that someone had killed him or buried his body in the woods or in a well, and that he would be found some time just as certain as she was looking in Fossett's face. During the conversation she reiterated three or four times her story about the burial of the body, and that it would be found. She was terribly affected and once or twice broke down crying. She also spoke with much levity about other matters and even told Mr. Fossett a joke during the conversation. Suspicion pointed to Thomas Mawson, the brother, as being an accomplice. The Coroner ordered his arrest and Marshal Cornelius Daugherty, of Anderson, accompanied by Mr. Newton Burke, left immediately for Luray, a small town in Henry county, situated between Muncie and New Castle, in which place Thomas Mawson was living.

On entering the village the officers soon ascertained the whereabouts of Mawson, who dwelt in a frame building, a part of which was used as a store. When the Marshal knocked at the door Mawson arose from his bed and asked what he wanted. The Marshal requested him to come down to the door, but he refused and told them to go away. The officers then called him by name, when he swore if they did

not go away he would get a gun and shoot them. At this they withdrew. They then aroused several of the citizens and surrounded the house. When Mawson opened the door to speak to one of his neighbors who called him, he was seized by Mr. Burke, who made a prisoner of him without further resistance. Marshal Daugherty asked him for the trunk of clothes that had been sent him by his mother. He pointed to an old trunk which was found to contain nothing but some old rags. Further search revealed another trunk which contained two pairs of pants and two vests, which Albert's mother said he had worn away with him. Thomas told them that these were Albert's clothes, and that there was also an overcoat hanging on the wall which belonged to his brother. Thomas Mawson was brought to Anderson, placed in jail, and held for further investigation. He was eventually indicted by the Grand Jury of Madison county, and was placed upon trial, being defended by the Hon. Wm. R. Myers and Calvin D. Thompson, Esq., and after a full and complete hearing of the case was acquitted on the plea of an alibi, having proven to the satisfaction of the jury that he was at the home of his father-in-law, John Geddis, in Henry county, on the night of the murder. Suspicion also pointed to Daniel Hoppes, the son-in-law, and Jane Hoppes, the wife, the daughter of Mrs. Mawson, as being accessories to the crime. The Coroner also ordered the arrest of Mr. and Mrs. Hoppes. They were promptly taken into custody and arraigned before Mayor Wm. L. Brown for examination. They were also defended by the Hon. Wm. R. Myers and Calvin D. Thompson, Esq., and after a full and impartial hearing, were also acquitted of the crime.

The verdict of the Coroner's jury as to the manner of Albert Mawson's death was substantially as follows: "That on the 21st day of October, 1874, Albert Mawson came to his death by a blow inflicted with an axe or some other hard substance, in the hands of Nancy Mawson, which the jury finds to be the cause of the death of the victim."

The verdict of the jury was signed by the following named gentlemen: Geo. W. Hughel, J. I. Seward, P. J. Carr, John Allen, Caleb Brown, John R. Stephenson, Thomas E. Smith, Geo. W. McGraw, John H. Stanley, and Philip H. Kellar.

This murder created the greatest excitement not only throughout the county but throughout the country. The Cin-

cinnati and Chicago papers had representatives here during the Coroner's investigation and also at the preliminary hearing of the case. Miss Laura Ream represented the Cincinnati *Commercial* in which journal she gave a very full and detailed account of the murder, and the family history of the people supposed to be connected therewith.

During the progress of holding the Coroner's inquest, at the residence of Mrs. Mawson, she very kindly prepared dinner for the Coroner and the jury. Mr. Maynard, the Coroner, from some cause became suspicious that some motive might have prompted the hostess to be so clever, so they excused themselves and did not partake of her hospitality. It was afterward told in the neighborhood that the dinner was given to the dogs and that they died from eating it. Some are of the firm belief that she intended to poison the whole crowd. We do not vouch for the truth of this, but give it as a matter of common rumor at the time.

Mrs. Mawson, after the hearing before the Coroner, was placed under arrest and incarcerated in the old Madison county jail that stood at the corner of Ninth and Jackson streets, to await the action of the Grand Jury. On the 25th of October, however, she put an end to this celebrated case so far as she was personally concerned, and paved the way of escape for others in the crime, by taking her own life with a dose of arsenic. It is almost a certainty that she had contemplated this long before she was placed in jail; perhaps from the time she committed the deed. In consequence of the rumors which had overtaken her as to being one of the guilty parties, she had concluded that this was the best plan of putting an end to it. She had evidently intended to kill herself before arrest, but she did not carry out her purpose until she was placed in confinement. As she had no way of obtaining the poison after being placed in jail, she undoubtedly had it about her when she was put behind the bars. Sheriff Albert J. Ross testified before the Coroner who held the inquest over her remains that on the evening prior to her death he had noticed that she was sick. On going to her cell she told him that she had had a chill and asked for some water to drink. It being supplied to her she drank a copious quantity of it and seemed thereafter to be in great pain, accompanied with severe cramps. She told Mr. Ross that her stomach felt like it was burning up. She ate a hearty breakfast but declined any dinner. As she grew worse the Sheriff called in

Dr. C. S. Burr, but Mrs. Mawson refused positively to take any medicine. Dr. Burr testified that he was called to see Mrs. Mawson and found her very feeble and cold and in a state of great perspiration. Her symptoms indicated poisoning. His opinion was that she had taken arsenic or antimony. Two or three witnesses were examined, among whom were Dr. L. Harriman and Dr. Horace E. Jones, who corroborated the statements made by Dr. C. S. Burr as to her symptoms. After her death a considerable quantity of arsenic was found sewed up in a little bag in one of her dresses, which confirmed the belief of many, as already stated, that she had had under contemplation for some time her own death by suicide.

Mrs. Mawson's body on being removed from the jail was placed in a neat coffin and conveyed to her residence, from which her funeral took place. Her remains were interred in the Bucco cemetery, south of town, and thus ended one of the most fearful and inhuman crimes that was ever committed within the borders of Madison county.

Thomas Mawson, the brother, who was accused of being a party to this crime, is now living, as is also his sister, Mrs. Hoppes, with her husband in Henry county, this State. The real facts of the murder will, perhaps, never be known, Mrs. Mawson having put herself out of the way and her evidence never having been given before any court in defense of herself or against other persons. It has always been thought that had Mrs. Mawson lived until such time as she could have been placed on the witness stand before a court and jury, that she would have finally broken down and told the plain, simple truth, and that if there had been any others implicated with her, she would have revealed that fact. It seems impossible that Mrs. Mawson, as frail as she was, could have killed her son and conveyed his body to its hiding place without help.

The locality in which this crime occurred seems to have been a fated spot, as within sight of the house where Albert Mawson was so brutally murdered is the place, in a small ravine in a little strip of woods, where Milton White, with a large sassafras club, killed Daniel Hoppes, in the year 1867, a full account of which is given in another part of this volume.

Thomas Mawson, and Daniel Hoppes and wife, being the only heirs to the real estate left by Mrs. Mawson and her son, came into possession of the same and all of Mrs. Mawson's

personal effects; they derived but little benefit from it, as it was nearly all absorbed in attorney's fees and court costs in defending themselves from the charges made against them.

Another theory for the commission of the crime, upon which there was considerable testimony adduced at the time, was that Mrs. Mawson seriously objected and feared that her son Albert would marry a Miss Lane, who lived in that neighborhood, and who had instituted criminal proceedings against him, so it was said. One of the witnesses testified that he had heard Mrs. Mawson repeatedly say that Albert was dead, and that she would never see him again, and that she would rather a thousand times that he were dead than to see him marry the Lane girl.

A SUICIDE BY HANGING.

On the 2nd of August, 1891, Allen Stanley, an old bachelor living with William Stanley, his brother, in Anderson, killed himself by hanging. He was found in an out-shed with a rope around his neck, hanging to a beam, stone dead. He was a very peculiar old gentleman, scarcely ever speaking to any one unless being first spoken to, and then simply responding to the question asked. He was a brother of William Stanley, the engineer who had charge of the boilers in the Walton mill when the explosion took place, an account of which is elsewhere given, and was in the mill when the explosion took place. No reason could be given for his desire to take his life, other than a wish to be out of the way of his friends. Having no family, he for many years made his home with his brother, and it is supposed he felt that he was in the way and ended his troubles by ending his life.

THE TRASTER MURDER.

For many years the firm of Traster Brothers, composed of Robert and William Traster, owned and operated the Moss Island Merchant Flouring Mills, west of this city. They did a prosperous and thriving business. Their brand of flour was known far and near. In addition to furnishing all of the Anderson merchants they made large shipments throughout the country.

The Trasters were very popular with the people. Their mills were a favorite place for the surrounding country and city folks to congregate for sport and pastime. The island near the mills was, and is yet, a favorite resort for picnic and

fishing parties. It is no uncommon sight in the summer season to see forty or fifty Anderson fishermen perched upon the old water-gates, like turtles on a log, fishing from morning until night.

The Trasters had in their employ, as teamster, a young man by the name of Granville Dale, a good-natured inoffensive fellow, intelligent and industrious, given a little to drink, but not sufficient to in any way interfere with his duties. He was a "trusty" for the firm, had care of the teams and did all of the chores. He often came to town with loads of "mill stuff," and returned with the cash proceeds. One Sunday morning, on a bright April day in 1867, a party of Andersonians, consisting of ex-Sheriff Ben Sebrell, Captain Ethan Allen, R. C. Reed, with others whose names are not now remembered, all friends of the Trasters, started for Moss Island for a day of fun and fishing and a good dinner at the miller's homestead. Fishing tackle, canteens and other accoutrements necessary for such an expedition, were in ample store; in fact the party was well fixed for a day's sport. A merrier lot of good fellows never left Anderson, nor one that was more capable of enjoying such an occasion.

Ben Sebrell was the master of ceremonies. He was a brother-in-law of the Traster boys and was one of those big-hearted men, full of life; did not care which way the wind blew and was always ready for a "time." The journey to the mill was soon made; the fishing party assembled on the bank of the river and business set in. Jokes and stories went the rounds, and an occasional whiff at the canteen was indulged in, until the party became quite merry. At last a tap on the dinner bell announced a repast for the party. They packed their tackle in response to the cry, "Come to dinner." On their way to the house the party halted at the barn. The canteen was again passed around. Dale, the teamster, was attending to the horses. A slight misunderstanding came up between him and William Traster. Angry words followed. Finally Traster made some move toward chastising Dale, when the latter stooped to the ground, picked up a rock the size and shape of a goose egg, hurled it at Traster, and hitting him on the head, felled him to the ground never to rise again. It flashed across Dale's mind in a minute that, in a rash moment, frenzied with drink, he had killed his employer and best friend. The fishing party was summoned to the scene. Traster's body was taken to the house and every means re-

sorted to to bring him back to life, but all proved of no avail. Thus the party was abruptly broken up. The Coroner was notified and an inquest was held, and a finding made in accordance with the facts. Dale gave himself up to the Sheriff. He was incarcerated in the Madison county jail until court convened, when he was indicted by the Grand Jury, tried and convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to seven years' imprisonment in the Northern Indiana Prison at Michigan City, where he served his time. After the expiration of his sentence he went to Indianapolis, where he was for many years a cab-driver. He never returned to Anderson. He never made any pretentions to deny his guilt, but spoke of it with regret. The man he killed was his best friend and had given him employment, for all of which he felt grateful. They were both under the influence of liquor at the time. Traster was a large, muscular man. Dale was small and delicate and feared that if Traster got hold of him his life would be in danger; hence his resort to the stone. He had no idea of killing Traster.

The stone he used was for many years kept in the Clerk's office, with many other relics of early-day tragedies, but was destroyed by fire when the court house burned in 1880. The killing of William naturally broke up the business of the Traster Brothers. He was the sturdy wheel-horse of the firm. When he was gone the business soon went down. The old mill stands there, a silent witness to the many scenes of joy and sorrow which have taken place on that famous retreat, Moss Island.

A HORRIBLE ATTEMPT AT SUICIDE.

On the 24th of January, 1882, the citizens of Anderson, in the neighborhood of the old Mary Croak residence, on South Meridian street, situated on the ground now occupied by W. W. Read & Co.'s wholesale grocery store, were horrified to find that David Englefield, a German bachelor, about forty years of age, had cut his throat in the basement of that building, which he used as a shoemaker shop.

He was alone at the time, and no one knows just how long he had been lying in his own blood before he was discovered, which was about half-past 3 o'clock in the morning.

The family of Mrs. Mary Croak, who occupied the floors above his room, heard him making an unusual noise and went down to ascertain the cause, when they were horrified to find him in this condition.

Captain Amos Coburn was then City Marshal, and was called in, when he had him removed to a place where he could be cared for, and a physician was called. It was ascertained that he had taken a shoe knife, and, at one "slash," had cut his throat from ear to ear, almost severing his wind pipe. He was very fleshy, and the wound presented very much the appearance of a hog that had been butchered and hung upon the "gamling sticks."

The sight was a most sickening one, and will linger long in the memories of those who beheld it. Dave was an inoffensive, good-hearted German, who followed "cobbling" for his living, and always had his shop in some basement or cellar, seldom ever coming out, only to buy some eatables, he having always done his own cooking.

His habits of living under the ground gave him the name of "Ground Hog Dave," by which he went by the people who knew him. There were few people in town who knew his real name at all.

He had no relatives in this part of the country except a brother at Logansport, who was said to be well fixed in life.

Despondency and ill health from his long life in damp cellars was the cause of his rash act.

He evidently aimed to make good work of his attempt at self destruction, as he left lying on his work bench the following note:

"My sickness is getting worse, so I do not wish to live longer. "DAVID ENGLEFIELD."

The doctors sewed up his wounds and he was removed to the poor farm, where he was kindly cared for until he recovered, and then he was sent to his friends, and is, in all probability, living yet.

This was one of the most wonderful cases on record, where a person had so nearly cut his head off, and was then brought back to life. All of the older people of Anderson well remember "Ground Hog Dave."

SUICIDE OF ELIAS SKINNER.

Elias Skinner, who was well known to many of the older citizens of Anderson, committed suicide at the Pan Handle Hotel, on the 25th of December, 1894, by taking poison. It is said that troubles of a domestic nature caused him to commit the act. He was a rather good-natured, inoffensive man,

who had no known enemies in the world, and seemed to have a disposition to get along in the world as well and cheerfully as possible. His wife was Miss Emma Hixon, a daughter of Matthew Hixon, who formerly lived in Anderson. Mr. and Mrs. Skinner had been separated some time prior to this occurrence, and it is said he had taken to strong drink after the separation, and undoubtedly grew melancholy, and while laboring under this condition took his own life.

KILLING OF MRS. ALVIN VINEYARD.

Mrs. Vineyard, the wife of Alvin Vineyard, was instantly killed at Florida, in LaFayette township, on the 6th of April, 1894. She had been to the village doing some shopping, and in attempting to cross the railroad track, coming from behind a building, which obstructed the view along the railway, she did not see an approaching train, which was running very fast, and being unconscious of its approach, walked immediately in front of it, thus meeting instant death. Her body was thrown a considerable distance, receiving such injuries as caused her death. Mrs. Vineyard was a very estimable lady, well known in the neighborhood in which she lived as well as among the people in Anderson.

SUICIDE OF ELIJAH J. WALDEN.

For many years Elijah Walden was one of the prominent figures in Madison county. He was a large dealer in grain, lumber and merchandise for a number of years, and at different times was associated with other leading men, notably, A. J. Brunt. He and Mr. Brunt carried on the largest lumbering establishment in Madison county; they had their yards near the Pan Handle railroad station.

Mr. Walden was, during his earlier life, one of the best fixed men, financially, in Anderson, and in his day was the owner of much valuable real estate. He was twice elected to the office of trustee for Anderson township, and on several occasions was prominently spoken of in connection with the County Treasury. Later on in life he became involved in speculations to such an extent that it was the cause of his financial downfall and finally of his death. On the 25th of June, 1885, Mr. Walden visited Indianapolis for the purpose of having an interview with his daughter, who lived in that city and whom he desired to see for the purpose of securing from her help in his financial troubles. When he reached the city he

became disheartened and went to the Bates House, where he addressed a letter to his family at Anderson in which he said that he could not bear the idea of asking his daughter for relief, intimating at the same time that he intended to commit the rash act which he afterwards carried out. On the same evening he returned to the city and went to his home on South Fletcher street, where he immediately retired, after taking a large dose of morphine. His family did not realize what had happened until it was too late for medical relief to do him any good. The wife was at first attracted by his heavy breathing and attempted to arouse him, but without success. Dr. G. F. Chittenden and other physicians were immediately summoned and did everything known to medical skill, but without avail. Mr. Walden breathed his last at 1 P. M. on that night. He left a wife, two estimable daughters, and one son, who yet survive him. His two daughters, who are married, reside in Indianapolis; his wife and only son, Robert, are yet residents of Anderson. Mr. Walden was a prominent Mason, being a member of Anderson Commandery of Knights Templar, which organization took charge of his remains and buried them in the Anderson cemetery with all the honors of the order. He was a man of good habits and was generally and socially liked by every one in the community. He was very secretive in his disposition as to his business affairs and no one in the city realized that they were in as bad a condition as they were.

SUICIDE OF MISS EVA PIPER.

On the 28th of November, 1890, Miss Eva Piper, a domestic in the family of John S. Davis, in Anderson, committed suicide by hanging herself in an out building on the premises. She was the daughter of Mr. Thomas Piper, who lived near Pendleton, but for several years had been a member of the household of the Davis family, who esteemed her very highly. The cause of her rash act was said to have been the result of disappointment in a love affair. Mr. and Mrs. Davis were very much affected over the affair, as well as the relatives and friends of the unfortunate girl.

SUICIDE OF FRED. W. IRWIN.

On Saturday morning, May 18, 1895, a handsome, well-dressed stranger, threw the population of Anderson into a fever of excitement by committing suicide.

He entered East's hardware store and selecting one of

the best revolvers in stock, loaded it carefully, and muttering, "I believe this would kill a bull dog," placed the muzzle to his right temple and ended his existence by sending a bullet through his brains.

With not a clue to work on as to his identity, he left the officers in a difficulty. His act, though rash, had been deliberate, and it was evidently his ambition in his last moments to occupy an unknown grave. He had, with a foresight seldom exhibited in these cases, in his endeavor to erase all clue, not only destroyed his personal effects, including papers and letters, but he had gone so far as to cut his laundry mark off of his collar, cuffs, and shirt, then going to his room completing the work by cutting the marks out of his soiled laundry, as well as destroying all that came under his notice.

His work was complete, and when he entered the hardware store, giving the impression that he wished to buy a revolver, there was not a thing on his person that bore any clew as to who he was or where he came from.

Baffled in this manner, there was but one thing to do. As an unknown he was placed before the public, and at least 4,000 people looked on his features for identification.

He was finally identified by a traveling man named Ferguson, as Fred. W. Irwin, an employe of Dadge, Andrews & Co., of Columbus, Ohio, who were communicated with.

There was no apparent reason why he should quit the company, and Mr. Dadge was thunderstruck at the announcement of his death.

Irwin came to Anderson and put up at the Big Four Hotel. He did not register, and did not say what his name was. He talked to Walter Teal, but simply alluded to Columbus, Ohio, being his old home, in speaking of Sell's circus wintering there.

His widowed mother and sister came and claimed his remains and took them to Columbus, Ohio, for burial. The young men of Anderson turned out to escort them to the station, having six pall bearers and a large procession on foot.

SUICIDE OF GEORGE BUNGER.

George Bunger, a shoemaker, committed suicide in an outbuilding near the Pan Handle freight depot in Anderson, on the 15th of June, 1896. He was a harmless, good-natured

fellow, who made his headquarters in Geo. Hettel's shoe store for several years, and came with that gentleman from Lafayette, Indiana, to Anderson, about the year 1887.

He had been drinking for several days previous to his death, and is supposed to have been in a fit of melancholy when he committed the deed. Disappointment in a love affair in his younger days is said to have borne heavily upon his mind and caused him to drink to excess at times. His relatives at his old home came and claimed his remains and removed them thence for burial, after an inquest had been held by Coroner Sells.

It is said the young lady to whom he was at one time engaged to be married is now an inmate of the Insane Asylum at Indianapolis.

A PECULIARLY SAD SUICIDE.

Dallas McCallister, son of James McCallister, and brother of Robert McCallister, committed suicide at 3:30 o'clock P. M., April 11, 1893, by shooting himself through the head with a revolver. He was formerly employed as driver for the American Express Company, and was of a jolly disposition.

The cause that led McCallister to commit the act is stated as follows:

J. C. Clark, special agent of the American Express Company, had been in Anderson several days. The result of an investigation showed that McCallister was short $950 with the company.

A warrant was placed in Patrolman Rodgers' hands, who, meeting young McCallister at the door of the Griffith House, began to read the writ, when the young man drew a revolver and fired, the ball entering his forehead.

He fell to the sidewalk, the brains oozing from the wound. He died almost instantly, and was removed to the home of his parents, where an inquest was held by Coroner C. L. Armington. Young McCallister's funeral was one of the largest ever in Anderson.

It is not only the opinion of the writers, but of a large majority of the people of Anderson, that McCallister was the victim of a conspiracy—that some one else was the rogue, and that the young man had a confession wrung out of him under promise of protection, after which he was betrayed. When

he saw he was trapped he was too proud to be placed in a felon's cell, and deliberately took his life in the presence of the officer who made the arrest. He had been employed by many people in Anderson at different times, and had always borne a good name.

TRAGIC DEATH OF DOTE M'CULLOUGH.

"Dote" McCullough, a desperate character, met with a tragic death in Welsh's saloon on North Main street, in Anderson, May 26, 1894.

He attempted to kill young Dora Welsh, but failed, and in self-defense the latter sent a bullet crashing through his brain.

About half past nine o'clock in the evening a young man by the name of Paxon, and Laura Skidmore, a woman of the town, went to Welsh's saloon, on North Main street, and entered the wine rooms.

While they were in the rooms "Dote" McCullough came in the back way and entered the wine room. He had been a lover of the Skidmore woman, and was in a jealous frenzy when he entered the place. He began to threaten Paxon and the woman, when Welsh entered. The latter told McCullough he would either have to behave himself or get out. McCullough was a stranger to Welsh and he retorted by making some threat. McCullough then passed out, and in about five minutes entered the room again. He had a revolver in his hand, and when he saw Welsh standing a few feet away he leveled the gun at him and swore he would kill him.

Welsh jumped toward McCullough and struck his arm. The blow lowered the weapon, and, as it was discharged, the bullet passed through the fleshy part of Welsh's left thigh. Welsh and McCullough then grappled and the latter attempted to use his gun again. Welsh in the meantime had got out his revolver, and, breaking away, brought it down, and sent the ball crashing through McCullough's head.

McCullough never spoke after the shot. Welsh picked up the smoking weapon of his antagonist, and passed into the saloon and laid it and his own pistol on the bar.

Policemen Robbins and Smith attracted by the shooting rushed in and placed Welsh under arrest. He was taken to jail and the ambulance was called. Coroner Armington was

also notified. He came and viewed the body and ordered it taken to Sells' undertaking establishment.

After an inquest his body was taken to Oxford, Ohio, for burial.

The firm of Diven & McMahan was retained to defend young Welsh.

Welsh was acquitted at the preliminary trial on the grounds of self-defense.

CHAPTER LV.

Which Gives Some Account of a Number of Fatal Happenings.

DEATH OF MOSES TREADWAY.

Moses Treadway was an old and highly respected citizen who was one of the early settlers of Madison county, on a farm north-east of Anderson, now owned by Robert C. Shepherd, who is the son-in-law of Mr. Treadway. He was an honest, upright old gentleman, and had a host of friends in Anderson and vicinity. He was unpretentious in his manners and always prided himself on being prompt in paying an honest debt. He was a thorough type of the early settlers of this county, and in his unfortunate taking off was removed one of the landmarks of this community.

On the afternoon of Tuesday, the 17th of June, 1873, Mr. Treadway, while on his way home in a wagon, his horses became frightened as he was crossing a bridge over the hydraulic canal, a few rods from the Samuel Myers' ford, east of White river. At this place he met a man employed on the Myers farm, who was driving a yoke of oxen attached to a cart. The horses, unaccustomed to such a sight, became excited and, after passing the oxen, started to run away. Mr. Treadway was unable to control them, and when they had run about thirty rods they turned square off from the road and up-set the wagon. It is supposed that Mr. Treadway was thrown out as the wagon up-set, and that one of the wheels struck him in the forehead, fracturing his skull and producing instant death. His feet were entangled in the lines and his body was dragged quite a distance before the horses stopped. Some boys who were fishing in the river near by saw the team running away and hastened to the spot and found the old gentleman dead and bleeding profusely from his wounds. The driver of the ox-cart was prevented from seeing the accident because he had passed by a large rick of wood on the side of the road and this shut out the view of the scene.

Mr. Treadway was born in Knox county, Tennessee, in

1809. He moved with his family to Virginia, and from that State to Ohio, and from there he immigrated to Madison county, in the year 1832. This county was then almost a wilderness, and Mr. Treadway was quite a young man, and, being industrious and frugal, had sufficient means to pre-empt the land that he owned when he died. He made this place his home until the time of his death. His wife died in the year 1848, leaving Mr. Treadway with one child, a daughter, now the wife of Robert C. Shepherd. He was a man of strong mind and possessed of more than average intelligence. He kept himself posted on current events and wrote a most excellent hand. In politics he was a sterling Democrat, and yet his mind was of a liberal cast and he could see and appreciate the good qualities of his opponents and the faults of his political friends. His remains were interred in the Stover graveyard, near Prosperity, where they are now sleeping the sleep of the just.

KILLING OF ROLLA FRANKLIN.

Rolla Franklin was a young man who was born and reared in Anderson, being a son of Rev. Joseph Franklin, formerly pastor of the Christian Church. Young Franklin had left Anderson and gone to Veedersburg, where he was employed in the heading factory of W. H. Coleman, of that place. On the 22d of May, 1888, while engaged at his work in the factory, a pulley on a shaft bursted and a piece of the metal struck Franklin, who was at the time working at one of the circular saws. It struck him on the neck, almost severing his head from the body and killing him instantly. The body was taken to his boarding place, where it was cared for by the proprietor of the mill, and young Franklin's friends and relatives in Anderson were notified of the occurrence. He was a prominent member of the Knights of Pythias, who took charge of his remains. After the Coroner's inquest had been held they were removed to Anderson and were taken to his home. The Anderson Lodge of Knights of Pythias met the remains at the depot and escorted them to the family residence on Ohio avenue. The funeral obsequies were conducted under the auspices of the Anderson Lodge and took place at the Christian Church, Rev. W. H. Ziegler officiating. His body was interred in the Anderson cemetery. He was a young man universally respected and his parents were old and influential citizens of the community.

KILLING OF EDWARD POMEROY.

Edward Pomeroy, a brakeman on the Midland Railroad, met a horrible death on Saturday, the 21st of December, 1889, by being run over by a locomotive. Pomeroy had taken a position on the pilot of the passenger engine, and in getting off to open a switch he stepped between the guard and the main rail, catching his foot in such a manner as to hold him a prisoner until the wheels of the locomotive had passed over his body His left foot was crushed to a shapeless mass. The right leg was taken off at the hip, while his right arm was mashed to a pulp. In this mangled condition he lived until noon of the next day. He retained his consciousness until his eyes were closed in death. Drs. Hunt and Preston were called to attend to his injuries, but at once pronounced them fatal. He was twenty-two years old and unmarried. His home was at Lebanon, but while in this city he boarded with William Childers, on South Meridian street. Rev. C. G. Hudson attended him in his last moments until death relieved him of his sufferings.

FOUND DEAD IN HIS BED.

D. M. Williams, a carpenter, was found dead in his bed, two and a half miles south of Anderson, on the 4th of June, 1890. He had worked hard all day, and went to bed in seemingly good health. In the morning his wife got up and had gone to the barn to do the milking. Her husband was awake at the time she left, and he chatted with her. When she returned to prepare the breakfast she did not go to the bedchamber at once, but when she was ready to call her husband for his meal she found that he was dead. His body was still warm, and he had evidently died while she was near him, unconscious of the fact. Coroner Armington held an inquest and returned a verdict of death from heart failure. He left a wife and five children. He was an honest, industrious and hard-working man, and well respected by the community.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

John R. Reed, an employe in Ralya's heading factory, which was once situated near the crossing of the Pan Handle and Big Four Railroads, in Anderson, met with a horrible death on Thursday, the 23d of November, 1882, while running a cut-off saw in that establishment. One of the belts which ran the

saw slipped off the pulley, and Mr. Reed attempted to put it on, when it began to coil about his head, causing him to step backward to get out of its way. The saw was about ten feet distant from where he was attempting to replace the belt. In stepping backward he stumbled over a pile of rubbish which had accumulated there and fell against the saw with his arm, which was severed from the body. He was also drawn over the saw, cutting him in several places, running diagonally from under the right shoulder through his breast, and also nearly severing his head from his body. He was thrown into the air above the saw and came down upon it again, cutting another terrible gash through his body, just below the pit of the stomach. He was left almost nude, and presented a ghastly spectacle as he lay on the ground, mangled and bleeding.

Mr. Reed was about thirty-five years old. He left a wife and three children to mourn his loss. He had removed from Frankton to Anderson but a short time before the accident occurred.

BURNED TO DEATH.

On the night of the 4th of June, 1890, the stable owned by Patrick Croke, near the Big Four railroad, in the neighborhood of the crossing of Meridian street, was discovered to be on fire. The department was called out, but too late to save the building from the flames.

During the progress of the fire it was discovered that Daniel C. Croke, a boy about ten years of age, a son of Patrick Croke, the owner of the stable, was in the building and his body was burned to a crisp before he could be removed.

Thomas and Patrick Croke were brothers, and at that time were dealers in "junk" and used the stable as a warehouse. The boy and his parents did not live agreeably together, and he was sleeping in the stable. How the fire originated is not known, but by some it was supposed to be spontaneous combustion from old rags piled up in the building. Coroner Armington held the inquest.

KILLED BY FALLING FROM A TREE.

On the 31st of October, 1890, Andrew J. Gustin, an old man of the age of 67 years, fell from a tree at the residence of George Kline at the corner of Meridian and Fifth streets, in Anderson, and was instantly killed. He and his son-in-law,

a Mr. Wigner, were pruning trees for Mr. Kline. The old man had gone up into the tree-top to cut out the limbs while Wigner stood below to carry them away. Mr. Gustin missed his footing and fell to the ground, breaking his neck. He died almost instantly. Coroner Armington was called, and held an inquest merely as a matter of form and the old gentleman was taken to his home where kind hands laid beautiful flowers on his bier. Mr. Gustin was a man well liked by all who knew him, and was honest in his dealings with his fellow-man.

KILLED BY AN ENGINE.

On the morning of March 24, 1891, Lizzie Bond, a young lady twenty years of age, who was employed by The J. W. Sefton Company at the "Butter-dish" factory, was on her way to her day's labor with her dinner pail on her arm, as merry as the lark in the field, when, without a moment's warning, she was ushered into eternity, by being run over by an engine on the Michigan division of the Big Four railway, at the crossing of Twelfth street. Her remains were immediately removed to an adjoining house, and Coroner Armington called and an inquest held, after which she was removed to the home of her parents. She was a bright young lady, well respected by her co-laborers, as well as a large circle of friends. Her parents were poor and her sad death overcame them. The place where this event transpired is a veritable death trap, and it is only a wonder that more fatalities have not taken place there.

HORRIBLE DEATH OF J. E. HIGGINS.

A most horrible occurrence took place in Anderson on the night of September 23rd, 1893, in which J. E. Higgins was burned to death. He was a roomer in the residence of Mrs. Elizabeth Pratt on West Eighth street, while his wife was away visiting friends. In some manner the house caught fire in the room where he was sleeping, and was destroyed, burning Mr. Higgins into a crisp. It is supposed he was reading by a light and perhaps had been smoking and had fallen asleep and the bed clothing took fire.

Mr. Higgins was a man of excellent habits, a salesman in the Lion Store, and well liked by all who knew him.

Mrs. Pratt, who owned the property, was the widow of the late Asa Pratt, Esq. The property was fully insured.

A FATAL RIDE.

Sherman Eastman was one of the young business men of Anderson, who came here after the finding of natural gas, and was employed as bookkeeper by the Indiana Box Company. He was popular with his employers as well as the general public. He was the son of H. O. Eastman, who was for many years road-master of the "Bee Line" railroad system, and a brother to Charles and Ruby Eastman of the Anderson Glass Company. He came to Anderson from Union City, his native town, having been born there, and where his parents yet reside.

On the evening of December 28, 1895, as he was coming from North Anderson, his home, to do some shopping for the family, as he reached the east side of the public square, he attempted to alight from the car without stopping it. It was on a very sleety night, and in dismounting his feet went from under him, and he fell backward under the rear car that was used as a "trailer," and had his head nearly severed from his body by the car passing over him.

His body was taken into the drug store of Cassel Bros. on the east side and medical aid summoned, but life was extinct before the physician arrived.

His brothers and his family were notified and his remains were taken to his home and afterwards to Union City for interment.

Mr. Eastman left a young wife and a small family to mourn his untimely death, besides several brothers and relatives who were much attached to him. During his stay in Anderson he was highly esteemed by the business men, among whom his acquaintance mostly consisted, as he was unpretentious and made no effort to be prominent in society, choosing rather to attend strictly to business and spend his leisure moments with his family. The young business men of Anderson missed him greatly and felt the loss quite severely.

BOY DROWNED IN A CISTERN.

A distressing accident occurred in the family of George Houk on the 19th of November, 1888, by which a son, a boy of four years of age, was drowned in a cistern. Mr. Houk lived on what has for many years been known as the Gunder farm, north-east of Anderson, on the Chesterfield road, near the residence of James Larrimore, where the accident occurred.

There was no covering over the cistern, but a few loose boards lay near its mouth. The supposition was that the little boy had been playing around in proximity to the cistern, and had fallen in by stepping on a loose board. His mother soon missed him and after searching the premises went to the cistern. She saw that the boards had been removed, and on looking down was horrified to behold the body of her little son floating in the water. He was at once removed, but life was extinct. His remains were interred in the Anderson cemetery on the following Tuesday. He was a very bright boy, and the sudden and tragic death caused a gloom in the homes of the surrounding neighbors and friends.

A BOY DROWNED.

On the 21st of June, 1881, James Finan, a little lad of seven or eight years of age, met his death by being drowned in the fatal swimming hole near the Pan Handle railroad bridge near Anderson. He was in company with William and Peter Kellar, sons of Phillip Kellar, who at that time kept a restaurant on south Main street. They were boys about Finan's age or perhaps a little older. This was at that time a favorite spot for the boys to congregate and swim; although many accidents had happened there, it did not seem to deter the lads from risking their lives in this fatal place. The boy jumped from the bridge and dived into the deep water below, and did not again appear. This soon alarmed his companions and little "Pete" Kellar, at the risk of his own life, plunged into the river to rescue his little friend, while William ran down the bank of the stream, screaming for help. This attracted the attention of Daniel Knotts and James Hanson, who were gunning along the river near by. They hastened to the scene, but too late to render any assistance, as young Finnan was dead before they reached the place. Little "Pete," hero that he was, did more than many men of mature years would have done. He grappled Finan and came very nearly getting him out, but had not sufficient strength to take him ashore. Every one of Anderson's older citizens remembers "Pete" Kellar. Although his surroundings were not the best, he was in all a manly little boy, and never knew what the word fear meant. He was as brave as a lion and would face death for a friend in time of peril. This was a heart-rending affair for the parents of young Finan, who yet live in Anderson, and mourn the loss of their little one. The

Kellars live in Chicago, and little "Pete" is now a man and is said to be a useful and respected citizen. Thomas Finan, the father of the unfortunate boy, has for a long while been employed by the American Wire Nail Company.

A TERRIBLE DEATH.

For many years after the building of the Pan Handle railway through the city of Anderson, there was a large strip of vacant ground lying directly west of the railroad and south of Tenth street, a portion of which had formerly been used as a Catholic burying ground. In making the heavy fill for the railroad bed it was necessary to take out a large amount of gravel and earth from along this strip of ground. The Catholics in the meantime removed their cemetery to the present site south of the city. The locality above spoken of was for many years inhabited by a class of people who did not own real estate but had merely "squatted" there and built their little shanties and small frame houses in which they lived, being tolerated by the indulgence of the railroad company and others who owned the property in that vicinity. It was known as "Happy Hollow," and by some people it was called "No Man's Land," because no person living there had any title to the real estate. Among others who dwelt in that neighborhood was an old lady of the name of Johanna O'Connor, a widow who had living with her a deaf and dumb sister and a small girl of the name of Hannah Dunn, who helped about the household work and did little chores for Mrs. O'Connor.

On the 3d of August, 1877, little Hannah was ordered by Mrs. O'Connor to light the fire for the purpose of preparing a meal. The child at once obeyed and hastened to the stove, and in making preparations to light the fire, picked up a two-gallon can of coal oil and began pouring it upon the wood in the stove, until she had emptied nearly half of the can. It seems that there were slumbering in the bottom of the stove some burning embers. When the coal oil came in contact with this it at once ignited and communicated with the can in her hand which exploded. The flames blazed furiously up into her face setting fire to her clothing, and in almost an instant she was burned to a crisp. It was with great effort that Mrs. O'Connor saved her house from being destroyed, but nothing could be done to rescue the little child. She screamed loudly and made a great struggle to save herself, but

with no avail. Her screams could be heard for squares around. It was a most horrible sight to see her little body reduced to ashes. She was an orphan and for this reason the instance was regarded as more pitiable. Her remains were taken in charge by the neighbors and interred in the Catholic cemetery south of the city.

KILLING OF MARTIN ROGERS.

On Thursday, the 16th of March, 1876, as the gravel train on the Anderson, Lebanon & St. Louis Railroad, now known as the Midland, was going to unload some gravel in ballasting the roadway, an accident occurred just east of the crossing which resulted in the death of Martin Rogers, one of the laborers on the road. Rogers was sitting on the side of a flat car, his legs hanging over the edge. As the train neared the fence, which was built up close to the side of the track, there was not sufficient space between the ends of the rails and the side of the car to permit his legs to pass in safety. Rogers attempted to hold them up above the fence until the car passed by, but as he did not raise them sufficiently high his feet were caught in the rails and he was dragged off. In falling he was thrown under the wheels and his arm and side horribly mangled. His head was severely cut and bruised; besides, he received internal injuries.

The train was stopped and the unfortunate man taken up and brought back to his boarding-house, where he lay in great suffering until two o'clock the next morning, when death came to his relief. He was attended in his last moments by Rev. Father Crawley.

Rogers came to Anderson from Peoria, Illinois. He was a single man and had a brother living in New York. He had no friends in this part of the country and was employed by Burnett Brothers, railroad contractors, who did everything in their power to alleviate his sufferings, and when Death had taken his victim they also met the funeral expenses, for which kindly act they won the plaudits of the public.

This was the first fatal accident that happened on this railroad.

DROWNING OF JOHN CRAWLEY.

John Crawley, who was a son of Michael Crawley, brother of the Rev. Father J. B. Crawley, for many years pastor of the Catholic church of Anderson, was drowned

while bathing in White river, near the Pan Handle railroad bridge, on the 25th of July, 1883. He had gone to the place with John Lavery and Eugene Metcalf for the purpose of enjoying a swim, this being a favorite place of resort for the Anderson youth. The lad got beyond his depth, and is supposed to have been seized with cramps, and being unable to extricate himself, gave the alarm to his companions, who did all in their power to rescue him but without success. A large crowd soon gathered upon the bank, having been attracted by the cries of the boys who were in company with the unfortunate young man. A search was immediately commenced for the recovery of the body when, it was rescued by Robert Striker, near the spot where it had gone down, having been in the water nearly an hour.

The young lad was about fifteen years of age. An inquest was held by the Coroner, William A. Hunt, and a verdict of accidental drowning was rendered.

Young Crawley had for several years made his home with his uncle, Father Crawley, who was very much attached to him, and was deeply affected by his sad ending. It had been Father Crawley's intention to send his nephew to St. Mary's college, Kansas, and give him a good education.

The funeral services took place from St. Mary's church, after which the remains were interred in the Catholic cemetery.

KILLING OF SIMEON GOODING.

During the fair held at Anderson in 1874, on Friday, the last day of the exhibition, Simeon Gooding and wife and two grand-children were returning home when they met with an accident which was the cause of Mr. Gooding losing his life.

They were driving a span of small mules attached to a common road wagon. After crossing Whitinger's ford on White river, and while they were in the act of ascending a steep hill at that point, the team, from exhaustion, came to a stand-still, and the wagon started backwards and was overturned in a ravine by the side of the road.

Gooding jumped clear of the wagon and fell heavily in the road. Mrs. Gooding threw one of the children out, and, with the other in her arms, jumped, and as the wagon turned over it fell heavily upon them.

Mr. Gooding was resuscitated after considerable effort, and with the help of friends, who soon arrived, he was removed to a house in the neighborhood, where he died before

medical aid could be procured. He was about forty-eight years of age, and well known in the township where he resided.

SUDDEN DEATH OF W. H. FERGUSON.

During the summer of 1890 William H. Ferguson was a familiar character in Anderson and the vicinity, by reason of his having a contract and of superintending the work of constructing the extension of the C. W. & M. Railway to Rushville. He was a boarder at the Griffith House, where he met his death, and was well liked by all those who made his acquaintance. He was seemingly in the best of health until a few moments before his taking off, which occurred about 10 o'clock on the 5th of September, at which time he was stricken with apoplexy. The only indication of illness that he gave out was that he complained to his bookkeeper, a Mr. McGinty, of feeling a depression about his heart. He passed Mr. McGinty's room and laid down upon a bed and then requested that a physician be summoned. Dr. M. V. Hunt responded, but on entering the room he found Ferguson in the throes of death and past all medical aid. Ferguson's brother and wife were at Evansville at the time, where they lived, and were notified of his death. On their arrival the remains were taken to his home for interment. He was a man about forty years of age, and left an interesting family to mourn his loss.

A HORRIBLE BOILER EXPLOSION.

At about the hour of nine o'clock on the morning of October 19, 1889, when the busy wheels of industry had just begun to move in the many factories of Anderson, a terrific sound broke out on the balmy atmosphere, as if the whole city had been blown up by some awful explosive. People ran out of their houses to see, if possible, what had happened. It was but a short time until word was received at fire headquarters, that R. J. Walton & Co's. saw mills had exploded their boilers, and that several men had been killed, Terrible excitement prevailed in all parts of the city. From nearly every quarter of the city, men were employed in the mill. Men, women and children, hurried to the scene to see if some loved one had been killed or wounded. When the dust and smoke had sufficiently cleared away a rescuing party commenced the task of removing the dead and wounded. It was soon ascertained that Horace Kuhns, an employe, was

killed, having his skull crushed by falling timber; Walter Mingle, the swayer, was horribly hurt, having his skull fractured; Allen Stanley, a bystander, was slightly injured; William Rumler, of Ovid, a customer of the mill, was injured about the head and shoulders; Samuel Cooke, an employe was hurt somewhat, and several others about the mill received more or less shaking up. Mr. R. J. Walton, one of the proprietors, was standing just outside of the mill talking to a customer when the explosion took place; the flying timbers and a part of the boiler went over his head, and his escape was certainly providential. William Stanley, the engineer, was standing inside the mill near the boilers when they went out, and how he escaped from being instantly killed is unexplainable. As it was, Stanley was only slightly shocked, and received no serious wounds. The mill was a complete wreck. It was simply wiped from the face of the earth, with hardly a thing left to tell where it stood. The cause of the explosion has always been a mystery to those who were in charge of it, as the engineer is certain that he had plenty of water in the boilers. He was a sober, competent man, and had run the engine steadily for six years prior to the accident, and was noted for never being absent from his post of duty. The mill was the property of Robert J. Walton and John L. Forkner, doing business under the name of R. J. Walton & Co. The loss was complete as they had no insurance against explosions.

This was one of the most horrible explosions that ever occurred in Anderson. The boiler was thrown two hundred yards from the mill, and the frame work was scattered in all directions. The mill was immediately rebuilt and was operated on the spot of the fatal accident until it was sold to T. J. Riggs & Co., and removed to Logansport, Indiana.

Kuhns, who was killed, was a married man about twenty-five years of age, and left a widow and one child.

THE SAD DEATH OF J. E. D. SMITH.

James E. D. Smith, who was for many years a resident of Madison county, met an untimely death near the village of Hamilton, in Jackson township, on the 14th of October, 1864. He was engaged in hauling logs to the sawmill at Anderson, and while loading one on a wagon the ropes in some manner slipped or gave way, and the log rolled back, catching him beneath it and instantly killing him.

He was a worthy citizen of Anderson, and was at one time the partner of his brother-in-law, Mr. Nathan Armstrong, in contracting. His widow is yet living in Anderson, with her daughter, Mrs. R. P. Grimes.

Mrs. Smith, the widow of the deceased, was the daughter of the late Benj. Walker, a prominent and old-time resident of Madison county, who for many years prior to his removal to Anderson, resided in Richland township.

The death of Mr. Smith caused unusual regret in Anderson and wherever he was known.

He built the palatial home now occupied by the Hon. John H. Terhune, on West Eighth street, where he resided with his interesting family at the time of his death.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

On the morning of June 19, 1868, Pryor Shaul, a young unmarried man who lived with his mother on the farm now owned by the McCulloughs, about three miles southwest of Anderson, was going into the field to plow corn, riding a horse with harness on. It was almost a cloudless day; the sun was shining brightly, and he was thinking, no doubt, of anything else but being suddenly called to his account, when in the twinkling of an eye a sudden flash of lightning knocked him and his horse to the ground, killing them both instantly.

The occurrence caused great commotion in the surrounding neighborhood, and was considered a strange freak of nature, from the fact that it was on a clear day, and no report was heard of the explosion for any distance around. Had the horse not been killed it would have been thought that young Shaul had come to his death from some other cause.

It happened in a field in the neighborhood of the large brick house standing on the McCullough farm, near the Big Four railroad, and was pointed out for many years as the fatal spot where Mr. Shaul so suddenly lost his life.

KILLING OF JOHN WALLACE.

A most distressing accident occurred on the farm of J. H. Stanley on the 9th of July, in the year 1865, whereby John Wallace, an Anderson boy about seventeen years of age, was killed by the accidental discharge of a shotgun in the hands of Patrick McGraw, an engineer on the Bee Line railroad. Young Wallace was in company with McGraw and Thomas McGord, a fireman on the same road, hunting. When on the

farm of J. H. Stanley, near the river, the party scared up a muskrat, and, in attempting to get a shot at it, McGraw having his gun in a horizontal position, with the muzzle in front of him, it was discharged prematurely, the contents taking effect in Wallace's back, killing him instantly. The gun lock caught on a grapevine, and both barrels were discharged simultaneously, with the above result.

Young Wallace was a brother of Morris and Richard Wallace, who yet live in Anderson, and was a young man well respected. The affair caused much grief among the friends, and regret of those connected with the accident.

McGraw was the man who headed the Fenians who left Anderson in the spring of 1866 to invade Canada, and was their captain.

SUDDEN DEATH OF LIMON M. COX.

Limon M. Cox, a prominent citizen of Anderson, died suddenly at the Auditorium Hotel in Chicago on the 24th of July, 1895. He had left Anderson at noon the day before his death, going to Chicago for the purpose of buying clothing to replenish his stock. On his arrival in that city he called upon his friend, Mr. Don Carlin, of whom he was in the habit of purchasing goods. After chatting with Carlin a few moments, Mr. Cox complained of feeling sick. Mr. Carlin invited him to the Auditorium Hotel, where he placed a suite of rooms at his disposal. After seeing him comfortably situated, Mr. Carlin returned to his place of business.

About two o'clock in the afternoon one of the maids of the hotel entered the room in which Mr. Cox had been left by his friend and was horrified to find him sitting in an upright position in the bath tub dead. An alarm was at once given, and those in charge of the hotel promptly notified Mr. Carlin, who at once telegraphed to the friends and relatives of Mr. Cox in Anderson.

The news soon spread throughout the city and caused great surprise and much grief to the friends of Mr. Cox. Mr. Clem. Hooven and Charles Cox, a brother of Limon, immediately went to Chicago to bring the remains to Anderson for burial. Mr. Cox was a prominent member of the Masonic Order and was buried by that fraternity with all the honors of that society. Mr. Cox was one of the most public-spirited citizens that ever resided in Madison county. He was liberal in donations of money and real estate to induce capital and

manufacturers to locate their establishments here, and much of the thrift and enterprise of Anderson is due to his efforts, along with others with whom he was intimately associated.

He had at different times during his residence in Anderson been connected with various manufacturing establishments, and was at the time of his death one of Anderson's leading clothing merchants. During the panic of 1893, like many others, Mr. Cox became somewhat embarrassed financially, but being a man of iron nerve and excellent financial ability, and having a host of warm friends among those who could command money, he was soon on the road to recuperation, and had he lived another year he would have regained his place at the head of the column among the successful business men of Anderson.

No person ever died in Anderson who left warmer friends to mourn his loss, or whose death was more universally regretted than that of Mr. Cox. He was of a kind and cheerful disposition, scarcely ever becoming angry, and if at times he did so, his anger was but of short duration. He was always willing to reach forth the hand of friendship and to extend the olive branch to those with whom he had any misunderstanding, and when his remains were covered over and the evergreens were placed upon his grave, it is doubtful if there was a person living in Anderson who did not deeply regret his demise.

Mr. Cox had never held any political office, but was at one time a candidate for the office of Clerk of the Madison Circuit Court. He was for years a prominent member of the Anderson School Board, and always took great interest in educational matters. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. At the time of his death he was a widower, his wife having died about two years previously.

He left two interesting daughters to mourn his demise, Miss Emma and Miss Anna Cox, who both reside in Anderson in the old homestead at Jackson and Twelfth streets.

DEATH IN A BALL ROOM.

On the 27th of January, 1893, Frank Moss, one of the best known gentlemen in Anderson, suddenly died in the ball room in the Doxey Opera House on North Meridian street. He was seated at the time listening to the music and watching the merry dancers as they went by. On that evening Mr. and Mrs. Moss attended a concert given by the Elks in the theatre

below the ball room, and early in the evening went to the ball, enjoyed the dance and participated in the grand march. After this they took part in a waltz. After making a few circuits of the hall, Mr. Moss became tired and with his wife, sat down to rest. He took his seat beside ex-Governor Will Cumback, who was at that time in conversation with his daughter, Mrs. J. W. Lovett. Suddenly Mr. Moss leaned over as if to make some remark to the ex-Governor who turned to listen, when he was startled to see Mr. Moss fall forward heavily to the floor. Dr. F. J. Hodges was in the room at the time and was quickly at the side of the patient. He saw at a glance that Mr. Moss was dead and that nothing could be done for his relief. Mrs. Moss was stricken with grief and was at once taken to the home of her mother, Mrs. E. B. Hartley, on Delaware street. Coroner Armington was notified but declined to hold an inquest it being very evident that the deceased came to his death from natural causes. Mr. Moss was about forty years of age, of a kind, genial disposition and whose home relations were of a very pleasant character. He was a brother of Sandford R. Moss, well known in Madison county and was engaged at various times in raising stock and farming. He was a prominent member of the Anderson Club, which organization was convened by the President, E. P. Schlater, and memorial services were held and resolutions passed in memory of the dead. The body of the deceased was followed to its last resting place in the Anderson cemetery by a large concourse of people and many sorrowing friends.

THE KILLING OF WILLIAM BURKE.

The killing of Wm. Burke on Ohio avenue, in 1864, by James McKnight, has almost been forgotten by even the oldest residents of Anderson. The murder took place in a shanty on Ohio avenue on a Sunday night. The shanty was occupied by John Burke, a brother of the murdered man. They were brothers of "Paddy" Burke, who yet lives in Anderson. A quarrel had taken place between the Burkes and McKnight, and the latter had left the scene of disturbance and come up town, but soon started to return home and, coming in contact with Burke, some hot words were passed. McKnight picked up an old ax and dealt Burke a terrific blow, splitting his head open and killing him instantly.

McKnight came up town immediately after killing Burke and, calling Sheriff Benjamin Sebrell out of bed, surrendered

himself. The murderer was locked in a cell in the old jail that stood on the lot at Jackson and Ninth streets. By this time the friends and relatives of Burke had learned of the murder. Great excitement prevailed. They demanded McKnight's life, and it required all of Sheriff Sebrell's coolness and courage to keep them from storming the jail and lynching the prisoner. The grand jury soon afterwards indicted McKnight for murder. The day for trial came. The excitement became more intense, and it was found necessary to summon a special jury to try the case. The jury was selected principally from the south part of the county. John Sommerville is one of the men yet living who was selected to try McKnight. The evidence was conclusive. In fact no denial was made, but the plea of insanity and justification were set up. The jury, however, took a little more latitude. McKnight was an old man, and a compromise verdict, sentencing him to the penitentiary for ten years was agreed upon. This was concluded to be equivalent to a life sentence, because no one thought the old man would live to serve his time out.

In this, however, all were mistaken, and about fifteen years ago old man McKnight visited Anderson. He claimed that at the time of his arrest he had money and other valuables on his person which were taken possession of by the sheriff and never returned to him. When McKnight was here he was in search of his valuables, but the sheriff was dead and gone beyond this bailiwick where he could not be reached. McKnight was old and gray. He had so changed that but few knew him or of his presence. He made his stay very short and departed for parts unknown.

Burke left a family of two children, both boys, one of whom lives at Lafayette.

There has been a great change in the Irish population since that time. Then the Irish people of Anderson were mostly day laborers attracted here by the railroad building and other public works. They generally lived in shanties on leased grounds, and were mostly uneducated. Now there is no city of equal population in the whole country that can show so many intelligent, happy, prosperous Irish citizens as Anderson. They are up to the standard in education; all own the property they live in, and many of them have large real-estate interests here. They are good citizens and Anderson is proud of them.

JOHN A. CAMPBELL KILLED.

On the 1st of September, 1881, John A. Campbell was employed by the Paxon Bros. as engineer in the planing mill and lumber yard, on North Main street in Anderson. During the dull season, while the mill was standing idle, he was employed in stacking lumber in the yard. He was upon a high stack of boards when it became top-heavy and gave way. In the fall he was caught between the falling planks and terribly mangled, from the effects of which he died soon after being removed to his home.

Mr. Campbell was a man well-respected in the community, and was of English birth. He came to this country when about eighteen years of age. After being in Henry county several years he was married to Miss Trobridge, the daughter of a prominent Methodist minister. He was a member of Company K, 36th Indiana Regiment of Volunteers, during the war.

He was the father of Bartlett H. Campbell, ex-Prosecuting Attorney of Madison county, and Joseph B. Campbell, a traveling salesman for Heath & Milligan, of Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Campbell was for many years a resident of Chesterfield before removing to Anderson.

After removing to Anderson he was for several years employed by George R. Deering as engineer in his mills.

Mrs. Campbell, his widow, is yet living in Anderson.

A FATAL ACCIDENT.

Dr. William Robertson will be remembered by many of the old residents of Anderson. He lived about two miles south of the city on what is known as the Van Devender farm. Several years ago he married the widow Van Devender, owner of the place. On Monday, the 28th of March, 1887, while returning from the funeral of an acquaintance east of the city, in attempting to cross the railroad track in front of an approaching freight train, Dr. Robertson was struck by the engine. Mrs. Robertson had succeeded in crossing the track in safety, but her husband, being infirm and feeble, was slower in motion and was struck by the pilot of the engine before he could escape. He was thrown several feet into the air and off to the side of the road. He was conveyed to the residence of James Clark, at the crossing, where he lingered in an unconscious condition for about two hours, when death relieved his

sufferings. He was seventy-five years of age at the time. He came to this locality from Randolph county a few years prior to his death, at which time he married Mrs. Van Devender and located on the farm owned by her. Here he made his home until the occurrence of this sad event. His widow was appointed afterwards as matron of the Orphan's Home, which institution she managed successfully for several years. The remains of Dr. Robertson were taken to Huntsville, Randolph county, for burial.

THE KILLING OF MISS TILLIE SEBERN.

One of the most horrible accidents that ever happened in Anderson occurred on the 1st of August, 1894, at "Inwood Park," east of the Pan Handle Railway tracks. Frank Stutskey at that time was operating a beer garden at the park and in order to attract people to his place had a grand balloon ascension at 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The aeronaut who was advertised to make the trip into the clouds was Miss Tillie Sebern, a young lady about 17 years of age, hailing from Richmond, Ind. She was a novice in the business. At the appointed hour after the balloon had been inflated, in the presence of several hundred people, and in the midst of the shouting of the throng, the rope was cut loose and the air ship started upward with its human freight. When it had reached a height of about 300 feet it bursted, thus allowing the heated air to escape so rapidly that it descended with great speed, landing its occupant with terrific force on the ground near the bank of White river, just at the east end of the iron bridge spanning the stream, killing her instantly. It was an awful scene; men with stout hearts turned their backs, not being able to look upon it. Her body was immediately taken to Stutskey's place where her attendants took charge of her remains. Her people, who lived at Richmond, were at once notified and came and took her remains to that city for interment. Great indignation prevailed among the people when it was ascertained that the young girl was inexperienced in the business, and that that was her first attempt to make an ascension. Strong talk was indulged in of visiting summary punishment upon all those connected with the affair. Those who witnessed this incident will remember it as long as they live. Miss Sebern was the daughter of poor but honest parents, who were very much opposed to her engaging in such a reckless feat, and it

was only by designing friends that she was induced to make an attempt of the kind.

A CONDUCTOR KILLED.

John Hyer, a conductor on the C., W. & M. Railroad was run over and frightfully mangled in the Big Four yards in Anderson on the 8th of November, 1887, from the effects of which he died a few hours afterwards, at his boarding house on West Seventh street. He experienced intense pains during the last hours of his suffering, but remained perfectly rational until the last moment. He was able to recognize his father and mother when they arrived, and other friends who called upon him.

The accident was due to the fact that he had mistaken the direction in which a train was running, and, before he was aware of it, the engine was upon him and he was unable to extricate himself from his perilous situation. His remains were taken to Wabash the day after the occurrence for interment.

The deceased carried a life insurance policy for $1,000 which was made payable to his parents, but a few days before his death he had made a will in which he bequeathed the policy to his intended bride, a Miss Bevelheimer, of Anderson; but his death took place before the will had been signed or attested, thereby rendering it invalid, and the insurance went to his parents.

RUN OVER BY A TRAIN.

On the 20th of September, 1891, John Rigsby, an employe at the Flint Bottle Works in Hazelwood, while passing a Big Four train that was standing across the street, met with an accident that caused him the loss of both of his limbs. The train was moving slowly at the time and in making the passage across, Rigsby caught his foot and fell beneath the cars. Two wheels passed over his left leg and right foot before he could be pulled from under the train by a man who was standing close by, which prevented him from being otherwise injured. Quite a number of people assembled and physicians were at once called. Rigsby was rendered a cripple for the balance of his days.

A FOUR-YEAR-OLD BOY KILLED.

A most disastrous accident occurred on the Pendleton and Anderson road about four and a half miles south of the city,

on Sunday, the 14th of December, 1884, whereby the four-year-old son of Mr. W. F. Jarrett, was shot and killed.

It appears that a boy about sixteen years of age, named Henry C. Seybert, had loaded a gun for the purpose of killing a hawk, but failing to get a chance to shoot at it he placed the loaded gun under a bed in Jarrett's house and left the premises. At the time of the accident the little boy and a brother, six years older, were playing in the room by themselves. It is presumed that the little fellow had crawled under the bed and discovered the gun and pushing it in front of him, had discharged it. The child was killed instantly, the whole side of his head being blown off.

Another accident of a very serious nature had occurred to this family four years previous to this, whereby a son was killed by being burned to death, which made this a double affliction for the bereaved family.

Coroner William A. Hunt was summoned to the scene and a verdict was rendered of accidental death in the manner above described.

WILLIE LANG KILLED.

Willie Lang, a little five-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Lang, of South Fletcher street in Anderson, was run over by a wagon heavily laden with stone on the 17th of April, 1890, and so badly injured that he died the evening following. The little fellow was in company with some other boys and they were swinging on the wagons as they passed by. In some manner he got caught and was thrown under the wheels with fatal results. The remains were taken to New Albany for interment.

Drs. M. V. Hunt and J. W. Fairfield attended the wounded boy, but no medical aid could save him from his doom. The parents were grief stricken and were rendered such consolation as laid within the power of sympathizing neighbors.

INSTANTLY KILLED.

On Sunday, the 11th of May, 1875, three boys were leading a horse along the streets near the residence of John Mershon, on Fourteenth street. The oldest of the boys, Frank Hunt, son of Andrew J. Hunt, the liveryman of Anderson, had hold of the halter strap which was attached to the horse. The strap was so long that when the horse would go faster than the boy the boy would be behind the heels of the animal.

When in this position one of the brothers touched the horse with a whip which scared him, and he began kicking, and in doing so one of his hoofs struck Frank square in the face with such force as to break his neck. He fell immediately and his little brother ran to him and raised him up, and seeing, although but a child, that his brother was dying, he thought to save him by laying him down and fanning him, but to no purpose, as the injured boy lived but a few moments. He was buried on the following Monday in the Anderson cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Hunt received the entire sympathy of the community in their sad bereavement.

A FATAL FALL.

One of the most horrible occurrences that ever took place in Anderson was the falling off of a scaffold from Louis Loeb's building on the south side of the public square, in February, 1877, by Geo. Brown and Simon P. Shetterly. They were painting the front of the building, using a swinging scaffold. They were standing close together at work when it became necessary for them to move their position. Shetterly sat down, or squatted rather on his feet for the purpose of allowing Brown to pass around him. Brown was in the act of passing Shetterly, and had thrown one leg on the opposite side and was just in the act of bringing the other around which would have made his passage safe, when the scaffold shook, or from some other cause frightened Shetterly, when he jumped and straightened up throwing Brown backward. Brown in attempting to save himself, caught Shetterly, and in less than an instant they lay upon the stone sidewalk a shapeless mass of broken bones and bruised flesh. Shetterly was almost instantly killed. Brown was so terribly mangled that every one thought it was a pity that he was not killed outright.

Shetterly's body was conveyed to his home on Nichol avenue, from whence he was in due time buried.

Brown was taken to his mother's residence in the south part of town, where Dr. N. L. Wickersham was called and attended to his wounds. There was scarcely a bone in his body that was not broken. His legs, his arms, his jaw bone, and in fact he was all broken up. Everyone thought it would be a blessing if death would relieve him as he would certainly be an awful cripple if he survived.

But Dr. Wickersham never let go of George. He stayed with him like a twin brother and patched him up; set his

broken bones, bound up his wounds, and while he did not exactly make a new man of him, one would hardly think to see George Brown, the painter and paper-hanger, on the streets of Anderson, that he had been run through a threshing machine in his life time. George gets around about as nicely as any one, and is a prosperous and happy man; does as much work as any man in town, and enjoys life as well as the best of them. He has been as near death's door as any man ever was to get back.

Poor Simon Shetterly never knew what caused his death. He was never conscious after landing on the stone pavement. He was not so terribly mangled as Brown, but was in some way killed in the fall. He left a widow and a small family of children, who yet live on Nichol avenue, in comfortable circumstances. Simon was one of the first members of the Knights of Honor, and held a policy of $2,000 in that organization, which his family received at his death. He was a Spiritualist in belief, and his immediate friends and relatives claim that he often comes back to his old home and associations.

Simon Shetterly was an honest, upright man, as industrious as the busy bee, never gave any one a crusty answer or angry word, and was a man universally liked by all who knew him. The fall from the scaffold was witnessed by several people who were standing near by, but every one was so horrified that they turned their backs and held their breaths until the heavy thud announced the landing on the pavement. So dumbfounded were they that it was some time before a person moved or came to the relief of the unfortunates. This is one of the occurrences that will never be erased from the memory of the Anderson old-timers, and it is hoped that it will never be repeated.

KILLING OF CHARLES GIPE.

On the 25th of June, 1895, Charles Gipe, a carpenter employed in the construction of the Grand opera house, at the corner of Twelfth and Main streets, in Anderson, fell from a scaffold and was instantly killed. He was engaged at the time in placing some timbers on the building along with other workmen, and in some manner lost his balance, and fell from the second story, landing upon the timbers on the first floor, striking his head in such a manner as to cause instant death. He was a resident of Park Place where his remains were taken

by his fellow workmen. He had but recently come to Anderson from Wayne county.

A FATAL FALL.

On the 31st of August, 1896, Milton Gipe, a carpenter, while working on a building at the Straw Board works in Anderson, was killed by falling from a scaffold. He was employed in placing some timbers in position, when he lost his balance and fell to the lower story of the building, and was almost instantly killed. But little over a year prior to this, a brother of his, Charles Gipe, lost his life in the same manner, while working on the opera house in Anderson.

Milton Gipe was a man well thought of, and a prominent member of Kamala Tribe of Red Men, he being sachem of the tribe at the time of his death. The lodges of Anderson all participated in the ceremonies at his funeral. The remains were taken to Mechanicsburg, in Henry county, and buried beside his brother, followed by a large funeral cortege.

Mr. Gipe was in the employ of P. B. Millspaugh at the time of his death as was his brother Charles at the time of his sudden taking off. Both men were held in the highest esteem by their employer, and it was a sad blow to Mr. Millspaugh, as well as to the relatives and friends of the unfortunate men.

KILLING OF HERMAN SEITZ.

Herman Seitz, a citizen of Anderson, was killed by the cars at Pendleton, on the 27th of June, 1894, while in the attempt to board a moving train. He had gone there for the purpose of purchasing a cow, and in his anxiety to get home attempted to get on the car that was just leaving the station, and in some way missed his footing and was dragged under the wheels and almost instantly killed.

Mr. Seitz was a married man and left a family in Anderson, who still reside here. He was by trade a glass blower, and came to Anderson with the American Glass Company in 1888, and was a stockholder in that concern when it went to the wall, losing what he had invested in it. After going out of the glass house he went into the saloon business, in which he was engaged at the time of his death. He was a German, and well liked by those who knew him.

KILLED BY A TRACTION ENGINE.

David Wynant, a young farmer, was killed on the farm of his father, six miles south-west of Anderson, on the 5th of

August, 1896, by a traction engine. He, in company with Clay Brown and a man of the name of Sissons, were engaged in running a threshing machine into the barn, and had placed the engine behind it to propel it, having a pole between the machine and the engine. The engine had started and was well up to the barn door, when the pole slipped and allowed the machine to run backward, catching Wynant between the engine and machine, crushing his skull and killing him almost instantly. He was a young man well respected, and had many prominent relatives, among whom is Charles H. Neff, the city editor of the Anderson *Herald*.

Sissons came near losing his life in the same manner, but was dragged out of the way by a by-stander.

PECULIAR DEATH OF W. A. WHITAKER.

On Sunday, July 12, 1866, W. A. Whitaker, who lived about three miles from Anderson, met with a peculiar death. He was sitting in a rocking chair, and in leaning backward, his chair became unbalanced, and he fell over backward, striking his head against a sewing machine in such a manner as to cause concussion of the brain, from which he died in a few minutes. His remains were interred in the cemetery at Chesterfield, by the Odd Fellows, of which order he was a member. He had many relatives and acquaintances in the community.

KILLED BY A RAILROAD TRAIN.

J. G. Starbuck, a brakeman on the Big Four Railroad was killed at the crossing of the Pan Handle, on Ohio avenue at Anderson, on Tuesday morning the 24th of June, 1884. He was making couplings in the vicinity and in passing between two freight cars caught his foot in a "frog," and before he could extricate himself, he was caught by a moving train and knocked down, the car passing across his body. He was picked up immediately after the occurrence, but within a few minutes life was extinct. His remains were removed to Winchester, Indiana, near which place he resided, and where he was buried. He was an experienced brakeman and held the position that he then filled for several years. He was about twenty-nine years of age and left a wife in humble circumstances, but no children.

CHAPTER LVI.

A Few Landmarks and Other Interesting Matters Connected with the History of Anderson Township.

A LANDMARK IN MADISON COUNTY'S HISTORY.

The old Moss Island Mills that stand now silent and almost deserted, near a beautiful little island in White river, three miles west of Anderson, have a history clustering around them that when referred to brings back recollections of the long ago. They were erected before the railroads were thought of, but about the time of the agitation and construction of the canals; and in fact were built for the purpose of catching the trade incident to that enterprise. The western branch of the canal passed near these mills, which were located at the nearest available place in the neighborhood of the intended canal, which would give them a splendid outlet through which the surplus product could be shipped to other ports.

They were built in the year 1836, by Joseph Mullinix. Since that time they have passed through the hands of many persons, some of whom have been prominent men in business, political and social affairs. Frank Davis, L. Brown, Vanpelt & Wyman, John Garretson, James Hollingsworth, Isaac P. Snelson, Nichol & King, Traster Bros., A. E. Russell, William B. Allen, William C. Fleming, Elias Seward, William Dove and Reuben Pulse have each owned the plant. The mills consist of a large flouring mill with a saw mill attached, having water motive power. Steam had not come into use when these mills were erected, and they ground the "grists" of the people by means of the old water wheel, while the jolly miller watched and took his "toll" when the hopper was emptied.

While there are many happy memories attached to this romantic spot, there are some of sadness as well.

While some of the owners of this property made money, others lost. The improved machinery in mills of the present day, to a large extent killed them off as merchant mills, and

the fact that they were so far from the railroads put them to disadvantage as to shipping, so they have at this time but little to do outside of a small neighborhood grinding. These mills are alluded to elsewhere in these pages.

A WINDMILL FACTORY.

Prior to the time that the grain separator and threshing machine were combined, there was a great demand for fanning machines, or wind mills, as they were called.

A factory was located in Anderson, and stood on the corner of Main and Ninth streets, the site of the present location of Daniels Bros'. drug store. It was operated by Wolf and Sherman, and a large and lucrative business was the result of their undertaking. It was destroyed by fire in 1851, this being the starting point of the conflagration which swept the south side of the public square, a full account of which is elsewhere given.

The senior member of the firm was Adam Wolf, a capitalist of Muncie; the junior was Thomas S. Sherman, the father of Charles L. and J. E. Sherman, well known to the people of Madison county.

J. E. Sherman is a resident of Alexandria, and was the first mayor of that thriving city, and Charles L. Sherman has for many years held the responsible position of book-keeper of the National Exchange Bank of Anderson.

Laura, the only daughter of Mr. Sherman, is the wife of ex-Senator A. E. Harlan of Alexandria, a prominent business man, capitalist and stock breeder.

Mrs. Sherman, the widow, is now the wife of William G. Kelley, a merchant of Alexandria.

THE FIRST FOUR-STORY BUILDINGS.

Up to the time of striking gas in Anderson, there were but one or two buildings in the city that ran above two stories in height. One was the Odd Fellows' Hall, situated at the corner of Ninth and Meridian streets which is now occupied by the "White House" dry goods store. Another was on the corner of Eighth and Main streets, known for many years as "Union Hall," and which was occupied for a long time by the Masonic Order. When the city began to take on a boom after the discovery of natural gas, many three-story buildings sprang up in different localities, but the first structure four stories high was the Masonic Temple on South

Meridian street, erected jointly by the Masons and the Anderson Loan Association during the years 1895 and 1896. The second was erected by John W. Lovett at the corner of Eighth and Main streets, in the year 1896, and is one of the largest and most commodious blocks in the city. We merely make mention of the two buildings as in years to come it may be interesting to the people who live in Anderson to know when and where the first buildings of this description were erected and who the parties were who built them. Should Anderson keep on in its present march of progress it may be within the next decade she will have "sky scrapers" in the shape of nine and ten-story buildings, and perhaps become a rival of Chicago. While we do not make this a prediction we sincerely hope that it will come to pass.

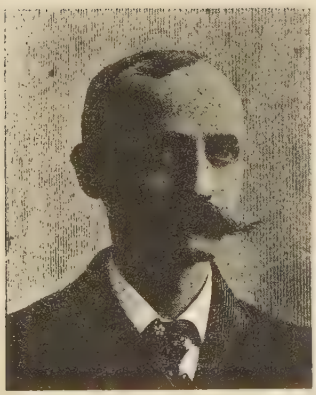
The first three-story building erected in Anderson was the old United States Hotel at Ninth and Main streets, in 1852.

THE PIONEER DAILY NEWSPAPER.

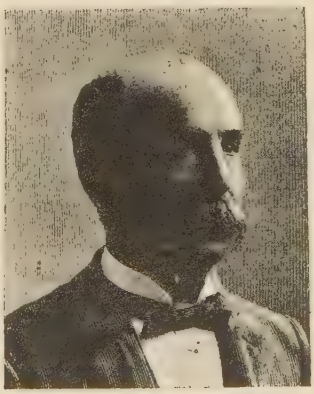
Landmarks have been established on every hand by the different branches of civilization and industry, and the many enterprises of the county have each had a starting point, to which the citizens look back with pride. The press has also its pioneer history which has to a limited degree, been dealt with elsewhere; but in this article we wish to speak especially of the *Daily Bulletin* the first daily newspaper ever established in Madison county. There have been other daily papers printed at various times prior to its existence, but they were only for a special purpose, as a rule being gotten out for the period of a week at a time during the county fair, or on similar occasions. The *Bulletin* is entitled to the honorable title of pioneer. It was the first daily paper in the county that "come to stay," and has through all kinds of weather, fair and foul, stemmed the tide, and is one of the solid institutions of the county. It has handsome and well-equipped quarters on Eighth street, where it daily issues its publication. The *Bulletin* has no politics, yet it wields a mighty influence in the political field. It is outspoken in its advocacy of any candidate whom it thinks is the best man for the place, often coming in contact with a personal friend in its support of a candidate for political preferment. The *Bulletin* is always on the alert for news, and gives it without fear, favor or affection. It has on all occasions guarded the inter-

ests of the people and has never hesitated to call down a dereliction of official duty, although sometimes undergoing the painful task of chastizing a friend, or even a relative. This has made it a journal of the people. It has enjoyed a large circulation from its infancy to its present days of full maturity.

J. W. KNIGHT.



C. R. CRAVEN.



DORY BIDDLE.

The originators of this journal were Dory Biddle, James W. Knight and Charles R. Craven, the two latter being practical printers. Mr. Craven several years ago retired from the firm, and the remaining members took in new capital and incorporated it as a company, Mr. Biddle and Mr. Knight remaining at the head of the concern, having safely steered it through all its ups and downs, and are yet at their posts guiding its destiny. As to the conception and birth of the *Bulle*

tin, we quote from one of the officials of the company, in his own language:

"The *Bulletin*, which was the first daily paper published in the county, came into existence under peculiar circumstances. Dory Biddle, Chas. R. Craven and J. W. Knight had been left out of employment by the consolidation of the *Democrat* and *Review* upon which they had been employed. On Friday afternoon, March 15, 1885, they were sitting around a little coal stove in a printing office run by Geo. Winter, in the Odd Fellow's block, when Craven said 'boys let's start a daily paper.' Knight and Biddle agreed. Next Monday Craven and Knight went to Elwood and boxed up the material of a little old office there that had been closed for some time and shipped it to Anderson while Biddle went to soliciting for the new paper. By Monday, March 25, they were ready for business. The office had been set up in the north-west corner basement room of the new court house and at 4 o'clock that day the first Anderson *Daily Bulletin* with Dory Biddle as editor, and Chas. R. Craven and J. W. Knight as business managers and compositors, was printed. The paper for the first week's issue cost $7.40. The proprietors had exhausted their combined capital, $27, in setting up the office, and John L. Forkner stood good for the paper bill for them. The paper has been issued every day since and has been successful. December 14, 1886, the office was destroyed by fire and was again burned in the following August. On account of failing health Mr. Craven sold his interest in the office in the summer of '87 to his partners for $400. The paper is now published by a stock company composed of Dory Biddle, editor; James W. Knight, business manager, Frank Makepeace, Frank Lowther and James E. Burke as active members."

When natural gas was discovered in Madison county the *Bulletin* was one of the prime factors in bringing capital to our midst to utilize it. It not only made free use of its columns to advertise the richness of our find and to attract the attention of the outside world to the advantages possessed by our community, but the members were also liberal subscribers to the fund to raise subsidies to locate manufacturing establishments in our midst.

AN EMBRYO THEATRICAL TROUPE.

Anderson has always held the reputation of being up to date in all that was going on. It is not only so now, but

away back when it made but little pretentions of being a city the people took a lively interest in what the balance of the world was doing, and were not slow to take up any fad that came along. In the year 1868 there was more than the usual number of minstrel troupes traversing the country, and one of these organizations stranded in Anderson, and some of the party remained here for quite a while.

During their stay many of the young boys became infatuated with the stage and the profession of minstrelsy. A primitive organization of black-faced artists was formed among the boys, under the name of "Peak & Cartwright's Varieties," the leading lights being John Peak and Charles Cartwright.

Peak has long since died, but his partner is still living somewhere in Indiana.

One of their principal performers was Cliff Dehority, a son of the late Henry V. Dehority. Cliff is yet a living monument of that aggregation, being now a resident of the City of New York.

The company met for rehearsals over the hardware store of John P. Barnes, on the east side of the square, and after a two-weeks' training gave a public performance in Westerfield's Hall to a crowded house. The boys were so well known that a crowd was not hard to "raise" to witness their debut. They surprised even their most sanguine friends in their proficiency. "Tom" Cartwright, a brother of the proprietor, and Cliff Dehority took the house by storm with their "gags," which were all new and original, and of a local nature that made many good hits.

Dehority did a song and dance that would have been a credit to a professional. It is the opinion of the writer that these boys both missed their calling when they did not adopt the stage as a life work. They evidently had ability away above the ordinary, and might have been the equals of Emmet, Billy Emerson, or Primrose and West.

The performance was so well received in Anderson that the company went to Newcastle and gave a one-night's stand, where they were well received and cheered to the echo.

After coming home the party disbanded and the name of Peak & Cartwright's Varieties is only a thing in the memory of the old timers of Anderson. "Tom" Cartwright afterward learned the art of telegraphy, which he followed until

his health failed, and he died a few years ago at the home of his father, Fred Cartwright, in Alexandria.

John Peak was the son of the late wife of W. L. Philpot, by a former husband, and died in Louisville, Ky., at the home of a brother.

CHAPTER LVII.

Fires and Casualties.

BURNING OF THE BORING–HANNAH BLOCK.

On the 7th of December, 1890, the Boring-Hannah block, on the north side of the square in Anderson, was destroyed by fire, entailing a large loss of property. The fire originated in the basement of the building in the bakery of William Williams from a burning gas jet.

Before the fire department could respond the building was in flames; a heavy gale was blowing, making it quite a bad fire to control. The fire was kept within the bounds of the building, doing but slight injury to adjoining property. The *Daily Bulletin* occupied the entire second floor and was totally destroyed, losing all of the files and other property that insurance could not replace. The office and material were covered with insurance, and so far as the property that could be restored by the purchase of a new outfit the proprietors were made whole. This was the largest loss sustained by any one affected by the conflagration.

Williams' grocery was destroyed entirely, but was covered by insurance.

W. S. Shirk had a jewelry store in the building and suffered considerably from smoke and water, but his goods were many of them saved from destruction. The damage to the building was fully insured.

James W. Knight, one of the proprietors of the *Bulletin*, was sleeping in the building and was awakened by the smoke and gave the alarm. He hastened to the room of Fletcher Layne and a young man of the name of Harrison, who roomed in the bakery on the floor below, and aroused them just in time to save their lives. They were almost suffocated and were lying on the floor in a helpless condition. They were taken out more dead than alive and cared for until they were restored to their normal condition.

The building at the time belonged to R. H. Hannah, of

Alexandria, and James W. Sansberry, of Anderson, who immediately re-built it.

The *Bulletin* showed its usual pluck by getting out its regular daily edition as if nothing had happened. The *Daily Herald* and the *Democrat* kindly assisted them in their trouble, which was properly appreciated.

The Lion Store, adjoining, was also a sufferer to a considerable extent by smoke and water, but was insured.

The *Bulletin* removed to its present site on Eighth street and was again burned out on the 14th of August, 1891. The last fire was fully as disastrous as the first, but the paper survived and is still one of the institutions of Anderson.

The building in which the *Bulletin* is now situated has gone through two disastrous fires, an account of which appears elsewhere.

A HEADING FACTORY FIRE.

Twenty years ago Madison county was heavily timbered with oak and other valuable woods. The forests were then within sight of the court house. Lumbering interests were carried on largely, prominent among which was the stave and heading factory of C. T. Doxey & Co., south of the Big Four railway, and which was lately occupied by J. L. Kilgore's heading establishment. On the night of January 3, 1873, an alarm of fire was heard to ring out, and it was soon ascertained that the factory of Doxey & Co. was enveloped in flames. Every person within sound of the alarm rushed into the streets and hastened to the fire to render such assistance as they could, to help subdue the flames. There being a large amount of shavings and other combustible material in the factory, and a high wind blowing from the south-west, it was but a short time before the factory was totally consumed and nothing was left but the machinery to tell where this industry once stood. The loss was estimated to be about $8,000, on which there was an insurance of about $3,500. This fire had the effect to throw a large number of workingmen out of employment in the dead of winter, which was a great hardship upon them. At that time there were but few manufacturing establishments within the limits of Anderson, and there were a large number of men and boys employed by Doxey & Co. in this factory. Be it said, to the credit of Major Doxey, that during the cold winter months he contributed a large amount of money to those who were thrown out of employ-

ment, and who were unable to take care of themselves. The factory was afterwards rebuilt, and was for a time owned by H. J. Bronnenberg, and then passed into the hands of J. L. Kilgore, who ran it until timber became so scarce that it became unprofitable.

BURNING OF THE ADAMS BLOCK.

At the corner of Eighth and Main streets, the present site of the Phœnix Block, was at one time a two-story business building consisting of four store rooms on the first floor, the second story being used for a public hall and offices. The building was erected in 1867–8 by Robert Adams, a once prosperous woolen manufacturer who lived north of Anderson on Killbuck. On the 16th of August, 1888, this structure was wiped out by fire which occurred about 4 o'clock in the morning when there was but little stir over the city. The fire department was summoned and worked hard to save the other buildings on the north side of the square. Randle Biddle, who was then night-watchman, was the first to discover the fire. He turned in the alarm, but from some cause it did not work perfectly and it was some time before the department responded. Among the occupants of the building at the time were Joseph Carr, Samuel Sykes and Benjamin Roadcap, who had rooms on the second floor. William Roach, Justice of the Peace, had his office in the room occupied by Judge Richard Lake, in the front of the building. Purcell & Ehli conducted a cigar manufacturing establishment on the upper floor. In the lower part of the building Mr. Pat Skehan had his grocery store. William West conducted a barber shop also in one of the lower rooms. There was also a dry goods store, all of which were burned, entailing in each case quite a loss.

The building at the time of the fire was owned by Captain Frederick Tykle, of Middletown. Immediately after the disaster Captain Tykle visited the scene and made a proposition to his son-in-law, Hon. John H. Terhune, that he would transfer to him the real estate, providing that he would place a building thereon, which agreement was entered into, and work was immediately commenced. As a result, the handsome pressed-brick structure, known as the When Block, and which was demolished by the explosion of natural gas a few years later, was erected. When the When Block was destroyed Mr. Terhune at once put up another building which is

known as the Phœnix Block, and is one of the handsomest in the city.

A. F. AND M. WORKS DESTROYED BY FIRE.

The Anderson Foundry, that occupied the grounds of the present establishment of the same name, was, on the night of December 14, 1871, destroyed by fire..

It was then owned by James and Abram Michner, who afterward moved to Kokomo, Ind., and engaged in a similar enterprise.

They sold out the stock in the plant in Anderson, and the company was reorganized. In the year 1876 John H. Terhune became interested in the business with the Hon. Edgar Henderson, Samuel Kiser and others, and this became one of Anderson's greatest money makers.

The fire above alluded to was a severe blow, not only to the proprietors, but to the employes as well, who were thrown out of work for considerable time.

The buildings were immediately rebuilt and work resumed as soon as they were ready for occupancy.

This establishment has become famous the world over on account of its brick and tile machines, which are used in every State in the Union and many places outside of the United States.

BURNING OF THE WALKER WAREHOUSE.

Alfred Walker was once the owner of the farm on which the beautiful suburb of Evalyn is now located. He had erected on this a palatial residence which he made his home, and which has since gone into the possession of Dr. William P. Harter.

Besides being a farmer on an extensive scale, Mr. Walker was also a dealer in grain and owned a warehouse, situated at the crossing of South Main street and the Big Four railroad. On the night of December 14, 1874, about half past 10 o'clock, the citizens were aroused by the alarm of fire. It was soon discovered that the Walker warehouse was burning. The fire had made such progress before the alarm was given that all attempts to stay the ravages of the flames were futile. The whole interior of the building seemed to be ablaze, and the flames had burst through the roof before any one arrived at the scene of the disaster. An effort was made by George Craycraft to enter the office and save the books, but on account

of the great heat from the flames, he was compelled to desist in his purpose.

The fire was undoubtedly the act of an incendiary, as there had been no fire in the stoves for several days, and the engine had been silent for nearly two weeks.

Mr. Walker carried an insurance of $2,000, while his loss was estimated to be in the neighborhood of $6,000. Besides the building, there were several thousand bushels of corn, wheat and other grain in storage for which Mr. Walker had to stand the loss.

Alfred Walker was the father of Mr. Frank A. Walker, the Anderson attorney. Mr. Walker is well remembered by the old citizens of the county. He died in St. Louis a few years ago.

ADAMS' HEADING FACTORY BURNED.

The extensive heading factory owned and operated for many years by the Adams Bros., at the crossing of the Big Four and Pan Handle railways was, on the 5th of September, 1887, the scene of one of the most destructive conflagrations that ever took place in Anderson. Early in the afternoon the people were alarmed by a cry of fire, and a huge, dense, black column of smoke was seen arising toward the heavens from the crossing. It was soon after ascertained that the heading factory was on fire. A drought had for many weeks been prevailing, and this made the factory and all the surrounding buildings an easy prey to the flames. It was estimated that at one time six acres of ground were in a mass of fire. The saw dust, the shavings that were lying on the ground, and other debris, together with a number of freight cars which stood on the tracks, were consumed.

The fire was discovered shortly after the local freight train on the Pan Handle railway had passed, in some stacks of heading at the south-east corner of the yard, near the building. It had caught quite low down near the ground, and when discovered, was rapidly mounting upwards on the stack. The fire department was at once called out, but little could be done to quench the flames, owing to the fact that there was so much inflammable material in and about the building that no earthly power was able to subdue them. In a brief period the buildings were destroyed, notwithstanding the fact that the roof and part of the side walls were made of iron. There were on hand more than a million pieces of

heading and four hundred cords of bolt wood in the yard. There were about forty loaded cars on the side-tracks at the time, but an engine on the Pan Handle railroad track succeeded in hauling several of these to a place of safety. The factory was one of the best in the country, and was supplied with the latest improved machinery, and all that was left of it was a mass of twisted iron that could only be sold for old metal. The loss of the Adams Bros. was estimated to be from $25,000 to $30,000, with an insurance of only $2,500.

A dwelling house owned by James Trueblood, north of the factory, was also destroyed. The residence of Smith Andrews was at one time on fire, but was saved through the efforts of the hook and ladder company. Charles Goslin, an employe, was overcome with heat, and was carried away in an unconscious condition. Elias Vandyke was caught by a pile of burning heading and was badly burned. "Jack" Williams was also caught, but escaped with only slight injuries. Fully 2,000 people were present and witnessed the scene.

The destruction of this factory was a heavy blow to the Adams Bros. and nearly wiped out their entire capital. The meagre amount of insurance they held was but a drop in the bucket towards the rebuilding of the plant. The Anderson Board of Trade called a meeting to offer assistance to the unfortunate company, which the Adams Bros. agreed to accept on condition that they be permitted to reimburse the gentlemen who might come to their assistance. Upon these terms the Board of Trade went upon the streets through its officers and solicited subscriptions to the amount of $7,000, and the factory was rebuilt.

The Adams Bros. executed notes to the citizens before commencing the rebuilding of their plant, and as soon as they had made sufficient money out of their business repaid all who were kind enough to come to their aid.

DESTRUCTION OF ARMSTRONG'S PLANING MILL.

Nathan Armstrong, of Anderson, has been an owner and operator of a planing mill for a great number of years. He was for awhile the partner of William B. Wright, under the firm name of Wright & Armstrong, and carried on an extensive business of building and contracting. From 1867 to 1869 they built nearly every house within the limits of Anderson, that was erected during that period. Mr. Armstrong pur-

chased from Mr. Wright, his interest, and continued to operate the same, alone, with the exception of the last few years, during which time his son Walter has had an interest. On Monday night, January 12, 1883, his large and extensive factory was noticed to be on fire by some persons who were passing by at the time. They saw smoke issuing from the building and immediately gave the alarm, but by the time people could reach the place, the fire had gained such headway that it was beyond control, and the workers were then directed to save the stock. The building being filled with inflammable material, burned so rapidly that in a short time nothing was left but the walls.

The loss to Mr. Armstrong was estimated to be $15,000, with no insurance. This fell heavily upon him, but being a man of nerve and business tact, he immediately set about rebuilding the structure and placed therein new and improved machinery, which he has operated from that time until the present period, doing a prosperous business and has long since recovered from the effects of the loss that he sustained in 1883. No man in Anderson has enjoyed more universally the confidence of his fellow-men than does Nathan Armstrong.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE IN ANDERSON.

A very destructive fire occurred at the corner of Ninth and Meridian streets in Anderson on the morning of the 13th of July, 1886, in which the grocery store of Irey Brothers; the millinery establishment of Miss Carrie Dodd; the meat market belonging to Rhoades Brothers; the shoe store of Minor Barrett; the United States Express Company; and the agricultural store of B. F. Alford were wiped out of existence. The buildings in which the fire occurred were wooden structures which had stood there for many years and were joined closely together. The fire was first discovered in Irey Brothers store by night watchman Wolf, who gave the alarm, but it being at an early hour in the morning when people are generally asleep very few responded in time either to assist in removing the goods or to help quench the flames. The cause of the conflagration was unknown but strong suspicions were aroused that it was the act of an incendiary. About two weeks prior to the fire a quantity of pine shavings which had been saturated with coal oil was discovered under the room occupied by the grocery store and had doubtless been placed there for the purpose of firing the building. The buildings

belonged to Hester Neely, some of which were afterwards rebuilt under leases, and others by Miss Neely herself. The fire was a severe blow financially to Mr. B. F. Alford, from the effects of which he has never been able to recover.

BURNING OF THE AMERICAN WIRE NAIL MILLS.

One of the most destructive fires that ever occurred in Anderson took place at the American Wire Nail Company's buildings in Hazelwood addition on the 13th of March, 1890, by which that immense industry was almost totally destroyed. The roof burned first and fell on the machinery and lower floor. Some of the stacks were left and the office fixtures were also saved. The rolling mill and the repair shop were totally destroyed; a greater portion of the wire mill department was saved. The machinery was badly burned and much of it broken by the falling of the roof; minor parts of the engine and boiler were broken and injured. This fire entailed a great loss to the company. During the conflagration there was much excitement, and consternation reigned supreme. The mill was covered by $50,000 insurance, which did not make up the amount destroyed, much less the loss of time and delay in re-building. Immediately after the fire a move was put on foot to re-build the plant upon a more substantial basis. The directors, at a meeting shortly after, decided upon reconstructing the plant by building it entirely as an iron structure. The Board of Trade of Anderson called a meeting and entered into an agreement with the company to enlarge its plant to a certain capacity and donated a subsidy for that purpose. The leading members of the board and the best citizens of the city helped the company, and soon the buildings were restored and the men were again at work.

This is one of Anderson's best industries. The new buildings erected are entirely of iron, and it would be almost an impossibility to again burn them down.

This manufactory is spoken of elsewhere in these pages.

A LINE SHAFT VICTIM.

On the morning of December 16, 1894, Curtis L. Tingle, of Anderson, an employe of the Woolley foundry, met death in a most horrible manner. A fellow workman at the foundry heard a pounding noise in that portion of the building where Tingle was accustomed to work, and its unusual sound at once

filled his mind with apprehension. He immediately signaled the engineer to stop the engine. He then hurried to the cupola, where the limp body of Tingle hung suspended from the line shaft. The clothing of the unfortunate man was wrapped so tightly around the shaft that it became necessary to cut his body loose. There were no cuts or bruises visible, save a fractured left arm near the wrist. The face, however, bore every trace of an agonized death. How it happened will forever remain a mystery to his friends and the inmates of the factory, as no human eye was a witness. The generally accepted supposition, however, is that in adjusting a belt on a pulley his clothing was caught by the shaft, and the man, helpless and paralyzed with fear, was hurled to death. His cry of distress, if uttered at all, was never heard. The thump, thump, thump of his body as it struck the side of the wall told of an unusual situation in the cupola section and led to the discovery.

ACCIDENT AT THE COUNTY FAIR.

The County Fair at Anderson was for many years looked forward to as a great season of enjoyment by the people of the county. Many enjoyable days have been spent in the beautiful grove of spreading oaks that lent their grateful shade to the comfort of the mass of humanity who congregated there annually to give themselves up to gaiety and sport. Among the many scenes of pleasure there have been some of sadness as well. One of the unfortunate affairs was the breaking of the leg of A. W. Stewart, of Elwood, on the 7th of September, 1876. While "scoring" the horses for a start in a race Stewart was coming down the "stretch" at a lively gait when he collided with a horse driven by Richard Hunt, whereby his sulky was overturned and he was thrown out after being dragged for some distance, and had his leg broken and being otherwise bruised.

He was kindly cared for by friends and soon recovered. This accident caused the greatest excitement throughout the densely crowded grounds, and it was simply miraculous that others were not injured.

BURNING OF KILGORE'S HEADING FACTORY.

The extensive heading factory owned by J. L. Kilgore & Co., on South Main street, opposite the Big Four passenger station, was destroyed by fire on Sunday, the 16th of February,

1887, being one of the most destructive fires that ever took place in the city. The flames were first discovered in the engine room, where a spark from the furnace ignited a pile of saw-dust that lay close by. The fire spread with startling rapidity, owing to the combustible nature of the timber in the building. Although the firemen responded with promptness the factory was almost consumed before a stream of water could be turned upon it. This was a great loss to the propritors as well as to the community from the fact that it was at that time the largest manufacturing industry in the city, and gave employment to a great number of workingmen, who were left almost destitute in the dead of winter. The building and its contents were partially insured, but not sufficiently to pay the loss. The company owned another factory at New Castle and it was several weeks before the proprietors determined upon re-building; but after mature deliberation the factory was re-built and placed in operation and so continued until a few years ago, when, in consequence of the scarcity of timber in this section of the country, the plant was moved to Paducah, Kentucky, where it is now in active operation.

THE FATAL SWIMMING HOLE.

On the 24th of August, 1876, Charley Brown, a lad of eight years of age, was drowned in White river, just below the Pan Handle railroad bridge, while swimming with some boys. He was the son of a widow, who was a domestic in the family of Michael Skehan, who then lived on West Eighth street. His little companions did all in their power to rescue him, but to no purpose, as they were all small and could be of but little help to him. After making a heroic effort to save himself, he went down for the third and last time and sank from sight. The little fellows who were in his company were terror stricken and for a time did not know what to do. After gathering their wits, they gave the alarm, and the citizens turned out and made search for his body which was found, after some effort, not far from where he went down. This was a very sad affair for his widowed mother, as he was her only son, and she was very poor and worked out to maintain him and herself.

CHAPTER LVIII.

The Failure of the First National Bank of Anderson and the Sad Tragedy Following it.

Prior to the organization of the First National Bank of Anderson in the year 1865, the banking facilities of Madison county were very limited. N. C. McCullough had, in 1865, established a small banking institution, which was afterward discontinued, and for awhile Anderson was without a bank. Afterward J. G. Stilwell and his son, Thomas N. Stilwell, came here from Oxford, Ohio, in the early '50s, and engaged in merchandising and other lines of business, under the firm name of J. G. & T. N. Stilwell; T. N. Stilwell being also a part of the time engaged in the practice of law, and for a time associate editor of the Anderson *Gazette*. They also did a small banking business in a private way, until in the year 1865, after the passage of the national banking law, when they, in company with other citizens of Anderson, organized the First National Bank, with a capital of $50,000. The bank was very popular with the people and soon had a handsome business, being favored with the deposits of merchants, business men, corporations and public officials to such an extent that the deposits at one time reached the sum of $300,000. During the panic of 1873 the house of Jay Cooke & Co., of New York, failed unexpectedly, and threw the whole country into a state of financial excitement. The First National Bank of Anderson was a patron of Jay Cooke & Co., which fact was generally known to its depositors, and consequently they became frightened and many withdrawals were made in a quiet way, which depleted the cash resources of the bank to such an extent that it was compelled to close its doors on the 15th of November, 1873, although no regular "run" had been made on the institution. Colonel T. N. Stilwell was very popular with all classes, and under ordinary circumstances would have been able to have stemmed the tide and brought the bank through; but owing to the universal distrust and the

shaken state of public confidence, the bank had to succumb to the inevitable.

At the time of the failure the bank had on hand as a part of its assets Venezuelan bonds to the amount of $100,000, which Colonel Stilwell had acquired while he was minister to that government.

The payment of these securities was afterwards contested by the authorities of Venezuela, and a large amount of them was declared null and void by a commission appointed jointly by the United States and Venezuela, which had the effect to greatly diminish the cash resources of the bank.

When the bank failed Thomas McCullough, of Oxford, was made receiver, but only served a short time, when he resigned and Walter S. Johnson, of Washington, D. C., was put in charge and wound up its business.

When the receiver took charge a statement of the condition of the bank was given out, which showed the following resources and liabilities:

Cash—Bills receivable, accounts and other items.....	$164,563
Due to depositors, individuals and corporations.....	137,717
Leaving assets over liabilities.....	25,846

Included in the assets were the Venezuelan bonds, which, being to a large extent invalid, reduced the available resources far below the liabilities, whereby the depositors were forced to sustain considerable of a loss. The bonds are yet in the hands of the Comptroller of the Currency at Washington, and should they eventually be paid the First National Bank would pay out in full. There has been paid to the depositors forty cents on the dollar. Among the large depositors was Weems Heagey, Treasurer of Madison county, who had in the vaults of the bank at the time of its suspension $21,000. The failure had the effect to tie up a large amount of money and caused much distress and a closeness of financial affairs, until the people had time to rally from its consequences.

At the time of the failure Colonel T. N. Stilwell was President, and A. B. Kline was Cashier.

This is the only bank failure that has ever occurred in Madison county.

Colonel Stilwell was a politician as well as a banker, and held several political offices during his residence in this county. He was elected to the Legislature in 1856, and in 1864 he defeated the Hon. James McDowell, of Marion, for

Congress, serving one term, during which time he received the appointment as Minister to Venezuela. He also assisted in the organization of the 34th Indiana Regiment of Volunteers, and was made Quartermaster of that regiment. It was organized at Anderson and went into camp in 1861 on what is now known as the George Forrey farm, north of White river, then known as "Camp Stilwell." He only remained with this regiment a short time, when he was called home by Governor Morton and put in charge of the organization of the 130th and 131st Regiments at Kokomo, Indiana. He was commissioned as Colonel, but did not go to the front, as his private affairs would not admit of his absence, and upon his resignation of his commission in the army he at once took personal control of the bank and remained at the head of its affairs until the calamity overtook it that we have related. Colonel Stilwell was a man full of life and of a progressive nature, and used the means at his hands to improve Anderson and Madison county wherever he could in any way advance their interests. He built the Stilwell House, now known as the "Hotel Doxey," which was not only the pride of its founder, but of every citizen of Anderson. He was also the chief promoter of the Anderson, Lebanon & St. Louis Railroad, now known as the C. & S. E., he being the "power behind the throne" in bringing about its organization, and saw it completed as far as Noblesville before his death.

Much litigation grew out of the failure relative to the setate of Allen Makepeace, one of the stockholders of the bank, which, as will be seen further on, resulted in a mortal combat between the litigants.

THE TRAGEDY.

It is not the purpose of the writers to tear open afresh old wounds, but we bring before the public the particulars of this sad tragedy only for the purpose of placing it where it belongs as a part of the history of events that have transpired in Madison county. No better friend of the writers of these pages ever lived within the borders of Madison county than was Colonel Stilwell. This is also true of the central figure on the other side, Mr. John E. Corwin. Many favors have been extended to us by both of these men, which will be gratefully remembered while memory holds its seat and as long as we are possessed of a proper sense of gratitude. While it is our intention, only as a matter of history, to make a record of this

sad event, we think the end can be best subserved by stating, without comment, the actual state of facts as they existed at the time.

The most authentic account given of the affair was published in the *Herald* on the 16th of January, 1874, following the tragedy, and for weeks thereafter it gave the full particulars of the shooting, the testimony taken before the coroner, and at the preliminary investigation before Asa Pratt, Justice of the Peace.

At the preliminary investigation, the ablest counsel in the State of Indiana was employed upon both sides of the case. The prosecution was conducted by Amzi W. Thomas, who was then deputy prosecuting attorney of the judicial district composed of Madison and Hamilton counties. He was assisted by Jonathan W. Gordon, of Indianapolis, acknowledged in those days to be the best criminal lawyer that the State of Indiana had ever produced; Col. Milton S. Robinson, the Hon. John W. Lovett and the Hon. S. F. Cary, of Cincinnati, Ohio.

The defence was represented by the Hon. Benjamin Harrison, now ex-president of the United States, the Hon. James W. Sansberry and John A. Harrison, of Anderson.

From the account of the tragedy published in the Anderson *Herald*, we quote as follows: "The usual quiet of our city was suddenly disturbed on Wednesday afternoon by the occurrence of one of the most tragic events that has ever taken place in our local annals. At the hour of 5 o'clock, P. M. Colonel Thomas N. Stilwell entered the office of Mr. John E. Corwin in the room lately occupied by the Citizens' Bank on the north side of the square, and drew his revolver on Mr. Corwin. The latter was occupied at his desk inside the counter, and on discovering the Colonel's motion, sprang over the counter and advanced toward his antagonist, whose right arm he seized and threw down when Stilwell's pistol was discharged. The ball struck Corwin in the left groin, but fortunately was checked in its course by striking a key and a silver dollar in his pocket. Corwin then seized Stilwell by the shoulder or coat collar, pushed him around and fired two shots, both of which took effect in the left side of the head, killing him instantly.

"But few words passed between the men. Colonel Stilwell said something about settling up old business, as he entered the room, and that it was time that it was settled, and

Mr. Corwin, after crossing the counter, told Stilwell to put up his revolver. Mr. Lafe Burr, of Anderson, and Mr. Geo. L. Rittenhouse, a commercial traveler, were in the room, and were excited spectators of the deadly encounter. The weapon which Colonel Stilwell had in his hand was a double-barrelled Derringer, and he also carried a single-barrelled pistol in his pocket.

"The report of the homicide spread with great rapidity throughout the city, and in a few minutes a large and excited crowd had gathered in the building and on the streets.

"Corwin walked out of his office and across the street to the court house, and placed himself in the custody of Albert J. Ross, then Sheriff of the county, who permitted him to remain at his residence during the night under guard.

"As to the causes which led to this unhappy event, we may mention that a bitter and relentless feud had existed between the parties, they having quarreled at different times publicly and thus developing a feeling of deep animosity against each other. The difficulty had its origin in regard to some money which the late Allen Makepeace, Mr. Corwin's father-in-law, claimed to have deposited in the First National Bank, but which Stilwell denied ever having received. Mr. Corwin, as administrator of the Makepeace estate, had instituted suits for the recovery of the alleged deposit which were still pending in the court. After the unfortunate complication of affairs which compelled the suspension of the First National Bank in November preceding the tragedy, President Stilwell, being of a proud and sensitive nature, believed, from evidence real or fancied, that Mr. Corwin rejoiced in his humiliation. This, coupled with a terrible mental strain to which he had been subjected on account of his financial embarrassment, tended, as we believe, to precipitate a state of mind closely bordering upon insanity. We do not think Colonel Stilwell was responsible for his acts on the day on which he attempted the life of Mr. Corwin, and on which his own was ushered into eternity.

"A feeling of profound grief and gloom pervaded the city over this terrible drama. While the liveliest and most earnest sympathy was expressed in behalf of the bereaved family, public opinion so far as it found expression was generous towards Mr. Corwin, regarding his action as having been done in self-defence."

We have written this account plainly as we understand the facts without any attempt at embellishment or sensational-

ism. We have sought to give the circumstances simply as they were.

The funeral of Colonel Stilwell took place from his residence on Main street at 11 o'clock on the 16th of January, being one of the largest ever held in Madison county. The Colonel had enjoyed not only a local and state, but also a national reputation. Prominent men from the adjoining, and also from distant states, came to pay their respects by attending his last sad rites. He was a man who was well beloved by the plain country people. Almost the entire population of Anderson, and a large assemblage of the people from the county attended the funeral. His remains laid in state in front of the spacious grounds surrounding his residence from early in the morning on the day of the funeral until the cortege had taken its march to the city of the dead for interment.

The preliminary trial of Mr. Corwin was begun at Westerfield's hall before Squire Pratt, as before stated, and a large and interested crowd of people, many from the country, were in constant attendance throughout the proceedings. The utmost decorum prevailed, and the testimony was listened to with the closest attention. Occasionally Major Gordon would break the profound solemnity of the occasion by some sally of wit or remark of pleasantry, and thus kept himself on excellent terms with the audience. General Harrison confined himself very closely to the business before him. This gentleman mainly conducted the examination of witnesses. The aim of both sides was so far as possible to get the facts in relation to the unfortunate affair from the best recollection of the witnesses examined. The Squire discharged his duties in such a manner as to secure the approval of all parties. His decisions upon points of law were prompt and were gracefully acquiesced in by the distinguished attorneys in the case. Reporters from the *Cincinnati Commercial*, *Gazette*, *Cincinnati Enquirer*, *Indianapolis Journal* and *Indianapolis Sentinel* were present and took notes in shorthand of all that was said and done by the witnesses and attorneys in the case.

In relation to the deposits that the late Allen Makepeace claimed to have made with the First National Bank of Anderson, the following receipt was introduced in evidence, to wit: "The First National Bank of Anderson received of Allen Makepeace for safe keeping $14,000 in 7 3-10 United States bonds, said bonds to be returned to said Makepeace at any time called for. Interest on said bonds due August 15th and

February 15th. (Signed.) J. G. Stillwel, T. N. Stilwell, Anderson, Indiana, December 28, 1865."

It would seem, from the reading of this receipt, that the bonds were not actually deposited with the bank as money, but that they were merely left with J. G. and T. N. Stilwell for safe keeping. In a suit afterwards brought by the Allen Makepeace estate a verdict was given against the estate of Colonel Stilwell for the full amount of the bonds so deposited ($14,000).

It will be unnecessary in these pages to go into the full details of all the doings and sayings at the preliminary hearing, or to make any comment on the affair at length. It was decided by the Justice of the Peace, Asa Pratt, before whom the case was tried, after all the evidence that could be offered was heard, that Colonel Thomas N. Stilwell met his death at the hands of his antagonist, John E. Corwin, while acting in defense of his own life, and Mr. Corwin was accordingly acquitted.

This affair cast a gloom over the city of Anderson that was not effaced for many years, and it is never mentioned or referred to by anyone but with regret and the deepest sorrow.

Mr. Corwin remained in this city for several years after the occurrence and organized the Madison County Bank, of which he became president. It was afterwards merged into the Madison County National Bank, of which he was also elected president, and did a thriving business until the year 1884, when he sold his business to Major C. T. Doxey and Daniel F. Mustard, and removed to Middletown, N.Y., where he at this writing is residing.

CHAPTER LIX.

A Number of Amusing Incidents.

LEE M. TREES IN THE ROLE OF "SQUIRE."

In the year of 1880 the young fellows of Anderson township, by way of a joke, voted for Lee M. Trees, the "Merchant Prince" of Anderson, for Justice of the Peace, and Morris M. Williams, commonly known as "Bundy" Williams, for constable. When the votes were counted it transpired that they had each received enough to elect them, to the surprise of themselves and friends. They thought to further the fun, so they both qualified and entered upon the duties of their offices.

Soon after 'Squire Trees had filed his official bond, and been "qualified" he was called upon by a young and buxom couple from the country with a request to join them in holy wedlock. The "'Squire" very graciously ushered them into his elegantly furnished rooms over his store, and for a few moments excused himself. He went out and found his chief of staff, Mr. "Bundy" Williams, high constable, and fifteen or twenty of the "boys" and returned to his apartments where the groom and blushing bride were in waiting.

Lee ordered the waiting couple to arise to their feet and join hands. Constable "Bundy" Williams "gave the bride away" and the ceremony proceeded when in a very impressive manner, Lee said:

"Do you each solemnly swear in the presence of God and these witnesses assembled, that you will support the constitution of the State of Indiana; that you will love, cherish and honor each other through sickness as well as in health; that you will neither of you depart from the paths of virtue and rectitude, but will cling to each other as the ivy clings to the trunk of an old tree, so help you God."

To this they both nodded and replied "we will."

"I then, by the power vested in me by the State of Indiana, in the name of God and the holy Saint John now declare you husband and wife."

"Boys, let us take a light drink."

The decanter was set out and the 'Squire, Constable, bride and groom partook first of the claret, then it was passed to the bystanders. Thus ended 'Squire Trees' first marriage ceremony.

He and Constable Williams only held their offices a short time and resigned, other business being too pressing for them to attend to the duties imposed upon them."

THEY'LL HAVE IT IN THE HORSE-FLY.

Almost every farmer in Madison county will remember Robert Shinn, who kept a place where Louis Blest's "White House" now stands. Robert's place was headquarters for farmers to lunch, and to get all the political news. Robert and his good, old wife, recently deceased, kept posted on the politics of the day, and many politicians and candidates have been made and unmade in the Shinn grocery. Robert was a liberal fellow in all things, and had a heart as large as a tub. When the crusade against the saloons was raging in 1874, the ladies sat in little booths upon the streets, taking the names of all who entered the saloons, one of which was in front of Robert's place. Some one passed down that way and saw Robert complacently sitting beside the ladies who were watching his door, fanning himself with a large palm leaf hat. When he was asked, "Well, Robert, what do you think of the proceedings?" he answered with a big laugh, "Oh, I think they are a set of d—n fannyticks."

In 1866, W. E. Cook and Tom O'Neil, who were connected with the Anderson *Standard*, published a "fly-by-night" paper called the *Fire Fly*. It was gotten out in the night when every one was supposed to be asleep. It "roasted" every one without respect to person, and nothing escaped it. Robert Shinn was, one sleety morning, strolling down the street, when, without a moment's warning, out went his feet on the ice, landing Robert on his back. He was as thick as he was long, and in his scramble to get up, he rolled until he got over against the court house fence before he could regain his footing. Climbing up against the fence, he began to brush the offal of the public square from his clothing, and, limping up to the corner, with a look of dispair, said: "I 'sposhe' they'll have it in that danged 'horse-fly' to-night."

Robert Shinn died several years ago in Anderson, at a ripe old age; while he was a saloon keeper, he was universally

liked by all who knew him and was an honest man. He paid his debts to the last farthing, and believed in doing to others as he would have them do unto him.

TWO LARGE BLACK COONS.

Lafe J. Burr, one of Anderson's old-time citizens, holds the title of president of the "coon club." It is an organization that meets on the street corners and talks a great deal about coon hunting, but really does but little hunting. It is composed of Lafe Burr, James H. Snell, George Hughel, Thomas J. Stephens, Jack Brunt, John P. Davis and several others whose names do not now come to mind.

Some friend of Mr. Burr's one day, in a moment of hilarity, went to the *Bulletin* office and put in a two-line advertisement and signed Lafe's name to it, wanting two large black "coons."

In a few days an old farmer drove up in front of Mr. Burr's gate with a farm wagon and stopped. He called Mr. Burr out of the house, and, after passing the time of day, said:

"Well, Lafe, here's your coons."

"What coons?"

"Why, the coons you advertised for in the *Bulletin*."

"I haven't advertised for any."

This aroused the old man's ire. "I reckon you did; I 'seed' it in the *Bulletin*, and I can read writin' and printin' as well as you can, and it's in the paper."

Lafe still insisted that there was a mistake somewhere in the matter. The old man began to warm up. "Look here, Mr. Burr, I've knowed you a long while, and respected you as an honorable man. Me and my boys quit our work and went to a great deal of trouble to catch these coons for you, and you don't want to play none of your foolishness on me. You can either take them and pay me for them or there will be trouble and our friendship is at an end."

"Well," said Mr. Burr, "I don't want to lose you as a friend, but I assure you this is a practical joke some one has put up on me; but I'll take the coons. What are they worth?"

"Two dollars and a half."

"All right; here's your money. Take them and put them in C. K. McCullough's Riverside Park, and come back and get your dinner and call it square."

The old man dumped the coons into the park and went home happy, and is yet a friend of Burr's.

Burr has always had a lingering suspicion in his mind that James H. Snell, the vice-president of the club, set up this job on him.

Mr. Burr, besides being an old coon hunter, is one of Anderson's respected citizens, and has been a great success in business affairs. At the November election, 1896, Mr. Burr was elected County Commissioner on the Republican ticket.

CHAPTER LX.

Indian Reminiscences.

As has been stated in other parts of this work, the ground upon which Anderson stands was at one time an abiding place for the Indians. The tribes who are known to have dwelt in Madison county at one time were the Delawares and the Pottawattamies. The headquarters for the Delawares was for a long time at "Anderson's Town," and as such it was known from the earliest pioneer history.

"It may at present be an unknown fact, yet it is an interesting one to state that the first suit at law in Anderson was heard in a cabin or lodge which had been occupied by Chief Anderson. At the time Anderson lived here there was another chief of the name of Green, in whose honor the stream of water that meanders through the western part of the town was named 'Green's Branch.' This is all that is left to perpetuate his memory. His wigwam stood on the grounds in the immediate vicinity of the present home of the Hon. James W. Sansberry, at the west end of Tenth street.

"This chief, so it is stated by the old settlers, was the worshipper of an idol. It bore a great resemblance to a human countenance, and was carved in a large slab of wood and elevated to a distance of twelve or fifteen feet above the ground. It was known to have been used for such purposes for years before the people located here. Judge John Davis secured this idol as a relic and placed it in a room in the old court house, from which it was afterwards stolen.

"It is said that prisoners taken by this tribe in times of war were brought before this chief for trial, and were forced to run the gauntlet, and traces of the same could be very easily observed by the early settlers near Green's wigwam.

"Another chief was Killbuck, who is said to have been a Delaware. His lodge was on the north side of Killbuck creek. He is spoken of as a wise chief and one friendly to the whites. His remains occupy an unknown site in the woods north of the dam across Killbuck creek, on the Sparks farm.

"Nanticoke was the name of a chief whose village was located on the south bank of White river, on the present farm of Robert Cather, about four miles west of Anderson.

"'White Eyes' was another chief, whose lodge stood near the present site of the poor farm. All information in regard to him is very vague, and but little is known of him or his tribe.

"The Delawares, judging from early pioneer history, were a very war-like people, and were engaged in many most

AN IDOL WORSHIPED BY CHIEF GREEN.

desperate battles with the whites during the last century. At Fort Recovery, Ohio, in an engagement which resulted so disastrously to the whites, under General St. Clair, the Delawares bore a prominent part.

"Fronting the beautiful eminence upon the north bank of White river, some eight miles west of Anderson, is an old Indian burying ground which occupies nearly an acre, and from the depressions in the ground it is surmised that one hundred or more Indians are buried there. This ground is a part of the farm of Alexander McClintock. No excavations have been made on it, and should the privilege ever be granted

of making an examination of the ground some valuable information might be gleaned concerning the early occupants of Madison county soil.

"A peculiar looking pipe weighing about a half pound was found upon a grave in this ground sometime since which was donated to the Madison County Historical Society.

"Upon the farm of Matthias Hughel, some two miles east of Anderson, upon a high point overlooking the country for a distance of two or three miles to the south, is the site of the village of Moravian Indians, mention of which is made elsewhere. The evidence of the location of their lodges and wigwams were very easily traced with the advent of the white settlers into this region. When the excavations were made for the earthwork of the Anderson Hydraulic in 1870, the workmen exhumed a great number of skeletons which were believed to have belonged to the Moravian Indians.

"A tradition existed for many years among the early settlers that both lead and salt abounded in some of the valleys and hills in the vicinity of Anderson, and to some extent this belief prevails at the present day. The Indians appeared to obtain them easily, and upon short notice, but steadily kept the secret to themselves. If lead was found at all, it is thought its place was among the hills along White river, to the northwest of Anderson.

"The farm of Harrison Canaday, two miles north of Anderson, was in early times a favorite spot with the Indians for hunting deer. The early settlers thought that a salt well dug by the Indians existed near Killbuck creek by means of which the deer were induced to come to that place; but if that was really so, the Indians carefully guarded their secret and never revealed it to the white man."

The descendants of the Madison county Delawares are now said to be found in the Indian territory. The above account of our early Indian history is taken from a paper by Fleming T. Luse of the Madison County Historical Society.

A LEGEND.

The following beautiful story was written by Miss Nellie Lovett, the accomplished daughter of the Hon. John W. Lovett, now the wife of Earle Reeve, of Anderson, and is reproduced in these pages by special permission of the writer:

Early in the present century, Indiana territory stretched from the Ohio river to the great lakes, and embraced within

its borders what is now the prosperous and populous State. It had never been subdivided by the surveyor's lines, and, with the exception of a few rude settlements of hardy pioneers and trading posts along the principal streams, it was inhabited only by the untutored children of the forest, members of the several tribes of the "Great Algonquin Nation," of which the Delaware formed a conspicuous part. It was a country beautiful to look upon, and lay just as the hand of nature had left it. There was no monotonous stretch of level prairie to weary the eye, but hill and valley, undulating upland and fertile river bottoms made up an ever changing landscape that was beautiful to behold, always pleasing and diversified. Near the center of the great territory in a bend of the river, then known in the Indian tongue as "Watseca," or White river, was the

VILLAGE OF THE DELAWARES,

ruled over and governed by that noble chieftain, Kik-the-we-nund," or Anderson. At the time our story opens Anderson was a splendid specimen of the Indian race. In the very prime of life, standing six feet in his moccasins, straight as an arrow, of powerful frame and dignified bearing, he seemed a born leader of men, worthy to wave the scepter of authority over the important tribe to which he belonged. He had listened to the Moravian missionary, had heard the wonderful story of the cross, and ever since he had been a steadfast friend of the whites. The hardy hunter, trapper or trader, courageous enough to penetrate the unbroken forest and reach his village, was sure of a welcome at his wigwam. The forests abounded in game of every variety known to the zone. The river teemed with the best of the finny tribe, and in the fertile bottoms grew, in luxuriant abundance, the fields of Indian maize.

Thus in peace and plenty dwelt Anderson and his tribe, keeping inviolate the early treaties with the pale face race. Years before the chieftain's squaw had been stricken by the fatal fever, and had been called by the Great Spirit to the happy hunting grounds, leaving to Anderson a little daughter, "Oneahye, or Dancing Feather." She had grown to early womanhood, the pet of the tribe, tall and lithe of figure, swift of foot as the red deer, yet gentle and loving of disposition; this Indian maiden graced her father's wigwam, as the

WILD FLOWERS DECKED

the sloping hillside that stretched from its doorway to the margin of the beautiful river. The young braves of her own

and neighboring tribes, the Miamis and Pottawattamies, paid tribute to her beauty, and cast the trophies of the chase at her feet; but thus far her heart remained untouched and her fancy as free as the breeze that sported in the tree tops, or the wild birds that were her daily companions. But one day there came to the village a stalwart young hunter of the pale-face race. Brave and fearless, the wild life of the woods and prairies had a charm for Charley Stanley that had won him from the haunts of civilized life and had caused him to seek as his companions the dusky, untutored children of the forest. He was accorded a warm welcome at the chieftain's wigwam, and at her father's bidding "Oneahye" spread for him, under the shade of the old oak, a mat of soft and fragrant rushes, woven by her own deft fingers. To the young and susceptible hunter, this Indian princess was a vision of loveliness. He had never seen a form so graceful, or a face so expressive. The days glided by, and still he tarried, the guest of the tribe. By day the hunter and maiden wandered through leafy bowers, and at evening under silvery moonbeams, or the silent stars, the two floated on the bosom of the river in the light birch canoe. It was the old, old story; and when the beautiful Indian summer came and cast its mellow haze over hill and valley, the two were made one after the Indian custom, and thus another tie was formed to bind "Chief Anderson" to the whites.

* * * * * * *

The years grew green and grew brown; the moons waxed and waned, and time rolled on. The splendid country had attracted widespread attention, and each year saw new settlements of the ever restless Anglo-Saxons; saw the hand of civilization leaving its mark on the face of nature, and writing the doom of the red children whose heritage was coveted by the superior race. Already a trading station had been located at the village of the Delawares, and the log-cabin of the pioneer stood within arrow shot of the wigwam of the "Aboriginal." Anderson recognized the hand of fate; saw the writing on the wall, and knew that the red man must soon move toward the setting sun. With the other chieftains of the Algonquin nation he signed the treaty of St. Marys, in 1818, ceding to the United States the remaining interests of the Delawares in the splendid Indian territory, whereby it was agreed that within three years from the signing of the same, his tribe

would leave its ancestral territory, removing to a reservation west of the Mississippi. In accordance with the stipulations of the treaty, the 20th day of September, 1821, saw the exodus of the Delawares from the lands of their fathers.

The day was a beautiful one. The woodlands were robed in gorgeous hues of the Frost King and were flying the flaming banners of autumn. Fifty canoes floated on the river, while a herd of ponies and pack horses, bearing the camp equipage of the tribe, stood ready for the journey.

The young braves and squaws were to go overland, while the chiefs and aged members of the band were to travel by water. The white residents turned out to witness their departure, and there were many touching scenes at the parting. Charles Stanley and Oneahye, his Indian wife, had decided to remain at the settlement. At a given signal the canoes were filled with their burden of swarthy beings, and the cavalcade took up its line of march. Anderson was the last to move. When all was in readiness he laid his hand on the head of his daughter. A hush fell upon the assembled multitude as he spoke in the expressive and figurative language of the Delawares a father's parting blessing and benediction. The eagle feather in his plume quivered slightly, but beyond this there was no outward sign of the deep feeling that stirred the bosom of the noble chief. This simple ceremony over, he stepped into the canoe and stood erect, while the fleet, responsive to the strokes of the paddles, shot out into the current, and thus the long and tedious journey to the new hunting grounds, was commenced. The people on the river bank stood silently watching the departing canoes until a bend in the river hid them from view.

Twenty years had passed since the departure of the Delawares. Hard years they had been on the tribe. Pestilence and war, disease and death had played sad havoc, and but few remained of that goodly band of warriors. Anderson still lived, but broken by age, hardships and disappointments, he felt the future had little in store for him, and his thoughts continually turned back to the days of his early manhood, and a longing, unconquerable desire to see once again with his own eyes his dearly loved daughter, and revisit the old scenes, filled his heart.

Gathering about him a few trusty companions, he turned his face eastward, and by easy stages and frequent rests he made the journey. Charles Stanley had built for himself and

family a log cabin, somewhat more pretentious than most of his neighbors, and here the old chieftain received a warm and tender welcome; but the days of rest and enjoyment, which he had anticipated, were not to be. The fever was raging in his veins and pain racked his frame. On the evening after his arrival he became delirious, and from his incoherent words it could easily be told he was living over again the old, old days. At times he was engaged in counsel with the neighboring Sachems. Again, he gave the directions for the journey westward, and then he seemed to imagine himself in the old wigwam, and gently stroked the hair of his little granddaughter as he had her mother's many years before. On the third day he died and was sorrowfully laid to rest under the spreading branches of an old oak not far from the cabin where he died. Fifty years have passed. Where the village of the Delaware stood stands a vigorous growing young city, just feeling the impulse of new life, caused by the wonderful discovery of natural gas. On every hand are evidences of rapid growth and substantial prosperity. The place where the old oak stood abutts on one of the leading thoroughfares, is marked for a splendid hostelry, and the work of its construction has commenced. In excavating for the basement and cellars of the building the workmen came upon a human skeleton. It was the remains of "Anderson," the Delaware. By direction of the owners the skeleton was buried in the crypt of the building, where it now rests. Over it was erected the noble structure, and it was eminently right and proper that in honor of the noble chieftain the hotel should be called "The Anderson."

It is said that on the night of the 21st day of September, 1891, the seventieth anniversary of the exodus of the Delaware, just as the clock in the tower of the court house struck the hour of midnight, the ghostly form of an Indian, clad in the full habiliments of a Delaware chieftain, might have been seen standing erect on the highest crest of the unfinished building, with folded arms, looking towards the east, just as the chieftain had stood on the morning of his departure, seventy years before. It remained thus for a moment and faded out in a cloud of mist.

CHAPTER LXI.

Interesting Criminal Matters, Mysterious and Otherwise, Recalled.

A DARING BANK ROBBERY.

At the hour of high noon on Saturday the 10th of August, 1878, the city of Anderson was thrown into wild excitement over the announcement that the banking house of William Crim & Co. had been robbed of a large sum of money. This was one of the slickest pieces of robbery that was ever perpetrated in this part of the country.

A well dressed stranger, a few days previously, had registered at the Doxey House under the name of H. F. Tilden, of Mound City, Iowa. He was of very pleasant address, of unassuming manner, talked but little to anyone but when in conversation was entertaining and soon ingratiated himself into the good will of several leading citizens about the city, among whom was Joseph R. Cain, the cashier of the Crim Bank. Tilden made several visits to the bank for small accommodations in the way of procuring change, at one time asking the cashier to give him silver for a twenty dollar bill. Mr. Cain took the bag of silver from the vault and counted it out, but just at that moment the stranger seemed to be troubled with a sore finger. He politely requested Mr. Cain to tie it up for him as he could not tie it with his other hand. He had a white rag wrapped around his finger which was also wrapped with a thread which was ready to tie. Mr. Cain, of course, complied with the request but in so doing he was compelled to reach over the counter. Mr. Tilden detained him as long as possible in tying it up by telling him that he had tied it too tight and had him to loosen it and retie it.

While this was going on a couple of sneak thieves, confederates of Tilden, had slipped in, with cork soles on their shoes, and crawled around the counter and got behind the cashier's department, where the safe was standing with the door open. A large sum of money was exposed, which they

grabbed from the vault and made their way out with their booty.

When Mr. Tilden entered the door he had a confederate who stood on the front steps for the purpose of detaining any one that might come in while the robbery was going on. Richard Thornburg, a farmer living a few miles from the city, was just entering the bank to transact some business, when the confederate, who stood on the outside, stopped him and made some inquiry as to where some person lived, or some other unimportant matter, and detained him until the sneak thieves had passed out of the bank and Mr. Tilden had also made his escape.

About this time Norval Crim, the son of William Crim, the president of the bank, arrived to relieve Mr. Cain while he went to his noon meal. Just as Crim entered the bank some customer came in with a large check, which required more money than was usually kept on the counter to pay it. After looking at the check he turned to the safe to take out a package, when, to his astonishment, the packages were gone. He immediately accosted Mr. Cain and asked him what had become of the currency. Mr. Cain was astounded to find that the packages had disappeared, and it immediately dawned upon him that he had been robbed, and at once suspected Tilden of being the guilty party, or at least an accomplice in the affair.

Tilden and his confederates immediately on leaving the bank started for the Pan-Handle train going north at 1:20 P. M. The alarm was given and pursuit was made. The officers boarding the train placed Tilden under arrest and also three others who were under suspicion as being his accomplices. The parties arrested with Tilden gave their names as J. C. Curtis, of Cleveland, John Ryan, of Fort Wayne, J. Ash and J. T. Bradley, of Pittsfield. All of these parties had boarded the train with Tilden. When the train arrived at Elwood Ryan endeavored to make his escape and jumped from the train and ran through a stave yard. He was seen holding his coat on entering the yard, but on leaving he had left it behind. This action on the part of Ryan led the officers to believe that he had hidden the money somewhere among the staves, and search was made by parties at Elwood, assisted by the officers, but nothing was found until the next day when Mr. Frank M. Hunter, Postmaster at Elwood, found $1,790, and another party found a small sum, the amount of which the writer does

not remember. The money had been secreted in the stave piles by the flying thief, who was afterward captured.

Ryan and the other participants were returned to Anderson on the evening train, but waived preliminary examination until Monday morning. They were placed in the Madison county jail. James Hazlett was then Mayor of the city and the case was brought before him for trial, but the parties took a change of venue from His Honor and their cases were sent to William Roach, Esquire, where the preliminary trial took place on the Tuesday and Wednesday following. Ash and Curtis were both released, but the others, Ryan, Bradley and Tilden were held on bail, which they failed to give and were sent back to jail. Hon. Howell D. Thompson and Calvin D. Thompson, Esquire, were employed to defend them. Hon. James W. Sansberry and Hon. Charles L. Henry and A. S. McAllister appeared for the State. Friends of the parties came to the front and put up cash bail for them, which they afterward forfeited and never came to trial. It is said, however, that there were some arrangements with the managers of the bank and the friends of these parties that the greater portion of the money was restored to the bank. How much was taken and how much the bank received in return is known only by those who were intimately connected with the affair. The amount was variously estimated at from $5,000 to $12,000. It will never be known to outside parties what was the true state of affairs in this relation.

It is said that Ryan was afterwards killed in an encounter of some kind when he was in the act of committing an unlawful deed. Tilden, after being released, was on one or two occasions seen by parties who recognized him at Indianapolis. He was undoubtedly the smoothest rogue who ever planted his foot in Madison county. During the preliminary trial which was held in the court house, Mr. Tilden sat each day with a kid glove on one hand, in which he help the glove for the other. His faultless linen shirt front and the sparkling diamonds that he wore, with his boots shining as brightly as they could be made, were all scenes in his part of the play, and anyone entering the court room during the proceedings whom he had met at any time during his stay in town he saluted with a bow and greeted with a smile. He was so polite and kind to the officers, to the prosecuting attorney and the lawyers on the other side that he almost won their favors before the trial ended.

While many criticised Cashier Cain, it is safe to say that there is not one man out of a thousand placed as he was who would not have done as he did.

The writer has been behind the counter of a bank for many years and is ready to confess that he would in all probability have done as Mr. Cain did under similar circumstances

A MYSTERIOUS BURGLARY.

W. S. Shirk, who is well known to almost every one in Anderson, and who kept a jewelry store on the north side, was the victim of two daring robberies within a period of two years. The first time, in the month of November, 1888, some unknown persons entered his store through the back door while the proprietor was at supper, and got away with about $2,000 worth of jewelry, and diamonds, and made good their escape. The trays in which the valuables were kept were all emptied and the show cases left bare, a greeting that met Mr. Shirk's view when he returned from his meal that made him heart-sick. He could scarcely believe his own eyes when he beheld the empty cases.

Mr. Shirk had just begun to recover from the effects of this robbery in a financial way, when he was again, on the night of March 14, 1890, visited with a similar occurrence, only on a larger scale.

Mr. and Mrs. Shirk were boarders at the Hotel Doxey, and had gone to their rooms leaving the store closed, and the safes securely locked. A young man of the name of C. H. Williams was a clerk in the store, and had gone out to call on a lady friend, returning at about 12 o'clock to retire for the night, he having his sleeping apartments in the store. Upon entering the room he was astonished to see the safe door open, and upon examination he ascertained that a robbery had been committed. He at once repaired to the hotel and aroused Mr. Shirk, who hastened to the store, where he was soon convinced that he had again been the victim of burglars. The alarm was immediately given to the police and all effort to find a clue was made without success. The entire stock was taken and a large loss was sustained. Detectives were put to work on the case and the whole country was scoured in order to find some evidence of guilt or some trace of the robbers. Suspicion pointed towards the clerk, and the detectives decided to cause his arrest, which was accordingly done, but on

an investigation he was exonerated from all blame and fully acquitted of the offense.

This was without doubt one of the slickest pieces of thievery ever perpetrated. There was no one in the wide world who had the combination to the safe except Mr. Shirk, and how it was opened is to this day a mystery.

There was but one theory advanced by experts, and that was that some one had gotten possession of the letters on which the combination was set, at some time when Mr. Shirk had inadvertently laid them down, and quietly bided the time until an opportunity offered itself to perfect the job.

The clerk was not allowed to have the combination and was in no way familiar with the inside workings of the safe.

Some people were of the opinion that Shirk was the guilty party of his own robbery, but there was absolutely no foundation or reason for this conclusion, as he was in no one's debt, and could in no wise profit by such a transaction, and besides, he was the personification of honor and would not be guilty of such a crime.

Mr. Shirk was one of the finest workmen in his line in the United States, being a practical watch maker. He left Anderson not long after this occurrence, and moved to Florida on account of his wife's health, where he at this time resides.

Mr. Shirk learned his trade with John Awalt, in Anderson, and for many years was in his employ.

He was born and reared at Newcastle, Ind. This was a severe blow to him financially, and was the cause of his having to give up business for himself, and is now working as a journeyman at his trade.

A DRUGGIST "HELD UP."

On the 13th of August, 1880, about the hour of 12 o'clock at night, when all honest people had sought their peaceful couches and all was serene and quiet, Frank Murphy, a desperate night prowler of the light-fingered fraternity, made his way into the sleeping apartments of Charles A. Henderson, the well-known Anderson druggist, by climbing over the veranda from the ground below. He very deliberately went to Mr. Henderson's bed, where he and his wife were sleeping, and took Mr. Henderson's trowsers from under his head and rifled their pockets. This aroused the sleeping victim, who at once made an attempt to get up and give the alarm, but he was promptly stopped by his midnight visitor,

who held a Smith & Wesson's revolver to his face and commanded him to keep still at the risk of his life. Mr. Henderson thought discretion the better part of valor, so he meekly obeyed the command. There was a light in the room, and Mr. Henderson took a good look at the intruder. He satisfied himself that if he should ever meet him again he would know him. The impression made on Henderson's mind was so vivid that he has never lost the full outlines of that man's face. The next day after this occurrence Mr. Henderson met the robber on the street, and at once recognized him. He quietly gave the alarm to the city marshal, and he started in pursuit of the criminal. The rogue must have suspected that Henderson knew him, for he at once took a straight line for the Bee Line railroad, where a freight train was standing, about to start east. While the marshal was getting his forces ready a friend of Mr. Henderson hurried to the depot and quietly informed the conductor of what was going on, and he held the train until the officers arrived, and in a few minutes Murphy was a prisoner. The Circuit Court was in session at the time, and an indictment was procured against the prisoner and a hasty trial had, and he was soon on his way to Michigan City to serve time for his crime. He made threats that he would come back when he had served his time and kill Henderson; but he got over this, as he did come back, but never molested Mr. Henderson in any way.

CHAPTER LXII.

A Number of Disastrous Fires in Anderson and Vicinity Remembered.

AN OLD LANDMARK DESTROYED.

The older inhabitants of Madison county will remember the old Jackson flouring mill that stood on the banks of White river at the ford near the farm of Samuel Myers east of the city. The mere mention of the name of this mill calls to

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the minds of the old-timers the times when they "toted" their grists to mill long before there were any turnpikes in Madison county, and when they would have to travel a distance of eight or ten miles, and the trip would often consume two days or more. When they got to the mill they would have to wait for the grinding of their grain and then return home with the grist the next day. This mill was built by David Williams in 1832, and did good work from that time until its destruction. It was an old-fashioned water power, and

was the first to be built in this section of the country. It enjoyed the patronage of almost the entire county at one time, and it is said that often persons would have to wait and stand in line a day at a time in order to get their grist ground. Andrew Jackson purchased and operated it for a long time, and in the year 1857 sold it to his son David B. Jackson, who ran it until the day of its destruction. The cause of the conflagration seems to have been as follows: A young man working about the mill had put a fire in the stove in the morning and in building it dropped a piece of coal into a decaying place in one of the floor sills. At noon that day the fire was discovered in the foundation timbers. One of the millers was attracted to it and saw the smouldering coals which he put out as he thought, and no further attention was paid to it. At 11 o'clock that night the family was aroused by the cry of fire by the neighbors. Upon looking out the building was found to be in a sheet of flames. Nothing could be done to extinguish the fire, and the structure was destroyed. And thus was wiped out one of the old landmarks of Madison county. The dam above the mill remained for several years, but was finally torn away. No sign now remains to mark the spot where the mill once stood except the rippling of the water over the few straggling stones left where the dam once stood.

BURNING OF THE EAGLE CHAIR FACTORY.

At the corner of Eleventh and Meridian streets in Anderson, once stood one of the largest of Anderson's industries. It was known as the Eagle Chair factory, and employed a large force of hands. Its products went through the length and breadth of the land. It was established in 1868 by Holloway & Jackson, who began the manufacture of bent wood for chairs. The business was carried on by them until 1871, when a stock company was organized composed of Elisha B. Holloway, Enoch M. Jackson, David W. Swank, Minor Barrett, Isaac D. Bosworth, and others for the manufacture of chairs and other articles of furniture. The most approved style of machinery was purchased, and the factory was equipped in first-class style. From 50 to 75 people were employed, and a very extensive business was transacted.

After the concern had run for two years under the management of the above named gentlemen, several of the stockholders disposed of their interests to Alfred Walker who eventually became the sole proprietor.

On the 6th of May, 1880, the sound of the whistle of this busy hive of industry announced to the sleeping citizens, that the place was on fire. The people at once hastened to the scene, as was usual in those days, with buckets and other appliances for extinguishing fires, but with little effect, in this instance, as the building was filled with dry, combustible material, and it was but a little while until all the interior of the structure together with its contents was devoured by the raging flames, leaving nothing to tell where this thriving factory had once stood. The residence of M. A. Bosworth which occupied the site where the home of E. E. Newton at present stands, was also ignited by the flames, and burned to the ground. The large three-story brick building in which Johnson, Cates & Canaday are now conducting a furniture business which was then run as a planing mill, sash and blind factory by Bosworth & Bro., also took fire at several times, but was, by heroic work on the part of the men, saved from destruction. The old church building occupying the ground immediately north was also on fire, but was saved from destruction by the courage of a man of the name of James Stilly, who, at great peril to himself, crawled up the steep roof, to a height of about fifty feet, and threw his coat over where it had ignited, and thus put out the incipient flames. This daring act of Stilly's was applauded by loud shouts of approval from the people below. He received their thanks and was properly rewarded for his brave act by Mr. John W. Pence, the owner of the building.

The ground on which the Eagle Chair Factory stood subsequently passed into the hands of Hester & Sons who converted it into a barrel, stave and heading factory, which they operated for a considerable time.

The fire was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, and two persons who were seen loitering about the railroad depots were placed under arrest, one of whom gave his name as William Wilson of Ogle, Illinois. The name of the other individual has passed out of the recollection of the writer. Wilson was a Norwegian by birth, and claimed to be a printer by trade. He gave a good account of his whereabouts at the time of the fire, and also stated what his business in the city was. There being no positive evidence against him, he was released from custody.

The building and its contents were insured to the amount of $4.500, but this sum was insufficient to cover the loss.

BURNING OF ROTH'S JEWELRY STORE.

On the night of December 26, 1885, about half past 12 o'clock, an alarm of fire was given when it was discovered that the extensive jewelry store, owned by William Roth, which occupied the building where Daniels' drug store is now situated, on the corner of Ninth and Main streets, was on fire. All efforts to stay the devouring flames were unsuccessful and in a short time the building with its contents was destroyed. The hook and ladder company did good service, and the wind being favorable, this was the only building destroyed on that side of the square. The roofs of the adjoining buildings were covered with men who were kept constantly dashing water on the flames and thus allayed the fears of many who felt that the entire square would be burned.

The fire was of mysterious origin and it was thought by many to have been the work of an incendiary, but there was no proof of the fact. Among the heavy losers were: William Roth on his stock of jewelry; Captain A. I. Makepeace, and Jesse L. Henry, who owned the building; Mrs. Wentworth, who had a millinery store in the adjoining building, also lost quite heavily.

THE MERIDIAN GLASS FACTORY BURNED.

On Saturday night September 19, 1896, at about the hour of 10 o'clock, the alarm of fire was given, and in a few moments it was heralded throughout the city that the Meridian street plant of the Pennsylvania Glass Company was on fire. The department was soon on hand, but there was so much combustible material in the building that such a thing as subduing the flames was impossible, and the structure and contents were destroyed, entailing a loss of $40,000. The company carried on the plant and stock, nearly the same amount of insurance, so the loss was mainly on the insurance companies, aside from the time lost in replacing the buildings, and equiping them ready for use.

The establishment was originally the property of the American Glass Company, which came to Anderson in 1889, from Martin's Ferry, Ohio. This company failed in business in 1891, and the factory was sold to the Pennsylvania Glass Company, which has operated it since. It is one of the best factories in the county, having given employment to a large number of men, and runs the year round. It is a cooperative company, nearly all of the operatives being stockholders.

The officers at the time of the fire were Thos. J. McMahan, president; John L. Forkner, vice-president; John Schies, secretary and treasurer, and Flery Toms, manager.

The plant when first established manufactured fancy decorated ware, lamps and lamp flues, but the business from some cause did not prosper, and the company went to the wall. After the Pennsylvania Company acquired the property, it was converted into a bottle factory, and manufactured all kinds of glass specialties. The fruit jar season is a profitable time for this establishment, and it enjoys a large trade in this line. In connection with the plant was also a mould shop, where all of the moulds for this and many other factories were made. It was one of the severest losses to Anderson while the factory remained idle, and many employes, as well as merchants and business men, felt it very keenly. This factory has been rebuilt in a substantial manner.

DESTRUCTION OF A HANDLE FACTORY.

On the morning of September 26, 1884, a disastrous fire visited Anderson at about 2 o'clock, consuming the Handle Factory owned by Charles T. Doxey & Company, situated on Meridian street south of the Bee Line Railroad, with all its machinery and stock. The origin of the fire was a mystery but was supposed to have been the work of an incendiary. It was first discovered in the northeast corner of the building upon the second floor in the part used for storing handles, and remote from the engine room. Work had been suspended at the factory during the week previous, in order to make repairs, and no fire had been built in the boiler-room and there was no possible means of the fire originating from the furnace. Part of the walls of the building fell in and the remaining portion stood in a toppling condition until they were torn down. There was stored in the building at the time 9,000 dozen handles ready for shipment. Mr. H. E. McCandliss, present street commissioner in Anderson, was manager of the factory and a large stockholder therein. The loss was supposed to be in the neighborhood of $15,000, covered by $9,000 insurance. After this disastrous fire the building was never rebuilt nor was the business resumed by the company.

BURNING OF THE "BANNER STORE."

On the morning of December 24, 1896, at the hour of 6 o'clock, the Leob-Brunt building on Meridian street, be-

tween Ninth and Tenth, in the city of Anderson, was discovered to be on fire. The flames were issuing from the basement and in a few minutes the whole structure was enveloped in flames. The efforts of the fire department proved futile, and all attempts to save the building and its contents were without avail. The building was occupied by "The Banner Store," owned by Messrs. Rawlings, Haynes & Co., and by Maag & Son, shoe dealers.

The building was insured in the sum of $14,000, and the stocks were covered by $30,000. The loss was much more than the insurance on the stock of Rawlings, Haynes & Co., while Maag's stock was thought to be fully covered. This was the third time this building was destroyed by fire. The first time in 1884, when it was known as the Doxey Opera House, when it was burned without any insurance, the loss being nearly $80,000. It was again burned in 1893, when it was known as the Doxey Music Hall, being covered by insurance. An account of these conflagrations last named are given elsewhere.

The community displayed its sympathy without stint for the unfortunate victims of this fire, and assisted in every manner in trying to help them in their distress.

CHAPTER LXIII.

Reminiscences, Amusing and Otherwise.

SAM PENCE'S LOTTERY.

Samuel Pence, who is at this time, a familiar figure upon the streets of Anderson, gave a grand gift distribution and lottery in Anderson at Union Hall on the 24th of December, 1866.

Mr. Pence had for many years been engaged in the livery business, having his stables on South Main street on the ground now occupied by the Bronnenberg block. Becoming tired of the business, and wishing to dispose of his stock to the best advantage, Mr. Pence devised a lottery scheme as the best means of procuring a good price for the same. He accordingly advertised largely throughout the country by means of the newspapers and hand-bills of his grand drawing and distribution of prizes.

On the night when the drawing took place a brass band was in attendance, and hundreds of people crowded into the place to witness the event. The drawing was conducted to the satisfaction of all, and but few complaints were heard. It was an honest affair. There were no blanks given out; each and every ticket drew a prize of some kind. On this occasion many were present who lived eight and ten miles in the country. They waited anxiously and hoped for their number to be drawn, and when at last the affair was over the disappointment expressed on the countenances of some was amusing to behold. Many had invested as high as ten, twenty and thirty dollars drawing minor prizes, while others who had invested only the sum of one dollar drew some of the most valuable prizes. Nearly all the tickets advertised were sold, and brought quite a handsome sum to Mr. Pence for his property.

From the list of prizes drawn upon that occasion we give the following: One horse, "Pete;" one horse, "Bill;" one horse, "Sam;" one mare, "Kit;" one mare, "Jane;" one mare, "Sis;" one mare, "Betty;" one buggy, one double set of harness, one bed and bedstead, one single sleigh, one sad-

dle, one cutting box, one buffalo robe, one hog, one sow and pigs, one lever watch, one bureau, one iron kettle, one breakfast table, one bar of soap, one Colt's revolver, one milch cow. Besides the above articles, there were about 300 numbers each of which drew a one-dollar greenback. It was advertised that every ticket holder would be presented with a picture, which turned out to be the likeness of Abraham Lincoln, which was engraved upon the back of the ticket.

Some laughable incidents occurred during the drawing. The writer, who was one of the anxious spectators expecting to draw a fortune, was the recipient of a bar of Shultz's Star soap, while Nolly Walden, a colored barber who sat at his side, drew a fine horse. A lady who sat a few feet in front of him drew a sow and pigs, and a minister of the gospel who resided a short distance in the country, drew a cutting box. One man drew a grain cradle, and Enoch M. Jackson, a prominent citizen of Anderson, drew an iron kettle.

Mr. Pence is yet living in Anderson, where he has a host of friends.

DR. ABSALOM PARRIS.

Dr. Absalom Parris was an old-timer, who died near Anderson about 1875. He was a doctor of divinity as well as a doctor of medicine. He practiced medicine during the week and preached in the country churches on Sunday. While he was not a thoroughly educated man, he had a fair knowledge of things in general. He had an excellent flow of language, and could preach and pray in a way that would make the hair stand on end, and perfectly amaze his hearers.

He would grow eloquent in prayer, and use some language that was really beautiful. The writer will always remember hearing him wind up a prayer in the Presbyterian church in Anderson. He prayed that when he was to be removed from this "mundane sphere, that he might be wafted forth on angel wings, and conveyed to that beautiful and shining shore, where sickness, sorrow and death never dwell, and be permitted to rest his head on the bosom of the beloved Jesus, and breathe his soul out sweetly there."

He was one of the politest old gentlemen in the country, and always in a good humor. He was a sterling Democrat, always taking stock for his party in the campaigns as they came around. In his practice of medicine he had some few remedies that he prescribed in nearly every case. His head-

quarters were at Henderson's drug store. The Hendersons used to think a great deal of him, and made much over him when he went into their store, always welcoming him with an "eye-opener" behind the prescription case. You could hear him smack his lips clear across the room as he would remark, "Bub, that is excellent, excellent."

One of his favorite remedies was "hydrastis canadensis." He always called Charley Henderson "Bub." After being seated at the stove, properly warmed and "tuned up," he would turn to Charley, rubbing his hands, and say: "Bub, have you any of the hydrastis canadensis, known among we medical men as the Golden Seal — among the commonality of the people as yaller root?"

Charley always had some of his favorite prescription ready for him at a moment's notice. Dr. Parris was one of those old-school fellows whom you don't meet in the present day. He could be religious, and at the same time mix in the pool of politics, take a light drink with the boys and then leave it alone. In fact, a good drink of old rye made him, if anything, more religious. He could give expression to his scriptural views with more vigor and use language not to be found anywhere in the dictionary, when he was keyed up.

He lived west of the city for many years, and died in 1875, leaving a memory behind him that will remain green as long as the old-timers around Anderson survive. He also had a brother, William Parris, who was a doctor, and who figured quite extensively in these parts about that time. William was said to be better up in the medical profession than Absalom, but as a preacher and exhorter he could not "touch him," neither could anyone else. Absalom Parris stood without a rival in that line.

ANDERSON'S MONUMENTAL LIAR.

Among the other great things Madison county has produced in its time, is a number of very handsome, well-trained and well-developed prevaricators. It is not supposed that there is now, or that there ever was a man in Madison county who would willfully lie to hurt a fellow-man, or even to enhance his own interests, but for your spinning yarns and big story telling, she has had some "hummers."

There was at one time, many years ago, perhaps as far back as 1850, a man who lived here by the name of Blodgett, who was a blacksmith. He had his shop on the lot where

Charles T. Doxey's residence now stands, where he used to do work for the farmers, shoeing their horses, setting their wagon-tires and " upsetting " their axes, etc. When not at work he put in the time chaffering and giving the farmers and his customers in general big talks and large snake stories. James Mohan tells of a story that Blodgett related to him once when he was a boy.

He was sent to Blodgett's shop for some repair work. While he was waiting for his job, Blodgett told him about a barefooted fellow stepping on a piece of hot iron. He said:

" I was cutting some bars for the purpose of making horse shoes, when a big, gawky fellow from the backwoods came in barefooted; he had gone barefooted so long that his heels where perfectly calloused. I had just cut off a piece of a bar of iron, which fell on the dirt floor and the fellow, without seeing it, stepped on it with his heel. He stood there for several minutes without moving. I watched him closely, but said nothing. Finally the grease began to run out on the floor; a terrible smoke and smell arose; at last I said, 'Stranger, do you know you are standing on that hot iron and likely to get burnt?' About this time the heat began to penetrate the ball of his foot. He made a leap straight up in the air, coming down with a whoop like an Indian. I dropped my work and went to him, catching him around the waist as he again started to jump up in the air. I carried him to the ' slack ' tub and soused him in, feet foremost. Such a sizzing and frying you never heard! The steam filled the shop so full that nothing could be seen. The horses that I was shoeing became frightened and stampeded, tearing every thing before them. His foot was so hot that the water in the tub was entirely absorbed before it was cooled off. By holding him in the water so long it entirely drew the fire out. When I let him out, he sauntered out in town as if nothing had happened, not even thanking me for my aid in his troubles. It took me all afternoon to hunt up the horses that had run out of the shop during the excitement."

James Mohan, James Battreall, Robert Titherington and several other old-timers vouch for the above, not for the truth of it, but that Blodgett really related it as a fact.

THE WAY A SHOWMAN TOOK A SHERIFF'S BREATH.

In 1870, O'Brien's menagerie gave an exhibition in Anderson. It was one of the largest aggregations of living won-

ders ever produced in this part of the country. During their stay they got into trouble with John A. Harrison about the ground upon which they showed. A general fight ensued in which Harrison got badly worsted. He had the show party arrested and fined for assault and battery. An execution was at once issued and placed in Thomas J. Fleming's hands, as Deputy Sheriff, for collection. He repaired to the show grounds and inquired for Mr. O'Brien, the proprietor, who immediately came to the front, and in a very genteel manner listened to the reading of the writ; after which Mr. Fleming demanded payment. O'Brien explained that he had had a very hard season and was scarce of cash, but would turn out property until the Sheriff was satisfied. This was all he could ask. They entered the tent and walked around in front of a large cage of hyenas.

Mr. O'Brien called one of the attendants and said: "Jim, open that cage door and let this gentleman have those two hyenas. Open up that next cage of Bengal tigers and—"

"Hold on, hold on," said Tom, "d—n your tigers and hyenas. I don't want them."

"But do I not have a right to turn out such property as I choose to satisfy your execution?"

"Yes, but I believe if I was in your place I would appeal this case to the Circuit Court. I think you can defeat it. I'll go on your bond if you will take an appeal," said Fleming, all the time keeping an eye on the cages for fear the animals would get out.

O'Brien went up town and appealed the case. It was carried up to the Supreme Court, where it hung along for years. Finally it was decided in O'Brien's favor. After that time you could not hire Tom Fleming to tackle a showman with a legal process of any kind.

HOW THE BOYS "WORKED" AN OLD MAN.

In the happy days of the old court house the boys around there used to have a great deal of fun. There was no formality in the mingling of men of those times. The court house was the center of gravity. When the country people came to town, as soon as their trading was done they went over to the court house to visit the officers awhile and exchange stories with them. In those days the jury was generally selected from among the farmers in the country. It was like the meeting of a small legislature, and was looked forward to with

great anxiety, especially the winter terms. In the long evenings the jury generally congregated about some of the county offices, where they told jokes, sang songs, ate apples, cracked hickorynuts, drank cider, and enjoyed themselves until late bed time. One occurrence of those good old days comes to mind. During a term of the circuit court an old man from near the Tipton county line came into court, asking a divorce from his wife. He stayed around, waiting for his time to come, for several days. He wanted his divorce so badly that he was nearly "frozen." He was not the most intelligent human being in the world, and did not know much about courts and their modes of procedure. Isaac Forrest was on the jury that term. He noticed the old man staying around, and finally inquired of him what he wanted. The old man related his "tale of woe." Ike told him that if he would come up to the court house that night he would get his case tried. The old man was delighted and was on hand at the appointed hour. In the meantime, Ike had informed the boys, who were all promptly assembled at the court house after supper. Some one of the jurymen was selected to act as attorney for the plaintiff. Forrest presided as Judge. The case was tried, which took until nearly midnight. The evidence was voluminous and of a rich character. The old man charged adultery as his cause of action. His testimony was given at full length, in his own way, whereupon "Judge" Forrest took him through a severe cross-examination. It was one of the funniest proceedings that ever transpired in the old court house. "Judge" Forrest finally granted the old man a decree of divorce, with the provision that he should never marry again and should at once leave the country. The decree did not exactly suit him, so the next morning he tackled Judge Craven about it and wanted it amended. Craven did not understand it. After awhile it leaked out. Judge Craven was hot about it, and came very nearly bringing the boys over the coals. The old man had an actual case pending in court, and thought he was really divorced. A side lecture from Judge Craven taught the boys that it was not just the thing to "monkey" with cases on the court docket in sham trials.

THOMAS J. FLEMING AND THE COLORED PREACHER.

Along about 1869, or '70, Thomas J. Fleming was deputy clerk of the court of Madison county. He was one of the clev-

erest men in the world, but about that time he was exceedingly so, from the fact that he was a candidate for clerk, which caused him to get in his best licks. During this time a negro preacher came along, and engaged the court house to hold "meetin'" in, there being no colored church here at that time. The sheriff, Mr. James H. Snell, rather objected, as he did not want to be detained to look after the house and close it up at night after services. Fleming had an eye to getting the colored vote, so he volunteered to act as sexton. The hour arrived for services. Fleming rang the bell that adorned the cupola of the old temple of justice. The deacons, and brothers and sisters, and dusky maidens of all sizes came to church. The preacher was one of the old-fashioned, hard-shell Baptists —a regular "Hepsidam" orator, whose voice could be heard for a mile distant. Fleming concluded that he would kill two birds with one stone; while the meeting was going on he was behind his desk making up court records. There was but one lamp in the house, which was one of those large-sized coal oil burners. It was arranged on one corner of the judge's stand, where it served to give light to the preacher, and also to Fleming at his work. A familiar hymn was sung and "meetin'" broke loose in earnest. The preacher took a text from away back, where it took "monstrous" hard "preechin'" to sift it down. He preached and preached at the top of his voice, till he got his hearers all shaken up. He swayed back and forth, ripped around, and pawed the air with his fists, winding up his sermon by saying: "My beloved bredern, I'se cum all de way down from Randof county, ah, I'se left my wife as a widder and my childun as offens, ah! to preach de gospel to a lost and ruined congreation, ah!" Making a mis-lick at this point, he struck the lamp with his fist and upset it, spilling the oil over the desk and clerk's books, leaving the audience in total darkness. Fleming flew around like a chicken with its head cut off until he got matters straightened up. The sisters screamed and the deacons raved like animals. At last, quiet was restored, and the minister wound up his sermon in the dark by saying: "My bredern, as I said afo', I'se preachin for de good ob de soul, and not for money; but if any ob de bredern have any ole close to spah, I wouldn't mind takin' a few of 'em." After singing the doxology the meeting was dismissed. This was the last colored meeting held in the old court house.

OLIVER C. DAVIS AND HIS PECULIARITIES.

As long as any person lives in Anderson who knew Oliver C. Davis his name will be perpetuated. He was a friend as true as steel. His word was his bond. If he owed a dollar he was as sure to pay it on the day it fell due as the sun rose and set on that day. If he made a bet he held it as sacred as the most binding obligation. If he lost, the money was forthcoming without a sigh or a groan. He would give it up so gracefully that it made one feel good. If he won he expected prompt settlement, and he everlastingly hated the man who would not pay his bets. He had a very droll way of expressing his approval or disapproval of things going on around him, but always nailed the center when he "remarked."

One time he was coming down town on a very hot summer day, and passed a house where a man was sitting in the shade of a house, while his wife was out in the yard splitting wood. Oliver stopped, took off his hat, wiped the perspiration from his face, and said: "Well, I have seen many and many of a lazy man, but you had ought to bin a Injun."

He bought land for taxes. A good old farmer came in one day and wanted to get him to assign a certificate to a piece of land on which the farmer had a lien. "Very well," said Oliver, "I will assign it for $25." That took the old man's breath. It was too much, so he walked out. The next day the old man returned, and called on Davis and told him he had concluded to take the assignment. "All right," said Oliver, "it will take $50."

"Why, gracious! Oliver, you said $25 yesterday."

"Yes, but that was yesterday," said Oliver.

"Well, make it out right away before it gets any higher," chimed in the old man, drawing his purse and settling at once.

HOW "UNCLE BILLY" MYERS AWOKE HIS SLEEPING GUEST.

We have mentioned Uncle Billy Myers several times during the writing of this work, but he did many things that will long be remembered by old settlers, when called to mind. He kept such an extraordinary good house, it was so clean and nice in all its departments, that it was a pleasure for the weary pilgrim on the road to reach Uncle Billy's, and lodge with him. He prided himself on always being on hand to do all that was in his line to be done to make his guests comfortable. He boasted that he never let a lodger over-sleep himself, but

always got him off on the proper train. One time a drummer went there, who had important business at Logansport, and must go on the 1:30 train that night. He was afraid to go to bed for fear of missing his train. About 9 o'clock, Uncle Billy came into the bar room, where he found the fellow snoozing and nodding around, dead on his feet for sleep. "Why in the devil don't you go to bed?" asked Uncle Billy. "I am afraid of missing that night train. I wouldn't miss it for a hundred dollars."

"Go to bed. You must think I keep a devil of a hotel. I never let a man miss a train in my life." With this assurance the man retired and was soon oblivious to all the world around him. Uncle Billy concluded he would lie down on a buffalo robe and quietly snooze along until all the trains got out. He was soon snoring the plastering off the house. After awhile the shrill whistle of the engine back of his house brought him to his feet. The 1:30 train was passing. Up stairs he flew, rapping and thumping on the drummer's door until he awakened every one in the house. "Why don't you get up, you d—n fool, the train's been gone fifteen minutes." The man informed him that if the train was gone, it was no use to get up, and he turned over and went to sleep again.

THE FALLING OF THE STARS IN 1866.

In 1866, it was predicted by some cranks, or crooks, as you may please to call them, that on a certain night in November the stars would fall. Great excitement prevailed in Anderson as well as throughout a large part of the United States. The people of the town remained up all night to witness the grand spectacle. A man of the name of Winters kept the United States Hotel then, and had a choice set of young gentlemen boarders, such as Albert C. Davis, Hampton Ellis, George Darrow and many others. Winters was just from the country, and in his first experience as hotel proprietor was so green that the cows bawled at him. The boys persuaded him that a grand dance and banquet was just the thing for this occasion, so he employed an orchestra, prepared a sumptuous feast, and the merry dance was about to begin, when some one threw some stones upon the roof of the house and they came down through the skylight with a great crash. The old bell on top of the house began to ring and the guests commenced flying in all directions. Enoch Roach made his appearance on the scene about this time and informed the people that the grand

spectacle was now on. There was another shower of stones and the landlord flew, even deserting his family. A young man by the name of Riley, who was clerking for him, fled to the country and never came back. Al Davis, Hampton Ellis, and others, cleared the table of all the roast chicken, duck and everything else that was good to eat, and carried it back into Swank's grocery, where the boys assembled and had a bountiful feast. The dance was "busted" up. Winters, in a few days tumbled to the fact that all the stars that fell landed on his hotel. The boys "roasted" and "guyed" him so much that he shortly afterward sold out to Fred Cartwright, who kept the United States Hotel as long as it was run as a place of lodging.

THE ANDERSON "WIDEAWAKES."

In the campaign of 1860 the Republican party made a great hit by organizing what they named the "Wideawakes." It was a semi-military organization, uniformed with oil-cloth capes, caps and a coal-oil lamp or torch. They flashed it on the country at a given period simultaneously all over the United States. It was a winning card. Many young men were carried into the Republican ranks by this gaudy military array. Many first voters were lured into it who are now veterans in the Republican cause. The Democrats tried to counteract its influence by organizing the "Douglas Guards," uniformed with yellow oil-cloth capes, caps and coal-oil lamps. They were mounted on horseback. Their organization came too late, however. The young blood had caught fire in the Wideawake camp. Nothing could turn the tide.

Anderson was no exception to the general rule. She had her Wideawake company, a fine organization of the best men of the town, old and young. Many who belonged to that company are now gray-bearded veterans. Many are beneath the sod in a southern clime, where they lost their lives in the real battles of the country, not as Wideawakes, but as defenders of the flag of the Union.

A. B. Kline was the captain of a company, and was as "brave a lad as ere commission bore." He was a young man of fine appearance, stately as the sturdy oak, handsome and gallant, having the respect of his command, boasting of the finest Wideawake company in Indiana. He took his company far and near to the Republican gatherings that year, making a fine impression wherever it made its appearance.

Time drifted on, the election came and passed, resulting in the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States. The war soon followed, and the young men of the country responded to the call in vast numbers. Nearly all who had been members of the Wideawakes drifted into the army. They had had a taste of military life, enough to give them a desire to go into the real scenes of army service.

Nearly all of Kline's company enlisted. He was at that time one of Anderson's best and most prosperous young business men and had a business he could not well leave, so he did not join them.

George Nichol, Colonel M. S. Robinson, Lon Makepeace, Captain Allen, D. F. Mustard and many others of Kline's old friends went to the front. George Nichol faced the booming cannon as a quartermaster. Mustard was a musician.

One night while in camp, around the blazing fire, cracking jokes, singing songs, writing letters to loved ones at home, the minds of the party settled on Kline, and his many virtues were discussed. Finally some one suggested that they have some fun at his expense. So they went to work and whittled out a long sword made of pine, stained it from end to end with red ink and finished with the inscription: "Presented to Captain A. B. Kline by his comrades-in-arms for chivalrous and meritorious conduct during the late Wideawake campaign." It was sent to him by express but no name disclosed the donors. It was a secret among the boys and a mystery to Kline.

Years rolled on, the war was over. Kline became cashier of the First National Bank of Anderson; George Nichol was auditor of Madison county, and Mustard was acting as deputy treasurer. Nichol's office was a kind of headquarters for the old-time boys to gather in and chat, tell stories of the army days, etc.

One afternoon a party had gathered in, among whom were Captain Allen, Mustard, Nichol, Captain Anderson and Kline. The subject of the war soon came up. During the conversation the subject of the wooden sword was brought up. It leaked out that Nichol and Mustard were in the scheme. Kline immediately "caught on."

"Well," he said, "I never knew of a quartermaster or a musician that was killed in the army."

Captain Allen spoke up: "Yes, Al, I know of one quartermaster that was killed in my brigade."

"Well, they must have been doing hell-fired good shooting that day," responded Kline.

This brought down the house. Kline closed the argument on the army subject. His response was in keeping with his usual run of wit. He hardly ever missed a center when he shot off his mouth. Many of Captain Kline's old sayings will live in Anderson as long as the name of Kline lives. His friends who knew him in his better days have the same love and admiration for him dead that they had for him alive.

A FAMOUS RESORT.

The old "Henderson drug store" is one of the landmarks of Anderson. It was erected away back before the war, perhaps as far back as 1860, and has been occupied as a drug store ever since its existence. It is now occupied by the Cassel Bros. The late Dr. John W. Westerfield for many years did a flourishing business there, and the major part of his handsome fortune was made there. During the war the firm was Westerfield & Menefee. Dr. Menefee retired about 1866, and removed to Alexandria, where he started his famous "one-horse" drug store, and made a fortune, which he left when he died a few years since.

Dr. G. N. Hilligoss was for many years a clerk in the Westerfield and Menifee drug store, before starting into the practice of medicine. In the year 1868 Doctors William A. Hunt and J. F. Brandon formed a partnership under the firm name of Brandon & Hunt, and purchased the stock of drugs in that room, where they did business until they sold out to the Henderson Bros., Edgar and Charles A., who for many years occupied the room and did the largest business ever done in Anderson in that line.

Their store was headquarters for everyone — politicians, school teachers, lawyers and preachers. It was run on the "high pressure" plan and was never closed. Day and night, Sundays and week days, it was wide open. Both of the Hendersons were politicians by nature, and called around them all of the leading lights in politics.

Hendersons' drug store was a power in local, as well as State politics. Many a candidate has made his start from that store, and when once in the race, with the Hendersons behind him, he generally went through. It was while in this room in business that Major Henderson made his race and was elected to the legislature. He afterwards made a brilliant race for

State Treasurer, but was defeated for the nomination by a small majority. It was from that place that Charles A. Henderson started in the race for Clerk of the Madison Circuit Court and was triumphantly elected. Newt Pence was a clerk in the Henderson drug store when he was a candidate and elected City Clerk of Anderson. Albert C. Davis started from there and was elected City Clerk in 1870, and after serving his term, went back in the store where he remained for some time and in 1878 made a race for County Recorder and was elected. While many men who started from there for office were elected there have been many aspirants quietly taken into the back room and retired from the field.

This famous and long-to-be-remembered old landmark has to Anderson's old-timers many hallowed memories clinging around it. It had its brighest and happiest days when occupied by the Henderson Bros. It was there that such men as Colonel Stilwell, John F. Wildman, Colonel W. C. Fleming, J. M. Dickson, Joseph Pugh, ex-Mayor Wesley Dunham, James H. Snell, Andrew J. Griffith and George Nichol, who were the lights in politics, met. It was their rendezvous at night, and a place of meeting of Sunday afternoons to discuss the situation; to make and unmake candidates. The Hon. Green Clay Smith, of Kentucky, Cassius M. Clay and George Francis Train have all met with the Anderson gentry there in social conclave. These last named gentlemen were often the guests of Colonel Stilwell in his lifetime, and of course much of their time was spent with the genial Hendersons and their friends. While the old building is rather a back number in appearance, it stands as a monument to a great part of Anderson's history.

THE OLD GINSENG DAYS.

In gathering dates and facts for a work like this a person has often to call upon the old-timer. He can furnish one with a date that could not otherwise be gotten. In coming in contact with them a person learns to love them, and to listen to their stories with an interest unabated. Often the point you wish is entirely forgotten, and you have been led off in a direction different from the one in which you started. In the old-timers of Madison county there is material for a book as big and as good as the Holy Bible. Their trials, joys and hardships are as sacred to them and as instructive to those who listen to them as Holy Writ. This may seem a little

strong, but, to appreciate it, "cultivate" the old-timer, as we have done. In the halcyon days of the pioneer of Madison county money was a legal tender just as it is to-day, but there was but little of it to tender, and people didn't make much fuss about free silver or a gold basis, as they do nowadays. Coon skins, tan bark, venison and wolf skins were good enough for them, and ginseng was a staple article. Many people made quite a little money by gathering this root and drying it for sale to the traders that came around at intervals and took up their stock on hands.

Ex-Mayor Dunham is one of the old-timers. He came to Anderson in 1839, and is authority on all points of "ancient history" relative to Anderson. Mr. Dunham has in his possession a day-book, or blotter, used by one of the early merchants of Anderson. Ginseng, hoop poles and wolf scalps were entered upon the book as cash payment for various articles purchased.

Money was very scarce, and the articles mentioned above passed as the medium of exchange.

There is to-day a man living in Anderson who earned a livelihood in his boyhood days by digging ginseng. A ginseng factory was at one time located on Central avenue, near the spot now occupied by the armory, and the proprietor did a thriving business. The establishment was afterwards turned into a spruce beer factory. This has long since disappeared, but many of the older residents of Anderson will have a distinct recollection of it.

CHAPTER LXIV.

In Which a Number of Interesting Happenings are Remembered.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Mr. Otto Ballard, who is at this time a member of the editorial staff of the Anderson *Herald*, came near losing his life by being drowned on the 14th of June, 1886, when a lad of sixteen or seventeen years of age. He had gone to White river, in company with several boys, for the purpose of bathing in the "old swimming hole" below Norton's Brewery. Ballard had not fully learned the art of swimming, and before he was aware of it was in water beyond his depth. He became frightened and losing his presence of mind began to sink. The boys around him were very much excited and could do nothing to relieve him.

Mr. William Cain, who happened to be passing by, heard the cries for help and went to Ballard's rescue. Cain jumped in. The drowning boy grabbed him around the neck so tightly that Cain could not release his hold and both came near losing their lives. Finally Cain succeeded in freeing himself from Ballard, and with the assistance of some boys, was able to land him in safety on the river bank. Had it not been for the timely arrival of Mr. Cain there is no doubt that Mr. Ballard would have been drowned, as his comrades were too badly scared to render him any assistance.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A WELL DIGGER.

John Estel, one of the old time residents of Anderson who has seen the place grow from a village of a few hundred to a city of twenty thousand souls, came near losing his life on the 9th of April, 1875, while engaged in digging a well at the corner of Thirteenth and Delaware streets, Mr. Estel being down in the well, filling a bucket, while his co-laborers would draw it to the surface by a windlass. Knowing the

treacherous character of the gravel walls and that they were liable to have a slide at any moment, a wooden curb had been prepared and was on the ground ready for use, but just before the men were ready to put it in the men on the outside of the well suggested to Estel that it was time for him to come out, as there was danger of a cave in.

As he sent the bucket full of sand to the top he said that after one more round he would come up. His words had scarcely passed his lips when the banks gave way and he was covered up to his arm-pits with drifting sand and gravel and it seemed at one time as if no earthly help could rescue him from an untimely death. Fortunately he had presence of mind enough to clasp his hands over his mouth and eyes and thus prevent smothering. One man descended quickly and removed the drift from about the imprisoned man's head and thus enabled him to free his hands; but there he was firmly imbedded and no means of getting him out except by digging. It was not safe for any one to stay in the well to assist him, as all this time large portions of the earth had fallen in, leaving quite a hole in the gravel with a heavy bank of sod and earth overhanging. The dirt and gravel kept falling in about his head until once he was entirely walled in, and had it not been for the presence of mind of a young man of the name of Edward Brown, a son of ex-Mayor William L. Brown, of Anderson, he would undoubtedly have been smothered. Brown saw sitting at the corner of the house an old barrel which had been used for the purpose of catching rain-water from the roof. He ran and got the barrel, knocked the head out and running to the well dropped it down over the head and arms of Estel, after which a man was sent down who scratched the gravel away from his mouth and this gave him a chance to breathe.

The barrel served as a place for the falling gravel to lodge against and thus prevented further encroachment on the person of the prisoner.

Estel in his perilous position prayed vehemently, called on Almighty God to save his soul, and to rescue him from his danger. It was a pitiful sight for the bystanders to behold him in this sad plight and to listen to his petitions addressed to the Great One above and not to be able to render him any assistance.

He was then imbedded in the gravel for nearly two hours until the workmen could cut away the banks for sufficient space around and by digging the gravel and sand out to such

an extent that a rope could be placed around his person and by this means he was slowly and carefully lifted up out of his confinement.

Estel prayed on this occasion as he had never prayed before and probably as he has never prayed since. It is safe to say that he will never forget the awful things that passed through his mind while buried in the gravel on that occasion.

Mr. Estel is yet a resident of Anderson and has ever since been engaged in well digging, but it is said that he never ventures beneath the surface of the earth, himself, but always gets some one else to engage in that treacherous part of the business.

A FRIGHTFUL FALL.

On the 26th of October, 1880, while Clark Sharpe was building the Boring-Hannah block, on the north side of the public square, he had a lad of the name of Andrew Thomas laying brick for him. Young Thomas was the boy wonder in the line of his trade; there were but few men in Anderson who could compete with him. He was the son of Benjamin Thomas, who died on the ocean a few years ago while on the way home from the scenes of his childhood in England. Benjamin Thomas was a good mechanic, one of the best stone masons in the country. Young Thomas inherited the traits of his father in that respect, and being left an orphan, he at an early age began the trade of a brick mason. He went as an apprentice with Clark Sharpe, contractor, who at that time lived in Anderson. It was but a very short time until young Thomas was a swift hand with the trowel, and being a favorite of his employer, he was put ahead in such a manner as to soon be earning journeyman's wages. It was in this capacity he was working when on the 26th of October, 1880, he fell from a scaffold and was badly hurt. He was so terribly mangled that it was thought he could not possibly recover. Mr. Byron H. Dyson was standing near by, and picked up his seemingly lifeless body and with assistance, it was carried into a place where medical aid could be had. He soon began to show signs of returning consciousness, strong restoratives were administered, and he was in a short time able to be removed to the home of his mother, where he for a long time, laid in the hands of a physician. Finally he recovered, and is yet living in Anderson and is one of her best citizens, and one of the best brick masons in the county.

SHOOTING AT JAMES W. SANSBERRY, JR.

One to look at the placid features of James W. Sansberry, Jr., would scarcely realize that he had faced the muzzle of a breech-loading shotgun and had received the contents in his face. Yet such is the fact. In the merry month of May, 1875, when the bluebirds were nesting and the jays were singing their songs in the boughs of the trees, James W. Sansberry, Jr., Isaac Elmer May and Charles Perrett were plodding their way down the banks of the placid waters of Greene's branch in pursuit of birds, when they got into an argument about their marksmanship. Perrett had the gun, and Sansberry twitted him about not being a "center" shot, and offered to step off to a distance of two hundred yards and allow Perrett to prove it by shooting at him. Perrett agreed to the arrangement, and Sansberry stepped the necessary paces and squared himself, and bade Perrett blaze away, not thinking, perhaps, that he would obey the command. Hardly had the word been given before Perrett leveled his gun and fired. The distance between them saved Mr. Sansberry, no doubt, from an untimely death. It was found that several of the shot had struck him in the face with such force as to knock out one of his teeth, and the others spotting his face in several places. To use his own expression, it gave him the sensation of having been shot in the face with a gun load of red pepper. The boys were nearly all scared to death, and kept the affair a secret for a time, but it afterwards leaked out through friends and crept into the public prints, which gave an account of the affair shortly thereafter. Mr. Perrett was about as badly hurt by fright as Mr. Sansberry was by the shot. He did not realize that the shot could go any such distance as to where Sansberry was standing.

This was a lesson to both of these young men, and in handling a gun from that time forward there is no record of either of them being willing to stand up in front of it.

A SHOOTING AFFAIR.

In the year 1874 what came near being a fatal shooting affair, took place in the billiard room connected with the bar of the Doxey House. Robert F. Shinn came near mortally wounding John B. Kinnard, of the Anderson *Hearld*. Shinn was a young man, born and reared in Anderson. He had no particular occupation, but is supposed to have been a gambler

by profession. He was the son of Robert and Martha Shinn, respectable Irish people, who had lived in Anderson for a great many years. Robert F. Shinn's father died about the year 1876, leaving behind his widow Martha, who died a few weeks previous to this writing.

John B. Kinnard was a native of Pennsylvania, born and reared in Westchester, his present place of abode. His brother, William M. Kinnard, was in those days the editor of the Anderson *Herald*, and John B. was acting as city editor.

From some cause the *Herald* had singled out Shinn from among others who pursued the same occupation that he did, and waged a relentless warfare on him through the columns of the paper, giving him the name of "Fakey" Shinn. In alluding to Shinn, the paper would not use his proper name, but always applied to him the name of "Fakey."

Shinn had prior to this affair been mixed up in some shady transactions with one Ithamer McCarty, in which, it is said, that Shinn had "buncoed" McCarty out of a considerble sum of money, and was arrested and placed on trial for the offence. This was often alluded to by the *Herald* in its attacks on Shinn, also many other transactions which Shinn was alleged to have been connected with. The matter was kept up to such an extent that Shinn became desperate, and Kinnard being city editor was thought to be the writer, and without any warning whatever, upon meeting Kinnard in the bar-room of the Doxey House on the day above mentioned, drew a pistol from his pocket and fired. The ball grazed Kinnard's head, for a moment dazing him and almost felling him to the floor.

Shinn at once fled from the scene, but was subsequently arrested by the City Marshal and indicted by the Grand Jury on the charge of assault and battery with intent to kill. At his trial in the circuit court, Shinn was convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of five years. He was vigorously prosecuted by the Hon. Thomas B. Orr, prosecuting attorney. Mr. Orr was assisted by the Hon. Charles L. Henry, now member of Congress from this district.

The defense was conducted by the Hon. Winburn R. Pierse, Howell D. Thompson, and Calvin D. Thompson. The case was tried before the Hon. Eli B. Goodykoontz, Judge of the Madison Circuit Court.

When Shinn had served about two years of his sentence he was, through the efforts of his friends and by the kindness

of heart of James D. Williams, Governor of Indiana, released from imprisonment on account of ill health. He returned to Anderson, resided here for several years and died of consumption.

It was doubted by many at the time of Shinn's trial whether he deserved so severe a sentence, and it was freely asserted by certain citizens who were acquainted with the circumstances in the case that he should have been acquitted.

CHAPTER LXV.

Miscellaneous Incidents and Reminiscences.

A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

During the early part of the war a man by the name of McCloskey kept a saloon on North Main street, in Anderson, on the ground at present occupied by the Terhune block between Ninth and Tenth streets. He did a good business and accumulated considerable real estate, being possessor of the lot and building upon which he carried on his business. He was also the owner of an excellent piece of property at the corner of Thirteenth and Main streets, now owned by Dr. J. N. Hilligoss.

McCloskey had a wife and a step-son whose name was John Dunlap, who lived with him.

Some time during the year 1863 or 1864, he mysteriously disappeared and nothing has been seen or heard of him in this community since. It was thought by some that he had gone to a distant city and been foully dealt with or that he had come to an accidental death, but no one ever knew of his whereabouts or what had befallen him. After the striking of gas in Anderson and the city had commenced to put on "airs" the old buildings that stood between Ninth and Tenth streets on the east side of Main, were torn down and gave way to the present brick structures. In digging the cellar beneath one of the buildings in 1888, a human skeleton was unearthed. No one could give an account of why it should have been deposited there as no burying ground had existed in that locality to the knowledge of even the oldest settlers. This mysterious affair set the tongues of gossips wagging and it was said by many that it certainly must be the skeleton of McCloskey, but no evidence was at hand to demonstrate that McCloskey had been killed by anyone in this community, nor was there anything found to cast suspicion upon anyone.

After his disappearance Mrs. McClosky having remained a widow for a period of two years became the wife of "Sandy" Carr, with whom she lived, and who carried on the sa-

loon business in the block occupied by her former husband. During her widowhood, to make it certain that there would be no mistake in her re-marriage, she applied for a divorce in the Madison Common Pleas Court, which was granted by Hon. William R. West, then judge of the Seventeenth Common Pleas District. In her application she stated the facts of McCloskey's disappearance; that he had abandoned her, and that his whereabouts were unknown to her, and also said that he was the owner of the real estate above mentioned and that she was his sole surviving heir, there being no issue by their marriage. She therefore claimed the title to the real estate, which the court accordingly decreed to her. Some question was afterward raised as to the validity of the title to the property, from the fact that the Common Pleas Court did not have jurisdiction in cases where the title to real estate was involved; but in a later proceeding brought in the Circuit Court to quiet title a verdict was granted in favor of the owners by purchase under Mrs. McCloskey. She afterward separated from Carr and drifted away from Anderson to Hamilton county where she may now be living for aught the writers know.

Sandy Carr, her husband, is yet alive and was in Anderson only a short time ago.

To this day whatever became of McCloskey is a mystery and it, perhaps, will always remain so.

ARRESTED FOR FORGERY.

George L. Wilson, a young man residing seven miles west of Anderson, in Lafayette township, was placed under arrest on the 9th of September, 1887, for forging the name of John W. Closser, a well-to-do farmer in that neighborhood, and for attempting to procure funds upon the forged paper at the Exchange Bank. During the Madison County Fair a note was presented to one of the officers of the bank who examined it and became satisfied that the signature of John W. Closser was not genuine. Making some excuse to Wilson he was told to return in the afternoon and the note would be cashed for him. It had been ascertained in the meantime that Closser was in the city attending the fair. A messenger was sent for him and upon examination of the note he denounced it as a forgery.

William A. Kittinger was at that time Prosecuting Attorney of the county, and was at once notified of the affair. He in company with the City Marshal concealed themselves

in the rear end of the bank, and when young Wilson returned for the money he was invited to take a seat in the back room while the clerk would compute the interest. As soon as he had closed the door behind him, he was placed under arrest by the Marshal, who accused him of the crime. The young man immediately broke down and confessed that the note was a forgery, but claimed that another party had committed the deed and had sent him after the money. The Circuit Court was then in session, being presided over by Hon. David Moss, of Noblesville. Wilson was placed in jail and an indictment returned against him by the grand jury on the following day. He was at once placed on trial. He made but little defense, but his attorney plead for him on account of his youth. Judge Moss found him guilty of the crime of forgery, but in consequence of his youthful appearance and his apparent ignorance of the enormity of the crime, and as this was his first offense, after pronouncing him guilty, gave him a good lecture and turned him loose on his good behavior. He immediately left the county and went to his people, who resided somewhere in Illinois, and has since that time never been seen in this vicinity.

GEORGE FRANCIS TRAIN VISITS ANDERSON.

In the days of the old Union hall, George Francis Train, the renowned lecturer, editor, politician and theologian, delivered one of his peculiar lectures in that once popular place of amusement. Thomas N. Stilwell was then Anderson's great man. In his meanderings through social and political life he in some way met George Francis Train and was struck with his peculiar style. In the parlance of to-day, he was "stuck" on him.

Tom Stilwell, whether at home or abroad, always put Anderson down as the greatest town on earth. He loved the place and loved its people, and the people loved him. In order to give Anderson a taste of first-class literature, and an example of fine ability as an orator, Stilwell invited Mr. Train to visit him at his home, and while in the city to give the people a lecture at Union hall.

The time arrived and Mr. Train was on hand, with long, flowing locks and dressed in a black velvet suit of clothes, with diamonds in his shirt front and glittering on his fingers. In his full prime of life, he was one to be admired. He was as restless as a hyena, prancing from one side of the room to the

other, greeting his callers with a warm grasp of the hand, informing each one that the people would arise, throw off the yoke of bondage and oppression, and, with a spontaneous outburst, elect George Francis Train the next president of the United States.

It was evident from his actions at that time—1871—that he was strongly bordering on to "crankism," afterwards developing into a full-blown crank.

The time arrived for him to go to the hall to deliver his lecture; he was escorted there by a committee of prominent citizens. Stilwell, being the lion of the occasion, was to introduce Mr. Train to the audience. Mr. Train and his escort had arrived at the hall and were behind the curtain. Stilwell, for some cause, was late in getting in. Mr. Train wanted to get out of the city on an out-going train, and his time was growing short. He walked back and forth on the stage like a roaring lion, giving Stilwell the very devil for not coming. Finally Stilwell put in an appearance and up went the curtain. Stilwell stepped to the front, and in his happy style, placed his famous guest before the audience. Mr. Train pranced out like a wild man let out of a cage, and thrusting his hand through his shaggy hair, he commenced:

"Fearless in war and peerless in state,
He who waits for Stilwell, takes the train too late."

From thenceforward, he held the audience for two hours in breathless silence; he demonstrated to a dead certainty by chalk and blackboard, that before the expiration of twenty years from that date, Lake Michigan would rise so far above its level, as it then stood, that Chicago would be submerged and wiped from the face of the earth. No one believed it, but he made it so plausible that he held them all down in silence.

He wound up by nominating himself for president in 1872, and stood at the door going out, to give every one a chance to shake hands with the next president. And so ended the visit of George Francis Train to Anderson.

"MAM TAH," THE FIRST NEGRO IN MADISON COUNTY.

Away back, perhaps as early as 1823, a family removed to Indiana, and settled in the wilds of Madison county, by the name of Tharp. They were well-to-do people, being able to own slaves in the state from whence they came. Among the

body servants owned by them, was a family favorite, a colored woman—"Mam Tah."

They brought her along with them and she lived and died in the service of the family. She attained the advanced age of 105 years. Indiana being a "free state," and slavery being prohibited, she could at any time, have left her old master and mistress, but she was so attached to them that she clung to them as long as they lived.

As she grew old she became childish and nearly blind, and would follow the folks around like some petted animal. She was a great worker, and was never satisfied unless at some kind of work. She was unable to do any work that was of benefit to her master; but in order to keep her employed, she was provided with an old basket that had no bottom in it. She would go to the chip pile and gather up chips and put into the basket, until she thought it was full, then start to the house with the basket, as well satisfied as if it was filled with chips. This she would go through with from morning till night, putting in her time, as she thought, for the benefit of those who had kept her all these years. The Tharp family owned what has for many years been known as the "old Jackson" farm, on which is now situated a beautiful suburb to Anderson.

They built and occupied the old brick house, that has since been remodeled and made into a handsome residence, known as the old Jackson homestead, that stands on the hill between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. There this old colored woman ended her life. Out of this farm was laid off a spot of ground for church purposes, to which, as was usual in those days, a "graveyard" was added. The "graveyard" was between Eleventh and Twelfth streets, west of Delaware, extending west to the west line of D. W. Storer's grounds. This served many years as Anderson's cemetery, many of the older citizens being buried there. Their bodies have since been disinterred and removed to the new cemetery across the river. The old graveyard is now covered over with handsome residences.

The old M. E. Church then stood on the lot east of the Storer mansion, between that and ex-County Auditor John E. Canaday's residence. Old "Mam Tah" died many years ago, somewhere between 1849 and 1855. At that time there was great prejudice against the colored people. They were scarcely recognized as human beings and thought unfit for the

society of the whites, while alive, and not allowed when dead to be buried beside the white people. Many people of that day did not believe that a negro had a soul. When the angel of death summoned "Mam Tah," and her spirit departed, there were objections raised to interring her body in the graveyard with the whites, so her friends took her body and buried it just outside of the old graveyard on the Tharp farm, and while her spirit is now in the realms of the departed, her body lies in an unmarked grave, the ravages of time having long since obliterated it. She was, perhaps, the first colored person who ever lived in Madison county. The old inhabitants disagree as to who came here first, she or old "Black Jess," an old colored man who lived here for many years and was a curiosity to many white people when he first came. Old "Black Jess" has long since gone where all "good niggahs go."

ST. TAMMANY'S DAY.

The first observance of St. Tammany's day in Madison county took place in Anderson on Sunday, the 10th of May, 1896, when every tribe of Red Men in the city and many members from surrounding towns took part.

A street parade took place at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, in which bands of music discoursed lively airs, to which the braves kept time with steady tread. The line of march was kept up until they reached the cemetery, where an address was delivered by Judge Alfred Ellison and Mayor M. M. Dunlap, after which the graves of the fallen chiefs, warriors, and huntsmen, whose spirits have departed and gone to the "happy hunting ground," were profusely strewn with flowers.

"Buffalo Bill's" wild west show was stopping over Sunday in the city, and the Indians with his company took part in the street pageant, making a decided impression in their gaudy and picturesque apparel. They seemed deeply impressed with the ceremonies. Anderson in this proceeding has, perhaps, witnessed what no other city has, a real Indian procession on an occasion of this kind. Large numbers of people from the surrounding country witnessed the parade and exercises incident thereto.

BURNING OF THE BIG FOUR DEPOT.

On the night of the 27th of February, 1873, the old "Bee Line" depot that stood at the crossing of Main street and the railroad tracks, was destroyed by fire, being the act of an in-

cendiary. Just prior to the occurrence a handsome, well-dressed stranger made his appearance in Anderson and stopped at the Stilwell House. He wore diamonds and sported the finest of clothes. It was no time until he had society all shaken up, he was par-excellence the creature of the day. The young ladies of the city vied with each other in trying to look charming in his presence. He attended all the places of amusement, went to church and fancy balls. He had no visible means of support but plenty of money, which he freely spent among the young folks. He sailed under the name of Justinian P. Walters. He was finely educated; had traveled all over the world, and knew all of the prominent people in the leading cities from Maine to Mexico. He was a fine talker on any subject. The leading business men sought his company and made his stay a real pleasure to him. He was "stuck" on the town; came here to live in quiet retirement.

One morning about 3 o'clock the "Bee Line" depot was discovered to be on fire. It was burned to the ground with all its contents. Upon looking around it was discovered that Walters was missing. Some folks suspected that it was he who had burned the building after robbing it. A great many hooted at the idea at first, but suspicion grew stronger until the railroad officials set out to find him. Descriptive circulars were sent out all over the country after him. He had left some of his photographs with friends, which were procured and sent out to detectives. A conductor on the railroad remembered a man filling his description getting on his train at the crossing of the Bee Line and Pan Handle, at 2:30 o'clock, the morning that the fire took place, and rode to Cincinnati. Close watch and vigilant pursuit was made for him which resulted in his arrest at Crestline, Ohio, the next day after the fire occurred. A carpet sack or hand sachel was found in the depot where he was arrested, but he disowned it. He stuck to it that it was not his; but it finally seemed to so fully identify him that it caused his conviction. While he was in Anderson he wore a "storm overcoat" with a cape to it. The carpet sack was opened by the officers in which was found a number of railroad tickets and the cape to his coat or one made of the same kind of cloth. One of the tickets found was merely a stub torn off in an irregular manner, that fit to a ticket that had been taken up on the train on which he had ridden. This made a complete chain to the evidence, at least the rail-

road people thought so, as well as did the Justice who held the preliminary hearing. He was held over and indicted by the grand jury and committed to jail, where he stayed until the June term of court following, when his trial took place.

Walters set up in defense an alibi, and to the minds of many it was clear. It was the closest question that ever occurred in a Madison county court. His conviction was purely on circumstantial evidence. No living witness saw him at the depot or knew of him being there that night. It was proven that he took the 2:30 afternoon train the day before the fire to Cincinnati. Joseph Stein, who had seen him around Anderson and knew him, swore that he went to Cincinnati on that train and that Walters occupied the same seat with him from Anderson to the Brighton House. The hotel register showed that he was registered at the Brighton House that night. It was also proven that he was at the same place next morning. The theory of the prosecution was that he left here on the train as proven, went to Cincinnati, stopped at the Brighton House, registered his name and immediately took the train coming back to Anderson, where he arrived about 1 o'clock in the morning. Then he went to the depot, robbed it, set fire to the building to cover his crime, then walked to the crossing and boarded the 2:30 train again for Cincinnati, getting back there at 7 o'clock the same morning. After that he boarded a Bee Line train for Crestline, O., where he was arrested. John T. Dye, of Indianapolis, was employed by the railroad company to prosecute the prisoner.

The Hon. James W. Sansberry and Calvin D. Thompson defended Walters. John T. Dye made one of the best speeches in the prosecution that was ever made in Madison county. He is one of those close lawyers who never miss a point. His argument was so scathing that he at times made Walters, with all his effrontery, blush before the jury. Mr. Sansberry was then at his best as a lawyer and contested every inch of the ground. His able effort before the jury in winding up the case was long the talk of the Madison county bar.

The trial having resulted in conviction the prisoner was sentenced to imprisonment in the Prison North for ten years. After the adjournment of court Sheriff A. J. Ross, one evening, handcuffed Walters and started to prison with him. He bade all his acquaintances, who went to see him off, good-bye in a light-hearted manner and took up his journey. On the road, near the village of Walkerton, not far from the prison,

the prisoner was sitting in the seat beside the Sheriff when someone entered the car swinging the door shut after him, but the door failed to catch and swung open again. As quick as lightning Walters sprang like a cat to the door, out on the platform and off into a tamarack swamp. As soon as the sheriff realized that his bird had flown, he sprang to his feet and pulled the bell cord. The train was going twenty miles an hour. As soon as it could be stopped he gave the alarm and out into the darkness he went in pursuit of his prisoner, but no trace of him could be found. He went to the village and aroused the inhabitants, who scoured the country, but never found any trace of the prisoner. The Sheriff offered a reward for his apprehension, but every resource failed. Walters is yet at large, if he is still living.

A woman claiming to be his sister, who lived in Missouri, came to Anderson to see him once or twice while he was in jail, and also one from Decatur, Illinois. Sheriff Ross got information that he was skulking about the home of the woman in Missouri at one time, through Detective Rittenhouse, of Decatur. He went to the place and spent a night under a rose bush in the door yard eavesdropping and watching, with the hope of seeing Walters or hearing something of him. But he failed to find him, although there was evidence that he had been there at some time. Rittenhouse, the detective, knew Walters. He had made Decatur his headquarters at one time and was known to be a crook. He had at one time a lot of fine paintings and a handsome sum of money. The woman who claimed to be his sister went there as his wife. Walters' business was that of a bank swindler, and many small drafts were found upon his person issued by various banks throughout the country, and a kit of tools and acids for raising checks were among his effects. John W. Pence, now cashier of the Citizens' Bank, was railroad agent at the time of this occurrence.

KILLING OF JAMES BENEFIEL.

On the evening of August 7, 1890, James Benefiel, a young man about twenty years of age, was shot and killed by John Davis, on old South Noble street. Benefiel and Davis' wife had been friends previous to her marriage. On the above date young Benefiel and a companion named Edward Brown visited Davis' house during the afternoon, and, the family being away, took among other things, it is alleged, a number

of magazines and a revolver belonging to Davis. They went a short distance from the house and loitered around until the family returned — that is, Mrs. Davis and her mother. Soon after, Benefiel went to the gate and called for Mrs. Davis, who refused to have anything to say to him. He insisted on her coming out in the street and she finally went out in the yard and asked him what he wanted. He said he had been sent by officers to search the house. In the meantime Davis had returned home and, anticipating trouble, had gone in search of an officer. He could not find one, but borrowed a revolver and went back to his home, entering the house the back way. His wife told him to go out and see what Benefiel wanted. He went out and told Benefiel that someone had plundered his house, and that he wanted him to leave the premises. Benefiel muttered something and turned to go, but after taking two or three steps stopped, raised a revolver and fired, the ball taking effect in Davis' right side. Almost at the same instant Davis fired at Benefiel, the ball entering just above the left eye and passing clear through the head. Benefiel lived until half past six o'clock the next morning, when he died, having been unconscious from the moment he was shot. Benefiel lived with his parents at Elwood and was regarded as a reckless young man. His parents are highly respected. Davis was exonerated by the Coroner's jury that investigated the case. He is still living, but carries the ball in his body that was fired from his assailant's revolver. Davis is a quiet, unobtrusive man, but of undoubted courage. He was a soldier in the regular army at one time, stationed in Arizona, and had the distinction of arresting unassisted the famous outlaw, Tarbel. He has the reputation of being one of the best marksmen in Madison county.

DISTINGUISHED CITIZENS.

Up to the present time the most distinguished citizens of the county have been:

Colonel Thomas N. Stilwell, member of congress from 1864–6, and United States minister to Venezuela from 1867–8.

Hon. M. S. Robinson, member of congress from 1874–8, and Judge of the Appellate Court of Indiana (by appointment) from 1891–2.

Hon. W. R. Myers, member of congress from 1878–80, and twice elected Secretary of State of Indiana.

Hon. Charles T. Doxey, member of congress from 1883–4. Mr. Doxey was elected to serve the unexpired term of Hon. Godlove S. Orth, who died in office.

Hon. Charles L. Henry, elected to congress in 1894 and re-elected in 1896. He is now serving his second term.

Hon. W. T. Durbin, present Eminent Grand Commander of the Knights Templar of Indiana, and member of the National Republican Committee.

In this connection the fact is worthy of mention that two of Indiana's most distinguished citizens were at one time residents of Anderson, namely: General Lew Wallace and James Whitcomb Riley. The former resided in Anderson at an early day, but only for a short time; the latter was connected with the Anderson *Democrat* in 1877.

THOMAS J. FLEMING.

No death ever occurred in Anderson doubtless that occasioned more profound regret than that of Thomas J. Fleming, which took place on June 11, 1894. While his demise was not sudden, it was unexpected and consequently a great shock not only to his immediate family and friends, but to the community at large. Mr. Fleming was born in Henry county, Indiana, in 1835, and came to Madison county when he was sixteen years old. In 1867 he was appointed deputy clerk of the Circuit Court by his brother, the Hon. W. C. Fleming, which position he held until 1870, when he was elected Clerk on the Democratic ticket. He served a term of four years, and immediately upon retiring was appointed Deputy Sheriff under J. W. McCallister. In 1881 he was appointed Deputy Assessor of Anderson township and served four years, when he was elected Assessor. His administration of the affairs of this office was highly satisfactory to the people and he was re-elected. It was while he was attending to the duties of this office that he was taken severely ill and before the community was aware of his serious condition his eyes were closed in death. After the announcement of his demise had been made a meeting of the older residents of the city was held in the Circuit Court room at which a number of prominent citizens and old-time friends paid their last tribute of respect to the memory of the deceased in sentiments of highest praise. Appropriate resolutions were also passed and pall-bearers selected for the obsequies.

Memorial meetings have been held in Anderson by fraternal societies, churches and other organizations, but this was the first one ever held by the people to take action over the death of a citizen. Mr. Fleming was not a member of any society, secret or otherwise, and the meeting, therefore, was as great a tribute as could have been paid to his memory. He was an upright man, generous, modest, sincere and cordial. Although a strong partisan in politics, he was never offensive, and hence he was popular with all classes and conditions in life.

Besides his widow, he left one son and three daughters to mourn his demise.

HON. WILLIAM C. FLEMING.

Among the older residents of the county none is better known or more highly respected than the subject of this sketch. Mr. Fleming was born in Marion county, West Virginia, January 18, 1825, and came with his parents to Indiana in the spring of 1831. Excepting the time devoted to acquiring an education his early days were passed upon the farm. During the years 1848–49 he read law in the office of Judge David Kilgore, at Muncie, Indiana, and was admitted to the bar, but never actively engaged in the practice. In 1850 he was the Democratic candidate for member of the convention that framed the present constitution of Indiana, but was defeated by the late Judge John Davis. Two years later he was a candidate for the Legislature, and was elected by a majority largely in excess of his party's strength. In 1854 he was again nominated for the same office, but declined the nomination on account of business engagements. In 1857 he removed from Madison county to the territory now comprising the State of Nebraska, and in the following year was elected to the territorial legislature by a highly complimentary vote, there being five hundred and twenty votes cast in his district, of which he received four hundred and twenty-four. When the Legislature convened he was made the Democratic candidate for speaker of the house, but failed of election on account of the absence of a number of members who could not be present. Shortly after the house was organized the speaker was granted a leave of absence for several weeks, and Mr. Fleming was unanimously chosen speaker *pro tem.* In 1861 Mr. Fleming returned to Madison county, where he has resided ever since. He was elected real-estate appraiser for

the county in 1863, and in May, 1865, was appointed Clerk of the Circuit Court to serve the unexpired term of Joseph Peden, who deceased in office. In October, 1866, he was elected Clerk, and served until 1870. He was honored with the nomination for a second term, but declined to run for the office, although his election was assured. Mr. Fleming was at one time editor of the Anderson *Democrat*, but disposed of his interest in the paper after a brief experience and purchased the Moss Island mills, west of Anderson, which he operated for several years. In 1888 he was appointed Justice of the Peace of Anderson township to fill the vacancy in that office caused by the death of Enoch M. Jackson. At the expiration of the term Mr. Fleming retired from active business, and is now living quietly at his home on West Fourth street, Anderson. In his day no man in the county exerted a greater influence in politics and affairs generally than Mr. Fleming. His integrity was never impugned and his official acts seldom criticised even by the bitterest partisans of the Republican party. He is a gentleman of the old school, quiet but cordial with his friends, and always unassuming. Men with much less ability have attained to higher station in life, but none has enjoyed a higher degree of respect among his fellow-citizens than he.

Mr. Fleming was married to Miss Catherine Thumma in 1855. Of this union three children were born, all of whom are living. Mrs. Fleming died in 1893. She was a woman of many excellent qualities, and enjoyed the respect of a large circle of friends.

RANDLE BIDDLE

Was born in Pasquotank county, North Carolina, September ber 12, 1827, and came to Madison county with his parents at an early day. His father settled in Adams township, and was one of the honored pioneers of that locality. Randle was reared on a farm and devoted the greater portion of his life to agricutural pursuits. He always took an active part in politics, and in 1864 was elected Trustee of Adams township on the Democratic ticket, which office he held with credit to himself and acceptably to the people until 1864. In 1874 he was appointed a deputy by Sheriff J. W. McCallister and removed to Anderson and took charge of the jail. After the death of Mr. McCallister, which took place soon after his election, Mr. Biddle was appointed a deputy by A. J. Griffith, who succeeded Mr. McCallister. He also served as a Deputy

Sheriff under T. J. McMahan. In 1880 he received the Democratic nomination for Sheriff, and was elected. After retiring from the Sheriff's office he was employed at various times as a police officer, and up to the last two years of his life served as a merchant policeman. About two years previous to his death he received a stroke of paralysis while discharging his duties as night watchman, and from that time on his health was feeble until his demise, which occurred April 15, 1895.

Randle Biddle was what might be termed, without levity, "a hale fellow well met." His disposition was as sunny as a summer day, and everybody was his friend. If he had a fault it was that one which is considered a virtue in others—generosity. No one ever appealed to him in vain for assistance in time of distress, or after the assistance had been rendered, heard him speak of it. He was as modest in his manners as he was unostentatious in his generosity, and always unconscious of either. He was a sincere friend, a kind neighbor and an upright citizen. His remains repose beside those of his wife in the Baptist cemetery at Ovid.

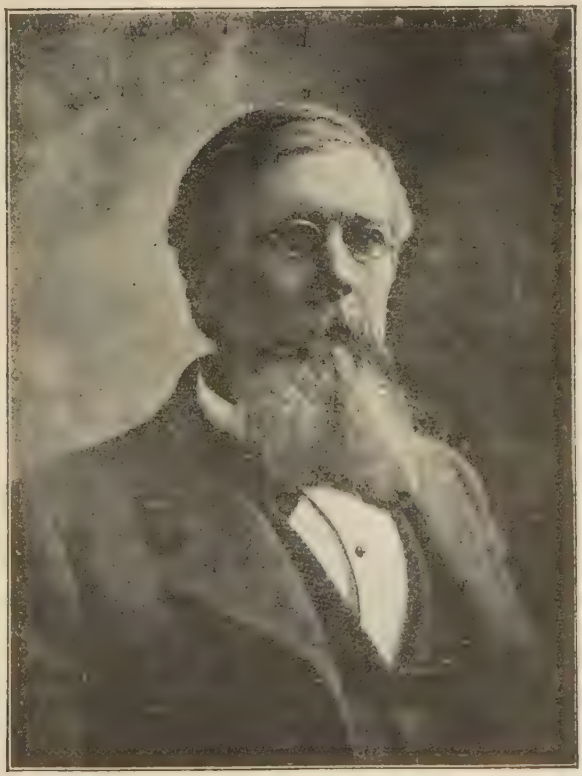
DR. GEORGE F. CHITTENDEN.

The subject of this biography was born in Switzerland county, Indiana, December 25, 1830, and is a lineal descendant of Thomas Chittenden, who served as governor of the state of Vermont for twenty-one consecutive years.

The Chittendens are a large and influential family of English descent, and among the first settlers of Connecticut, having founded a colony at Old Guilford, on Long Island Sound 257 years ago. A beautiful home was located here which has remained in the Chittenden name to the present time, and at which the Chittendens throughout the United States are always made welcome and treated as members of the family. One branch of the family subsequently emigrated northward and settled in Vermont, where it became prominent in the professions, politics and affairs generally. It is to this branch of the family that Dr. Chittenden belongs. His father, John Chittenden, was a farmer who immigrated to this State from New York in 1821, locating at Vevay, Switzerland county.

Dr. Chittenden was educated principally in the common schools and at Corydon Academy, attending the latter institution two years, after which he began the study of medicine at

Madison, Indiana, in the office of Dr. Benjamin Leavitt. At the expiration of three years of diligent study including a course of lectures in the medical department at Ann Arbor University, he entered the medical department of the University of Louisville, where he graduated in 1855. He then began the practice of his profession at Milford, Decatur county, Indiana, where he remained three years when he removed to Anderson, locating here in 1858. He at once entered upon a



DR. GEORGE F. CHITTENDEN.

successful practice which kept on increasing until May, 1861, when he was appointed assistant surgeon of the 16th Regiment, Indiana volunteers. During the following year he was promoted to the surgeoncy of the regiment, a position that he filled with eminent credit until the spring of 1864 when he tendered his resignation and returned home.

In 1868 Dr. Chittenden was elected Joint Representative from the counties of Madison and Henry to the Lower

House of the State Legislature, on the Republican ticket, and served one term. He was honored with the position of Chairman of the Committee on Corporations and was also a member of the Committee on Benevolent Institutions, in both of which positions he served his constituency and State acceptably. In 1873 he was elected a Commissioner of the State Hospital for the Insane, by the Legislature, and rendered able service during his term. He was twice elected to the City Council of Anderson from a Democratic ward, and during his incumbency rendered efficient service in the interest of tax payers. In 1880 he was selected as the delegate from the Ninth Congressional Republican convention to the National Republican convention at Chicago, which nominated James A. Garfield for President.

He has been a member of the Madison County Medical Society for twenty-five years, also a member of the District, State and National Medical Associations, in the affairs of which he has taken an active and prominent part.

At one time he was associated with Dr. John Hunt, recently deceased, in the practice of medicine, and in 1875 entered into a partnership with Dr. H. E. Jones, which continued for nineteen years, when the partnership was dissolved. The Doctor is still actively engaged in the practice and has associated with him his son, Dr. Edgar W. Chittenden.

Dr. Chittenden was united in marriage to Miss Amanda B. Branham at Vernon, Jennings county, in 1858. Three children were born of this union: Carrie B., Edgar W. and Mattie V., all of whom are living. Carrie is now the wife of M. M. Cronyn and resides at Indianapolis. The good mother deceased in 1889, beloved by all who knew her.

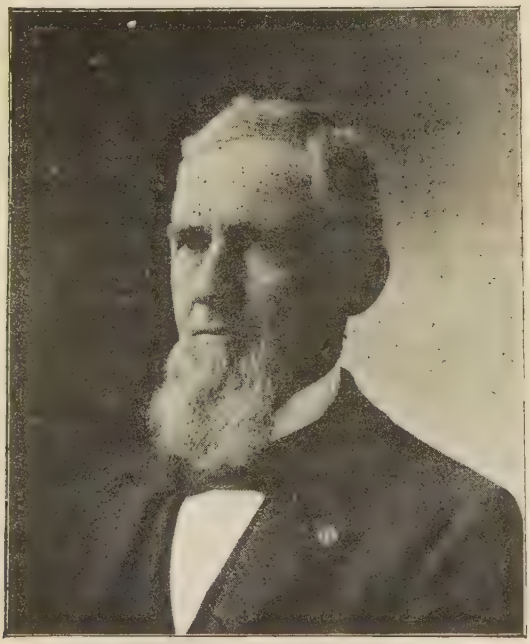
In 1891 Dr. Chittenden was married to Mrs. Catherine L. Brown, a lady of many enviable graces and varied accomplishments.

No citizen of Anderson or Madison county is held in higher esteem than Dr. Chittenden. Of irreproachable character, he stands second to no man in his profession, to which he has devoted his life with untiring assuidity and eminent ability. In every sphere of endeavor in which he has taken a part, socially, politically or professionally, his unpretending bearing has elevated him in the esteem of all with whom he has come in contact. He is a member of the Presbyterian church, and while not ostentatious in the observance of the tenets of that denomination, is in the highest sense a Chris-

tian. He enjoys a good book and loves his home, where he can always be found surrounded by its comforts when not attending to the duties of his profession.

GEORGE NICHOL.

The first merchants of Anderson and Madison county have long since gone to their reward. But few even of the men, engaged in mercantile pursuits no farther back than the early '50s remain. Prominent among those who still survive, however, is the subject of this sketch.



GEORGE NICHOL.

Mr. Nichol was born in Butler county, Ohio, January 14, 1830. His boyhood was passed upon a farm where he enjoyed but meagre opportunities to acquire that which he so much desired—a superior education. A number of terms in the common schools and one year at Farmer's College, near Cincinnati, ended his school days.

In 1854, he located in Anderson and engaged in the hardware business, having for a partner the late Amos J. King. In 1855, he was married to Miss Harriett Robinson, oldest sister of the late Colonel M. S. Robinson. This estimable

woman deceased on the 25th of May, 1896, lamented not only by her immediate relatives but by a large circle of friends. In 1861, Mr. Nichol was appointed Quartermaster of the Forty-seventh Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, in which position he served until the regiment veteranized in 1864, when he returned home having been a participant in all of the severe campaigns in which his regiment was engaged up to that time. While active in business, Mr. Nichol is an ardent Republican and has devoted much of his time and means in advancing the interests of his party. In return he has been honored with various positions of prominence and trust as a partial reward for his services. He was a member of the first City Council elected in Anderson, and in 1870, was elected on the Republican ticket to the office of County Auditor, being the first Republican elected in the county to that important office. This was one of the most hotly-contested elections ever held in the county, his opponent being the late Neal C. McCullough, a man of acknowledged integrity and ability, besides having abundant resources from which to draw in such a contest. The county at that time was safely Democratic by 600 majority and Mr. Nichol's success was regarded as complimentary in the highest degree. He is at the present time serving as Chairman of the Republican Central Committee of the county.

Mr. Nichol, in recent years, has been connected in an official capacity with nearly every enterprise having for its object the promotion of Anderson's interests and development of the county. He was chosen President of the Anderson Board of Trade at the time of its organization and served acceptably as long as it was in existence.

Mr. Nichol is a member of the Presbyterian church, but not fanatical in his religious views. He is consistent in his daily walk and conversation, stands deservedly high as a business man and enjoys the esteem and confidence of his fellow-citizens.

BIOGRAPHY OF BAZIL NEELY.

Bazil Neely was a farmer and one of the early pioneers of Madison county. He was born in Ohio county, West Virginia, August 16, 1810. His parents were Thomas and Elizabeth (Seamon) Neely. His grandfather was Jonah Seamon. In 1812 the parents of our subject emigrated with his family to Wayne county, Indiana, and in 1816 the father returned to

Virginia on business where he died and was buried, leaving his wife and six children, of whom Bazil was the fourth, with but little means of support. The widow removed to Fayette county, Indiana, with her children, and in 1827 Bazil, who was but seventeen years of age, started out to seek his own fortune in the primitive wilderness. He went to Delaware county where he did general farm work at three dollars a month, and occasionally made rails at twenty-five cents per hundred. Farming implements in that day were few and unwieldy and his first plowing was done with a wooden mold-

BAZIL NEELY.

board plow and four yoke of oxen. In 1833 Mr. Neely was united in marriage to Miss Sarah Suman. Of this union there was but one child, Miss Hester A. Neely, a sketch of whom will be found elsewhere in this work. On the 10th of July, 1833, he purchased eighty acres of land in Section 35, in Union township, Madison county, nine acres of which were cleared and improved by a hewed-log house, the remainder being covered by a dense forest. On this tract of land he located, and

not being afraid of work, in the course of time acquired an ample competency. He was resolute, persevering and energetic, in every way suited to the pioneer's arduous task of clearing up the wilderness. He was also fond of athletic sports and was an unerring shot with a rifle. He hunted frequently and in 1849, within one mile of his home, shot two deer while their horns were locked together.

In politics he was a supporter of Democratic principles, his first vote being cast for Andrew Jackson in 1832. In religious belief his predilections were inclined to the Christian Church, with which he united in 1893. Without ostentation he was benevolent. It can be truly said that no man ever lived in Union township who was more attentive to the sick and distressed than Bazil Neely. He was honest and true as the day was long. His wife passed away on September 7, 1856, mourned by all who knew her.

Mr. Neely remained on his farm from 1844 to June 14, 1893, when he took up his residence with his daughter, Miss Hester Neely, in Anderson. During his later years his health was quite feeble, and on the 4th day of August, 1894, after a lingering illness, he went to his reward. He reposes in Mount Pleasant cemetery, Delaware county.

JUDGE JOHN F. M'CLURE.

John F. McClure was born near Brookville, Franklin county, Indiana, December 24, 1852, and is the oldest of nine children, five of whom are living. His father, James McClure, was born in Ireland in 1818, and came to this country when he was two years old. His mother, Ann McClure, was a daughter of David McCall, one of the pioneers of Franklin county. The father is still living, but the mother recently deceased.

The subject of this sketch was reared upon a farm, where he devoted his time to the labors incident thereto until he was twenty-one years of age, when he entered De Pauw University, taking a classical course. His career at this institution was marked by close application to his studies and in 1879 he graduated with high honors, being selected as salutatorian of his class. Immediately after his graduation he entered the law office of Berry & Berry at Brookville, and at the expiration of two years came to Anderson, where he formed a partnership for the practice of law with Isaac Carter under the firm name of Carter & McClure. This partnership lasted but a short time, however, as Mr. McClure was elected Principal

of the Anderson High School in 1883 and taught one year, when he formed a law partnership with the Hon. F. P. Foster. In 1886 he received the Republican nomination for Mayor of Anderson and was elected.

It was during his incumbency that natural gas was discovered at Anderson and it was largely through his untiring efforts that many of the large business enterprises which now contribute to the city's importance were located. His serv-

JUDGE JOHN F. M'CLURE.

ices as an active, faithful official were appreciated by his fellow-citizens and he was re-elected in 1888. Upon retiring from the office of Mayor he purchased an interest in the Anderson *Herald* which property he managed for one year. During his connection with the paper he was elected Councilman from the First ward and being thoroughly acquainted with the duties of the position, on account of his previous experience as Mayor, rendered valuable service in the administration of the city's affairs. In 1894 he was elected City Attorney by the common council and served two years. He was thrice honored

by his party by being selected as chairman of the Republican Central Committee for the county and served in that capacity for six years. In 1896 he was honored by his party with the nomination for Judge of the Circuit Court and elected, being the first Republican chosen by the people to fill this responsible position since Madison county became a judicial jurisdiction. He has just entered upon the discharge of the duties of the office and gives promise of justifying every hope and expectation indulged by his friends. Judge McClure is unassuming both in his bearing and conversation, liberal in his views but firm as need be in matters when decision is necessary. He is candid and cordial, but under no circumstances forgets that he is a gentleman. His present ambition is to discharge the duties of his office acceptably and if conscientious endeavor will accomplish this end there is no doubt of his success. He owes no allegiance to any particular sect or religious society, but is prominent as a Knight of Pythias, having occupied the highest office to which a member can be elected in a subordinate lodge.

Judge McClure was married to Miss Mary Falknor December 12, 1888, and resides on West Seventh street.

HOWELL D. THOMPSON.

The subject of this sketch was born May 6, 1822, in Center county, Pennsylvania. In 1829 his father removed to Clinton county, Ohio, and here the son passed his boyhood, attending school whenever it was possible until it became time to select a trade, when he went to work at carpentry and followed it until 1844, when he came to Indiana and began teaching school. Randolph and Grant counties were the scenes of his labors in this vocation until 1857, when he entered Farmers' College, near Cincinnati. He devoted himself assiduously to his studies and graduated from this institution in 1849. After graduating he returned to Indiana and taught a select school at Pendleton. In December, 1849, he commenced the study of law under Judge David Kilgore and afterwards completed his preparatory course under the late Judge Hervy Craven. In March 1851, he was admitted to the Anderson bar; May, 1851, to the Supreme Court of the State, and in November of that year to the Circuit Court of the United States. It was also during this year that he removed to Marion, Indiana, where he began the practice of his profession. Upon the breaking out of the Civil War in 1861

he enlisted a company of which he was captain in April of that year, but being in feeble health he was compelled to resign in the following November and return home. In May, 1862, he removed to Anderson and formed a partnership in the practice of his profession with the late Judge W. R. Pierse. This firm remained in existence for many years and enjoyed a large and lucrative practice. In 1871 Mr. Thompson was elected County School Superintendent and looked after

HOWELL D. THOMPSON.

the duties of that office for two years with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of the public. No citizen of the county, perhaps, takes deeper interest in the education and proper training of the young than Mr. Thompson. His influence has always been exerted in behalf of good schools, as it has in the interest of every enterprise having for its object the general diffusion of knowledge and the welfare of society.

For a period of thirty five years Mr. Thompson has been identified with the Madison county bar as one of the ablest and most honored members. He is still actively engaged in

the practice and occupies a position among the members of the profession of which he may well feel proud.

Politically, Mr. Thompson is a Democrat; religiously, he is a Presbyterian. He is an honored member of the Masonic fraternity, believes in the principles it inculcates, and without ostentation endeavors to observe them in his intercourse with the world. He is liberal in his views and believes in enjoying life within the pale of propriety. His elegantly furnished home consequently is one of the most hospitable in Anderson. His friends are always graciously received and entertained with a cordiality as sincere as it is enjoyable.

He was married on the 5th of December, 1852, to Miss Eliza J. Butler. Of this union two children have been born, Mrs. E. E. Newton and Mrs. Charles L. Sherman, both of whom are residents of Anderson.

MISS HESTER A. NEELY.

The subject of this biography is the only child of Bazil and Sarah (Suman) Neely and was born July 4, 1835, on the Neely homestead in Union township, where she resided until June 14, 1893, sharing with her parents the trials and hardships incident to pioneer life. Miss Neely enjoys the distinction of being the oldest maiden in the county, and is also among the oldest living natives in the county. Notwithstand-

ing the school facilities were meagre in her day she acquired sufficient knowledge of the elementary branches of an education to enable her in after years to take care of her large property interests without assistance. After the death of her mother, in 1856, she took charge of her father's home and looked after the household duties until she moved to Anderson in 1893, when she brought her venerable parent with her and attended to his every want until his death, in 1894. Among the lessons instilled into her mind by her father in her early years was punctuality in meeting promises and discharging obligations, and this lesson she cherishes as sacredly as she does his memory. Circumstances, together with good judgment and careful management, have rendered her one of the wealthiest women in the county, her property holdings in Anderson being the most desirable in the city, comprising as they do the most valuable portions of the southwest square.

Miss Neely lives in an elegant home on West Sixth street, which she has furnished in a manner consonant with her taste, "neat, not gaudy." She is not extravagant in her ideas of living but nevertheless seeks comfort and contentment regardless of the expenditure they may entail. While she is not a collector of the quaint and curious in the strict sense of the term, she has, perhaps, one of the most interesting private collections of rare relics and heirlooms in the county. These treasures consist of several pieces of rare chinaware, old books and quaint implements of various kinds, all of which she prizes more for the associations connected with them than for any intrinsic value they may possess.

She is not and has never been a devotee of fashion or society and takes no pleasure in them; she appreciates her friends, however, and enjoys their companionship. She is specially fond of travel and has visited many interesting localities including the Pacific slope. Miss Neely possesses to a degree that quality which Shakespeare regards as "an excellent thing in woman"—modesty. Quiet and unassuming, she has pursued the even tenor of her way, doing unto others as she would have others do unto her, and meeting the disappointments of life as bravely as becomes her sex.

JOHN R. THORNBURGH.

The subject of this biography was born in Richland township, Madison county, Indiana, on June 7, 1864.

The Thornburghs are of Scotch-Irish descent. That

branch of the family from which our subject sprung settled originally in Guilford county, North Carolina, where his father, Jonathan Thornburgh, was born in 1814. He went to Illinois at an early day for the purpose of locating, but in passing through Indiana he was so favorably impressed with the State that in the course of a year he returned, and in 1838 purchased a farm in Richland township, Madison county, where he lived until 1869, when he was gathered to his fathers. He took great interest in the affairs not only of his township, but of the county, and was greatly respected by

JOHN R. THORNBURGH.

all who knew him as an upright, conscientious citizen. At the time of his death, besides a family of several children, he left a widow, Mary Thornburgh, who was a daughter of Henry Miller, one of the old settlers of Delaware county, Indiana. John R. Thornburgh was but five years of age at the time of his father's death, and lived on the farm with his mother, attending school, when opportunity offered, until he was nineteen years old, when he entered college at Oberlin, Ohio. While there he became fascinated with the study of Human Science, and after eighteen months of college work went to lecturing on phrenology and physiognomy. About two years

afterwards he returned to his home and subsequently spent two collegiate terms in the Central Normal college at Danville, Indiana. While at Danville he met Miss Blanche Scruggs, who subsequently became his wife. She was his classmate and a member of one of the leading families of Rush county, Indiana. After leaving Danville college he taught a few terms of school and commenced the study of law while teaching. He afterwards entered the law office of Judge Alfred Ellison, and was admitted to the bar in 1890, being the first of the farmer boys of his native township to enter upon the profession and practice of law. He met with flattering success from the beginning of his legal career, being retained in many of the important trials in the courts of the county. Shortly after being admitted to the Madison county bar he was admitted to practice in the Supreme and Federal Courts of Indiana.

He still retains his interest in the old home farm, and his office is always open to his former neighbors and boyhood friends, whether they call on business or pleasure. Politically Mr. Thornburgh is a Populist, and in the local counsels of his party takes a prominent part. He is also an active member of the Knights of the Golden Eagle, and esteemed generally as a high-minded gentleman and worthy citizen.

COLONEL MILTON S. ROBINSON.

A history of Madison county without proper mention of the life, character and public services of the subject of this sketch would not only be incomplete but would subject the work and its author, or authors, to just criticism. He was one of the county's most distinguishnd citizens and enjoyed the confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens to as great a degree as any man that has ever resided within its borders.

Colonel Robinson was born at Versailles, Indiana, April 20, 1832. His father, Colonel Joseph R. Robinson, was a noted lawyer and orator in his day and served as a member of the convention that formed the present constitution of Indiana.

Colonel Robinson was educated in the common schools, and under the judicious instruction of his father studied for the profession to which he devoted his life and in which he became so prominent. His progress in his studies was so rapid that he was regularly licensed to practice law under the old constitution of the State before he had attained his majority,

and soon after the war was admitted to practice in the Supreme Court of the State, and United States Circuit and District Courts.

On November 15, 1851, he located at Anderson and commenced the practice of his profession. By his energy and ability in the discharge of his professional duties he gradually secured a large and lucrative practice, which he retained until the breaking out of the Civil war, when he entered the army

COLONEL MILTON S. ROBINSON.

as Lieutenant-Colonel of the Forty-seventh Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, after having twice declined a Colonel's commission tendered him by Governor O. P. Morton, giving as his reason for so doing lack of experience in military affairs. He was prominently identified with the fortunes of his regiment until he was promoted by Governor Morton to the Colonelcy of the Seventy-Fifth Indiana Volunteers, with which regiment he remained until the close of the war, participating in the great battles of the campaigns in Kentucky, Tennessee and Georgia. In 1865 he was breveted Brigadier-

General for gallant and meritorious service. He was always an active Republican, and in 1856 was chosen as a Presidential elector for the Eleventh Congressional district. In the winter of 1861 he was elected a director of the Northern Prison by the Indiana Legislature. In 1866 he was elected Senator from the district composed of Madison and Grant counties, and during his term was regarded as one of the leaders of his party in the Senate. In the summer of 1874 he was nominated by the Republicans of the Sixth Congressional district as their candidate for Congress. He was elected, and in 1876 was again nominated and re-elected. In March, 1891, he was appointed as one of the Judges of the Appellate Court by the late Alvin P. Hovey, Governor of Indiana, and was nominated by the Republican State Convention for the same office in June, 1892, but died before the election occurred.

In January, 1873, he associated with himself John W. Lovett in the practice of the law. The firm continued in the practice under the name of Robinson & Lovett until 1888, when Sanford M. Keltner, Esq., became the junior member, and from that time on until Colonel Robinson received his appointment as a Judge of the Appellate Court the firm was known as Robinson, Lovett & Keltner.

Colonel Robinson was twice married, his first wife being Miss Almira F. Ballard, to whom he was united on July 8, 1856. She died shortly after his return from his service in the army. On the 29th of June, 1866, he was married to Miss Louise A. Branham. Of this union three children were born, of whom but one, a son, Chester Robinson, is living. Mrs. Robinson died in 1890.

Colonel Robinson's career from the time he entered upon the practice of his profession was active and eventful. He was in every relation of life a sincere and candid man, and as such was known and appreciated by his fellow citizens. He was ever foremost in every good work, whether religious or secular, and gave unstintedly of his means for the promotion of any undertaking in which he might engage. While a strict partisan in politics he so conducted himself that he enjoyed the respect and confidence of his political opponents. Socially and religiously he was a man of liberal views and generous impulses; always conscientious, he was fearless in the discharge of what he esteemed a duty.

In the practice of his profession he was a safe counsellor, painstaking and courteous, and while ambitious to succeed in

any cause he might espouse, his methods were always just and honorable. As a judge he was impartial, firm, able and industrious, as is shown by his opinions published in the official reports of the Appellate Court.

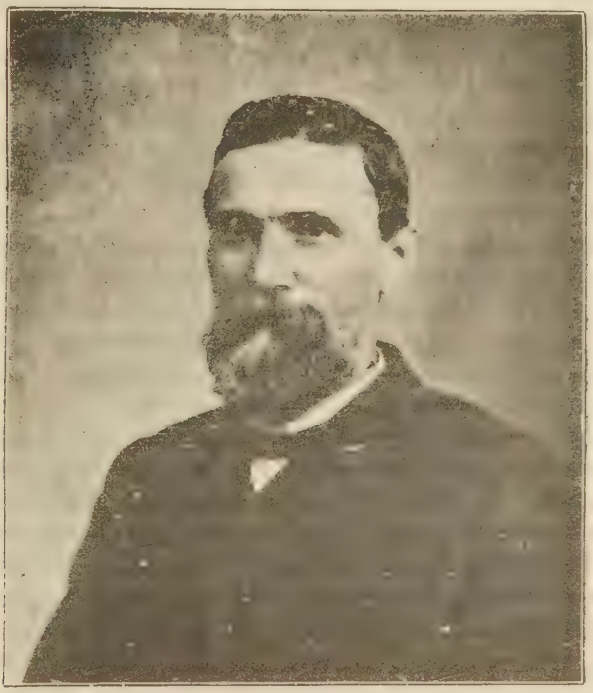
From his early manhood to the date of his death he was a prominent member of the Presbyterian church, and contributed largely of his means and influence to its support.

Colonel Robinson died July 28, 1892, after a brief illness induced by excessive heat. His funeral, in point of attendance, was the largest that has ever taken place in the county. Many prominent citizens from different portions of the State, members of the Appellate Court, the Governor and other State officials were in attendance, while his friends and fellow-citizens from every part of the county were present in large numbers to pay their last tribute of respect to his memory. Of him it can be truly said that the world was better for his having lived.

CAPT. ALONZO I. MAKEPEACE.

Of all the men who enlisted in the service of their country from Madison county during the great struggle for the preservation of the Union, none has a more interesting or thrilling history than Capt. A. I. Makepeace. His experience if given in detail and properly elaborated, would require a volume of itself, but a brief sketch is all that can be expected or given in a work of this character, however, much the authors might desire to preserve all the incidents of his military career. Capt. Makepeace is a native of Madison county, having been born at Pendleton, April 9, 1833. His parents, Alfred and Hannah Makepeace, were among the early pioneers of the county who settled in Fall Creek township. They subsequently (1836) moved to Anderson, where Alonzo, or Lon, as he is familiarly called, was reared, the greater portion of his time being devoted to farming. His education was acquired in the common schools of Anderson. On the 1st of April, 1856, he was one of a party of young men who left Anderson for California, by the Nicaragua route, and landed at Graytown, Central America, on the 18th of the same month. There was great excitement in Central America at that time owing to the efforts of General Walker, the famous filibuster, to secure control of the government of that country. Neither life nor property was considered secure on account of the disturbed condition of the people, and the party of fortune-

seekers concluded to return home. Arriving at New York, Mr. Makepeace went to Canada on a prospecting tour, and returned to his home in Indiana by way of Niagara Falls. After his return he worked at carpentry until his father built the large flouring mill on North Central avenue, which is now owned and operated as a brewery by T. M. Norton & Sons, when he engaged in the milling business for a while. In the meantime the clouds of the great civil war were gathering



CAPT. ALONZO I. MAKEPEACE.

and casting their somber shadows over all the land. It was not long until hostilities began and the country was involved in the greatest struggle of modern times. The patriotic young men of the land responded to the call of the President for troops, and marched away to defend the flag of their country. Among the number was the subject of this biography, who enlisted July 5, 1861, in Company A. 19th Indiana volunteers. He was mustered into the service at Indianapolis on the 29th of July, and on the same day was elected second lieutenant of his company.

On the 8th of August, the Nineteenth Indiana was ordered to Washington, and on November 11, 1861, he was promoted to the position of First Lieutenant. He was subsequently (February 10, 1862,) promoted to the Captaincy of his company. The Nineteenth Indiana was one of the regiments composing the famous Iron Brigade and suffered as much, if not more, than any regiment engaged in the war, Captain Makepeace participated, along with his company, in all of the principal battles of the south-east. He was at Lewinsville, Gainesville (lost thirty-one men out of forty-two in this battle), Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, South Mountain, Antietam, Manassas, Cedar Mountain, and many other battles, including the battle of Gettysburg, where he was captured on the first day of that decisive engagement. This was on the 1st of July, 1863. He, with several thousand other soldiers, who were captured at the same time, was taken to Libby prison where he remained ten months, when he was transferred to Danville, Virginia, from that prison to Salisbury, North Carolina, thence to Macon, Georgia. While enroute to the latter prison, he escaped from the train near Augusta, but was recaptured. After remaining in prison at Macon for a short time, he, along with three hundred other captains, was taken to Charleston, South Carolina, for the protection of that city which was being shelled by Federal gunboats. Intelligence was conveyed to the Federals of their location in the city by Union sympathisers and the presence of the prisoners did not result as anticipated. The firing was kept up by the vessels, but no shell exploded in the vicinity of the prisoners. Captain Makepeace was afterward transferred to Columbia, South Carolina, where, on November 4, 1864, he again escaped, and, in company with three others, eluded the Rebels for forty-eight days, notwithstanding they were pursued by blood-hounds a portion of the time. They traveled only at night and in that time walked over four hundred miles, encountering many dangers and suffering innumerable hardships. They were at one time within a few miles of the Union army, but fate was against them and they were recaptured in the Smoky Mountains, near Delonaga, Georgia. He was taken back to Columbia, and transferred thence to Charlotte, North Carolina, where he escaped again, but being sick and discouraged by his previous experience he concluded to return to prison. From Charlotte he was taken to Raleigh,

North Carolina, thence to Wilmington, in the same State, where he was finally exchanged on the 1st of March, 1865.

Captain Makepeace was a prisoner just twenty months to a day and was transferred from time to time to nearly every prison in the Confederacy. He was discharged at Washington in May, 1865, and returned home, after an experience that fell to the lot of but few men in the army. Soon after returning home he engaged in the hardware business as a clerk with Nichol & King, but subsequently became a member of the firm, Mr. King having retired. This firm is still in existence and does a larger business in its line than any other firm in the county.

In 1886 Captain Makepeace received without solicitation on his part the Republican nomination for Sheriff of Madison county, and was elected, overcoming an adverse majority of eight hundred. He is a member of Anderson lodge I. O. O. F., and was the first commander of Major May Post, G. A. R., but is not connected with any other organization, social, fraternal or religious. He was on the staff with General Veazy at the Grand Encampment of the G. A. R., at Detroit, in 1880, and has attended every encampment of that organization as well as every reunion of his old regiment for the past twelve years. Captain Makepeace was married to Miss Margaret Robinson, a sister of the late Colonel M. S. Robinson, on the 16th of September, 1858. The fruits of this union have been two children, Frank and Harriett, both of whom are married and living in Anderson. Mr. Frank Makepeace is one of the proprietors of the Anderson *Daily Bulletin*. Harriett is married to Mr. T. N. Stilwell, a son of Colonel Thomas N. Stilwell, deceased.

Captain Makepeace is an unpretending gentleman, not given to vaunting his achievements, and it is safe to say that but few, even of his intimate friends, are acquainted with the facts related in this sketch. Considering his military experience he is remarkably active. He has a large circle of friends and has laid by a competency against old age.

SAMUEL HARDEN.

No man in Madison county, perhaps, has done more to preserve its early history than Samuel Harden. He has always taken great interest in the achievements of the first settlers as well as in matters generally pertaining to the pioneer period of the county and therefore honorable mention of his efforts

to secure from the spoiler Time the names of the first comers here, their unpretentious deeds, customs and interesting incidents connected with their lives, is cheerfully accorded in these pages. He wrote the first history of the county under certain disadvantages that but few can appreciate who have not engaged in such an undertaking. The work is not perfect by any means, and neither is this, nor any other history that has been or ever will be written of the county, but within its modest pages much is contained that would have been lost no doubt had it not been for his painstaking research.

SAMUEL HARDEN.

Mr. Harden was born in Hamilton county, Indiana, November 21, 1831, and at the age of fourteen years was apprenticed to learn the saddler's trade with an older brother. He served an apprenticeship of two years, when he took a "tramp" East as far as Ithica, New York, with a party of drovers. In 1852 he made the overland trip to California, where he engaged in mining with "varied success" until 1855, when he returned to Indiana, and after a brief residence at Huntsville, this county, married a daughter of the late J. T. Swain. He soon after located at Markleville, where he worked at his trade for fifteen years. In 1862 he enlisted in the Sixth-ninth Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, and was

wounded at the battle of Richmond, Ky. He was discharged soon after this and returned to Markleville, where he was appointed postmaster.

In 1874 he published a history of Madison county. In 1880 he commenced writing the history of Hancock county, but sold his interest in the work to J. H. Binford, who, in connection with J. K. King, completed and published it. In 1887 he published a volume entitled, "Early Times of Boone County, Indiana," and in 1888 another book entitled, "Those I Have Met, or Boys in Blue." In 1896 he published his last work, which he named "The Pioneer." All of these works contain many interesting sketches of the first settlers of Madison, Hancock, Hamilton and Boone counties, as well as much valuable and important historical information. Mr. Harden's efforts are being appreciated more and more as the years roll by and after his pilgrimage is over will perpetuate his memory longer than would marble or bronze. It may be said in this connection that he has one of the finest collections of Indian and other interesting relics in the county; in fact there are probably but few, if any, finer private collections in the State.

Mr. Harden is a resident of Anderson, where he pursues the "even tenor of his way," enjoying the esteem of all who know him.

NEW COURT HOUSE.

ERECTED 1882.

CHAPTER LXVI.

Adams Township.

This township derives its name from Abraham Adams, the first white man to settle within its borders, and not from the second President of the republic, as many suppose. It is situated in the extreme southeast corner of the county and has an area of thirty-five square miles. It is bounded on the north by Anderson and Union townships, on the east by Henry county, on the south by Hancock county, and on the west by Fall Creek township.

Adams was one of the first townships organized in the county. The first comers to the township found abundant game in its unbroken forests, and a soil not only extremely fertile but well-watered, a climate neither excessively hot nor cold but a happy medium between the two, in fine the prospect presented to the first settlers was such as to give them assurance that they had found a pleasant land, where they could with proper effort secure homes for their families and a competency for their old age. Favorable accounts of the new country were sent back to their old homes, and soon after the coming of Abraham Adams, in 1823, the population began to increase rapidly. Mr. Adams settled near the present site of Ovid (New Columbus). About the same time Harper, Bridge, Sr., Hudson, Sawyer and Bridge, Jr., the murderers of the friendly Indians (an account of which is given elsewhere), settled in the township. Among others who came about this time, or a few years later, were Joseph and Moses Surber, Abraham Blake and Anthony Hill, of Ohio. The latter came in 1827, and located on what was afterwards known as the L. D. Reger farm.

During the years 1828–9, George Hudson, Sr., of Ohio, accompanied by his sons, Isaiah, Eli, George, William, Jonathan and David; Thornton Rector, of Wayne county, Indiana; Thomas, William and Garrett McCallister, John Gilmore, Sr., and Hugh Gilmore, Martin Brown, Samuel and L.

Reger, of Virginia, settled in the township. In the spring of 1830, Levi Brewer and Joseph Ingles, of Ohio, settled in the township, and in 1831, Colonel Thomas Bell and Hezekiah Justice, also of Ohio, cast their lot with the early settlers of the township. Colonel Bell was afterwards elected Representative from the district of Madison and Hancock counties and served a number of terms. As an evidence of his popularity, it is said that at a certain election when he was a candidate, but one vote was cast against him in the township.

In 1834–5, Samuel Huston and Jacob Evans, of Wayne county, Indiana, Isaac Cooper, of Virginia, Harvey Chase, of North Carolina, and William Prigg, of Maryland, settled in the township. Isaac Cooper located on the land where the murder of the Indians occurred. The land upon which this atrocious crime was committed is situated one mile and a half northeast of Markleville, and is now owned by Solomon Hardy.

Including the names already mentioned, the following list comprises all, or nearly all of the first settlers in the township: Manly Richards, Hiram Burch, John Copman, William Sloan, Ralph Williams, Stephen and Henry Dobson, William Stanley, John Markle, David Rice, Thomas Shelton, Joseph Smith, James Collier, William Penn, Reason Sargent, David Ellsworth, William Nelson, Stephen Norman, James Pearson, E. Trueblood, James Peden, Caleb Biddle, Barnabas Clark and John Borman.

These are the men who cleared up the first farms in the township and prepared the way for all that has since been accomplished in the grand transformation of the wilderness to fruitful fields and meadows green. Many of them were honored by their fellow-citizens with positions of trust and honor, and all were identified with the progress and development of the county.

EARLY EVENTS.

The first house in the township was erected by Abraham Adams in 1823. It was constructed of unhewn logs and stood just east of the present site of Ovid.

The first school-house in the township was located on Section 19. It was similar in construction to all other houses of that period. The next school-house erected in the township stood on the east side of the present site of Ovid, but in what year it was built is not known.

The first school teacher in the township was a Mr. Hudson. He was followed by Reuben Wyatt, John Roberts, Hiram Burch, George Kearney, Thomas McCallister, George R. Boram and others. Mrs. Susan Justice, who is at present making her home in Anderson, went to school to Mr. Wyatt when she was a child. Mrs. Justice is seventy-four years of age.

The first orchard in the township was planted by Abraham Adams about the year 1829.

The first frame house erected in the township was built by Friend Brown. The farm upon which it was erected was one of the first that was "cleared up" in the county. The first brick house was erected by Morris Gilmore in 1838 on what is known as the Morris Gilmore farm. The first elections were held at the house of Abraham Adams and later at the house of Manly Richards. In 1830 New Columbus (Ovid) was designated by the County Commissioners as the permanent voting place, and continued the only voting precinct in the township up to 1870, when the township was divided for election purposes by the Commissioners and another precinct was established at Markleville.

The first church erected in the township was built by the Baptists in 1834. It was situated half a mile west of New Columbus, and for many years afforded the members of that denomination a comfortable place of worship. The early ministers here were Nathaniel Richmond, William Judd and Morgan McQuay. Among the active membership were Caleb Biddle and Ira Davis, at whose homes meetings were held for a number of years previous to the building of a place of worship. Owing to removals from the township and other causes the society declined in membership, and in the course of time the building was made the object, or target, of every mischievous person who passed that way seized with an inclination to throw a club or stone. The building was finally removed to a different locality and devoted to secular uses. Proper mention of the other churches in the township is made elsewhere.

MILLS.

In 1835 a man of the name of Bailey Jackson began the erection of a sawmill on the south bank of Fall creek, at New Columbus, but abandoned the enterprise before it was completed. James Peden afterward purchased the site and completed Jackson's undertaking in 1843. This mill was operated

successfully for a great many years and finally went the way of all the water mills in the county. It was the first mill built in the township and furnished the lumber for the first frame buildings erected in this part of the county. Its last owner was Adam Forney.

The next mill erected in the township was built in 1841, by Isaac and Edmund Franklin. It was also a saw-mill and was situated on the north bank of Fall Creek on section 15. In 1843 they began the erection of a grist mill near the same site which was completed the following year. These mills were known as the "Franklin Mills," and did a lucrative business up to within a few years of their destruction by fire in 1888. They were owned and operated by many different persons in their day, the last owner and proprietor being James K. Lawson. The dam across Fall Creek is still standing where these mills were once situated and is still visited in season by lovers of piscatorial sport from many parts of the county. In fact, Fall Creek at this point until recent years, was one of the most famous fishing grounds in the county.

In 1857 Blake & Hudson built a saw-mill near the present site of Markleville. This was the first mill run by steam in the township and was successfully operated until 1863, when the machinery was sold and shipped to Frankton. Abisha Lewis and John Houston built the next steam saw-mill in the township in 1872. It cost about $3,000 and at the time of its erection was the best in the county. Two years after it was built a shingle-machine was added to the mill which proved a profitable investment. This mill is still in operation at Markleville, and is owned by the Markle Brothers.

Soon after the completion of the southern extension of the C. W. & M. Railway (Big Four) through the township, a saw-mill was built at Emporia, two miles north of Markleville. The mill is owned and operated by William and Edward Trueblood.

As there is but little valuable timber left in this part of the county, it is safe to say that it will be but a short time until this class of mills will have disappeared from the township as they have in other localities.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

With the increase of population the demand for enlarged school facilities became more urgent and the log school houses of the township began to disappear. In 1854 several frame

school buildings were erected at different points and the school law of 1851 was thereafter observed in the regulation of the schools until it was supplanted by the present school system. In 1873 the frame buildings began to disappear, two brick structures being erected that year, one of which was at Markleville and the other at Ovid. Each of these buildings cost $1,100. In 1877–8, three more brick buildings were erected. There are at this time ten buildings and eleven teachers in the township. The school enumeration for 1858 in the township showed that there were 584 school children; in 1874 the total number was 538 and this year it is 560, including both Markleville and Ovid.

CHURCHES.

There are at the present time in the township five religious societies and six churches. In 1834 a Baptist society was organized at the home of Mrs. Rebecca Collier about a mile and a half south-east of where Markleville now stands. This society at the time of its organization was composed of thirteen members but grew rapidly and in 1852 a place of worship was erected. This building was used as a place of worship until 1872, when it was torn down and another of larger dimensions erected by the society about a mile further north. J. F. Collier donated the land upon which both buildings were erected and also served the congregation as pastor for a number of years, being assisted by Revs. O. P. Hawkins, J. E. Ellison and T. S. Lyons. This church has a large membership.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

In 1848 a meeting of a number of members of this denomination was held at the Baptist church west of New Columbus (Ovid) and a society was organized, the first eldership being composed of Eli Hodson, Andrew Bray, J. I. Seward and Jesse VanWinkle. The society continued to hold meetings here and elsewhere in the township until 1852, when the congregation concluded to build a place of worship, which was accordingly done, the church being situated two miles east of Columbus. About two years after its completion it was destroyed by fire; but the membership being large another building was immediately erected at a cost $1,400. It was known as White Chapel. This church organization flourished for a number of years under the pastoral care of Elder Daniel Franklin and others, but owing to deaths, removals from the

a place of worship, the same to be used at stated times, or alternately, by each denomination. The church is situated near the village on the west and is known as the "Union Church." While any of the three denominations is entitled to worship in the building, the Christians have taken charge of it and at the present time hold services there exclusively.

FRATERNITIES.

On the 24th of May, 1854, Ovid Lodge No. 164, A. F. & A. M., was organized at New Columbus, the following constituting the charter membership: Hiram Peden, R. E. Poindexter, John J. Justice, David Fesler, Solomon Pool, James Biddle, John McCallister, Joel Pratt, Josephus Poindexter, William Sebrell, John Hicks, B. W. Cooper, Garrett McCallister and John Slaughter, all of whom had been initiated into the mysteries of the order in the Masonic Lodge at Pendleton, the parent lodge of all the Masonic organizations in the county. The meetings of Ovid Lodge were held in a two-story log building on the west side of New Columbus until 1860 when a new building was erected by the organization. The meetings of the Lodge have been held in this building ever since.

The new lodge room was dedicated on the 14th of July, 1860, Joseph Eastman, S. B. Irish and William Roach officiating as Grand officers for the occasion. Following the dedicatory ceremonies there was an open-air dinner, speeches and a general good time. Of the charter members of this lodge Hiram Peden, now and for many years past a resident of Anderson, alone survives.

RURAL LODGE.

On May 24, 1864, Rural Lodge No. 324, A. F. & A. M., was organized at Markleville, the charter members being, Samuel Harden, John Justice, David Johnson, John Boram, E. B. Garrison, Levi McDaniel, Daniel Cook, Samuel Cory and W. B. Markle. This lodge held its meetings for a year in the second story of Samuel Harden's residence, when it moved to a room above a shoe-shop owned by W. A. Lynch. Meetings were held here for a number of years when a lodge room was erected over a store owned by Hardy & Lewis. This continued to be the home of the lodge until March, 1879, when it surrendered its charter. The lodge has never been revived, the membership preferring to attend Ovid Lodge.

MARKLEVILLE LODGE I. O. O. F.

On November 18, 1875, Markleville Lodge No. 502, I. O. O. F., was organized with the following charter members: A. J. Blake, Joseph P. Blake, S. F. Hardy, J. R. Leakey, Joseph Wilkinson, A. Van Dyke, George Cooper and Reuben Wilkinson. This lodge flourished for a while when it gradually went down and finally surrendered its charter.

STATISTICAL MATTERS—TOWNS AND VILLAGES.

The population of the township in 1850, was 1,309; in 1860 it was 1,453; in 1870 it was 1,576; in 1880 it was 1,663, and in 1890 it was exactly what it was in 1880. The total value of lands as returned this year by the assessor is $586,-170; value of lands and improvements, $648,095. Total value of taxables in the township, $820,365.

NEW COLUMBUS (OVID).

This town was laid out by Abraham Adams in 1834. It has a beautiful location, being situated upon a hill just south of Fall Creek. It is six miles south of Anderson, and at the present time has about one hundred inhabitants. The town was given the name of New Columbus by its founder, but on account of the annoyance occasioned in the delivery of mail, there being a town of the same name in Bartholomew county, the name of Ovid was given the postoffice when it was established here in 1837. Previous to that year the citizens of the village and surrounding country went to Huntsville to post and receive their mail. The first postmaster was William Miller; the next was William Gray, who was followed by James Peden and his two sons, Joseph and Hiram, in the order named. Hiram Peden was succeeded by George Hodson. The present postmaster is William Carmody. The first merchant in the village was Hiram Burch. William Miller succeeded him. J. M. McClanahan was also one of the early merchants. The first physician to locate here was Dr. C. Horn. Other early physicians were Drs. Parry, Smiley, Hildreth, Pratt, Cooper, Bair, Troy, Edwins, Rider and Myers. The first and only tannery in the township was located here. It was built in 1837 by Henry Armstrong and Bartholomew Fort, but was not a success and was finally abandoned.

About a mile east of the village, Andrew Bray built a distillery in 1838, which he operated for a number of years.

As previously stated, New Columbus was for many years the only voting place in the township, and whenever an election occurred there was more or less turbulence. It is related by old-timers still living in the vicinity that an election seldom occurred without being attended by as high as fifty or sixty fights. The fighting would sometimes begin before the voting and would continue at brief intervals until after the polls had closed. Those days have passed, however, and there is not a more peaceable or law-abiding community in the county to-day than this. The spirit of politics is quite as lively as it was in the old days, but the argument of physical strength has given way to more rational methods. It is not known save to a few of the old-timers who still remain that the town was once incorporated, but such is the fact, as will be seen by the following:

The Board of Commissioners ordered an election held in New Columbus on the first Monday in April, 1840, to incorporate the same as a town, as follows: "On a petition of a majority of the citizens of New Columbus, Madison county, Indiana, it is ordered that the citizens of said town hold an election in said town on the first Monday in April next, for the purpose of electing the proper officers to govern the said town as an incorporated town. And upon the citizens complying with this order the said town thereafter be considered as incorporated."

MARKLEVILLE.

This town derives it name from John Markle, who owned the ground upon which it stands and who laid it out in 1852. It is situated eleven miles southeast of Anderson on what is known as the southern extension of the C., W. & M. (Big Four) Railway, and two miles west of the Henry county line. What is still known as the "Pendleton and New Castle pike" passes through the town. Among the early merchants of the place may be mentioned Newton Busby, E. B. Garrison, Ralph Williams, David Johnson, J. W. Shimer, H. H. Markle, J. W. Blake, Harrison Coon, Sebrell & Blake, and Hardy & Lewis. The latter firm did a large business in the '70s and erected the finest business room in the town. Mr. S. Hardy and Mr. N. Moneyhun are the principal merchants at the present time.

The first postmaster here was John Markle. He was followed by Samuel Harden, and he in turn by William Swain,

David Johnson, S. F. Hardy and William Coacheran. The present incumbent is O. H. Seward. The first physicians in the place were Daniel Cook, William Hendricks, William Swain, Jacob and William P. Harter. The population in 1870 was about 100 and at the present time it is estimated at 250.

ALLIANCE.

This is a station on the southern extension of the C., W. & M. Railway (Big Four). It is situated about two and a-half miles northeast of Ovid and is one of the three places in the township at which trains stop regularly. A general store is located here, but no manufacturing enterprises, and the future of the place is consequently not very bright.

EMPORIA.

This is a small station situated on the southern extension two miles southeast of New Columbus and two miles north of Markleville. It was located upon the completion of the railroad to that point in 1891. There is a general store here owned by William Mauzy, also a sawmill owned and operated by William and Edward Trueblood. William Trueblood is the present postmaster.

POLEYWALK.

This is a name given to a thickly settled locality in the southwest corner of the township, about a quarter of a century ago, on account of the roads and "walks" being constructed of poles. These corduroy roads were necessary in many portions of the county at an early day, but with the draining of the country and the building of pikes they gave way to the new order of things.

This particular locality was noted among other things for its many social gatherings, especially dances, which the young people, after working hard all day at their domestic duties or in the fields, would attend and dance from "early candle lighting" until dawn. Very frequently a fight would take place to vary the programme on these occasions, but as deadly weapons were seldom resorted to in those times by young men in adjusting a difficulty, no one was ever seriously injured. The boys and girls who contributed to the merry-making in this locality at the time of which we write are settled in life; many of them the heads of families, but they still take delight in relating the experiences of their younger years.

THE BIG LICK.

This famous hunting resort in the early settlement of the county is located in the southeast corner of the township at the source of Lick Creek. It was a favorite hunting ground of the Indians before they left for their reservation beyond the Mississippi. Deer and other animals would come to this spot in great numbers to lick the ground which was largely impregnated with salt, and the hunter had but little difficulty in supplying his larder with an abundance of meat. Long after deer had disappeared from that part of the county the "perches" made by hunters in the forks of trees at the Big Lick, from which they would shoot unwary animals when they came to lick or drink, could be seen.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

The following citizens of this township have been connected with the administration of county affairs: Thomas Bell, Representative from 1831 to 1833, Madison and Hancock counties then being a district for representative purposes. Mr. Bell also represented these counties in the State Senate from 1835 to 1841, and subsequently (1844) represented Madison county in the Lower House of the State Legislature. Thomas McCallister, Representative from 1840 to 1842; elected again in 1844 and served one term, and again elected in 1850 and served one term. Stanley W. Edwins, Representative from 1879 to 1880; Joseph Peden, Circuit Clerk from 1862 to 1865 (died before term expired); John W. McCallister, Sheriff from 1874 to 1875 (died before term expired); Randle Biddle, Sheriff from 1876 to 1878; John McCallister, Commissioner from 1851 to 1857 (died while in office, and George R. Boram, of same township appointed to serve out his term); Eli Hodson, Commissioner, 1858 to 1860; George R. Boram, Commissioner from 1860 to 1862; Peter Fesler, Commissioner from 1862 to 1864; John McCallister, Commissioner from 1870 to 1873; G. W. Hoel, Commissioner from 1872 to 1875; A. Cunningham, Commissioner from 1891 to 1894; Allen Boram, Commissioner from 1894 to 189–; A. W. McCallister, County Assessor from June, 1892, to 1896.

ELI HODSON, A PIONEER.

Eli Hodson, the subject of this sketch, was one of the old-time gentlemen who came to Madison county in the early

days of its settlement. In addition to being a prosperous and well-to-do farmer he figured extensively as a politician and leader of men in the community. He was very suave and polite in his manners, and treated his fellows with a courtesy excelled by none. In the early times he was one of the associate judges of Madison county. At that time there were three judges composing the Circuit Court—one the Circuit Judge, who was required to preside at the sittings of the court in the different counties which went to make up his judicial circuit. In addition to this there were two associate judges, elected by the people of each county in which the court held its meetings, and sat with the President of the Court. Mr. Hodson at one time was County Commissioner, and he it was who caused the proper grading of the public square to be made. He also had shade trees planted in the little park that surrounded the court house, making it one of the prettiest places in the county. In this he was assisted by Samuel B. Mattox, ex-Recorder. The trees served in the summer time as a shelter from the rays of the burning sun, and the people from all parts of the county, when in attendance at court or in the city on business, made good use of this beautiful retreat. The trees remained until 1882, during the erection of the new court house, when they were cut down and hauled away. For incurring this expenditure Samuel Mattox, who was then the Recorder of Madison county, and Mr. Hodson, were subjected to a good deal of abuse, and considerable loud talk was indulged in by the tax-payers for the expenses incurred in the grading of the lot and in the planting of the trees; but as time wore on, and the little trees grew into large and stately oaks, public sentiment changed, and they who had been the severest in denouncing Mr. Hodson and his associates took great pleasure in reclining beneath the shade trees and singing the praises of those whom they had once denounced.

Mr. Hodson was born in Guilford county, North Carolina, in 1805. In 1828 he emigrated to Madison county and entered eighty acres of land in the adjoining county of Henry, and also eighty acres in the county of Madison, on which he resided until the time of his death. In January, 1830, he was married to Miss Lydia Hart, who died in 1834, and in 1836 he was married again, this time to Miss Cynthia Ayleshire. Mr. Hodson was a consistent member of the "New Light Church," and was ordained a minister of the same. He remained with them a few years and then he became a promi-

nent member of the Christian Church, which was organized by the Rev. Alexander Campbell.

Mr. Hodson died at his home on the 27th day of February, 1880, at the age of seventy-four. It was said of him by his neighbors that he was always kind and obliging, and ever ready to aid his fellow-man; that he never gave offense knowingly to any one; that he was always a peacemaker in his neighborhood between those who indulged in unhappy wrangles. He was universally loved and respected by all who knew him.

CARSHENA M'CALLISTER AND HIS DOGS.

Carshena McCallister is a farmer who has since his childhood lived in Madison county. He is the son of the late John McCallister, who was once a prominent farmer and business man of Fall Creek township. Carshena, like many others, takes the world easy, and is fond of out door sports. He was in his younger days a great hunter, and kept quite a pack of hounds. In 1882, when the writer was Auditor of Madison county, in making up the tax duplicates, opposite the name of Carshena McCallister was placed by the assessor, thirteen dogs. This being an unusual number of canines for an ordinary farmer, it was thought to be a mistake of the assessor, and the book was laid aside until an interview could be had and the error corrected.

In a few days Carshena came into the office, and was taken into the vault in a quiet manner, and confidentially told that a great injustice had been done him by the Township Assessor. He seemed much surprised, and said that the officer was a special friend and wanted an explanation. He was told that he had been charged with thirteen dogs.

Looking around in order that no one might hear what was said, in an under tone he replied:

"Well, don't say anything about it; there are three or four he didn't get."

This was a sufficient explanation, and Carshena went home happy, and in the spring cheerfully paid the taxes on his dogs.

There are but few who have gotton more out of the routine of life than Carshena McCallister, or who enjoys the world's blessings as they are presented to them more than he.

Judge Hervey Craven was the only man in the county who ever came near being a rival of his as a dog fancier. The

Judge always had a fine selection of all kinds and sizes of dogs and enjoyed much sport with them.

JOSEPH WILKINSON.

Joseph Wilkinson, who was once Trustee of Adams township, removed to some other part of the country. He was, during his residence in this county, decidedly a man of affairs. No political meeting in his locality was complete without his presence. No candidate for a county or township office stood much show if he did not stand in solidly with Joe.

He was one of the "machine" men of Adams township, who helped to work up a candidate's case—make and mold sentiment for him. Adams township has for years contained many of the makers and unmakers of county candidates.

Joe Wilkinson did not have any religion. He often argued against the thing, just for argument's sake. He was a good-hearted fellow and generally did right as nearly as he knew how, and was willing to rest his case and take his chances. While he was Township Trustee, about 1880 to 1884, he had a good time running the public business. He ran it on his own schedule and took the results as they came. At times the County Commissioners would "tackle" him, to curb him in matters over which they thought they had control, but generally got worsted in the fight. Joe generally had his fences built high, and burned the bridges behind him.

One time he was making his annual settlement with the County Board whose duty it was to see that the trustees had proper vouchers for money expended by them. Jacob Bronnenberg was one of the Commissioners. He was always on the alert and lookout for leaks and waste ways in the public treasury. He thought Wilkinson was a little too "slack" in his use of the public funds, and was eyeing every voucher filed.

Joe was slashing them down and reading them off in a great hurry, slapping them down on the table a great deal like a man in an interesting game of "seven-up" would play a trump in taking a "trick."

"No. 1, John Smith, ten dollars.

"No. 2, James Johnson, fifteen dollars," and so on.

Uncle Jake broke in:

"Hold on! Hold on! I want to see that voucher. What's that for? That's too much. You'll break up the county. There's no law for it."

Joe never stopped or paid any attention, but kept calling off his vouchers and slapping them down on the table.

"I want to know who's running the county—the County Commissioners or the Township Trustees?" asked Uncle Jake.

"Oh d—n it, Jake, be still, you're interrupting the court," replied Joe, and on he went reading his vouchers until he was through.

"Now, gentlemen, there's my report and my vouchers. I am through with them. Thank you for your attention. Good day."

The Board of Commissioners could do nothing but order his report filed and make a record of it, and let him and his constituents fight it out if there was anything wrong in it. Law, gospel, death, hell or the grave had no terrors for Joe Wilkinson, let alone the wrath of a Board of County Commissioners.

But in all Joe Wilkinson was one of the best fellows in the world at heart. He hung his worst side out. The deeper you dug into him the better he got.

MOCK LEGISLATURE.

In the rural village of Ovid, or New Columbus, as it is familiarly called, during the winter months of 1879 the citizens of that place and surrounding country indulged in a good deal of pleasantry by organizing a mock legislature and holding meetings once a week, in which all the prominent men of the township took an active part.

The "house" was formally organized on Tuesday evening, the 14th of January, 1879. The plan of organization was such that every one desiring to become a member should select a certain county in Indiana and work for its interest, after subscribing to the constitution and by-laws of the organization. An election was held for officers, with the following result: A. W. McAllister, representing LaPorte county, as Speaker; Mr. Galloway, of Madison county, as Clerk; Samuel Gray, Sergeant-at-arms; and M. Y. Spaulding, Door-keeper. George Fesler assumed the name of His Excellency, Governor Rosecrans, and acted as the Chief Executive.

After the organization the Governor sent in quite a lengthy message recommending certain internal improvements and other business matters. The following were a few of his recommendations: An amendment to the fish law, that

persons should never fish until they were sure of making a catch. He also recommended the construction of a belt railway around the capital at New Columbus, and asking for the annexation of the suburban town of Anderson, in order to provide it with a more efficient municipal government; also recommending a bill for facilitating commercial intercourse between the capital at New Columbus and the town of Anderson.

The first bill introduced was for opening Fall Creek as far as Forney's farm for the purpose of navigation. These bills went through the ordinary committees as though they had been in a legislative body and were reported back to the house, where they were warmly discussed pro and con, when they were either passed or met defeat as other legislative bills do. These meetings were kept up during the winter months and not only furnished amusement for all those who participated therein, but served as an education to them in parliamentary law, as they were held down by the speaker to a strict construction of all parliamentary usages in the discussion of bills and other matters pertaining to legislation.

The Governor, George Fesler, has long ago passed beyond this vale of tears, while the Speaker of the House, A. W. McAllister, is now a resident of Anderson and fills the important office of Assessor for Madison county.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—SUICIDE OF MRS. SURBER.

About three miles southeast of New Columbus in the year 1834, there occurred one of the most horrible suicides that ever transpired in Madison county. The person who took her life was a Mrs. Surber. It appears that her husband had left home early in the morning to go to Pendleton to attend a muster. The law then required all able bodied male citizens between the ages of 21 and 45 to appear at designated localities once a year to drill in the manual of arms. Failure to do so meant a fine for the person offending. Mrs. Surber was opposed to her husband going and endeavored in every way to dissuade him from so doing; but in order to avoid the payment of a fine, Mr. Surber concluded to attend the muster despite the protestations of his wife, and started away leaving her alone.

From all that can be learned, his wife took umbrage at his going, and determined that he should never see her alive again, and went about deliberately to kill herself. From the floor to the joist in the cabin was about seven feet. To this

she securely fastened a rope. She then mounted a stool and fastened the other end of the rope with a noose around her neck. She then kicked away the stool and swung off, her feet almost touching the floor and her body turned around with her back to the door.

Mr. Surber, all unconscious of the terrible deed which had taken place during his absence, returned at three o'clock in the afternoon. He was unaware of the condition of affairs, and approached the body, took hold of it by the right arm, and asked her what she was doing there and why she had closed the door. In doing this he caused her body to turn around, and the countenance of his dead wife stared him horribly and ghastly in his face. So tightly had the rope been drawn by the weight of her body that her tongue protruded from her mouth and her teeth were firmly imbedded in it.

The neighbors gathered at the house and gazed upon the sickening sight. From a foolish feeling prevalent at that time that the body of a suicide must not be touched by any person until the Coroner had viewed the remains, it was allowed to stay in its position until the following day. This occurrence was fixed on the memory of those who had witnessed it as long as they continued to live. It was the talk of the neighborhood for years and many persons were afraid to go into the house or venture upon the premises for fear of being bodily captured by ghosts or spooks.

BURNING OF A LITTLE GIRL.

A little three-year-old child of Stephen Orr, who resided on the farm of Jesse Skinner, near Markleville, was burned to death on 21st of March, 1879. The mother of the child had gone to a neighbor's house, leaving the little one with a sister. When she returned she found the little one lying on the floor, with its clothing entirely burned off its person. The cries of the child failed to reach the father who was in the woods near by making rails, and he did not know of the sad affair until his wife gave the alarm. This was indeed a terrible accident, and will long be remembered by Mr. and Mrs. Orr, and their neighbors who witnessed the horrible spectacle of the unfortunate child in its charred and lifeless condition.

AN OLD BURGLARY.

On the 1st of June, 1852, the house of Andrew Bray, Esq., of Adams township, was entered by thieves, ransacked

and plundered of its contents. Considerable valuable property and money were obtained.

Mr. Bray was one of the well-to-do farmers of that locality and always had more or less cash about the house, there being no banks in Madison county in which to deposit it.

No one was ever apprehended for the crime, although suspicion pointed strongly to two well-known characters, but no evidence of a positive kind could be adduced against them.

An occurrence of this kind at that time caused much excitement in the neighborhood, and was for a long while a cause for gossip.

Mr. Bray enjoyed the distinction of being the richest man in Adams township, and he knew it as well as his neighbors. It is said when any one in the locality would sell a farm, Andrew would swell up and walk up and down his possessions, and interrogate himself, "why don't some one buy Andrew Bray?" "*No one able.*"

He was the first to build a brick residence in the south part of the county. At that time it was considered simply palatial.

KILLED BY LIGHTNING.

John Markle, a young farmer living one mile north of Markleville, while cutting logs in the woods near White Chapel, about one and a-half miles from his home, was overtaken by a storm on the 7th of August, 1890, and he and one of his horses were instantly killed by lightning. Mr. Markle and a boy had gone into the woods with the intention of loading logs and hauling them home, from which place he intended to remove them to the saw-mill the next morning. The boy was terribly shaken up, but suffered no serious injury, and after returning to his senses spread the news in the neighborhood of Markle's sad fate. The dead man was taken home to his young wife, to whom he had been married but a short time, and whom he had left shortly before in the best of spirits. It was a terrible blow to her, and she was completely overcome by her grief. Young Markle was only about twenty-two years of age. He was sober and industrious, and was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him.

SUICIDE OF MRS. MAGGIE SHOVER.

On the 26th of November, 1882, the citizens of Adams township were thrown into a state of excitement and consternation by the rumor that Mrs. Maggie Shover, wife of

Henry Shover, had committed suicide. Mr. Shover was a wealthy and highly respected farmer of that township. Upon investigation, it was learned that Mrs. Shover had gone into the cellar, and finding a rope, had thrown it over a joist, and by this means had strangled herself to death.

She had been married in July previous to Mr. Shover, who was then a widower and the father of three children.

It is said that domestic trouble was the cause of her untimely end, as she and her husband did not live together happily. A Coroner's inquest was promptly held and a verdict returned in accordance with the above facts.

Henry Shover, her husband, is yet a resident of Madison county, and a brother of James Shover, who is well known in Anderson.

DROWNING OF WILLIAM RECTOR.

William Rector was an epileptic who for many years lived in Adams township, and who on the 9th day of July, 1889, was drowned in Fall creek while in the act of bathing, in company with his brother-in-law. He had been in the water for some time and after coming out for the purpose of changing his clothing he went in again. He made a jump and immediately sank to the bottom. He evidently strangled or had been seized with an epileptic fit. His brother-in-law became frightened to such an extent that but little attempt was made to rescue the drowning man. Rector's body was not recovered until a day or two later, when an inquest was held by the Coroner of Madison county, who returned a verdict of accidental death by drowning. His remains were interred in the neighborhood of his home on the following Wednesday.

SUICIDE OF OREN VAN WINKLE.

Oren VanWinkle, a young man of Adams township, committed suicide on Sunday, the 27th day of April, 1885, by shooting himself. He was a farm hand employed by Isaac Jones, of that neighborhood. For a year or more he had been paying attention to a most estimable young lady of his immediate vicinity, who received his attentions as a friend, but not as a lover. It seems that young VanWinkle was very much devoted to her and became deeply enamored of her. A few days before this occurrence, in a conversation with the young lady, he made known his love, and, it is supposed, asked her hand in marriage, to which she had not given her assent. Her refusal had such an effect upon him as to cause him to become

temporarily deranged. Several days prior to his death he wrote a letter to his sweetheart, in which he told her how dearly he loved her and if she would not marry him he did not care to live any longer. The weapon used was a small 22-calibre pistol. Shortly before committing the deed he laid down upon a lounge and then placing the muzzle of the pistol against his head pulled the trigger. The ball penetrated his brain and death was instantaneous. He was a very quiet young man and was only eighteen years of age. His mother, two sisters and a brother lived near Elwood. He was a cousin of John Quincy VanWinkle, who is the present Superintendent of the Big Four Railway system. His funeral took place from the residence of Charles VanWinkle, near Mechanicsburg, on the following Tuesday.

A PECULIAR INQUEST.

William Creason was for many years a resident of Adams township and was considered a very peculiar and inoffensive man, of a harmless disposition. He knew enough to go about his business, was industrious, temperate and observant of his obligations. He was about forty years of age and had been married, but his wife had secured a divorce from him.

In the month of August, 1881, he mysteriously disappeared from the neighborhood and his whereabouts were unknown to his relatives, who manifested a great deal of anxiety, but could find no clue of him. On Sunday, the 21st of August, a man of the name of Socrates Campbell was riding through the edge of a swamp about two miles southwest of Markleville when he was startled by coming suddenly upon what appeared to be a human skeleton partly hidden from view by the thick growth of bushes. A hasty inspection enabled him to identify the clothing as belonging to William Creason. Mr. Campbell rapidly rode to a neighbor and informed him of the discovery. Coroner Michael Ryan was notified. The remains were permitted to lie in the position in which they were found until his arrival late at night, when an inquest was held. The verdict of the Coroner was that the deceased came to his death by a pistol shot fired by his own hand with suicidal intent.

The cause assigned for this act by Mr. Creason's friends was that his wife, after having been divorced from him for some time, had given evidence of wanting to return to live with him, but a few days prior to his disappearance, at a meet-

ing between the two, the wife had changed her mind and refused to again become his wife. Over this announcement he brooded so much that his mind became deranged, and he took this means of putting himself out of the way.

In holding the inquest Coroner Ryan, while making an examination of the head, and for the purpose of ascertaining the location of the ball, chopped the skull open with an ax. This action on the part of the Coroner subjected him to a good deal of unfavorable comment for a long time afterward.

A SAD CASE OF SUICIDE.

On the 18th of June, 1872, Decatur McCallister, a son of John McCallister, a prominent citizen of Adams township, committed suicide by shooting himself. He was one of the leading young men of that neighborhood, well educated, and refined. He had a pleasant home and his relations with his brothers, sisters and parents were most happy. No cause could be assigned for the rash deed other than that he had been suffering from some trifling ailment, although nothing serious was thought of it by his friends. He had been to Anderson on the day of his death and returned home in the evening, when he started in company with his father to the barn to feed a lot of hogs that they were fattening. He complained of not feeling well and stopped before reaching the barn saying that he believed he would return to the house. On reaching the house he sat down on the veranda, drew a pistol from his pocket, said to his sister, who was standing near by, "Good bye, Mary," and putting the pistol to his forehead, fired. The bullet entered his head, he fell over and expired within a few minutes. He was about 21 years of age and was of remarkably good habits, and paid close attention to business. It was difficult to account for his strange conduct.

His father and mother were deeply affected, and it is said that John McCallister, the father of this young man, never really recovered from the shock, and was never the same genial, lively companion with friends and neighbors that he was before the sad occurrence. The father was a prominent Democrat, and at one time held the office of County Commissioner, and was on several occasions a candidate for the Sheriff's office of Madison county.

FOUND DEAD.

On the 5th of June, 1874, Henry Rector, an old and respected farmer of Adams township, was found dead in a fence

corner in his field where he had been plowing. Mr. Rector was a bachelor, and had resided on his farm for many years. He was an upright, straightforward man, and had but one fault — that of too free indulgence in alcohol, to the use of which his death was attributed. It was a very warm day, and having been exposed to the burning rays of the sun, this, with the alcoholic poison which he had imbibed, was believed to be the cause of his sudden demise.

He was alone in the field at the time, with no one to witness his last moments. Some neighbor passing along found his remains. Word was sent to Anderson, and it was not long before the Coroner was upon the ground and held an inquest. A verdict of death from over-heat and from the excessive use of stimulants was returned.

Mr. Rector will be remembered by the older residents of the neighborhood in which he died, as being one of their most thrifty and useful citizens. He always kept his farm very neat and clean.

He was a familiar figure on the streets of Anderson, as hardly a Saturday passed on which he was not in the city. He was a very free-hearted, jolly, good-natured fellow, and was fond of mingling with people, which was largely the cause of his drinking habits. If he chanced to be in a place where liquor was obtainable he never waited to be asked to drink, but invariably called up the "house." He was well-liked by people who congregate in such places, and his arrival was always anxiously looked for.

AN ACCIDENTAL KILLING.

Frank Main, a young man in Adams township, met with a fatal accident on Monday, the 9th of December, 1889, while out hunting with Joseph McCleary. They had started up a rabbit which took refuge behind a log. Main ran to the log and standing the butt end of the gun at the end of it, stooped over to look after the rabbit, and in doing so accidentally discharged the weapon which was heavily loaded. The entire charge struck him in the side just above the right hip, passing upward and lodging in the region of the heart from the effects of which he died about 5 o'clock on the same evening. The deceased was an excellent young man and his death cast a gloom over the home of his childhood, he being well beloved by all the neighbors in the community. He had been at one time a resident of Anderson, having purchased a lot in Hazel-

wood, and it is said that he was engaged to an estimable young lady of Ovid to whom he would soon have been married had his life been spared. The parents of the young man now reside in Anderson.

ROBBERY AT MARKLEVILLE.

Mr. S. F. Hardy, of Markleville, is one of the oldest merchants in Madison county, having kept a store at that place and been postmaster of the village for many years at different periods. On Monday night, the 8th of December, 1884, burglars effected an entrance to his store and took away with them goods and merchandise to the value of $300. Mr. Hardy was at that time postmaster and kept the office in his store, but the thieves did not disturb the mail or take any of the stamps. There was never any clue obtained as to the guilty parties although Mr. Hardy offered a liberal reward for their arrest and conviction. Markleville was at that time without any railroad or telegraph office and therefore the escape of the criminals was a very easy matter. Suspicion rested on certain parties known to Mr. Hardy, but no arrests were made for want of positive evidence.

KILLED BY DYNAMITE.

Many years ago there was a dam built across Fall Creek on what is now the farm of John Forney, for the purpose of damming the water sufficiently to run a little mill that at one time stood on the stream. Roman Gilmore came into possession of the land adjoining on which the dam was located, and spent considerable money in trying to prevent the water from flooding the portion of his land adjoining the stream. It was a source of much aggravation to him, and he finally made up his mind to get rid of it. On the 21st of July, 1890, he accomplished his desire to a certain extent by blowing up the dam with dynamite. A camp of railroad builders was located near the Gilmore farm. At the camp a large quantity of dynamite was stored for the purpose of blasting. Gilmore had talked considerably to the railroad laborers and spoken to them in regard to his trouble. Some of the parties suggested to him that the way to rid himself of the nuisance would be to blow it up with dynamite. Following the suggestion Mr. Gilmore, with his two sons, Hugh and Michael, procured a quantity of the explosive from some source, and about half past 10 o'clock in the night repaired to the place and placed a

couple of charges under the dam. One of the cartridges was placed in a piece of gas pipe and the other, containing about seven pounds, was put at another point. Both charges were fired, but only the one in the gas pipe exploded. Hugh Gilmore was standing about eight feet from the charge, and when it was fired failed to hear the warning given. When the explosion took place a piece of the burst gas pipe was driven with fearful force through his body, terribly lacerating it. The terror stricken father and his other son, as soon as they had sufficiently recovered from the effects of the explosion, were horrified upon returning to the scene to see Hugh writhing in mortal agony upon the ground. The wounded boy was taken home and Dr. Lundy Fussell, of Markleville, was summoned. The young man lived but a few hours after he reached his home, as no medical aid could be of any benefit to him. The father of the boy, as well as all the neighbors, was very much affected by the affair. The Gilmores were a prominent family in the community, and they had the sympathy of all who knew them. Forney, the owner of the dam, felt greatly outraged over the matter, and for a time threatened Gilmore with prosecution, but on account of the fatal result in Gilmore's family his heart was softened and no proceedings were ever begun against him. This affair caused a profound sensation throughout the county at the time. Roman Gilmore is still a resident of Adams township near the spot where the explosion took place.

THE BROWN-CUMMINS MURDER.

In the annals of crime Adams township, though a peaceful and law-abiding community, has furnished many bloody affairs that are within this volume, handed down as a matter of history, without comment or conclusion.

Among the most horrible of these affairs was the murder of young Cummins by Luther Brown, which is yet fresh in the minds of many people in the county who lived here prior to the age of natural gas. It darkened the homes of two neighboring families, and caused the death of a well-respected young man and ruined the life of another. The facts gleaned from papers printed at that time and memoranda made are as follows:

In the spring of 1885 a dance was given at the residence of Isaac Ayleshire.

Eli B. Cummins and Luther Brown were rivals for the

affections of Cynthia Ayleshire, the daughter of Mr. Isaac Ayleshire, at whose house the dance was given. Both young men were about the same age—twenty-one, perhaps.

Cummins was of a stalwart build, while Brown was slender and small. The former had rather supplanted Brown in the affections of Miss Ayleshire, and, stung by jealousy, the latter conceived the bitterest hate for Cummins.

Young Brown belonged to the neighborhood orchestra that had been invited to play for the dance, and went without any other invitation. Upon his arrival at the house he and Cummins became involved in a quarrel, which ended in a fight, and Brown was worsted. Smarting under the humiliation of the affair, and maddened by jealousy, he remained outside the house until the dance was over, and skulking in the shadow of the barn, armed with a rock, he waited for Cummins to pass by. His opportunity came. Cummins, unconscious of the fact that Brown, with murder in his heart, born of jealousy, lay in ambush, passed by the barn, when the latter, with the ferocity of a tiger, rushed out and struck Cummins on the head with a stone, fracturing the skull.

In spite of this, Cummins grappled with his antagonist, and the two rolled to the ground. During the struggle, Brown, who was underneath, stabbed Cummins in the heart with a pocket knife, and death immediately ensued.

The case aroused the utmost interest, and the neighborhood at once took sides. The trial came off at the October term of court, 1885. It was one of the most memorable in the history of criminal cases in this county. The prosecution was conducted by D. W. Wood, and Robinson & Lovett were for the defense. The latter made a strong plea of self-defense, and, while it failed to win the jury, it stemmed the tide of popular opinion against the accused. A sentence for life was returned against young Brown. The case was taken to the Supreme Court, but the finding of the lower court was sustained.

After nearly six years of imprisonment in the Northern penitentiary at Michigan City, Brown obtained his liberty through the tireless efforts of friends and the interposition of the executive power, being paroled on the 4th of May, 1891.

The verdict of the jury which sentenced him to imprisonment for life stood six long years, only to be annulled by the stroke of a pen in the hands of the Governor.

His friends had never given up hope of obtaining his par-

don, and from the day the Supreme Court affirmed the decision of the lower court they had been tireless in their efforts to secure the exercise of executive clemency.

Petition after petition had been filed with Governor Gray and Governor Hovey. Hon. John W. Lovett, who was Luther Brown's attorney, together with Judge M. S. Robinson, directed all the efforts looking to young Brown's release.

In getting up the petition to the Governor, eight of the jurors who returned the verdict sentencing him to imprisonment for life signed the petition for his pardon. Judge Moss, of Noblesville, who occupied the bench during this trial, refused to sign it.

One of the main things that induced the Governor to extend clemency to the prisoner was the fact that the prison officials gave the warmest recommendations touching his conduct while in the penitentiary.

After being released and returning to Anderson he was utterly dumbfounded. Anderson had struck gas in the interim and it was altogether as much changed in its appearance as he had been in his personal appearance by his confinement. It was not the same town; all landmarks had vanished and gone. And never was man more completely bewildered in the midst of scenes that were once familiar to him than he. Even the points of the compass had passed from his memory and he could not tell north from south.

The changes, however, in the objects around him were not any greater than the transformation in himself. He had aged in the fleeting six years of his confinement wonderfully.

The trial of this case lasted for several days and was attended by the entire community where the killing occurred, as well as by many of the citizens of Anderson.

The effort of Colonel M. S. Robinson, made in behalf of young Brown, was undoubtedly the effort of his life. His masterly argument still rings in the ears of all those who heard it, although his tongue is now still in death.

Hon. David W. Wood, the young and eloquent prosecutor, excelled all his former efforts in the prosecution of the case for the State. His effort was worthy of one older in years and the practice of law.

After serving nearly five years in the State prison young Brown was paroled by Governor Hovey and is yet living at this writing, and is said to be a peaceable and law-abiding citizen.

SHOOTING OF THORNTON RECTOR.

John Adams was a quiet, inoffensive farmer who for many years lived in Anderson township, about three and a half miles southeast of Anderson. He was occasionally in the habit on coming to the city of getting more to drink than was good for him.

On the 19th of December, 1872, Adams with a number of friends was returning from the city, when a difficulty arose between the son of Mr. Adams and Thornton Rector. After several blows had been exchanged between the parties, Rector got up against a fence and took out a knife and warned his antagonists to stand back, telling them that if they interfered with him any further they would be hurt. John Adams, the father of the young man engaged in the fight with Rector, stepped up, and drew a revolver and pointing it at Rector, fired, the bullet taking effect in his lip, passing through his mouth and knocking out several of his teeth. After the shot was fired, Rector came back to Anderson and had his wounds dressed, and Mr. Adams went on his way home. The weapon used was a small Smith & Wesson seven-shooter, which accounts for the fact that so little damage was done to the recipient of the shot. No arrest was made for several days until the convening of the grand jury when Adams was indicted and placed under arrest by the Sheriff of the county for assault and battery with intent to kill. He immediately gave bail and was released to appear at the next term of court for trial.

At the convening of the court, Adams attended from day to day during the proceedings; the evidence had all been adduced, the arguments of the counsel were made, charge delivered to the jury by the Hon. Hervey Craven, Judge of the court, and the jury had retired for deliberation. The jury were out but a short time when they returned to the court room with their verdict to be read in open court. The verdict was about to be handed to the judge for publication when it was noticed by one of the attorneys for the defense that Adams, the prisoner, was absent. The sheriff called him in the Court House yard and made a diligent search in the immediate neighborhood, but no traces of him could be found. After the retirement of the jury Adams had become alarmed and had quietly got away from the scene. The question was immediately raised by the defense that it would be improper and contrary to law to publish the verdict of the jury in the absence of the

accused and therefore moved to suppress the same. After some arguments pro. and con., the Judge sustained the motion and the jury was discharged. This was a complication that had never risen in the courts of the county and gave rise to a legal battle on the points involved. The cause was taken to the supreme court for determination of the questions raised by the defense. In the meantime A. J. Ross, sheriff of the county, had re-arrested Adams and placed him in custody again. Judge Craven admitted him to bail by his giving a bond for his appearance. At the succeeding term of the court Adams was again placed upon trial and was finally acquitted.

DEATH OF HARRY IRISH.

Harry Irish was born and reared in Pendleton and was a well respected and fine young business man who embarked in the drug business at Wilkinson, in Hancock county. At this place, it is sad to relate, he died on Sunday, the 27th day of February, 1887. He was alone at the time when he took the fatal drug, consisting of twenty drops of belladonna. During the temporary absence of his wife, about noon time, he went into the drug store, which occupied a part of the same building as his residence, and procured a phial containing a drachm of belladonna, swallowed about one-third of its contents, first taking the precaution to return to his bed, he having been sick for several days. He died a few minutes afterward without speaking. He formerly had conducted a drug store at Markleville, in Adams township, and had moved from that place to Wilkinson about a year prior to his death. His wife was a most estimable woman, being the daughter of Dr. S. B. McCrillus, of Anderson. His funeral took place at Pendleton on the Tuesday following the occurrence. His remains were interred in the Falls cemetery. His widow is now a resident of Los Angeles, California.

ROBBERY AT ALLIANCE.

On the 23d of January, 1894, the store of Michael Stohler, who lives in Adams township, six miles south of Anderson, on the Rushville extension of the Big Four Railway, was entered by thieves. Among other things stolen was a large amount of coffee, tobacco, cigars, sugar and miscellaneous articles, including a shot gun, amounting in value to perhaps two hundred dollars. The thieves had with them a two-horse wagon in which they loaded their plunder and made good their es-

cape. Who the parties were has never been ascertained, and "who stole Stohler's gun" will in all probability always remain a mystery.

Herron Richardson was placed on trial at the May term, 1896, of the Madison Circuit Court, for this theft, and after a long and hard fought battle was acquitted. He was prosecuted by Hon. B. H. Campbell and defended by W. A. Kittinger and G. M. Ballard.

KILLING OF JOSEPH RAILSBACK.

About half past 7 o'clock on the evening of the 8th of September, 1888, there occurred on a lonely road, three miles south of New Columbus, one of the bloodiest homicides ever perpetrated in the county. On that evening two young men, Thomas Surber and Joseph Railsback started from Pendleton ostensibly to attend a Republican meeting at Markleville. On the way they stopped at the house of a brother of Surber, living near the scene of the crime in Adams township, where they appeared to be in a friendly mood. After remaining a while at the house of his brother, Surber left accompanied by Railsback, but instead of proceeding to Markleville they went west along a country road in the direction of Pendleton. They had not gone very far when it appears that they began to quarrel, whether about politics or some other matter will never be known. It was thought, however, that the difficulty had its origin in a scandal in which both were involved as it was intimated by parties attending the inquest held by Coroner W. A. Hunt over Railsback's remains that rumors of that character had been in circulation in the neighborhood.

While the men were quarreling a man of the name of Joseph Reedy came up, and from him the only testimony concerning the homicide was elicited. And his testimony was not satisfactory, as it was evident that he had either been in an intoxicated condition at the time, or so badly frightened that he could not remember what the men were quarreling about. He stated that Surber and Railsback were apparently sober, and that they had been fighting before he met them, as the former called his attention to a wound on his face where Railsback had struck him with a stone tied in a handkerchief. While Surber was talking Railsback again assaulted him and the fight was resumed. Surber pulled out a knife and used it so effectively upon the person of his antagonist that the latter soon sank to the ground from loss of blood,

and before assistance could be summoned, expired. Surber returned to his brother's house, and, after informing him what he had done, left the country. No effort was ever made to apprehend him for the reason, doubtless, that the testimony indicated that he acted in self-defense.

After an examination of Railsback's wounds had been made by the Coroner his body was delivered to his father who conveyed it to Fall Creek township, where it was properly interred.

Railsback received no fewer than a dozen stabs, nearly any one of which would have proven fatal.

Neither of the men had any social standing in that part of the county, and, aside from the stigma of the crime upon the fair name of the community, their fatal encounter caused no regret.

CHAPTER LXVII.

Boone Township.

The following concerning the early history of Boone township has been kindly contributed by the Hon. J. R. Brunt, a native of the township, but at present a resident of Anderson.

"Boone township was first settled by immigrants from North Carolina. James Brunt in 1829 emigrated from that State and settled on Blue river, in Rush county, and was followed by his sons and sons-in-law later.

"In the spring of 1836 Thomas Brunt and his brother-in-law, Wright Smith, came to Madison county and selected land in what is now Boone township. They went to Fort Wayne, where the government land office was located and entered the land, paying $1.25 an acre. Smith's land was in the south part of the township on a creek; Brunt's some two miles further north on the same creek. This creek, on account of the great quantity of blue flag, commonly called lilies, that grew along it, they named 'Lily Creek.'

Smith moved his family onto his land and lived in a tent till he cleared a 'truck patch' and built a cabin. He was the first white man to build a home in the township.

"Brunt rented a cabin and truck patch of 'Granny' Ballance, in the north part of Monroe township. He moved onto his land in Boone township in January, 1837, and was the second to move into the township.

Soon after came his father, James Brunt, and another brother-in-law, John Moore, from Rush county, and located between Thomas Brunt's and Wright Smith's farms.

The first school house was built on John Moore's land and was a rude affair of rough round logs, covered with clapboards, weighted on with weight-poles. In one end was a large fireplace, with a mud and stick chimney; the door was made of clapboards, and there were no windows. The floor was made of dirt, pounded down, and the seats of logs split in two, with four pegs for legs. James Smith, son of Wright Smith, taught the first school.

The first white child born in the township was Joseph Taylor Smith, son of Wright Smith. He was the captain of a company in the Seventy-fifth Indiana Regiment during the war for the maintenance of the Union. He afterwards practiced law in Anderson, and now resides in Manhattan, Kansas.

In 1837 and 1838 many bought lands and made homes in the township Bazilel Thomas, John and James Tomlinson and Hugh Dickey, from North Carolina; Dudley and George Doyle and Peter Eaton, from the same State; Robert Webster, from Delaware; John W. Forrest, Ben Sebrell and Micajah Francis, from Virginia—but mention cannot be made of all.

These early settlers depended upon their guns for all their meat. Game was plentiful. Deer and turkey were to be found everywhere, while coon and squirrel were so numerous that the pioneer had to fight both day and night for a few bushels of corn, and then take it on horse back to Pendleton to mill, taking two days to get a bushel of meal. No wonder that hominy and coarse meal pounded in a "mortar" with a pestle, was a staple article of diet.

Wright Smith, the first settler, died on his farm December 28, 1863, and Thomas Brunt December 31, 1879, both having been useful citizens, always active, honest and industrious.

These men found Boone township a wilderness. They gave it the name of Boone; also named the creeks, laid out the roads, helped to raise nearly all the houses and barns, and built all the first schoolhouses and churches. Providence raised them up for the times and place and their work under the circumstances was well done."

Boone township was named in honor of the famous frontiersman and Indian fighter, Daniel Boone. The township is bounded on the north by Grant county, on the east by Van-Buren township, on the south by Monroe township and on the west by Duck Creek township. It is six miles from the east line to the west line and five miles from the north line to the south line, containing thirty square miles.

Among the early pioneers of the township not named in Mr. Brunt's contribution to these pages, who are worthy of honorable mention, are Bryant Ellis, Enoch and Morgan B. McMahan, Eli Freestone, Elijah Ward and Ambrose Keaton, all of whom settled in the township, with the exception of Mr. Keaton, who is still alive, in 1825. From that time until 1847 they and their families constituted the population of the township. During the latter year and year following they

were joined by William Schooley, Jesse Windsor, William Hyatt, Andrew Taggart and J. Purtee. The last named was the first white man in the township to settle on the Miami Indian Reserve. After Mr. Purtee settled there the Reserve became popular with immigrants to the township and a majority of them located within its borders.

EARLY EVENTS.

The first marriage was celebrated on the 18th of April, 1838. The contracting parties were Dudley Doyle and Miss Sarah Eaton.

The first death in the township was occasioned by the falling of a tree on John Huff in 1843. The second death was that of Mrs. Adam Doyle, which occurred January 21, 1844.

The first election was held September, 1843, at a log schoolhouse near the site of what was afterward known as the Tomlinson schoolhouse. At this election Dudley Doyle and Morgan B. McMahan were elected Justices of the Peace for a term of five years. Peter Eaton acted as Inspector at this election by appointment.

The first Sunday School in the township was organized by the Methodists in 1853. Wright Smith was the first Superintendent. The second school was organized by J. W. Forrest in 1854.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The first school house in the township was built in 1840, but it was not until 1853 that educational matters received much attention. During that year Thomas Brunt, Benjamin Sebrell and M. L. Overshiner, trustees at that time, caused to be erected four or five school houses at as many different points in the township. These buildings were all log structures and built upon the general plan that obtained during the pioneer period. They have all disappeared, and the school children of to-day enjoy all the conveniences of modern school buildings, as well as the advantages of a school system that is acknowledged to be second to none in the Union.

In 1858 the school enumeration was 296; in 1874 there were 390 children of legal school age, and at the present time 414. There are nine school houses in the township, and nine teachers are employed.

CHURCHES.

Many years before a church was erected in the township the pioneers enjoyed religious exercises at their homes. Among

the early preachers were Rev. Peter Cassel, Elder Daniel Franklin, Aquilla Purtee, Wright Smith, Rev. John W. Forrest and William Cole.

The first church organized in the township was the Methodist, in 1851. During that year Rev. William Boyden organized a society at the home of Aaron Taffe. This society was composed of seven members. Wright Smith was selected as class-leader, and not long after built a log church at his own expense. He afterwards sold this building to the township for school purposes, and erected a substantial frame structure, which has since been known as Smith's chapel.

In 1853 a Baptist society was organized by Rev. John W. Forrest, and four years later a place of worship was erected on Mr. Forrest's farm.

STATISTICAL.

In 1850 the population of the township was 299; in 1860 it was 678; in 1870 it was 1,078; in 1880 it was 1,110, and in 1890 it was 1,325. The value of lands at the present time, as shown by the assessor's returns, is $528,225; value of lands and improvements, $584,450; total taxables, $742,405. No township in the county has made greater progress in the way of improving lands during the past twenty years than Boone. It is one of the finest agricultural townships in the county.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

The following citizens of the township have been elected to office in the county: Benjamin Sebrell, Sheriff, from 1860 to 1864; Thomas Brunt, Commissioner, from 1860 to 1870; James W. Thomas, Treasurer, from 1870 to 1872; Edward Peters, Commissioner, from 1887 to 1893; Nathan T. Call, Treasurer, from 1884 to 1886; Timothy Metcalf, Commissioner, from 1894 to 189–.

FORRESTVILLE.

The site of this village was in Section 21, near the center of the township. It was selected by John W. Forrest and laid out into lots on the 24th of July, 1850. Several houses were subsequently erected, among which was a church. There was a general store and a post-office at one time. But these have all disappeared and nothing remains to indicate that such a place ever existed.

INDEPENDENCE.

Mention is made elsewhere of this village. It is situated in four townships, two of which are in Madison, and two in Grant county. A portion of the town is in the extreme northwest corner of Boone township. But little business is done here, and it is probably only a question of time when it, like other towns that have been similarly situated, will be abandoned.

CLARKTOWN.

This village was laid out by Benjamin Clark and is situated just across the west line of Van Buren township, in Section 13. There is no post-office here and but one small, general store.

REMINISCENCES AND EARLY HUNTING INCIDENTS.

In opening up and developing the north part of the county, particularly Boone township, Thomas Brunt's cabin was always selected as "headquarters" by land buyers, hunters, and the "comers and goers" generally to the new country. Mr. Brunt was well informed concerning the lands in his vicinity and was acquainted with all the tracts that had been entered. He was frequently employed by persons desiring to enter land to go to Fort Wayne and act as their agent. He would invariably go on foot, the distance being 60 miles from his cabin to the land office. Much of the road he was compelled to travel was nothing more than what was called at that time, a "blazed trace." Houses were from three to six miles apart the entire distance. Among those who used to hunt in season and make Mr. Brunt's home an abiding place was Jesse Forkner, father of the late Samuel and Madison Forkner, of Richland township. One of the sons would usually accompany the father to assist in taking care of the game. Mr. Forkner was an excellent marksman and well versed in woodcraft. William Scott, father of the late Daniel M. Scott, of Monroe township, also of James P. Scott, at present one of the leading merchants of Alexandria, was another of the early pioneers who used to make an annual visit to Mr. Brunt's for the purpose of hunting deer and wild turkey. Another successful hunter and trapper of that day who used to "stop" with Mr. Brunt while hunting in the north part of the county was Matthew Taylor, of Lafayette township. He would always go prepared for a season of enjoyment, carrying on a large gray horse his gun and ammunition, a "fiddle" and a three-gallon jug filled with whisky.

Whenever it was known that "Uncle Matthew" was in the neighborhood the boys would gather at Mr. Brunt's with full assurance that they would have a good time, and it may be said that they were never disappointed.

The most successful and intrepid hunter in the north part of the county in that day was Elijah Williamson. He is described by Mr. A. J. Brunt, who has kindly contributed a share of these reminiscences, as a large, active, powerful man with an iron constitution and absolutely fearless. Frontier life was his glory and there was nothing too hazardous to turn him aside in the pursuit of game. He knew the grand old woods of that day like the experienced navigator knows the ocean. He was familiar with the habits of game and knew the habits of fur-bearing animals thoroughly, having been reared in the woods and having as associates men who had learned no lessons save those which had been taught them by nature. He was besides a practical joker and enjoyed a funny situation. He was continually playing pranks on his neighbors, particularly those who were afraid of Indians or the savage animals that infested the forest. He came from Maryland and about the same time and from the same place came another man of the name of John Blades and settled in the south-east corner of Monroe township on the Fort Wayne trace which afterwards became the Fort Wayne state road. Blades was just the opposite of Williamson in nearly every respect. He was afraid of Indians and wolves and was ready to start at the slightest indication of danger. On account of his cowardice he was made the victim of many of Williamson's jokes. Indians would often pass through the neighborhood and frequently stop at the cabins of the settlers who always received and treated them kindly. The settlers had nothing to feed their horses and would let them run at large. Very often they would stray off and it would be reported that they were stolen by the Indians when the latter had nothing to do with their disappearance.

On one occasion Williamson reported to Blades that the Indians were around stealing horses and that he would better "look out." Blades, like all the settlers, while tending his little corn patch would hitch his horse so that he could graze during dinner time. One day Williamson directed his oldest son to put on a pair of moccasins and go to the place where Blades had his horse hitched, or hobbled, and after making tracks that could be discovered to ride the animal through the

woods a mile or so and hitch it securely. The boy did as directed and when Blades discovered that his horse was gone and saw the moccasin tracks, he concluded that the Indians had stolen the animal. He at once went to Williamson and informed him of what had happened and asked him to take the lead in an effort to recover his property. Williamson said that the Indians had undoubtedly stolen his horse and that the proper thing to do was to gather the neighbors together with their rifles and go in pursuit of them. Blades mounted his remaining horse and, with Williamson's two boys, started out to arouse the neighbors. In a short time a small number of the settlers had assembled at the place where the horse had been stolen. Williamson gave directions as to the way the pursuit of the Indians should be conducted. It was agreed that if anyone should find the animal two shots were to be fired and these to be followed by two more in the course of a few minutes. After riding through the brush for an hour or so two shots were heard, which were presently followed by two more. Williamson had found the horse! He was soon surrounded by the entire party to whom he related a thrilling story of his pursuit of the Indians and capture of the horse. He said that he "pushed the Indians so close" that they had to abandon the animal. Blades was delighted to get his horse back and had no idea that he was the victim of a joke. The moccasin tracks were evidence enough to him that a prowling Indian had stolen his property.

On another occasion Blades was working on the roof of a small log stable that his neighbors had assisted him in raising, when he heard the crackling of some dry twigs. He glanced around and seeing an Indian by the side of a tree trying to draw a bead on him with his rifle, lost control of his nerves and rolled off the roof to the ground. The fall aroused him and he ran to his house, where he remained for some time before venturing out. While Blades was rolling off his stable his neighbor, Williamson, was off some distance enjoying the joke he had played him. Williamson had dressed one of his boys like an Indian and, knowing that Blades would run at the sight of one, concluded to have a little fun at his expense.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Williamson had a son-in-law of the name of John Campbell, a stout, brawny man, who also enjoyed a joke. One of their neighbors was a man of the name of May, who would

frequently indulge his appetite for intoxicating liquors to the extent of becoming tipsy. In fact, May rather enjoyed being "mellow," and never refused to imbibe when invited. It was arranged between Williamson and Campbell that the latter was to invite May to accompany him to Alexandria and get him tipsy. Williamson had a large bear skin and the scheme was for him to envelope himself in the shaggy coat, secrete himself in a thicket near the trail by which Campbell and May would return from Alexandria, and as they approached for Williamson to make a noise in the brush and imitate the growling of a bear. In order to prepare May for the anticipated "scare" they purposed giving him, Campbell talked about bear on the way to Alexandria and the danger of going about without being armed, as he had noticed fresh bear tracks and felt satisfied that there were several large ones in the vicinity, designating a particular thicket situated near the path they were traveling as a probable bear haunt. They stayed in Alexandria until dusk, when Campbell suggested that it was time for them to start home. May was feeling the effects of the liquor Campbell had treated him to, and, like a great many others who sometimes get in a similar condition, did not care what might happen. It was quite dark when they reached the thicket where Williamson was waiting for them. As they approached they heard the brush crackle and a ferocious growling. Campbell shouted, "There comes a bear!" and started to run. May attempted to follow, but being intoxicated, could not run as fast as Campbell and was soon overtaken by Williamson, who growled more ferociously than ever. May saw that he could not escape and stopped, saying "D—n the bear." He had no weapon with which to defend himself, care having been taken by Campbell that he should be without even a knife, and he promptly resorted to his only means of defense—his fists—and these he used with such herculean vigor about the ears of the "bear" that Williamson soon realized that the joke was turned on him and cried out, "It's me, May; it's me!" Williamson extricated himself from the bear skin and frankly acknowledged that his neighbor had the best of the joke. He and Campbell often referred to their experience with May, as they enjoyed a joke even if it was at their own expense.

Williamson had another neighbor of the name of Bryan Ellis, who, while not an experienced hunter, had a very superior coon dog. Williamson was aware of the dog's good

qualities and would often invite Ellis to go coon hunting with him. They would usually have good luck as Williamson, besides being an expert hunter, had a number of good coon dogs himself. It is related that on one occasion in the month of March, when the streams and branches were open and clear of ice, that Williamson called one evening at the cabin of his neighbor and asked him to go hunting with him. Ellis was not inclined to go, but while they were talking the dogs struck out and treed a coon across a small creek that had its course near Ellis' cabin. Williamson called his attention to the fact that a coon had been treed and finally Ellis consented to go and help catch it. The spring rains and thaws had swollen the stream to unusual proportions and after going as far as they could without getting wet, Williamson told Ellis to climb on his back and he would carry him across. Williamson took the torch and axe, with which they had provided themselves, and with Ellis on his back started across the deepest part of the creek. As he proceeded and the water got deeper, he would squat and tell Ellis to climb higher. Ellis finally got on Williamson's shoulders when the latter purposely stumbled, "ducked" his head and let Ellis go head foremost to the bottom of the creek. Williamson appeared very sorry and expressed great regret about the mishap that had befallen him, but in relating the occurrence to others, which he often did and for years afterward, he expressed no regret unless it was that the water was not a little colder and perhaps a little deeper. It is proper to say that they caught the coon, but never after would Ellis go coon hunting with Williamson.

These are only a few of the many pranks played by Williamson on his neighbors. Mr. A. J. Brunt says that when he was a small boy Williamson taught him how to make and set mink and coon traps, also how to construct wild turkey pens, and that he gave him the first twenty-five-cent piece he remembers of owning for a coon skin. Years after he paid him many dollars at different times for coon, mink and deer pelts. Mr. Brunt and the Williamson boys were "great friends," and did much of their hunting together. When it was impossible for one party to go they would let the other take the hounds. Like all boys, they were full of life and fun, and played many jokes on the early settlers. Nothing was done maliciously, and no heart-burnings were engendered. In the language of

Mr. Brunt, "there has never since been the innocent sport in this county that was enjoyed by the early settlers."

In the early settlement of Iowa Williamson emigrated to that state, where he continued to hunt and trap as long as there was any wild game left worthy of the name. At the age of seventy-two years he could hunt all day and never complain of being fatigued. At this age he could see to read and shoot his rifle without glasses. He has one son, Robert, who is yet living in Iowa, and two daughters, who are still living in Boone township. Lily was married to Jesse McMahan, and Ann to Morgan B. McMahan, deceased. Both daughters have lived in the same vicinity in Boone township since they were children, and have always been held in the highest esteem by all who know them. Their father would frequently return from Iowa and pay them and his grandchildren a visit, and they would invite the neighbors to call and see him of evenings during his stay. On these occasions the young and old would gather round him and listen with eager interest, often until the midnight hour, while he related his early experiences in the township, recounted his "hairbreadth escapes by field and flood," and recalled old recollections generally. Elijah Williamson lived to the ripe old age of ninety years, when he departed for the "happy hunting ground" of paradise.

HUNTING INCIDENTS.

The following hunting incidents are contributed to this work by the Hon. John R. Brunt:

ABUNDANT GAME.

One day in summer Thomas Brunt was in the woods hunting for meat. As he was noiselessly passing along he saw a deer in a thicket fighting flies; the foliage was so thick he could only see a small part of the animal, but "no shot, no meat," so bringing his gun to his face he fired. At the crack of the gun the deer made an immense leap and bounded away. Quickly loading his gun he went to the place where the deer stood to see how badly it was wounded, for a wounded deer always leaves signs that the practical hunter read like a book. On reaching the place, great was his surprise to find a deer struggling on the ground, when drawing his knife he dispatched it. The two deer had been standing side by side and the ball passed through the brisket of the first and the body of

the second and he had killed the one he had not seen at all. He followed the blood tracks of the other and soon secured it also.

One day Moses Moore, son of John Moore, was passing along a path in the woods with an axe on his shoulder, when he saw a deer coming toward him. It was coming slowly along the path smelling the ground and had not seen him. He stepped quickly behind a tree beside the path and as the deer came opposite, dealt it a blow with the axe, killing it on the spot.

One Sunday Thomas Brunt was sitting in his cabin and, looking out of a hole called a window in the side, he saw two large wild turkeys in his corn patch. He watched them for some time, being a strict church member he did not like to violate the Lord's day, but finally the temptation was too great, and turning to his wife, he said: "Sallie, I believe I will take 'Old Betsie' (his gun) and make these gentlemen acquainted with her voice."

"Oh, no, Tommy, I wouldn't go hunting on Sunday."

"No, I'll not go hunting, but I'll just slip down the fence and let 'Betsie' speak to those fellows once." So off he went; crawling into a fence corner, he poked "Betsie" through, and she spoke, and over tumbled a fine gobbler; the other evidently thought the turkey flopping on the ground was funning, so he bristtled up as if to fight him. "Tommy" had slipped in another load and "Betsie" soon spoke again, and over tumbled the other gobbler. They had plenty for a Sunday turkey dinner.

THE LAST WILD DEER.

Morgan Sebrell, who still resides in the township, has the distinction of killing the last wild deer seen in the county. On the 24th of November, 1871, while he and Timothy Metcalf were out hunting in the woods near the house of T. B. Eaton, they discovered fresh deer tracks which they cautiously followed some distance when Sebrell got a shot at the animal and killed it. It was a large buck, each of its antlers having seven prongs. The antlers are preserved by Mr. Sebrell as a trophy, as he is justly, though modestly, proud of the fact that it was his fortune to kill the last wild animal of its species in the county.

OTHER REMINISCENCES AND SKETCHES—HOW DUDLEY DOYLE MADE HIS WILL.

In Boone township, there lived an old Virginian, of the true "Old Virginy" style, by the name of Dudley Doyle, whom all of the early settlers of Madison county will remember. Dudley was one of those industrious, hard-working pioneers, who helped to make Madison county what it now is—the garden spot of Indiana. He was honest with himself and as true as steel to his friends. He came as nearly fulfilling the commandment to "love thy neighbor as thyself" as it is possible for it to be done. At one time, Dudley had a long spell of sickness and it was thought that he could not recover. He was informed by the attending physician that he had better prepare his worldly affairs, which he was about to leave behind, in the manner in which he desired to leave them, as his time was very short. He accordingly sent for a "'Squire" to draft his will. The 'Squire came, and Dudley dictated the document in solemn accents from first to last, while the 'Squire slowly and carefully penned it down. After the last line had been written, the last bequest made, Dudley signed his name, called his friends around him, and bade them good-bye. All was solemn and silent as the tomb, save an occasional sob, or sigh, from the sorrowing friends. The 'Squire placed his "specs" in their box, picked up his statutes and was in the act of stealing quietly out of the room, when Dudley halted him and said; "Say, 'Squire, I forgot something."

"Ah, what is it, Mr. Doyle?"

"Why, I want you to put in there that Dudley Doyle died a Democrat." The codicil was added as directed and Dudley turned his face to the wall to die, but as fate would have it, he was not called away. He recovered from his spell of sickness and lived for many years thereafter. He was continuously elected Justice of the Peace as long as he would accept the office. Living to a ripe, old age, but making his words in the codicil good, he died a Democrat.

THOMAS B. EATON, ONE OF THE CHARACTERS OF BOONE TOWNSHIP.

Thomas B. Eaton, late of Boone township, was one of the pioneers of Madison county. He was a brother-in-law to Dudley Doyle, who came to the county many years ago. Thomas was one of those eccentric kind of fellows—had his odd ways and whims, but was no fool by any means. He

was a good scholar, being at one time considered one of the best mathematicians in the county.

Away back in the early history of the county he was for a while Deputy Treasurer. It is said he could tell any man's taxes off-hand to a cent without looking on the books. The County Commissioners at one time named a ditch in honor of him, and appointed him to see that it was completed according to the plans and specifications. This was one of the proudest distinctions of Thomas' life. He put in his whole time and energies in seeing that nothing was left undone. He was a terror to those assessed on the ditch. Many wanted to slight the work, but it would not go with Thomas. He was armed with copies of the law and specifications, and nothing would do but the fulfillment to the letter.

He consulted every one in authority in regard to the ditch law, from County Attorney to the Attorney General of the State, until he had it pat, and no evasion whatever was allowed in his management of the affair.

In an early day when there was no machine shops nearer than Richmond, some parties were running a threshing machine in his neighborhood, when they broke the "concave." They sent Thomas to Richmond for a new one. This he took as quite an honor, and performed his duty in elegant style. He rode to Anderson on horseback, where he took the train next day for Richmond. There was but one train each way on the road between Anderson and Richmond. He succeeded in getting his repairs made and started to the depot for his train towards home, carrying the concave on his back. When he got nearly to the station, the train began to move out. Thomas immediately began to motion them to stop. "Whoa, there, whoa! Hold on, hold on! Thomas B. Eaton, of Madison county, with a concave! Whoa, there!" But the train did not whoa; it moved out leaving him, where he had to remain until next day. He thought he was greatly outraged and long talked about the iniquities of the infernal railroad companies. Thomas is now dead, but he left behind him many recollections. He was an odd character, but honest and true to his friends. He filled a place in Madison county's history, and is entitled to his share of her greatness.

DEATH OF JOHN C. JONES, EX-MAYOR OF ANDERSON.

John C. Jones, an old and highly respected citizen of Madison county, died at his home in Boone township on the

26th day of July, 1895. Mr. Jones was the second Mayor of Anderson, having been elected to that position in the spring of 1866, and served two years, at the end of which time he removed to his farm where he resided until the time of his death. His wife was a sister of Benjamin Sebrell, who was from 1860 to 1864, Sheriff of Madison county, Mr. Jones being his chief deputy. Mr. Jones never accumulated much of this world's goods, but he saw a good deal of the bright side of life and was a hale fellow well met, who enjoyed the respect of nearly everybody, and had but few enemies.

He will be long remembered by the old settlers of Madison county.

FOUND DEAD IN BED — SUDDEN DEATH OF LABAN ANDREWS.

Laban Andrews, who lived on the line between Madison and Grant counties, died very suddenly on the 16th day of November, 1888, having been found dead in bed. At first it was thought that foul play had been the cause of his taking off, but upon investigation made by Dr. William A. Hunt, Coroner of Madison county, a verdict was returned of death from natural causes. The house at which he died was situated about a mile east of the road, on the line separating Grant and Madison counties. He was about twenty-one years of age and left a wife and one child. The inquest showed that there was a hereditary tendency to heart disease on the part of his family, and this was supposed to have been the cause of his demise.

SERIOUS ACCIDENT TO NATHAN T. CALL, EX-TREASURER OF MADISON COUNTY.

Nathan T. Call, ex-Treasurer of Madison county, met with a serious accident on his farm in Boone township on the 9th day of March, 1892, while sawing down a tree. In falling, the tree caught Mr. Call beneath its weight and severely wounded him, breaking one of his legs and otherwise maiming him. It was thought for awhile that he would die from the effects of his injuries, but he finally revived, although a cripple for life.

Mr. Call was in 1884 elected Treasurer of Madison county and served for two years. He is one of the leading Democrats of the north part of the county.

A BOY KILLED IN BOONE TOWNSHIP ON THE PLAY GROUND AT THE BRUNT SCHOOLHOUSE IN THE INNOCENT PASTIME OF PLAYING BALL.

The Brunt schoolhouse in Boone township is one of the old landmarks of Madison county, and has witnessed many scenes of pleasure and merriment which will be long remembered by those who attended school and "spelling bees" at that place, prominent among whom are A. J. Brunt, John R. Brunt, Isaac D. Forrest, Albert J. Ross and many others who are now the leading citizens of Madison county. But while speaking of the pleasures enjoyed at this schoolhouse it is our melancholy duty to record one unfortunate affair, which took place on the 19th day of November, 1874. While the boys were out at recess, romping and playing as boys at school usually do, and some of them were engaged in the game of town ball, a bat in the hands of Richard Brunt slipped from his grasp, striking a comrade by the name of McLane in the forehead, injuring him so badly that he died on the following day. Both of the parties were prominently connected in the neighborhood, and the unfortunate accident cast a gloom over the entire community, which hung for a long time like a pall over the sad scene of this accident. Young Brunt was nearly heart-broken and did everything he possibly could to alleviate the sufferings of his playmate until death relieved him of his pains. Richard Brunt is now living in the township. He is a good neighbor, an honest and upright citizen and well respected by all who know him. He is the youngest son of the late Thomas Brunt, frequently spoken of in this volume.

ENOCH M'MAHAN AND HENRY STREETS, A FARM HAND, BURNED TO DEATH.

On the 19th day of May, 1888, the house of Enoch McMahan, of Boone township, was burned to the ground, and Mr. McMahan and Henry Streets, a farm hand, nineteen years old, the only occupants of the building, were burned to death.

Enoch McMahan was a widower, his wife having died several years prior to this occurrence. He and his farm hand lived alone in the house, and were on the night of the fire sleeping in the same room, unconscious of the flames that were about to enwrap them. Some neighbors discovered the fire and ran to the house to notify the occupants, but the unfor-

tunate men did not awaken in time to extricate themselves. They could be clearly seen through the flames by those who first arrived at the burning building. It was a shocking sight for the old neighbors and friends of the deceased to be compelled to stand by and behold them perish before their eyes when no help could be rendered them.

Enoch McMahan was one of the early settlers of Boone township, who helped to fell the forests and make it one of the most beautiful localities in the county. He was a man possessed of truly Christian virtues, and it was often said of him that if ever there was a man beneath the heavens who was really a Christian, Enoch McMahan was one. He believed in the Golden Rule and practiced it. He was a man who had the highest regard for his word and obligations; he was a kind neighbor and a benefactor to many beginners in the locality in which he lived.

Mr. McMahan was related to Thomas J. McMahan, ex-Sheriff of Madison county, and now President of the National Exchange Bank, of Anderson. He was also related to A. J. Brunt and John R. Brunt, of Anderson.

This shocking fire left a lasting effect upon all those who witnessed it, and will long be remembered in the locality in which it occurred. No sadder event ever took place within the bounds of Madison county.

CHAPTER LXVIII.

Duck Creek Township.

This township was the last organized in the county (1852). It is situated in the north-west corner of the county and is bounded on the north by Grant county, on the east by Boone and Pipe Creek townships, on the south by Pipe Creek township, and on the west by Tipton county. Two-thirds of the township originally belonged to the Miami Indian reservation, and up to the time of its organization was a part of Pipe Creek township. It has an area of twenty-four square miles and derives its name from the small creek that flows through the south-eastern part of its territory.

Henry Cochran was the first settler in the township. He came from Butler county, Ohio, in the fall of 1838, and selected a tract of land on Section 38, where he erected a small log cabin. He afterwards returned to Ohio, where he remained a year, when he returned with his father and took possession of his cabin. These two men were the only settlers until the latter part of 1839, when Thomas Casteel and Elijah Berryman located in the township. The next decade did not bring many immigrants to the township, but from 1849 settlers began coming in and the population increased rapidly. It is worthy of note here that A. C. Ritter, of Ohio, made the first entry of land on the Miami reserve in this township in 1848. Among those who came to the township about this time and a few years later on were Anthony Minnick, James French, Azel Stanberry, Stephen Williamson, Mahlon Hosier, David and Elliott Waymire, Amasa Clymer, Samuel Purtee, Fielding Sampson, Isaac Daugherty, Isaac Wann and D. B. Newkirk. Thomas W. Harmon, John Adair and others settled in the township in the early '50s.

FIRST ELECTION.

The first election in the township was held during August, 1852, in a little log church belonging to the United Brethren society and situated on the bank of the creek near the present site of what has since been known as the Waymire graveyard.

This church continued to be the voting place until 1856, when a school house was built on Anthony Minnick's land and thereafter used as a polling place. The first Trustees elected were Thomas W. Harmon, John T. Adair and John Hosier, the first Assessor, Anthony Minnick; the first Justices of the Peace, Elliott Waymire and Amasa Clymer. The latter served for a period of sixteen years.

OTHER EARLY EVENTS.

James Casteel was the first white child born in the township. This event occured on the 9th of November, 1842. Henry Cochran and Miss Rebecca Casteel were married on the 26th of December, 1844,—the first marriage in the township. Of this event a historian says: "No invitations were issued and the ceremony was not marked by the presence of liveried servants or gorgeous costumes. The well-wishers of the happy couple crowded around them in homespun suits, accompanying their congratulations with a pressure of hands seared and calloused by honest toil." Mr. Cochran is now residing in Elwood at an advanced age but without the companion of his life's journey, Mrs. Cochran having died in 1895.

The first death in the township was that of Samuel Cochran on September 11, 1844.

FIRST ORCHARDS.

The first orchards planted in the township were those of Thomas Casteel and Henry and Samuel Cochran. The trees were purchased of John Mills, in Pipe Creek township, and they were planted in the spring of 1843.

FIRST MILLS.

Jacob E. Waymire erected a steam sawmill near the former residence of Henry Cochran, about the year 1850, which operated until 1866, when he sold to Mr. Cochran, who added some improvements in the way of new machinery and continued to operate the mill until 1873, when he admitted his son Samuel to a partnership in the business and removed the machinery to Elwood.

S. and V. Worley also built a steam sawmill near the present site of schoolhouse No. 6, in 1875. This mill was afterwards purchased by William and J. B. Hollingsworth and removed to the farm of the latter.

William Hedrick also owned a large sawmill in this township.

SCHOOLS.

The first schoolhouse in the township was erected in 1841, on the Knott farm. It was an unhewn log structure and was subsequently removed to the present site of schoolhouse No. 2. The second schoolhouse was constructed of hewed logs and was erected on the farm of Isaac Wann, in 1858. There were 205 school children in 1858, while the enumeration for the present year shows that there are 422 persons eligible to the privileges of the public schools. There are seven school houses in the township, and seven teachers are employed.

CHURCHES.

The pioneer Christian denomination in this township was the United Brethren. This denomination built the first church in the township, a little before or soon after it was organized, in 1852. Some time during that year Elder Samuel Purtee organized a society of eight members, who held their meetings regularly at the homes of the membership until their house of worship was completed. The building was a rude structure, and the New Light Christians afterwards co-operated with the United Brethren in erecting a place of worship on the farm of W. F. Hollingsworth. At the present time there are five religious congregations or churches in the township, namely: The United Brethren, the Maple Grove Methodist Episcopal church, the Concordia Christian church, the Harmony Christian church and the Heavenly Recruits' church. The New Lights, who had a congregation of about twenty members in 1876, have no society at the present time.

STATISTICAL MATTERS.

The population in 1860 was 498; in 1870 it was 789; in 1880 it was 1,110; in 1890 it was 1,325. The value of lands at the present time, as shown by the tax duplicate, is $507,720; lands and improvements, $566,636; total value of taxables, $670,645.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

Duck Creek has been represented but twice in the administration of the county government, Charlton Reed having served one term as County Surveyor (from 1874–6) and Moses D. Harmon elected Recorder in 1894. Mr. Harmon is the only Republican ever elected to this office in the county. He is both courteous and efficient and is popular with all classes.

INDEPENDENCE.

A portion of this village is in the north-east corner of the township. The village is situated in four townships—Boone and Duck Creek in Madison county and Liberty and Greene townships in Grant county. It has a population at this time of about two hundred, but as it has no railway facilities but little business is done here.

KILLING OF GEORGE ADAMS.

One of the most exciting homicides that ever took place in Madison county occurred near Elwood on the 17th day of May, 1888, in which George Adams, a farmer of Duck Creek township, was killed by Charles Conway, of Henry county. George Adams, the victim, and George Melrose and Charles Conway, the perpetrator of the deed, came to Elwood on Saturday morning and met at that place. While there they visited several saloons and became very boisterous before evening. They started toward home, George Adams in a wagon, and when near the residence of William Rybolt Adams stopped to deliver some packages which he had purchased for Rybolt while at Elwood. Melrose and Conway were in a buckboard and overtook Adams while he was at Rybolt's house. The parties got into a conversation which resulted in a quarrel, ending in blows. Conway jumped out of the buckboard with a revolver in his hand and flourished it at Adams, when a comrade took it away from him. He then jerked out his knife and made a lunge at Adams, cutting him in the arm between the shoulder and the elbow. After this, the fighting ceased and in a few minutes Adams fainted from the loss of blood. He was carried to Rybolt's door yard and laid on the ground; his coat was removed and it was discovered that he had been seriously injured. Further examination showed that an artery had been severed. Efforts were made to stop the flow of blood, which proved unsuccessful. The wounded man was taken into Rybolt's house and a messenger was dispatched for Doctor M. J. McTurnan, at Rigdon, and Doctor Daniel Sigler, of Elwood. McTurnan was the first to arrive, but Adams had suffered so much from the loss of blood that he was beyond medical aid. When Doctor Sigler arrived an effort was made to tie the artery, but it was too late to be of any benefit. Adams died about 5 o'clock the next morning. In the meantime Conway had become alarmed

at the serious turn that affairs had taken and started for his home in Henry county. Melrose, however, lingered at the house, and when he learned that Adams was perhaps fatally injured he went to him and asked him to testify in the presence of those assembled that the wound was not received from his hands, which Adams readily agreed to.

Melrose immediately went to Elwood and gave himself up to the officers, and was taken before 'Squire Ward L. Roach for a preliminary hearing and was bound over to the court as an accessory to the crime. He was taken to Anderson, placed in jail and held to await the action of the Grand Jury. Conway, in the meantime, had driven to Windfall and taken the train there for his home, not knowing of the fatal consequences of the stab he had inflicted on Adams until the following Sunday evening, when he was arrested by the Sheriff of Henry county on a warrant issued from Madison county. He was brought to Anderson on the following Monday and taken before the Mayor of the city, but waived an examination. He was placed in jail and made no effort to give bond. Conway was accompanied by his father, who was a highly respected citizen of Henry county, and also by James Brown, an attorney of New Castle. Conway justified himself in the act by stating that Melrose and Adams had become engaged in a quarrel, and that Adams struck Melrose with a club. He stated that all the parties, including himself, had been drinking, and that while Adams was fighting Melrose with a club, he from his seat in the buckboard ordered Adams to stop when Adams turned to him and started to assault him. He grabbed him by the collar and jerked him over the seat and while handling him had struck him, and that he, Conway, during the melee, had drawn a revolver from his pocket and attempted to defend himself, but was frustrated by a companion, who knocked it from his hands. Conway strenuously denied having cut Adams, and stated that the only knife that he saw in the crowd was one in the hands of Melrose.

Adams was a tenant living on the farm of Gustave Kramer, about six miles from Elwood. He was an industrious man, and always bore a good reputation. He had removed from Franklin county about two years prior to the occurrence.

Young Conway was about twenty-four years of age and lived near Moreland, in Henry county, and had been visiting his uncle, who resided near the scene of the tragedy. He had been subjected from early life to epilepsy and had been petted

by his parents on account of the infirmity, and was a badly spoiled boy. He was very peevish and of an irritable disposition. On former occasions he had made demonstrations of viciousness several times, and had used his knife, but with no fatal result. George Melrose was acquitted of any criminal action in this matter. Conway was brought into the Circuit Court in Anderson for trial after an indictment had been found against him by the Grand Jury, but took a change of venue to Delaware county. On the 9th day of August, 1888, he was there found guilty of manslaughter and was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in the penitentiary. Goodykoontz & Ballard defended Melrose, and were credited with handling the case judiciously, and thereby gaining for him his freedom.

CHAPTER LXIX.

Fall Creek Township.

Fall Creek township derives its name from its principal stream and natural falls. The history of no township in the county possesses greater interest, perhaps, for the "old-timers" and their descendants than that of Fall Creek. It was here that the settlement of the county was begun and the first of all the interesting happenings incident thereto occurred. The township contains forty-two square miles and is bounded as follows: On the north by Anderson and Stony Creek townships; on the east by Adams township; on the south by Hancock county and on the west by Greene township.

As stated in a previous chapter, John Rogers, an Irishman, was unquestionably the first white man to locate in the county. He left a record written by himself in a book which indicates that he came to Fall Creek township December 29, 1818. It is doubtless true that others visited the vicinity of the falls earlier than this date, but as they did not locate, their names are not known. Mr. Rogers located at a point east of the present site of Pendleton, on what has been known for many years as the "Vernon farm."

The first colony to settle in the township was composed of Elias Hollingsworth, William Curtis, Moses Corwin, Thomas McCartney, Manly Richards, William McCarty, Saul Shaul and Israel Cox. They were all heads of families excepting Moses Corwin. They came from the vicinity of Springfield, Ohio, and after selecting their respective tracts of land returned home for their families. The journey back to the Falls was accomplished by the aid of an ox team and wagon and four pack horses. There being no roads west of New Castle their journey from that place to their new home was beset by many difficulties and trials. Uncle Jimmy Hollingsworth, who is still living in Anderson, at the ripe old age of eighty-one years, was a member of the party, and still remembers trudging along behind the ox wagon, as well as many other little incidents connected with the journey.

This colony was joined by Conrad Crossley, Isaac Jones,

William Neal, William, Isaac and Henry Seybert, Adam Dobson, Palmer Patrick, Nathaniel Richmond, Judge Holliday, Adam Winsell, Jacob Shaul, Thomas and William Silver, Kilbourn Morley and Dr. Hiday. It is claimed by good authority that Judge Stanfield and a man of the name of Burras, were living on the prairie north-east of Pendleton about the time of the arrival of the Ohio colony in 1820.

Saul Shaul was the first of the early settlers to enter a tract of land in the county, a portion of Section 30, which he cleared, improved and cultivated. This farm is situated about two and a-half miles south-west of Pendleton and upon it was planted the first orchard probably in the county. Nathaniel Richmond, John Rogers, John Gunse and Adam Winsell, also set out orchards about this time—1823–4. The trees were brought from Henry county by John Berry. The first nursery in the county was planted by William Williams, three miles east of Pendleton in the '30s. Mr. Williams died in 1847.

Adam Winsell started the first blacksmith-shop in the township on his farm, two miles east of where Pendleton is now situated. It is probable that this was the first blacksmith-shop in the county. He was one of the first Associate Judges elected in the county and notwithstanding he was uneducated, filled the office creditably to himself and acceptably to the people. He was one of the Judges who presided at the famous trial of the Bridges, Sawyer and Hudson for the murder of the friendly Indians on Fall Creek in 1824, a full account of which will be found in another chapter.

OTHER PIONEERS.

Besides the pioneers already mentioned there came to the township at an early day: Thomas M. Pendleton, in whose honor the town of Pendleton was named, F. M. Richmond, Dr. Lewis Bordwell, Thomas and James Scott, Enos Adamson, Martin Chapman, Thomas and Isaac Busby, Moses Whitecotton, James Irish, Absalom Ulen, Jesse Boston, Thomas Snyder, Joseph Carter, Jacob Mingle, George Nicholson, Thomas Bell, J. T. Swain, and B. F. Gregory. Dr. Bordwell was the first physician in the township and enjoyed the confidence and and esteem of all who knew him. These early pioneers have all passed from earth, but many of their descendants are still living in the township and are universally esteemed.

THE FIRST MARRIAGE.

The first marriage in the county occurred in Fall Creek township. This social event took place sometime during the year 1821, Stephen Corwin and Miss Hannah Ellsworth being the contracting parties. Their marriage was consummated under difficulties. The county at that time was not organized and Mr. Corwin was compelled to go to Connersville on horseback to procure a marriage license. The incidents relating to the marriage are meagre, but the descendants of the early settlers still remember some of the circumstances as related by those who were present on that occasion. It is said that there was no table upon which to spread the marriage feast and that a door was lifted from its wooden hinges and utilized for that purpose.

THE FIRST WHITE CHILD.

The first white child born in the county was E. P. Hollingsworth, son of Mr. and Mrs. Elias Hollingsworth and brother of James Hollingsworth, of Anderson. Mr. Hollingsworth was born in Fall Creek township, November 7, 1820. While he has the distinction of being the first child of civilized parentage born in the county it is shared to some extent, if not fully, by Electa Shaul, who came into the world on the same night. Mr. Hollingsworth is still living.

THE FIRST DEATH.

Sometime in the fall of 1823 a man of the name of Martin and his wife were stricken with fever and both died, it was supposed about the same time. The fact that they were sick was not known to the settlers and they died unattended. They were not discovered for several days after their demise. They were buried in the same grave on the west side of the present site of Pendleton.

THE FIRST SUICIDE.

The first suicide in the township occurred in 1838 on the farm owned at the present time by John Goul. An old man named Jacob Fox entered an untenanted cabin and hung himself. The cause of the suicide was not known.

AN INCIDENT OF EARLY TIMES.

There were no social cliques or classes among the early pioneers, the interest of one being the concern of all, and the consequence was that many acts of neighborly kindness were

performed by them that are worthy of remembrance. A case in point is that of the generosity and good will displayed by Conrad Crossley on one occasion. In 1822 Mrs. Elias Hollingsworth was stricken with a fever and was very ill. She conceived the idea that if she had some imported tea she would not only get better, but would soon recover. There was no tea in the settlement and the nearest point at which it was thought the commodity could be obtained was New Castle. Conrad Crossley heard of Mrs. Hollingsworth's desire for a drink of the beverage and at once volunteered his services to procure it. He immediately set out on horseback for New Castle, but on arriving at that place found that there was no tea in the village. Nothing daunted, he remounted his horse and rode to Richmond, where he was again disappointed, the merchants of that place having no tea in stock. He once more rode forward and at Eaton, O., found what he had gone so far to obtain. He returned to the settlement on Fall Creek after an absence of several days and the craving of his sick neighbor was fully satisfied. Such an exhibition of self-sacrifice is seldom heard of in these times. The journey was fraught not only with great inconvenience, but danger, matters that did not deter the big-hearted backwoodsman in his willingness to assist a friend in distress.

THE FIRST CORN-CRACKER.

The first settlers on Fall Creek experienced many difficulties in securing breadstuff for their families, there being no mill in the county, until the latter part of 1821, when one was built by Thomas McCartney. Previous to that they were compelled to go to Connersville for their meal and flour. In 1820 corn was very scarce in the settlement, and Elias Hollingsworth, Samuel Shaul and William Curtis went to Strawtown, Hamilton county, where they purchased two canoe loads of that cereal. They pushed or "poled" the canoe up White river to the present site of Anderson, when the corn was loaded into an ox wagon belonging to Mr. Hollingsworth and hauled to the Falls. It was afterward taken to Connersville and ground into meal. Monday morning was the usual time for starting to mill and very often the trip would consume a week.

The mill built by Mr. McCartney was situated on the south side of Fall creek at the Falls. The work of constructing the mill, dressing the stone and arranging the machinery

was done principally by himself. Mr. McCartney also had a little store at the Falls which he kept in connection with his mill. Besides the pioneers, he did considerable business with the Delaware Indians, who had not yet left the county. He kept a small stock of beads, brooches and other trinkets which he disposed of to the red men in exchange for furs and other peltries. Mr. McCartney was among the first merchants in the county, if not the first.

THE FIRST ROAD.

The first road surveyed in the township was known as the New Castle and LaFayette State Road. By an act of the Legislature Morgan Shortridge and Zenas Beckwith were appointed to locate this road, and on the 13th of December, 1828, they reported to the Board of Justices of each county through which it passed, that the line of the road had been surveyed. The road passed through Pendleton, and a portion of it is yet known as the Pendleton and New Castle pike.

THE FIRST POTTERY WORKS.

Among the first industries established in Fall Creek township was a factory for the manufacture of potteryware, such as crocks, jugs, etc. The factory was erected by James Perkins at a point on what is now Tariff street, on the east side of the Big Four railroad, in Pendleton. Mr. Perkins manufactured potteryware at this place for some time, when he sold out to Lewis, better known in his day as "Potter" Johnson. The product of this industry was in great demand at one time and it flourished for a number of years.

THE FIRST TANNERY.

It was in 1827 that Thomas McCartney built the first tannery in the township. It was located in the north-west part of the town of Pendleton, on out-lot No. 2, and was operated with more or less success until 1863, when it was abandoned. Among others who owned this tannery in its day were Aaron Shaul, Charles Mitchell, H. Neal, A. M. Ulin, A. E. Russell, James Thomas, Neal and J. O. Hardy.

THE FIRST CAMP-MEETING.

The first camp-meeting in the county was held in 1832, about three miles south-west of Pendleton on the Samuel Hundley farm, now owned by John Hickey, Esq., of Anderson.

The meeting was held under the auspices of the Methodists and was conducted by Rev. James Havens and others. Camp-meetings were held at this place every summer or in the early fall for many years, and were always largely attended by the early settlers. The scenes of religious fervor witnessed at these annual meetings were peculiar to the times and people and are seldom, if ever, seen at the camp-meetings of to-day. People who had religious convictions were not ashamed to shout in those days. They were not afraid of criticism. They became happy when the old-time Christian songs were sung and gave expression to their feelings in loud but honest, heart-felt hosannas. Their descendants are Christians, too, but not demonstrative. They are "conservative." The old-fashioned religion and the old-fashioned songs that the pioneer ministers of the Gospel used to preach and sing are not "popular" in this age of "progress." They are too rude and boisterous to suit "society" as constituted to-day. Still, it is no doubt true that society, as constituted to-day, does a great many things that would have been quite as shocking to the early Christians as their old-fashioned singing and praise-offerings are to the modern Christian. The modern Christian, it may be said, is not always a Christian, except by profession.

THE FALLS OF FALL CREEK.

Much has been said and written about this historic spot and its picturesque surroundings, yet few, comparatively, of the younger class of people living in the central and northern parts of the county know anything about its beauties or its history. This freak of nature is not surpassed in the State for romantic beauty, and much of the interest attaching to the early history of the county arises out of the many incidents that have occurred in its immediate vicinity. It would be a matter of more interest than importance, perhaps, to know the name of the first white man who gazed upon the pellucid waters of the stream as they dashed over the solid rock, a distance of ten feet, to the eddying pool below. As stated elsewhere in these pages, the Falls had no doubt been visited by explorers and home-seekers before John Rogers located in the vicinity, but who they were or whence they came is not known. The quarter section on which the Falls are located, says Helm, is a part of the sixteenth section set apart by Congress in each township for school purposes. The proximity of the Falls made it a desirable point. Here there was a natural mill-

site—a dam constructed by nature, and settlers were attracted to it regardless of the fact that the land was not in the market. No one took the matter in hand until the year 1850. By that time the peaceable possession of twenty years was about to expire. It was then suggested that measures be instituted to restore the land to the school fund, which, it was claimed, could then be done at a trifling expense; but the matter was neglected until it was too late.

The Falls property and surroundings have undergone many changes. The corn-mill erected by Thomas McCartney on the south side of the creek at the Falls gave way to a large grist-mill built by Thomas Bell which did a flourishing business for years. This mill, as well as the Falls property, was afterwards owned by James M. Irish, one of the early settlers of the township, who purchased the land of the County Treasurer at a sale of school lands. He transferred his interest in the property sometime during the '80s to his son Samuel D. Irish, and removed to Texas where he remained until 1848, when he returned and remained until 1859. During that year he removed to Texas again and died there. Mr. Irish was a man of progressve ideas and on account of his dark complexion was given the sobriquet of "Black Hawk" by the pioneers. Andrew Jackson, who afterward became one of the most prominent men in the county, had built a woolen or carding mill, in the vicinity of the present site of the Universalist church at Pendleton, and as Mr. Irish wanted to erect a woolen-mill on his Falls property he purchased Mr. Jackson's factory and saw-mill on the north side of the creek opposite the grist-mill. These mills were operated very successfully for many years by Samuel D. Irish and attracted a great deal of business to Pendleton. It is said that this saw-mill supplied the lumber for the first court house built at Indianapolis. In 1850 the woolen-mill was enlarged and provided with improved machinery; trade increased with the development of the country and a large business was done in woolen fabrics and textiles up to the death of Mr. Irish in 1864. Soon after his death the property was sold at a Commissioner's sale by George R. Boram to a syndicate composed of J. W. Bomgardner, J. N. Zeublin, J. E. French and Dr. Madison G. Walker. This company, with Bomgardner as manager, constructed a system of stone work across the creek just above the falls for the purpose of augmenting the water power. The work was arranged in

three semi-circles about three feet above the bed of the stream. This masonry may answer the purpose for which it was intended, but adds nothing to the primeval beauty of the Falls. In fact, every change, every improvement that has been made in their surroundings since the white man first settled in this vicinity has detracted from their native grandeur. No farther back than forty years ago the Falls and their environment presented a scene of picturesque beauty rivaled only in the idle visions of the romancer and poet. What they were in the solitude of long ago when the Mound Builders were here, can only be imagined.

The mills owned by the company were swept away by fire June 1, 1865, and a large two-story flouring-mill was afterwards built upon their site. This property is now owned by B. F. Aimen, one of the oldest and most enterprising of Fall Creek township's citizens.

The raising of flax in Madison county has nearly become a thing of the past. It was for many years one of the leading industries and yielded large and ready profits to the farmer, but as the soil became worn it was no longer a paying business, and now it is a rare thing to see a field of growing flax. It takes strong, fresh land to grow a paying crop, and it will not grow a second time on the same ground to a profit. In the flax-raising period all of the towns of importance had flax mills, where the straw was manufactured into jute for bagging and similar uses. Pendleton, not behind its rival towns, had one of these mills erected by J. Casely & Son, in 1869, at a cost of $5,000. It did a flourishing business until the production of flax ceased to be profitable, when it was abandoned.

Just above the Falls and west of the Big Four railroad, on the north side of the creek, is the spot where Hudson, Bridge and Sawyer expiated their brutal crime—the murder of the Indians—a crime which caused the greatest alarm throughout the settlement at the time and aroused to the highest pitch the indignation of the pioneers against the murderers. Just below the Falls is where the noted negro politician and ex-slave, the Hon. Fred. Douglas, was assaulted by a mob of pro-slavery men in 1843, a full account of which will be found elsewhere in this work.

TOWN OF PENDLETON.

A large per cent of the first settlers of Fall Creek township located along the creek near the Falls, and the proximity

of their homes gave the locality the appearance of a town. The ground upon which the town of Pendleton now stands belonged to Thomas M. Pendleton and the density of population in that vicinity suggested to him the idea of founding a town. With this end in view he had his property surveyed and divided into town lots on the 13th of January, 1830. He had entered this land in 1823. The lots were platted and duly recorded. Several additions have since been made to the original plat and the town to-day is one of the prettiest in the State. But few of the old landmarks of the original village remain; the buildings devoted to business, to worship, to education, to private residences—all impress the beholder with the fact that while improvements have been going on in other parts of the county, the citizens of Pendleton have kept pace with the times. To one not familiar with the history of the place it would be difficult to believe that it is the oldest town in the county, and that for many years it was one of the most important business points in central Indiana. There is an appearance of refinement, an air of independence and progress that is presented by but few towns of its size in the West.

The Bellefontaine railroad (Big Four) was completed to Pendleton in 1850, and on the 24th of December, 1853, a vote was taken to determine whether the place should be incorporated as a town or remain a village. Nathaniel Richmond, G. M. Rogers and T. G. Mitchell were the inspectors and the vote stood 37 for, to 4 against the proposition. The first Board of Trustees was composed of Nathaniel Richmond, T. G. Mitchell and John Houston and the first meeting of the Board was held March 31, 1854. David Bowsman was the first Marshal of the town. The first street Commissioner was John Houston, who was elected in 1855. John Taylor Wall was the first School Trustee.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

The Pendleton Methodist Episcopal church was the first religious society organized in the county. Its organization occurred in 1823, before there was a frame building in the town or township. The first members of this society were Thomas M. Pendleton and family, Mrs. Thomas McCartney, Mrs. Samuel Holliday, Mr. and Mrs. Elias Hollingsworth, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hundley and Mr. and Mrs. James Scott. Religious exercises had been held in the township, however, two years at least before this society was organized, by a Rev.

Mr. Taylor, who preached at the house of Elias Hollingsworth to the early settlers. Whenever a circuit rider would visit the settlement a courier would be sent out to inform the settlers that religious services were to be held, designating the time and place. Uncle Jimmy Hollingsworth, mention of whom has been frequently made by the authors, was then a mere lad and often discharged this office. Rev. Nathan Fairchild also preached to the early settlers of the township and is still kindly remembered by the few remaining old-timers.

On the 28th of April, 1832, or nine years after this society was organized, Thomas M. Pendleton and wife deeded to F. M. Richmond and others, trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church, the north half of Lot 32, in the town of Pendleton, forever, in trust, "in consideration that they erect, or cause to be erected, a house of worship for the use of the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church." Up to this time services were held at the homes of members. A log church was at once erected on the lot donated by Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, where services were held until 1839, when it was torn down and a frame building, with a seating capacity of about 600, erected in its place. This building was enlarged and remodeled in 1877. Among the early pastors who have ministered to the congregation of this church were: Revs. James Reeder, James Havens, Edward Ray, F. M. Richmond, J. H. Hull and W. H. Goode. Many of the ablest and most eloquent ministers connected with the North Indiana Conference have visited Pendleton and preached from the pulpit of this church. The congregation is the largest in the township and is composed largely of the best and most prominent citizens in this part of the county.

The Baptists at one time had a small congregation at Pendleton, and in 1834 erected a house of worship, but in 1872 the society united with the Baptists at Anderson and disposed of the building. Nathaniel P. Richmond, Martin Brown and wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Irish and Susannah Richmond were among those who organized this society.

The Society of Friends once had a place of worship at Pendleton at an early day, but it was abandoned, and there is now no regular place for holding religious services in the township, although there are a good many Friends in the locality. John Middleton was the first minister of the society, and held services at the house of Jonathan and Ann Thomas as far back as 1836.

The First Universalist church of Pendleton was organized February 20, 1859, at Huntsville, a previous meeting having been held on the 6th of that month at Pendleton for the purpose of taking preliminary steps towards organizing a society of those who believed in the doctrine of Universalism. A committee was appointed at the Pendleton meeting to draft a constitution and by-laws for the government of the society, and at the Huntsville meeting the report of the committee was received and adopted. Those who participated in this meeting were James Cassady, Joshua Crawford, John Tillson, John Houston, David Bowsman, Jacob Weford, Lewis Cassady, John Wert and T. G. Mitchell. A board of trustees, consisting of John Houston, John Tillson and David Bowsman, was elected, and preparations were begun at once for the erection of a church. Meetings had been held by members of the society previous to this in the second story of the seminary and other places. The late Rev. B. F. Foster, of Indianapolis, the memory of whose gentleness, benevolence and Christian effort is still fragrant throughout Indiana, preached the first Universalist sermon in Pendleton. Rev. Gibson was called to the pulpit soon after the church organization had been effected, and during his incumbency a place of worship was erected on the corner of Main and Water streets. The paper circulated for subscriptions to the building fund declared that this church "shall always be open to moral, scientific, religious and political lectures so long as and whenever they are conducted in an orderly manner." The building was a frame, but in 1895 it was reconstructed and is now a brick edifice, of neat and substantial appearance. Many of the leading citizens of the town and township are connected with this society. The present pastor is the Rev. Forshire.

This church occupies the site of the first court house erected in the county.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The school enumeration for the present year shows that the number of persons in the township eligible to the privileges of the public schools is 928, of which 465 reside within the corporate limits of Pendleton. The enumeration also shows that there is but one colored child of legal school age in the township. The township has eleven school houses and thirteen teachers exclusive of the corporation of Pendleton, which has two buildings and employs nine teachers. The

buildings at Pendleton are eligibly situated, and besides being commodious are supplied with everything necessary for the comfort and convenience of pupils. For many years Pendleton had but one school building, a two-story brick structure, known as the Pendleton Academy. This building was erected in 1864 upon the site of the second school house built in the town. The first school house stood just east of the Big Four railroad near the present thoroughfare known as Tariff street. The new building erected in 1895 is modern in every respect and one of the handsomest in the county.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

The first lodge of any order instituted in the county was Madison Lodge No. 44, F. and A. M., at Pendleton, on the 10th of February, 1841. A meeting of Master Masons had been held, however, previous to this for the purpose of taking the initial steps necessary to the organization of a lodge. This meeting was attended by Henry Wyman, William Roach, J. L. Bell, J. H. Cook, S. D. Irish, Thomas Adamson, W. H. Mershon, Thomas Silver and Archibald Cooney, the original promoters and members of the lodge. Henry Wyman presented the petition for a dispensation authorizing that organization of the lodge to the Grand Master, and on the above stated date the lodge was organized. The first officers were, James L. Bell, W. M.; W. H. Mershon, S. W.; S. D. Irish, J. W.; J. H. Cook, Sec.; Thomas Silver, Treasurer; Joseph Chittwood, S. D.; Thomas Adamson, J. D., William Roach, Tyler. This was not only the first lodge in the county, but among the first north of the old national road and the parent of nearly all the Masonic lodges in this portion of the State. Bernard Thomas was made a Mason on the 15th of May, 1841, by this lodge, being the first person in the county initiated into the mysteries of the order, The early meetings of the lodge were held in the second story of a dwelling house owned by J. H. Cook.

Madison Lodge has experienced many vicissitudes since its reorganization, but to-day is one of the strongest lodges in the county, financially and otherwise, owning one of the finest temples in the State. This building was completed and dedicated in February, 1893. It is situated on west State street, is constructed of brick and stone, and is three stories high. It will stand for years as a monument to the enterprise of the membership of Madison Lodge.

I. O. O. F.

Pendleton Lodge No. 88, I. O. O. F., was instituted on the 11th of September, 1850. The first officers were: G. W. Bailey, N. G.; James Beck, V. G.; W. N. Lummis, Secretary; George Brown, Treasurer.

The lodge was organized in the hall of Madison Lodge F. & A. M., and continued to hold its meetings there until the Masonic Fraternity completed its lodge building on State street, when an arrangement was made by which both lodges occupied the same hall for a number of years. In 1880 the Trustees purchased lot 12 (original plat) as a site for a new hall. A two-story brick building was erected on this site in 1890 and in January, 1891, the new home of the lodge was dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. The lodge is in a flourishing condition, having an active and constantly increasing membership.

KNIGHTS OF PYTHIAS.

Sicilian Lodge, No. 234, was instituted December 19, 1889. It has a large membership and is in an excellent condition financially. The meetings of the Lodge are held in the hall formerly occupied by the Masonic Fraternity.

I. O. R. M.

Oconee Tribe, No. 159, Improved Order of Red Men, was instituted November 26, 1892. The Lodge is in a fairly prosperous condition. The meetings of the Order are held at present in Cook's hall.

U. A. O. D.

Pendleton Grove U. A. O. D., No. 20, was instituted April 5, 1895. This was the first lodge of Druids organized in the county. The membership is active and the Lodge is in a flourishing condition.

J. O. U. A. M.

Pendleton Council, No. 18, Junior Order United American Mechanics, was instituted October 8, 1892. The Lodge is growing.

MAJOR HENRY POST,

Major Henry Post, No. 230, G. A. R., was organized August 28, 1883. This Post was named in honor of the gallant Major Henry, who was murdered by guerillas in Mis-

souri, an account of which is given elsewhere in this work. The Post has a membership at this time of about 25. W. H. H. Benefiel is the present Commander.

MANUFACTURERS AND OTHER INTERESTS.

For many years the milling interests created a great deal of business and attracted a large and profitable trade to Pendleton. The mills at the Falls, flour, saw and woolen, had an extensive patronage and it was not uncommon to see as high in number as 50 wagons waiting to discharge a load of grain or wool or to receive a grist or load of lumber, when they were in operation. As stated elsewhere, there is but one mill now at the Falls. The busy scenes that once gave to that locality an air of thrift and industry have vanished and the patronage that was concentrated there so long has been diverted to other places.

Pendleton at this time has three glass factories, one a bottle works and the others window glass establishments. The Pendleton Window Glass Co. was the first organized after the discovery of natural gas. B. F. Aiman is at the head of this company. The factory is situated across Fall Creek, north of town and when in operation employs a large number of hands. The Indiana Window Glass Factory and Bottle Factory are located south of town. Besides these industries there is located here one of the largest tile and brick factories in the county, a wire fence factory, the Star flouring mills and elevator, a saw-mill, one planing-mill and three grain elevators.

PENDLETON BANK.

In 1872 A. B. Taylor & Son organized the Pendleton Banking Company and after doing a safe and profitable business for a number of years sold out to E. P. Rogers, who subsequently disposed of an interest to T. M. Hardy. In 1891 Aaron Morris, of Milton, Ind., purchased an interest in the institution and has been identified with it ever since. On July 1st of the present year Mr. Rogers retired.

This institution buys and sells exchange and does a general banking business. Its cash capital is $25,000. It is conducted on safe, though conservative, business principles, and enjoys the entire confidence of the public.

HOTELS OF PENDLETON.

Jacob Mingle was the first man in Pendleton to entertain the traveling public. His house was situated on the south

side of West State street. His patrons were principally immigrants to the "new country." About the year 1835 Jesse Boston erected a two-story frame house on the south side of State street, west of Main street, where he furnished "accommodations for man and beast." This hotel (or tavern) was known as the Madison House, and was the favorite resort in early times of the lawyers who "rode the circuit." Mr. Boston died in 1837, and his widow conducted the business until her decease several years later. After her death the property was closed, but in the course of time was leased and re-opened as a hostelry by D. R. Franks, who afterward disposed of it to D. S. Clark.

THE COMMERCIAL HOTEL.

This hostelry stood on the north-east corner of State and Main streets. It was built by James Gray and occupied by him as a residence and place of business until his death, after which it passed into the hands of James H. Smithers. Many different proprietors had charge of the property in its day, among whom were A. K. Rockenfield, J. Hixon, Amos Birchfield, J. H. Badley, F. E. Ireland and Mrs. Tallie O'Toole, the last named being the proprietor July 7th of the present year, when it was entirely consumed by fire.

Back in the '50s and early '60s Hezikiah, better known as "Daddy," Bates was proprietor of a hotel that stood on State street, where George Ireland's harness and saddlery shop is now situated. This hotel was known as the "Bates House," and under the management of Mr. Bates enjoyed a full share of the public patronage.

"Daddy" Bates was a blacksmith by trade and at the time he engaged in the hotel business was reputed a good one. He was a man of unquestionable courage and in his younger days capable of holding his own in feats of strength with men even of much larger mold. He was naturally of equable disposition, but when imposed upon, a dangerous man. Bates had a bar connected with his hotel and was probably the first man to sell intoxicating liquors in Fall Creek township under a license. Shortly after the breaking out of the Civil war three men, who had just enlisted in the service, made a "raid" upon his saloon. Bates ran for his shot-gun and the men ran out into the street and tried to escape the vengeance of the infuriated proprietor. Two of them succeeded in getting away, but the third, a man of the name of Hankins, was

shot in the side and dangerously wounded. The man recovered, however. Bates was tried upon a charge of shooting with intent to kill, but was acquitted on the ground of self-defense.

Some time after this, a temperance mob made an attack upon his place of business with the intent of destroying his stock of liquors. The mob was in front of the hotel, the doors of which were securely bolted, when Col. Hervey Craven happened along on the opposite side of the street. Curiosity led him to join the crowd and just as he stepped into the outer circle of the excited throng, Bates fired a rifle from an upper window, inflicting a painful, but not serious, wound in the Colonel's left arm. Bates was arrested but Colonel Craven refused to prosecute him, insisting that it was an unlawful assembly and that he had no business there.

HUNTSVILLE.

This town was laid out May 24, 1830, by Eleazer Hunt and Enos Adamson, both of whom were early settlers in this locality. It is situated about one mile north-east of Pendleton, on the south-west quarter of Section 15 and the south-east quarter of Section 16. Among other prominent early settlers here were the Swains, Thomas and J. T.; Abel Johnson, John Montgomery, B. F. Gregory, John Jones, William Wright and Dr. McCain. A spirit of rivalry existed between Huntsville and Pendleton until the completion of the Bellefontaine Railroad to the latter town, when it gradually began to die out.

For many years the township elections were held here, but in 1838 a petition was presented to the Board of Commissioners, asking that the place of voting be changed to Pendleton. This petition was strenuously opposed by the people of Huntsville, but after due consideration it was granted. The election laws were changed in 1890, the Australian system being adopted by the State Legislature, and there are now four polling places in the township, Huntsville being one of them.

FIRST MANUFACTORIES.

As remarked elsewhere in this work, every village at an early day had a tannery and Huntsville was not an exception, A. S. Underwood having established an industry of that character in 1830, on what is now known as Main street. This tannery afterwards passed into the hands of many different

proprietors, and finally was abandoned in 1863. Eleazer Hunt also started a tannery during the year 1831 and operated it for six years, when he sold it to Isaac Wright. This tannery was abandoned during the ownership of John and William Hunt.

In 1830 the first grist-mill was erected by Enos Adamson. The mill was located on the north bank of Fall creek, in the southwest part of the town. Mr. Adamson afterward increased the capacity of the mill by adding new machinery. He also operated a woolen mill and an oil mill in connection with it. The property was destroyed by fire in 1848.

Not long after the destruction of the property Nathan Wilson, Jonathan Wynn and Thomas Kocuin erected the present mill. This mill, together with a sawmill just east of it, was operated by Cook & Aimen for a number of years, and in 1872 Mr. Aimen became sole proprietor. Extensive improvements were made to the property by Mr. Aimen, who subsequently sold out to the present owner, Mr. George Phipps. This gentleman is one of the most prominent business men in the township, progressive in his ideas and thoroughly reliable. The first distillery in the township was erected on the mill race at Huntsville in 1831, by Robert Childers. This enterprise was short lived, as it was abandoned in 1833. The village had a hatter in the person of James Hackney, who opened a shop in 1831 and continued in business until 1838, when he removed farther west.

The first shoemaker in the place was Joseph Hair, who opened a shop on Main street in 1831.

John Conrad was the first tailor to locate in the village—1831. He was elected Justice of the Peace and took an active part in securing the location of the Bellefontaine railroad.

Among the early carpenters, if not the first, to locate at Huntsville, were Thomas and J. T. Swain. The first blacksmith was William Maul.

The first store in the village was owned by Benjamin Snodgrass. Other merchants of early times who did business here were Simeon Lewis, Dr. McCain, John Tillson, Benjamin Lukens, Nathan Wilson, H. Lewis, and William Johnson. The late William Roach, of Anderson, so well and favorably known to the older residents of the county, was once a resident of the village and clerked for Mr. Snodgrass.

There was a post-office at Huntsville at one time, but the people now receive their mail at the Pendleton office. The

first postmaster was David P. Hazleton. He was succeeded by J. W. Roberts, who held the position for sixteen years. Horace Lewis was the last postmaster. Among the prominent physicians who have practiced at Huntsville are John Hunt, Joseph Weeks, W. H. Lewis, E. C. Prigg and W. P. Brickley.

MENDEN.

Save the United Brethren church, one residence and a cemetery, there is nothing at this place to remind one of the Menden of long ago. It is situated at the intersection of two country roads, three miles south of Pendleton. A post-office was located here at one time, but was abolished in 1851. Thomas Jordan established a store at this point at an early day, but subsequently sold out to Morgan Drury. Mr. Drury was appointed postmaster and served for a number of years. He was succeeded by John Pyle, and Mr. Pyle by Jonathan Wiseman, who was the last postmaster at this place.

The lands surrounding Menden are among the most fertile in the county.

POPULATION AND TAXABLES.

The population of Fall Creek township in 1850 was 2,128, in 1860 it was 2,117, in 1870 it was 2,483, in 1880 it was 2,479, and in 1890 it was 2,544, including Pendleton and Huntsville. The population of Pendleton in 1880 was 614, and in 1890 it was 996.

The total amount of taxables in the town of Pendleton this year (1896) is $518,390; the total amount in the township, $1,101,445.

REMINISCENCES.

Thomas M. Pendleton, who is still remembered by Mrs. Alanson Russell, of Anderson, and others, is described as a rather courtly gentleman, who did not take kindly to modern customs, particularly in dress. He wore the continental frock coat, knee breeches, low-cut shoes with silver buckles, and a queue. Thomas or "Major" McCartney also wore a queue and continental frock, but did not affect knee breeches. These gentlemen were the only persons in the county who adhered to the continental style of dressing.

THE FIRST COOK STOVE.

In 1832 Palmer Patrick purchased a cook stove at Cincinnati, brought it to Pendleton and presented it to his wife.

But few of the pioneer women of the locality had ever seen a cook stove, and when they learned that Mrs. Patrick was the proud possessor of one a great many called to see it. Mrs. Russell, a daughter of Mrs. Patrick, to whom the authors of this work are indebted for much information contained herein, says that the stove was regarded as a wonderful appliance, and that the women who called to inspect it expressed a great desire to have one like it.

A PIONEER BULLY.

Nearly every locality at an early day had its "best man," or "bully," who was always present at every meeting of the militia or other gathering to defend his title. These men were not always desperadoes, nor of ugly disposition. They simply prided themselves on their strength and ability to endure punishment and would fight simply for the "glory" of whipping their man. Fall Creek township had a character of this description. He had, however, a vicious disposition and became very offensive, both in language and conduct upon the slightest provocation. His principal business was running horses, racing in that day, as in this, being very popular. His associates were men of like character, not so notorious as Rick, perhaps, but equally bad and reckless. Rick had been so successful in his fights that he had become "a terror." But his downfall came just as it always does to men of his class. He got into a controversy on a certain occasion with a Mr. Cottrell, a man much older than himself and wholly unable to cope with him in a fight. He used very abusive language to Mr. Cottrell and among other things applied to him a vile epithet. James Cottrell, a nephew of the insulted man, heard of the affair and one day met Rick whom he asked about the name he had called his uncle. Rick admitted that he had applied the epithet and at once prepared to whip Cottrell on the spot, an undertaking that resulted in curing him of fighting forever afterwards. Young Cottrell got hold of Rick and before he let loose of him beat him almost into insensibility. It is said that Rick never attacked a man after this affair; his spirit was crushed and he was no longer a bully.

Among Rick's intimates was a man of the name of Joseph Snodgrass, whose character in the community was equally as bad, if not worse, than that of his friend. Counterfeit money had been placed in circulation, and suspicion pointed to Snodgrass as the counterfeiter. He was closely watched, and

when sufficient evidence of his guilt had been secured to warrant his arrest, Sheriff William Roach and a deputy went to Fall Creek township and placed him under arrest. Snodgrass went along with the officers quietly until he came to Fall creek, which he crossed in advance of the Sheriff and his deputy. After getting across the stream he turned round, said "good-by" to the officers and dashed into the heavy underbrush and was gone. If he was ever heard of afterward by his friends it was kept very quiet. Certain it is that he was never again seen in the county. It was also noticed after his disappearance that counterfeit money did not circulate so freely in the township.

AN OLD AND PROMINENT CITIZEN.

William Cox, of Fall Creek township, ex-county commissioner, while not a pioneer of this county, is in every sense of the word an old-timer. He was one of those men who was built on the old-time style—came forth in a day when a man's word was considered as good as his note. Uncle Billy prides himself on always making his word good. He is as punctual as any man in the wide world in the performance of any agreement he makes. He came to this county fully forty years ago from what is called Blue Rock, Colerain township, on the Colerain pike, not far from Cincinnati.

A large settlement of the "Blue Rockers" in an early day removed to this and Henry county to seek their homes and fortunes, prominent among whom were the Williams, Hughes, Runyans and Coxes. Mr. Cox has mingled somewhat in politics, always being victorious in every race he has made for office. He is a Democrat from "away back" and loves the teachings and traditions of that grand old party.

He is the founder and owner of Billy Cox's famous drum corps and martial band, which has done service in every campaign for the last thirty years; all of his sons are musicians of more or less prominence. When campaign year comes around you can safely rely on Billy Cox's band being "in it." Billy has the distinction of doing an act that he may well be proud of as long as he lives. There are but very few men in the world who would have done what he did under the circumstances. He is entitled to the honor of making Hon. Joseph E. McDonald a Senator from Indiana in 1874.

In the spring of 1874 the Senatorial district, then composed of Madison and Delaware counties, met in joint con-

vention and nominated William Cox, of Madison county, as a candidate for State Senator, which honor he accepted and set about to fix up his political fences in order to win the fight. This was the Granger year—when the Grangers and Independents came nearly sweeping the two old political parties from the face of the earth. Soon after the nomination of Mr. Cox, the Grangers met in convention and placed in nomination Robert H. Cree, of Monroe township, a very popular farmer, formerly a prominent Republican. The Republicans nominated Rev. Cornelius Quick, of Frankton, as their candidate. So it became a three-cornered fight. The Republicans, as a rule, were very hostile toward the Grangers, as the organization drew more largely from their ranks than from the Democracy. The situation became plain to politicians that in case Mr. Cox could be induced to withdraw from the race there was a fighting chance to win the fight, with Cree in opposition to the regular Republican nominee. An agreement was secretly entered into between Cree and the Democratic leaders in the district, that in case Cox would withdraw and Cree be given a clear field, if elected, he should vote for a Democrat for United States Senator. A committee waited upon Mr. Cox and laid the case before him, and after considering the matter, although he had a good fighting chance himself of going to the Senate, like a hero gave up his place on the ticket and Mr. Cree was substituted in his stead. Mr. Cox and all his friends did valiant service in the campaign and were largely instrumental in bringing about Mr. Cree's election.

When Mr. Cree was elected it was ascertained that he held the key to the situation; he was an "Independent." By his assistance the Democrats could control the organization of the State Senate and send a Democrat to the United States Senate. In order to make assurance doubly sure, Mr. Cree was given the privilege of naming any officer of the Senate, for which he in return and by reason of former pledges made, cast his vote for Joseph E. McDonald, making him a Senator for the term of six years. Mr. Cree dictated the organization of the Senate that year.

James Buchanan, the editor of the "Independent" organ of the State, was made Principal Secretary; all the balance was made up of Cree's friends in Madison county—all Democrats. Edwin P. Schlater was Assistant Secretary; Dr. E. H. Menefee, of Alexandria, was Sergeant-at-arms; Major Edgar

Henderson was Assistant Door-keeper; Charles L. Sherman was Postmaster, and several other offices of minor importance were filled by Madison county Democrats. It was called the Madison County Legislature. The Republicans never got done cursing Cree, while the Democrats praised him. George Harding, in the Indianapolis *Herald*, never missed an opportunity to scorch Cree on every hand. So you see Uncle Billy Cox's pure patriotism and self-denial gave the Democracy in that campaign a grand victory and sent a great man to the United States Senate.

ISAAC BUSBY, AN EARLY SETTLER.

Among the early settlers of the southern part of Madison county, Isaac Busby was a prominent character. He was the father of a large family of children, many of whom yet reside within the county, and are prominent as farmers and business men, and all thoroughly respected by the communities in which they live.

"Isaac Busby was born in the State of Virginia on the 10th of March, 1796. He came to Wayne county, Indiana, in 1818, and was married to 'Sallie' Willetts, October 14, 1819. He made his residence in Wayne county until 1825, when he came to Fall Creek township, where he entered a fine tract of land, which was afterwards known as the Swain farm. One circumstance in connection with the entering of this land from the Government is spoken of by a writer on this subject. Martin Fever, who had also come from Wayne county, had bought the land owned by S. A. Rogers and Charles Rogers. This was a tract that had been occupied by Brazelton Noland, who had 'squatted' there without purchasing the same from the Government, trusting to luck for the means with which to pay for it in the future.

"Mr. Fever on his return to Wayne county was full of admiration for the Noland land and particularly for a remarkable spring which burst from the ground before the house. Isaac Busby went to Indianapolis and entered this land at the Government land office. Mr. Noland was anxious to go to law about the matter, but he and Mr. Busby made an amicable settlement, and Noland took his household goods and went to Union township, where he lived for many years.

"Mr. Busby was deficient in education, but the goodness of his heart made up for all shortcomings in that direction. A very promising family grew up around him, and his respected

wife, 'Aunt Sallie,' was beloved by everyone who knew her. He often expressed his feelings in regard to his lack of education, saying that it was his hope, if opportunity offered, to give his children a good education. He was true to that purpose. If Fall Creek township has deserved well of her faithfulness to education and to all that the term implies, the honor thereof belongs pre-eminently to three men, Isaac Busby, John J. Lewis and Neal Hardy. They gave a tone to public thought that caused an impetus to the proper training of the young in the community, of which they were the leading spirits, which is felt to this day and which will be manifest through an indefinite future.

"Mr. Busby was a devoted follower of the political banner of Henry Clay from early youth, and continued to be an ardent Whig until the organization of the Republican party. He naturally hated slavery and the Democratic party. It was therefore impossible for him to be anything else but a Republican, and so he remained through all the long years of the momentous struggle which closed with the recognized equality of all men before the law. Several years before his death he sold his farm and retired from business and spent the evening of his days in well-earned repose. He died on the 12th day of April, 1874, and sleeps in the cemetery which overlooks the lovely country which was once the scene of his labors and joys."

THE FIRST CLERK OF MADISON COUNTY.

Moses Cox, the first clerk of Madison county, was certainly an oddity. The old citizens who knew him have related many incidents in relation to him that are laughable.

He was a sturdy backwoodsman, possessed of a noble disposition, and a kind heart. A man with limited education, but possessed with a store of good "horse sense." Cox was a man of convivial habits and a "knocker" of no small pretentions. In his day the man that passed the lie expected a fight, and one who would take it without resenting it was no man at all.

During Cox's term as Clerk in 1822 and 1823 the record showed a number of cases against him for assault and battery where he had punished the hardy pioneers in royal style.

It is said that he would read the minutes of the court in such cases with much pride and satisfaction.

Mr. Cox was also a great lover of a game of "Old Sledge" or seven up. It was his delight to entertain his friends during

court time in this way. One time when court was in session at Pendleton, the Judge convened the session and no one appearing behind the clerk's desk, inquiry was made as to the absence of the clerk, and a search was made for him, when he was found behind a log heap in the woods in the rear of the court grounds sleeping off a night's debauch after an indulgence in his favorite game with some friends. He was aroused and made his appearance in court with his hair disheveled and one side of his coat tail burned off by getting too near the log-heap.

After a slight reprimand from the Judge for his absence from duty, the court went on in its usual manner and Moses Cox kept the minutes in his peculiar way.

It is said that Mr. Cox was very popular with his fellowmen, a hale fellow well met, and a man hard to cope with in a political contest.

While he had his faults, with all his shortcomings he was made of the stern stuff of which all pioneers were composed, and filled a position in the rank and file of men of his day, better perhaps than many others would have done with the means at hand and his surroundings.

JOHN ROGERS AND MOSES WHITECOTTON.

The Kingmans, in writing their history of Madison county, merely made mention of such a man as John Rogers, without any further account of him or his early adventures. Harden, in his book, issued in 1875, simply refers to him. The subject of this sketch was beyond doubt the first white man who made his way into the wilderness of this county. A brief description of him is given by a correspondent to the *Herald*, of August 26, 1881, whom we take to be J. B. Lewis, a prominent and well-informed citizen of Fall Creek township. In this statement he gives a long account of Mr. Rogers, together with some reminiscences relating to his life.

"John Rogers was a tall, raw-boned man of Irish lineage, who came from North Carolina to Fall Creek township and settled there December 29, 1818, on an eighty-acre tract of land, now known as the Thomas Wilhoit farm, about one and a half miles from Pendleton, near the turn-pike road leading to New Castle. He cleared some lands, but when the United States survey was made, shortly after his settlement, he found himself on land, a part of which he did not like or wish to enter from the government, so he removed a few hundred yards to the south-east and settled on the land afterwards known as

the Edward B. Vernon farm. Here Mr. Rogers lived until 1838, when he sold the land to Abraham Vernon, the father of E. B. Vernon, after which Mr. Rogers removed to Iowa, where he died at an advanced age some years since. The late Lewis W. Thomas stopped over night with him at his Iowa home a little more than a quarter of a century ago. In passing, it is worthy of note to remark that the Vernon farm still remains in the hands of the family to which it was transferred by the first holder, something which is true of but very few lands in the township.

"John Rogers had four sons and two daughters, like himself, stalwart. James died in early manhood. Hugh and Henry worked together at the carpenter trade in Pendleton fifty years ago, Hugh remaining there until 1846. Polly, one of the daughters, married Alfred Kilgore, brother of the late Judge David Kilgore. Alfred Kilgore was himself an attorney. He was a man of brilliant parts and was well beloved by his neighbors, but he had rather convivial habits and a love for strong drink. He died young and his widow married Enos Adamson, a man of ability and energy, and once owner of the Aimen Mill, at Huntsville, and who removed to Iowa about the time that his father-in-law, John Rogers, went there. Mr. Adamson was at one time County Commissioner in Madison county.

"Mr. Rogers had the shrewd wit of the Irish race and many anecdotes of him were formerly current about Pendleton. It is said that a neighbor once spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Rogers about inducing Alfred Kilgore, their son-in-law, to subscribe for a paper, when Mrs. Rogers broke in, 'Och, don't do that, for papers are Polly's chafe pestherment,' alluding to Alfred's law books and papers.

"Another old citizen of Fall Creek township related that he at one time met John Rogers on a very cold day on his way to Pendleton, and when he spoke to him, Rogers said: 'I have just been to town, where I was owing a friend a little money, and I heard he was very sick and I knew that if he died he would want to take it with him, so I went down to pay him off.'

"Even now the face of this tall personage, with his gray locks and his shrewd look, rises before me as I write and as he appeared to my childish eyes, and so having rescued him for a moment from the oblivion to which the historian has

consigned him, I dismiss him again to that silence and peace which is the lot of almost all of the human race."

Moses Whitecotton was also an early settler in Fall Creek township, and a neighbor of John Rogers. Moses was one of the first Justices of the Peace in that locality. He was a natural poet and kept his docket in rhyme. The old record would be a curiosity if it could be unearthed. At one time he got out of provisions and was in limited circumstances on account of continued sickness in his family. He appealed to his neighbor, Mr. Rogers, in a way that would melt a heart of stone. His petition was as follows:

"My family is sick, with nothing to eat,
I pray you the loan of two bushels of wheat;
This favor, if granted, shall ne'er be forgotten,
As long as my name is Moses Whitecotton."

The good-hearted Mr. Rogers complied with the request and supplied the wants of the afflicted family, like a pioneer of those days naturally would, and in payment for the accommodation Whitecotton executed his note therefor in the following strain:

"One day after date I promise to pay
To old John Rogers, without delay,
One hundred weight of hemp when I make it and break it,
One dollar in cash I shall not deny;
Witness my name, this 4th of July,
"MOSES WHITECOTTON."

He also at one time went to Kentucky and purchased a "jack" and brought him to the county, and in giving his pedigree he started out by giving his name "Daniel Boone:"

"Old Daniel Boone was a man of strange facts,
But this Daniel Boone is the jack of all jacks."

Whitecotton is remembered by some of the old-timers and his queer ways will long linger in their memories.

REMINISCENCE OF JUDGE ADAM WINSELL.

In other places in this volume we have spoken of Judge Adam Winsell in connection with the courts of Madison county. In Kingman's history the Judge was dismissed with a very brief comment. It seems from his prominence in this county in the early days that he should have had at least proper mention. In looking over the files of the *Herald* of September 22, 1881, we find from the pen of Joseph B. Lewis

a very good account of this once distinguished gentleman, in which he says: "Adam Winsell came to Madison county in 1819. He was, at the first term of the Circuit Court, held in 1823, one of the associate judges. He entered the west half of the northwest quarter of Section 22, Township 18 north, Range 7 east, also an eighty-acre farm just east of this. He gave out to his neighbors that he had entered it himself, rather than run the risk of having it entered from 'under him,' for more than ten years before he procured the title from the United States. Judge Winsell was a blacksmith, and it was he who made the irons and placed them upon the men who had committed the Indian murders, in 1824. He said that he had put them on so tight that no 'corpus' could take them off without his consent. At one time he came to Anderson to live and remained one year, and then returned to his farm. On one occasion, when about to gather the corn from his field, he found that he had been anticipated by the squirrels, who had eaten it all up. The county, at the time referred to, swarmed with migratory squirrels, which were as voracious as lean kine, and who devoured everything in their way. They were as destructive as the Kansas locusts, which made such a memorable record in that State only a few years ago.

Caleb Williams, one day during this squirrel visitation, made a lot of bullets and went out on the edge of his corn to shoot squirrels. He stood in one place and killed fifty-one of these little animals, but missed his fifty-second shot.

Judge Winsell remained upon his farm until 1837, when he sold it to Joseph Weeks, and went "west." He was as well qualified for the absurd position of associate judge as was the average citizen.

The Judge for many years had a lot of hogs that ran wild in the woods south of Lick creek, in Fall Creek township, and his neighbors jokingly charged him with claiming all the hogs in those parts. One day in front of the court house in Anderson, during term time, an old man by the name of Samuel Morley, one of the Madison county pioneers, remarked: "There's a hog running wild in the woods by my place and he has the strangest marks on him that I ever saw. He is perfectly white except a large heart on his right shoulder, which is as red as blood." Judge Winsell, who was present, listened with the greatest interest. "Why," said he, "that is my old white hog; he's been gone all summer." At

this Morley burst into a loud laugh. "There's no such hog there; I just wanted to see if you would claim it." The joke was on the Judge, and he was compelled to treat the crowd.

The late J. J. Lewis once met Judge Winsell in the woods. Both were hunting squirrels. Mr. Lewis was about to shoot at a squirrel in the top of a tree. "Hold on," said the Judge, "you'll strain your gun if you shoot it so far." And no argument could convince the Judge that he was not right. He always obtained religion at camp meeting, just after the harvest times, and continued in good standing in the church until the shooting matches began in the fall, when he would get drunk, and, as a necessary consequence, be expelled from the church and remain outside until camp meeting time came around the next year. It is due to truth, if not to the dignity of history, to say that the Judge was a good shot and a boon companion of the boys at these shooting matches.

Justice to this brave old pioneer also requires us to say that his good nature was boundless, and that he was never known to have been cross to his well-beloved wife, "Aunt Sallie," or the children.

Of course, such a character as this would be very popular in those early days, and the good Judge was so to the fullest extent. After living in this county many years he departed for Iowa—a fact which was very much regretted by his neighbors. He was a much better man than many of those who make higher pretentions. His memory, although associated with some grotesque happenings, will be long cherished for his many kind deeds.

DEATH OF AN OLD WAR-HORSE.

Colonel G. W. Parker, of Pendleton, was for many years a resident of Indianapolis, during which time he was elected to the high office of Sheriff of Marion county, and served in this capacity for two terms. Colonel Parker is a man of a very genial disposition and was popular with his fellow men, which aided him largely in his success as a politician. During the war he served as a Colonel of an Indiana regiment. When he retired from the service he brought home with him his old war-horse, upon whose back he had ridden through the battle of Stone River and many other engagements. He kept him upon his farm near Pendleton until he died, the Colonel having removed to that locality from Marion county. He was very fond of his old comrade-in-arms and kept the horse

as a remembrance of the many days of happiness and sorrow spent by him during the war marching through the South, where he had given his services in defense of the flag of our country. The horse died on Friday, the 28th of February, 1885. His remains were kindly cared for and decently interred on the Colonel's farm near the beautiful Falls of Fall Creek.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—AN ODD SUICIDE.

In the year 1838 a man of the name of Fox took his own life about one and a-half miles north of Huntsville by hanging himself. He was a single man in the employ of a man of the name or Gunn, who had died a few days previously. Mr. Gunn was a man very highly respected and his death was the cause of much regret. The eulogies pronounced over him by his neighbors together with the assertions from the piously inclined that all his troubles were over, and that he had gone to a brighter and better land above, where all was peace and happiness, and where the wicked came not and where there was everlasting joy, sounded in the ears of Fox until he had grown very much excited and finally determined, as it is supposed, to go to that beautiful land himself, the quickest route.

The Sunday after Gunn's funeral the family all went to church leaving Fox at home. When alone he placed a halter strap around his neck and threw the other end over a joist in the room and then kicked the chair on which he stood from under him and swung himself into eternity. When the family returned from church and opened the door of the cabin the ghastly and horrible countenance of Fox stared them in the face, his body having swung around facing the door. The horror of the people was indescribable. As soon as possible the remains were removed and the family got out of the house and could never thereafter be induced to reside there.

THE MOBBING OF HON. FREDERICK DOUGLASS IN 1843.

Much has been said and written about the mob which assaulted Frederick Douglass, the great colored orator, in Pendleton, a brief account of which appears in Samuel Harden's book, published in 1875. The people who lived in the neighborhood of the occurrence have differed as to the correct date when it transpired, but this we shall give beyond a reasonable doubt. Although a stain has been cast upon Madison county because of this outrage, it cannot be considered to have

had its origin in politics, because at that early period neither of the then existing parties had espoused the cause of the abolitionists, who desired to witness the down-fall of human slavery. To call a Whig in those days an abolitionist meant about the same thing as if the "epithet" was applied to a Democrat. This episode came about through hatred for the negro, regardless of political affiliations. Not until the great war of the Rebellion had spent its force, and had ended in victory for the Union cause, were many people found who would squarely confess that they were abolitionists. However, there was one sect of people in this land of ours who gloried in this name. They were the "Friends," or "Quakers," many of whom resided in Fall Creek township in the days when Douglass was mobbed, and many of whose descendants are yet to be found in that vicinity. These people, however, were not numerically strong enough to give much aid or comfort to either party.

The Hon. Frederick Douglass, just before the assault upon him, had been making a tour through the Western States, and it was his custom to stop at such places as Fall Creek township, where there was a settlement of Friends or abolitionists, and deliver addresses in behalf of the freedom of his colored brethren.

The meeting which he addressed on Fall Creek was held in the woods, and had been under way but a few moments when an interruption of its proceedings was made by a man named Rix, who deliberately walked up to the stand and set to one side a pitcher of water standing there, at the same time urging some others that were with him to make an effort and "they would clean him out."

Among others prominently connected with Rix were Peter Runnels, Duke Scott and Thomas Collins. Mr. Douglass, seeing his perilous condition and recognizing the evident intent of the assailants to do him bodily harm, attempted to escape by getting over a fence in the rear of the platform. While in the act he was struck with a stone and knocked to the ground, receiving a severe hurt. He was taken care of by kind friends, who rescued him from the angry mob, and kept by them until such time as he could make his way out of the neighborhood with safety to himself.

Inasmuch as so many different stories have been put into circulation about this event, we have taken the liberty to use the following extract from a letter written by Joseph B. Lewis,

of Pendleton to the *Indianapolis Journal* in the spring of 1895, on this subject. Mr. Lewis was familiar with all the circumstances and we believe his statement to be nearer the truth than any account of which we have knowledge. Mr. Lewis was a resident of Fall Creek township at the time, and being a facile writer, a close observer of facts, and a man of undoubted veracity and integrity, his statement cannot be questioned.

In his letter to the *Journal*, he says: "I observe that some citizen of Pendleton has recently given his recollections of an attack by a mob upon Frederick Douglass in the town of Pendleton in 1843, in which he gives the event as having occurred in 1847 or 1848."

"The gentleman's recollection is wrong in some particulars as the event occurred in 1843. Mr. Douglass was at no time in or near the house of Dr. M. G. Walker, although that gentleman undoubtedly saved Douglass from death at the hands of a brutal ruffian who was swinging a heavy bar of iron over the head of the prostrate man when Dr. Walker, a very powerful man threw his whole weight against the murderous villain and hurled him away just as Neal Hardy, also a brave and powerful man, and Edwin Fussel gathered around the falling orator and drove the mobocrats away.

"These fellows lived in Adams township in this county, and in the north part of Hancock county, and not in Anderson, as stated by your correspondent. They went away leaving Mr. Douglass lying on the ground in insensibility, being sure that they had killed him, and they long enjoyed that delusion."

Mr. Douglass was raised from the ground by kind hands, and placed in charge of Mr. William Lukens, who took him to the home of Neal Hardy, where he was cared for and nursed with a tenderness which he never forgot and which led him years afterwards to say, "Since 1843 Neal Hardy and family have been a part of my life."

Frederick Douglass in writing of his life has this to say on this subject: "At Pendleton the mobocratic spirit was even more pronounced than in many other localities visited by me. It was found impossible to obtain a building in which to hold our convention, and our friend Dr. Fussel and others erected a platform in the woods where quite a large audience assembled. Mr. Bradburn, Mr. White and myself were in attendance. As soon as we began to speak a mob of about sixty of the roughest characters I ever looked upon, ordered us

through its leader, to be silent, threatening us, if we were not, with violence. We attempted to dissuade them, but they said they did not come to parley but to fight and were well armed. They tore down the platform on which we stood, assaulted Mr. White and knocked out several of his teeth, dealt a blow to Mr. Bradburn, striking him on the back part of the head, badly cutting his scalp and felling him to the ground.

"I undertook to fight my way through the crowd with a stick which I had caught up in the melee. I attracted the fury of the mob, which laid me prostrate on the ground under a torrent of blows, leaving me thus with my right hand broken and in a state of unconsciousness.

"The mobocrats hastily mounted their horses and rode away. I was soon raised up and revived by Neal Hardy, a kind-hearted member of the Society of Friends, and carried in his wagon about three miles in the country to his home, where I was tenderly nursed and bandaged by good Mrs. Hardy until I was again on my feet. But as the bones broken were not properly set, my hand never recovered its natural strength and dexterity."

The Mr. White mentioned by Mr. Douglass was William A. White, brother of Maria Lowell, first wife of James Russell Lowell. Mr. White was a very able and prominent man, who met a tragic fate at Milwaukee some years later.

Mr. Lewis in his article further states that he has a very vivid remembrance of Mr. Douglass and his description of the mob in a speech which he made at Jonesboro, at some time subsequent to this attack. Douglass was then about twenty-five years old; he was an athlete and in the prime of a splendid young manhood. He was at that time a more eloquent orator than later in life. He was full of eloquent words, to which was added a bitter sarcasm, all of which made it very easy for anyone who then heard him to understand that he would become famous. The ring of his voice was quite different from that of his maturer years, when his husky voice and his soul's utterances seemed to belong to another.

The mobbing of Mr. Douglass caused great excitement in the community, and was not only severely criticised by all good and law-abiding citizens, but quite a number of the parties implicated in the mobbing were arrested, taken to Anderson and placed in the county jail.

There were two sides to the question. A number of citizens in the neighborhood of New Columbus, where several of

the assailants lived, took the part of the rowdies. The excitement ran very high; a company of men was formed at the village of New Columbus under the leadership of the Hon. Thomas McCallister, who was then a power among the citizens of the county. These men started for the Court House for the purpose of demanding the release of Runnels and the other prisoners in jail. Before reaching Anderson they halted their wagons a mile or so distant outside of the place and prepared their accoutrements of war, and ammunition for battle.

They sent a delegation ahead to demand of the Sheriff the surrender of the prisoners. For a time it looked as though there was going to be a real war. Colonel Nineveh Berry, a prominent citizen, accompanied by William B. Allen, ex-Sheriff of the county, were foremost among those who desired to maintain the laws. These men went out to meet the belligerents. They endeavored to treat with them and to allay their excitement. The release of Runnels was agreed to and McCallister said that hostilities should cease and accordingly the mob disbanded.

Since this outrage, public sentiment has not only been changed in Madison county, but everywhere throughout the land, where the flag of the United States floats to the breeze. There are now but few spots in our country where a negro or any other citizen cannot, from a public platform, indulge in free speech and proclaim his sentiments, upon any proper subject without molestation.

The Hon. Frederick Douglass in after years—on at least two occasions—visited Madison county. At one time not many years prior to his death he addressed a large meeting at the fair grounds at Anderson. In private conversation he spoke freely of the Pendleton affair and blamed no one for other than the natural dislike for the colored man at that time.

ARRESTED FOR COUNTERFEITING.

On the 28th of December, 1854, Adam Anderson, John Jones, a man of the name of Huston, and William Brown were arrested by Benham Nelson, then Sheriff of Madison county, for passing counterfeit bank bills. These parties lived on what was called the Prairie road, in Fall Creek township, near the Anderson township line, in the neighborhood of the farm now occupied by James Quinlan.

There had long been suspicions that counterfeiting was going on somewhere in the neighborhood of Pendleton, and it

was with some difficulty that the officers were able to locate it, from the fact that the counterfeiters were very shrewd in the management of their operations and the circulation of their bogus money. Finally suspicion became so strong from some acts of the younger members of the gang that the officers felt justified in making arrests, and calling a posse, headed by the Sheriff, proceeded to the locality to place the parties under arrest. Their crime being a violation of the United States laws, they were at once taken before Judge Sample, of Muncie, who was then United States Commissioner, and a preliminary trial was held and they were bound over to the District Court at Indianapolis on a bond of $2,000 each.

Anderson and Jones were each about sixty years of age and had lived a long time in the community, and each had raised to maturity respectable families. Huston and Brown were young men of good parentage and had enjoyed a good reputation in the community in which they lived. It was strongly hinted that some other prominent people who are yet living in and around Pendleton were also engaged in this nefarious business, but sufficient evidence was never obtained upon which to arrest them and convict them of the crime. At the trial in the court Jones and Brown were convicted and sentenced to the penitentiary for a number of years, the term of which is not known to the writer.

The young men were let off without imprisonment.

BURNING OF JOSEPH O. HARDY'S BARN.

Joseph O. Hardy, of Fall Creek township, was at one time one of the wealthiest and most influential farmers of that locality, being a public-spirited, high-minded gentleman, and full of push and enterprise. He was the leader of men in his neighborhood until one misfortune after another overtook him, causing him eventually to be reduced almost to poverty. Many of the old-time citizens of the county can remember him and the many business transactions in which he figured.

He was once the owner of the large and elegant farm now in possession of Philip Matter, about four miles south of Anderson, on the Pendleton turnpike.

On Friday night, the 6th of November, 1874, a large barn situated on that place was discovered to be on fire. The building was a structure of about 60 x 100 feet, which had been erected but a short time, and contained an immense amount of

grain, several tons of hay, farming implements, and six head of horses, all of which were consumed. The whole interior of the barn was ablaze when first discovered, and nothing could be done to arrest the flames. The total loss on the property, was estimated to be in the neighborhood of $6,000, and the insurance amounted to only $3,000.

The farm on which this fire occurred has a history connected with it not enjoyed by any other piece of property in the county. It was once owned by a man of the name of James Carson, who, during the war of the Rebellion, went to the State of Arkansas, where he remained until the close of the war and for a long time thereafter. In the meantime he had sold and transferred the farm to one E. A. Russell, who formerly resided in Anderson. Mr. Russell gave notes and executed a mortgage for the same. The former owner of the property to whom Mr. Russell gave the notes not having made his appearance in Madison county before the termination of the Rebellion, action was brought through Judge W. R. Pierse and others for the purpose of having the notes and mortgage executed for the purchase of the property confiscated on the ground that Mr. Carson, who had gone to Arkansas, was disloyal, and not a citizen of the United States. The case was tried in the Circuit Court, and after a patient and careful hearing, it was decided that the notes and mortgage were null and void, and they were therefore canceled by order of the court, and thus Mr. Russell and his co-plaintiffs became the owners of this beautiful and valuable property without the payment of any money whatever.

The title subsequently passed into the hands of one Bailey Davis, a wealthy farmer of Fall Creek township, and subsequently became the property of Mr. Charles L. Henry, of Anderson, who received a warranty deed under Mr. Davis for the same. During all this time, and during these transfers no demand was ever made by any one to test the validity of the title. Nor was there any such demand made until after Mr. Henry had come into possession of the property. Sometime about the year 1885 the owner of the property from whom it had been confiscated unexpectedly made his appearance in Anderson, and demanded compensation for the land, which being refused, he employed the law firm of Robinson & Lovett, who brought proceedings in the United States court to have the judgment of the Madison Circuit Court confiscating

the property set aside, and repossessing the rightful owner of his land.

The case was hotly contested. The court, however, held that the plaintiff having proven that during his residence in Arkansas he had never committed a disloyal act against the United States, and that he had been true to his government, the real-estate was, therefore, decreed to him as being the lawful and rightful owner.

This decision left Mr. Henry but one alternative, to fall back on Mr. Bailey Davis, the only responsible party from whom he held the warrant of title. In the further transaction of this matter, Mr. Bailey Davis proved that he was an exceptionally honest and upright man, doing what but few people would have done under similar circumstances. Instead of employing attorneys and going into court to defend himself, as he might have done, and thus added costs to Mr. Henry and others, he simply, after having determined the amount of the purchase money with every cent of interest on the notes reckoned to the latest date, went down "into his jeans" and planked down nearly six thousand dollars of his hard-earned money, and paid the same over to Robinson & Lovett, the attorneys for the lawful owner. And thus ended one of the great legal battles of this county.

But a few weeks previous to this writing this celebrated farm was again visited with a fire which destroyed the large barn recently built by C. L. Henry on the opposite side of the road from the former one. It was then owned by Mr. Philip Matter, of Marion, Ind. The structure and its contents were swept away.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

In the month of November, 1875, one of the most daring highway robberies ever committed in the county took place on the Fishersburg pike, between Pendleton and Fishersburg, in which a man of the name of Andrews was held up and robbed of the pitiful sum of $6.

Andrews was a brother of Whitfield Andrews, who lived in the country, and had drawn $700 out of a bank at Indianapolis, which belonged to a lady friend, for whom he was an agent, and to whom he had paid the money shortly after receiving it. When he had done this he took the evening train on the Bee Line road for the purpose of visiting friends in Madison county. He left the train at Pendleton, and after

partaking of a lunch started to walk from there to Fishersburg. About two miles from Pendleton, near the residence of a man of the name of Clark, he was met by two men whom he recognized as having seen at Indianapolis, and who had dogged his steps during the day. Before he scarcely had time to stop one of them struck him on the head with some kind of a weapon which felled him to the ground, after which he was beaten in a most terrible manner so he was rendered unconscious. In that condition he remained for some time, and when his senses returned found that both his boots were gone, his stockings taken off and his pockets rifled of their contents, The robbers received nothing for their pains except the small sum of $6.

Mr. Andrews was so injured that he could scarcely stand, and after almost superhuman efforts he succeeded in reaching the residence of Harvey Gwinn, in Stoney Creek township. Mr. Gwinn conveyed him to his residence and then took him to the home of Alfred Gates, just across the line in Hamilton county, Mr. Gates being a cousin of Andrews. The wounded man remained for several days at the residence of his relative in a critical condition, but finally recovered and returned to his home. He had no doubt but that his assailants had been present in the bank at Indianapolis when he drew the money, and that they had shadowed him to this point, where they intended to kill him and then rob him. No clue to the robbers was ever obtained or their whereabouts made known.

FOUND DEAD IN BED.

On the 28th of June, 1868, J. W. Pavey, of Fall Creek township, suddenly and without warning gave up the race of life, being found dead in his bed. He had been in his usual good health and early in the morning got up to do some chores as was his custom, and after doing his work he returned to his sleeping chamber and retired again.

The members of the family, in due time, got up and breakfast was prepared at the usual hour. Mr. Pavey was called for his meal, but did not respond. In a short time he was called again, with no response, when the family became alarmed and on going to his room were horrified to find him cold in death.

Mr. Pavey was one of the early settlers of that neighbor-

hood then known as the "Beaver Dam" locality and was highly respected.

His funeral was largely attended and his memory is yet fresh in the minds of the older people of that locality.

SUICIDE OF J. L. HENSLEY.

J. L. Hensley was a prominent farmer, who lived about three miles north of Pendleton, and was a brother of the late Doctor Hensley, of this county. On Thursday, the 21st day of January, 1885, he took his own life by hanging. On the morning of his death, a neighbor, William Sisson, visited his home, and chatted with him upon various subjects. Mr. Sisson did not notice anything peculiar in his manner or words and was very much surprised a few hours later to be informed of his death. The deceased was a man of a very kind disposition, and lived at peace with his family and neighbors. He was a veteran of the Mexican war, and had also served in the 69th Indiana Regiment in the War of the Rebellion. His body was found hanging in a corn-crib, to the end of a rope which he had used for the purpose.

Mr. Hensley was born in Virginia in the year 1821, and was about 64 years of age at the time of his death. During the war he distinguished himself as a good soldier, and at the battle of Pittsburg Landing was, for meritorious service, promoted to be First Lieutenant in the company in which he enlisted. He was a charter member of Sam Henry Post, G. A. R., of Pendleton, and was buried by that organization with all the honors of war. He left a wife, six children and one brother to mourn their loss.

SUICIDE OF DR. HENSLEY.

Dr. William Hensley, of Fall Creek township, was a well-known personage in Madison county for a great number of years. He lived at Pendleton for a long time, and was an agent for a life insurance company. He had in his earlier days prepared himself for the practice of medicine at Connersville, Indiana, but for some cause abandoned it. He never practiced after he located in Madison county. He was a farmer at the time of his death, and lived on a piece of land which he owned north-east of Pendleton. He was of a very jovial disposition, a fluent talker and a good story-teller, and was the last person any one would think who harbored the idea of self-destruction.

On Saturday morning, the 28th of February, 1888, he arose about 6 o'clock to start the fire as usual, and before any of the family was aware of his intentions he took a loaded shotgun and blew out his brains. His death was simultaneous with the discharge of the gun. The load entered below his right jaw and blew off the top of his head. It mutilated his face and head in a terrible manner. No special cause could be assigned for this rash act other than despondency, caused by the failure of his crops and financial troubles. He was a man about sixty-five years of age and lived with his third wife. He was a native of Virginia. He left a wife and six children, two of whom were married. He was a brother of J. T. Hensley, whose suicide is given above.

DROWNING OF CHARLES HAINES.

Charles Haines, a young man about twenty years of age, a son of Abner Haines, who resided about four miles south of Pendleton, was drowned in White river on the 12th of August, 1887, six miles west of Anderson. He with several others were spreading their seines in the river for the purpose of catching fish, when young Haines attempted to swim across a small whirlpool where the water was quite deep. The current proved too strong for him, and he was carried down and drowned in the presence of twenty men, who stood around apparently dumb from fright. Gideon Knopp, a young man of the neighborhood where the occurrence took place, made an effort to rescue Haines when he came to the surface for the first time, but he received a blow on the head from the drowning man that stunned him.

The body was recovered almost immediately after it sank to the bottom, but life was extinct, and all efforts at resuscitation were without avail. The remains were taken to the home of his parents, and his funeral occurred at the neighboring cemetery a few days afterwards.

BURNING OF A BARN.

On Christmas morning, 1884, a large barn situated in the rear of Todd & Taylor's store in Pendleton, was discovered to be on fire, the flames bursting through the roof. In a few moments the entire building with its contents was destroyed. The building had been erected for a livery barn and belonged to Eliza Taylor and was occupied at the time by George Hollowell, a butcher. It contained five valuable horses belonging

to him and one belonging to Clinton Mowery, three buggies, three sleighs, three meat wagons and a large quantity of hay and feed, all of which were destroyed. Great efforts were made to save the horses, but the fire drove back everyone who attempted to go near. Otto Lackey made heroic efforts to rescue the animals, but was so overcome by heat that he was taken away from the place in an unconscious condition. The building stood in the center of a square and was surrounded by other buildings, two of which nearly touched it, but a heavy snow on the roofs saved them from destruction. There was no insurance either on the building or its contents.

BURNING OF A HOUSE ON THE OLD "JUNCTION FARM."

In the month of February, 1885, a large two-story house that stood upon what was known as the "Junction Farm," two and one-half miles south-west of Pendleton, was destroyed by fire. It had been built by Mr. John Hussey, of Indianapolis, about a year or so previous and was occupied by William Tyler, a tenant. A portion of the household goods was saved, principally from the lower rooms in the building. The house and contents were insured, but not sufficiently to cover the loss. The fire started in the kitchen but its origin is unknown. Tyler and his family were left without shelter but were taken care of by kind neighbors, who went to their relief.

FATALLY SCALDED.

On the 28th of August, 1891, Mrs. Peter Coverdale, living three miles north of Pendleton, while scalding a chicken left a pan of boiling water on the ground near where her two-year-old daughter was playing. The mother's attention was called away for a moment and the little one fell over and submerged one of its arms in the boiling water, from the effects of which she took lock jaw and died on the morning of August 31.

BURNING OF THE CATARACT MILLS.

What was once known as the Cataract Mills at Pendleton, situated at the Falls of Fall Creek, was on the 13th of July, 1882, destroyed by fire. This mill was one of the landmarks in that locality, having been built many years ago. For a long time it was run as a flouring mill in connection with a large woolen mill. It was at one time considered one of the most valuable pieces of property in Madison county,

before steam and other modern appliances were in use. In those days it was a money-making institution.

For a long period it was the property of the Irish estate and was owned and operated by Samuel D. Irish, who was the father of Volney B. and James Irish, now residents of Anderson. The fire was discovered about 10 o'clock in the morning; it was in the upper part of the mill and did not manifest itself until it had attained such proportions as to be beyond control. In a short time the building and its contents were in ashes.

It was owned at the time of its destruction by Colonel Parker and a gentleman of the name of Potts, who had only a short time previous to the fire been engaged in overhauling it and making repairs, thus making one of the most complete mills in the county. The loss was estimated to be fully $15,000, and was covered by insurance. Colonel Parker, one of the owners, was at one time a resident of Indianapolis, and had served two terms as Sheriff of Marion county. The mill was afterwards rebuilt and is at present standing on the old site near the Falls, but it has never been considered since the day of the fire a financial success.

POISONED BY DRINKING LEMONADE.

In the month of August, 1881, Mr. Thomas M. Carter and family, who resided in the south part of Fall Creek township, while attending an old settlers' picnic near Greenfield, were poisoned by drinking lemonade.

There was a large crowd in attendance, and the pumps on the grounds having given out, Mr. Carter resorted to a decoction of lemonade to quench his thirst, and also had his wife partake of the same. When they left the grounds they went to Greenfield to take supper with some friends, intending to drive home in the evening. They were not long in the house when Mr. Carter complained of feeling very sick, and by the time supper was ready he was too ill to partake thereof. A physician was immediately called, but Mr. Carter continued to grow worse until about midnight, when he died. Carter was well known in the community in which he lived, having been reared on a farm near where he had his home. At the time of his death he was a prominent member of the Methodist church and a superintendent of the Menden Sunday school. He was also a member of the Odd Fellows. His remains were buried on the Sunday following his death. His funeral

was attended by a large concourse of people. He left a wife and one child to survive him. Mrs. Carter had taken a small portion of the lemonade, but it did not affect her as it did her husband.

LOUIS EPPARD'S BARN BURNED.

On Sunday morning, March 23, 1890, the barn of Louis Eppard, in Fall Creek township, was burned, with several horses and his grain, hay and farming implements, entailing a loss to the amount of $2,000, with no insurance.

The barn was supposed to have been fired by an incendiary, but no evidence was obtained that would lead to the apprehension of the guilty party.

KILLED BY A TRAIN.

J. M. Kinnaman, a farmer residing near Pendleton, visited Anderson on the 13th of October, 1884, to attend a Republican rally, and had with him his son Claude, a boy about sixteen years of age. After the ceremonies of the day were over young Kinnaman, in company with some friends, went to the Bee Line Railroad station to board a train going out at 12:30 at night to his home, and at the crossing of Jackson street, in Anderson, in attempting to get on the train he was accidentally killed. All of his companions succeeded in getting on board, and he in some manner was thrown under the train with fatal results. His absence was not noticed by his friends, who went on their way home unconscious of what had befallen him. His remains were discovered lying beside the railroad track a short distance from where the accident occurred. Dr. B. F. Spann, then Coroner of Madison county, was notified, and had the remains taken to Markt's undertaking establishment, where they were prepared for burial. The relatives were at once notified. The boy's father arrived in the city early next morning and took charge of his body and removed it to Pendleton, after which it was interred in the Falls Cemetery. The body was frightfully mutilated.

A HORRIBLE CASUALTY.

On the 6th of September, 1890, the last day of the last county fair held on the old fair ground, on West Eighth street, one of the most distressing accidents occurred on the Bee Line Railroad, four miles south-west of Anderson, that has ever taken place in this county, in which Emmet Locke and

John Eastman were instantly killed while crossing the railroad at what is known as the "Gowl Crossing," between Anderson and Pendleton. Locke was a colored man in the employ of the "When" clothing store of Indianapolis, and Eastman was his guest, enjoying a ride home from the fair. The "When" advertising wagon drawn by four horses had started to Pendleton in charge of Emmet Locke. It was the intention to drive from there to Springfield, Ohio, and advertise the "When" firm at the fair.

Fred Bloomer, the advertising agent, concluded to go to Indianapolis by rail, so he left the wagon in charge of Locke and got on the train.

Before the wagon started for Pendleton John Eastman, a plasterer, who lived at Huntsville, and who had been at Anderson attending the fair, obtained Locke's consent to ride with him to Pendleton. They left Anderson about 3 o'clock. There appears to have been no eye witness to the horrible affair. Locke had evidently driven the horses across the track at the crossing, not being aware of the near approach of the train. It suddenly came upon them, and the horses, becoming frightened, turned around instead of going forward. The wagon had, by this time, got half way across the track, and the engine, which was running along at a lightning speed, struck it before its unfortunate occupants were aware of their danger.

The wagon was dashed into a thousand pieces and Locke and Eastman were instantly killed.

The former was horribly mangled, and his head was completely severed from his body. Eastman's body was picked up on the west side of the track, with a horrible hole in the fore part of his head. He was not mutilated to any extent. Poor Locke's body was in a dozen pieces.

Bloomer was on the train, and after it was stopped it ran back to the scene of the accident, when he jumped off and was horrified at the sight and the thought of what a narrow escape he had made from an awful death.

The remains of the unfortunates were placed on boards and taken to Pendleton and Coroner Armington notified. As there was no witness to the affair his investigation was necessarily brief. He collected the remains of Locke and sewed them together, and they were sent to his friends at Indianapolis. Those of Eastman were turned over to Trustee Cook and buried in the Falls Cemetery.

A DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR.

On the night of July 31, 1891, a building occupied by Dr. Frank L. Stone and John C. Manning, of Pendleton, was destroyed by being blown up by dynamite. Luckily no one was in the house at the time and no personal injury resulted. The outrage was supposed to have been perpetrated on account of Mr. Manning, who was deputy Prosecuting Attorney, having made warfare upon the liquor traffic and evil doers to such an extent as to incur the displeasure of that element in the town. This version of the matter is, however, only conjecture, as no one will, perhaps, ever know the real cause of the deed, or who did the unlawful act.

ANDREW B. TAYLOR.

Andrew B. Taylor was one of the early settlers of Fall Creek township and became one of its leading lights in business, political and church affairs. He was a man of high moral character, shrewd in business, full of energy and enterprise. For many years he was the leading spirit in his locality and the magnet around which all business affairs hung. He was born in Greenbriar county, West Virginia, in 1817, and came to Madison county and located a claim near Pendleton in 1834, having traveled the entire distance on foot, carrying his baggage on his back. In 1839 he returned to Virginia and brought back with him his father's family. In 1847 he was married to Melvina Boston, who yet survives him and resides in the old homestead at Pendleton. He engaged in milling and buying grain, first having run what is known as the Falls Mills and afterwards the First National Mill. In 1859 he owned and operated a flouring mill at Huntsville and carried on buying and selling grain in what was known as the City Mills. In 1867 he bought the Zubelin Warehouse, which he owned and occupied as a grain establishment until the time of his death in September, 1873. He organized the Farmers Bank of Pendleton in 1872, of which he was president and general manager, until his demise. In 1875 he built the Taylor Block and moved his bank into one room, which is now occupied as a banking house by the present owners of that institution. At the time of Mr. Taylor's death he was agitating the question of building a railroad from Noblesville to Newcastle by the way of Pendleton, and had succeeded in creating quite an interest in this undertaking, which, however, died away after his death. The decease of Mr. Taylor was long felt by the

farming community of Pendleton and vicinity, as he was very accommodating to his friends and extended many favors to the farmers of that locality, by way of advancing money upon their growing crops and doing many other good acts which many others in like circumstances would not have done.

His remains were deposited in the Falls Cemetery and were followed to their last resting place by one of the largest funeral processions that was ever seen in that section of the county.

DEATH OF DOCTOR JOSEPH STEPHENSON.

Dr. Joseph Stephenson was for many years a resident of Pendleton, being one of the oldest and most influential farmers in that part of the county, as well as a leading physician. He was born in Warren county, Ohio, in 1819, and died in Pendleton on the 16th of March, 1886. He came to Madison county about the year 1835, and worked on a farm for a time, studying medicine in his leisure moments, attending lectures, and then graduated from the Medical College at Cincinnati in 1850. He then settled in Pendleton in the practice of his profession, where he remained for the rest of his life.

He was married to Josephine Boston, May 1, 1850, who yet survives him and is residing at Pendleton. Doctor Stephenson was very frugal in his habits, although one of the best livers in Madison county, and after giving his children a good education he had quite a large fortune left, which came into their possession after his death. He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in which he was very prominent.

His remains were interred in the Falls Cemetery near the place of his home.

DEATH OE ANDREW K. ROCKENFIELD.

Andrew K. Rockenfield, the subject of this sketch was for many years a resident of Fall Creek township, and was prominent in social and business circles. In 1878 he was elected Coroner of Madison county, which position he held until the time of his death, which took place on the 17th of January, 1879.

He was born in Miamisburg, Ohio, April 1, 1825, and came to Huntsville, in 1849, with Aaron Mullendore, with whom he learned the trade of tanner and currier. He was married to Miss Celia A. Campbell, the sister of D.

W. Campbell, who died recently in Anderson. She, however, lived but a short time. He was again married on the 23d of December, 1863, to Miss Deborah W. Darragh, with whom he lived until the time of his death, and who survives him. Mr. Rockenfield was of a very generous disposition and genial in his nature. He had but little disposition to acquire property so long as his wants were supplied. He was always ready and willing to share with his friends whatever he had. He was a member of the Wesleyan Church at Pendleton, where his funeral took place under the direction of Rev. J. A. Dobson, of Muncie. His remains were followed to the grave by a large concourse of friends, and were deposited in the Huntsville Cemetery.

THE INDIAN MURDERS IN 1824.

To write a history of Madison county without giving an account of the murder of the Indians, in the early days of our

THE FALLS OF FALL CREEK NEAR PENDLETON.

commonwealth, would be doing history an injustice. This occurrence took place so long ago that it is impossible for one of the present day to tell the story, in anything like an intelligent manner without drawing almost wholly from what has already been said about it by others who were living here at the time. There are but few now living who, personally, know anything about the details of this bloody affair. Mr.

James Hollingsworth was a resident of the county at that time, but was quite young, and knows but little of the facts outside of what one so young would naturally get from hearing older folks in the neighborhood say about it. The killing took place in Adams township, in the early springtime of 1824. The Indians who were killed were not warlike savages, but a small band of hunters who had pitched their tents, hunting and trapping. The tribe of Indians who had originally lived in Madison county had all left here and gone to reservations set apart for them by the Government. It was, perhaps, not thought to be such an awful thing to kill an Indian, at that time, or, perhaps, this deed would never have been done. The county of Madison had but barely been organized, and law and order had scarcely been established at that time.

Oliver H. Smith, one of Indiana's brightest legal lights, assisted in the trial and made notes of it. At this time, since the actors have all passed off the stage, no better account of this notable event could be given, than to reproduce his account of it, given in his "Early Reminiscences of Indiana" as follows:

At the time of the Indian murders on Fall creek, the country was new and the population scattered here and there in the woods. Game was plenty, and the Indian hunting grounds had not been forsaken by several of the tribes. The white settlers felt some alarm at the news of an Indian encampment in the neighborhood, and although they were all friendly, a watchful eye was kept on all of their movements. The county of Madison had just been organized. Pendleton, with a few scattering houses at the Falls, was the seat of the new county. Anderson, on White river, was a small village. Chesterfield and Huntsville were not then heard of. There were only a few houses between Indanapolis and the Falls, and still fewer in other directions from the capital. Early in the spring of 1824, a hunting party of Seneca Indians, consisting of two men, three squaws, and four children, encamped on the east side of Fall creek, about eight miles above the Falls. The country around their camping ground was a dense, unbroken forest. The principal Indian was Ludlow, and was said to be named for Stephen Ludlow, of Lawrenceburgh. The other man was called Mingo. The Indians commenced their season of hunting and trapping, the men with the guns, and the squaws setting the traps, preparing and cooking the

game, and caring for the children—two boys some ten years old, and two girls of more tender years. A week had rolled around, and the success of the Indians had been very fair, with better prospects ahead, as the spring was opening, and raccoons were beginning to leave their holes in the trees in search of frogs that had begun to leave their beds in the muddy bottom of the creeks. Ludlow and his band, wholly unsuspicious of harm, and unconscious of any approaching enemies, were seated around their camp fire, when there approached through the woods, five white men—Harper, Sawyer, Hudson, Bridge, Sr., and Bridge, Jr. Harper was the leader, and stepping up to Ludlow, took him by the hand and told him his party had lost their horses, and wanted Ludlow and Mingo to help find them. The Indians agreed to go in search of the horses. Ludlow took one path, and Mingo another. Harper followed Ludlow, Hudson trailed Mingo, keeping some fifty yards behind. They trailed a short distance from the camp, when Harper shot Ludlow through the body. He fell dead on his face. Hudson on hearing the cracking of the rifle of Harper, immediately shot Mingo, the ball entering just below the shoulders and passing clean through his body. Mingo fell dead. The party then met and proceeded to within gunshot of the camp. Sawyer shot one of the squaws through the head. She fell and died without a struggle. Bridge, Sr., shot another squaw, and Bridge, Jr., the other squaw. Both fell dead. Sawyer then fired at the oldest boy, but only wounded him. The other children were shot by some of the party. Harper then led on to the camp.

The three squaws, one boy and two little girls lay dead, but the oldest boy was still living. Sawyer took him by the legs and knocked his brains out against the end of a log. The camp was then robbed of everything worth carrying away. Harper, the ring leader, left immediately for Ohio and was never taken. Hudson, Sawyer, Bridge, Sr., and Bridge, Jr., were arrested, and when I first saw them they were confined in a square log jail.

I entered with the Sheriff. The prisoners were all heavily ironed and sitting on the straw on the floor. Hudson was a man of about middle size with a bad look, dark eye and bushy hair, about 35 years of age in appearance. Sawyer was about the same age, rather heavier than Hudson, but there was nothing in his appearance that could have marked him in a crowd, as any other than a common farmer. Bridge, Sr., was not

much older than Sawyer; his head was quite gray, he was above the common height, slender and a little bent while standing. Bridge, Jr., was some 18 years of age, a tall stripling. Bridge, Sr., was the father of Bridge, Jr., and the brother-in-law of Sawyer.

The news of these Indian murders flew upon the wings of the wind. The settlers became greatly alarmed, fearing the retaliatory vengeance of the tribes and especially of the other tribes of the Senecas. The facts reached Mr. John Johnston at the Indian Agency at Piqua, Ohio. An account of the murders was sent from the Agency to the War Department at Washington City. Colonel Johnston and William Conner visited all the Indian tribes, and assured them that the Government would punish the offenders, and obtained the promises of the chiefs and warriors that they would wait and see what their "Great Father" would do before they took the matter into their own hands. This quieted the fears of the settlers, and preparation was commenced for the trials. A new log building was erected at the north part of Pendleton, with two rooms, one for the Court and the other for the Grand Jury. The Court room was about twenty by thirty feet with a heavy "puncheon" floor, a platform at one end, three feet high, a bench for the Judges, a plain table for the clerk, in front, a long bench for the counsel, a little pen for the prisoners, a side bench for the witnesses, and a long pole in front, substantially supported, to separate the crowd from the court and bar. A guard by day and night was placed around the jail. The court was composed of Wm. W. Wick, Presiding Judge, Samuel Holliday and Adam Winsell, associates. Judge Wick was young on the bench but with much experience in criminal trials. Judge Holliday was one of the best and most conscientious men I ever knew. Judge Winsell was a blacksmith, and had ironed the prisoners; he was an honest, rough, frank, illiterate man, without any pretentions to legal knowledge. Moses Cox was the Clerk; he could barely write his name, and when a candidate for Justice of the Peace at Connersville, he boasted of his superior qualifications: "I have been sued on every section of the statute and know all about the law, while my competitor has never been sued and knows nothing about the statute." Samuel Cory, the Sheriff, was a fine specimen of a woods' Hoosier, tall and strong boned, with hearty laugh, without fear of man or beast, with a voice that made the woods ring as he called the jurors

and witnesses. The county was thus prepared for the trials. In the meantime the Government was not sleeping. Colonel Johnston, the Indian Agent, was directed to attend the trials to see that the witnesses were present and to pay their fees. Gen. James Noble, then a United States Senator, was employed by the Secretary of War to prosecute, with power to fee an assistant. Philip Sweetser, a young son-in-law of the General, of high promise in his profession, was selected by the General as his assistant; Calvin Fletcher was the regular prosecuting attorney, then a young man of more than ordinary ability, and a good criminal lawyer. The only inn at Pendleton was a new frame house near the creek, still standing by the side of the railroad bridge.

The term of court was about being held. The Sunday before the term commenced the lawyers began to arrive, and, as was the custom in those days, they were invited out to dine on the Sabbath by the most wealthy citizens, as a favor and compliment, not to the lawyers, but to their hosts. We had a statute in those days imposing a fine of one dollar on each person who should "profanely curse, swear, or damn," and making it the duty of all judges and magistrates to see that the law was enforced upon offenders in their presence. Judge Holliday invited Calvin Fletcher, the Circuit Prosecuting Attorney, and his Indianapolis friend, Daniel B. Wick — the brother of the Judge — to dine with him. The invitation was accepted, of course, there being no previous engagement in the way. Dinner was announced. Judge Holliday asked a "blessing" at the table—Mr. Fletcher declining. The Judge had killed a fat goose for the extraordinary occasion, which was nicely stuffed with well-seasoned bread and onions, and placed in the center of the table. Mr. Wick, who was not a church member, fixed his eye upon the goose and said, by way of compliment —

"That is a damned fine goose, Judge."

"Yes, it is a fine goose, and you are fined a dollar for swearing."

Not a word more was spoken at the table. Dinner over, Judge Holliday said —

"'Squire Wick, pay me the dollar."

"I have not a cent with me, Judge."

"Perhaps Mr. Fletcher will lend it to you," suggested the Judge.

"I really have only enough with me to pay my tavern bill," said the Prosecuting Attorney.

"What is to be done?" asked the Judge.

"Lend him the money, Judge," responded Fletcher, "and take his note, or bind him over to the court."

"I'll bind him over—you'll go his security?" replied Judge Holliday, with a query.

"The rules of the court forbid lawyers from going security for anyone," responded the Prosecutor, "but you can go it yourself; just draw the recognizance that 'Daniel B. Wick and Samuel Holliday, Associate Judge of the Madison Circuit Court, acknowledge themselves to be indebted to the State in the penalty of twenty-five dollars each for the appearance of Daniel B. Wick at the next term of court to answer.'"

The reasonable proposition of Mr. Fletcher was at once accepted by all parties. The recognizance was taken in due form and forfeited at the next term, by the absence of Mr. Wick. Judgment was rendered against Judge Holliday for twenty-five dollars. A petition to the Governor was drawn up and signed by the whole bar; a remittance soon followed.

The trial of Hudson commenced the next day after the Sabbath dinner at Judge Holliday's. A number of distinguished lawyers were in attendance from this State, and several from the State of Ohio. Among the most prominent I name General James Noble, Philip Sweetzer, Harvey Gregg, Lot Bloomfield, James Rariden, Charles H. Test, Calvin Fletcher, Daniel B. Wick and William R. Morris, of this State; General Samson Mason and Moses Vance, of Ohio. Judge Wick being temporarily absent in the morning, William R. Morris arose and moved the Associate Judges:

"I ask that these gentlemen be admitted as attorneys and counsellors at this bar; they are regular practitioners, but have not brought their licenses with them."

"Have they come here to defend the prisoners?" asked Judge Winsell.

"The most of them have."

"Let them be sworn; nobody but a lawyer would defend a murderer."

Mr. Morris—"I move the court for a writ of habeas corpus, to bring up the prisoners now illegally confined in the jail." Judge Winsell—"For what?" "A writ of habeas corpus." "What do you want to do with it?" "To bring up the prisoners and have them discharged." "Is there any

law for that?" Morris read the statute regulating the writ of habeas corpus. "That act, Mr. Morris, has been repealed long ago." "Your honor is mistaken; it is a constitutional writ, as old as the Magna Charta itself." "Well, Mr. Morris, to cut the matter short, it would do you no good to bring out the prisoners. I ironed them myself, and you will never get them irons off until they have been tried, habeas corpus or no habeas corpus." Pecuria "motion overruled." Judge Wick entered and took his seat between the two side judges. "Call the grand jury." All answer to their names and are sworn. Court adjourned for dinner. Court met; the grand jury brought into court an indictment for murder drawn by Mr. Fletcher against Hudson. Counsel on both sides—"Bring the prisoners into court." The Court—"Sheriff, put in the box a jury." Sheriff—"May it please the Court, Dr. Highday just handed me a list of jurors to call on the jury." Judge Wick—"Bring Dr. Highday into Court." "Did your honor wish to see me?" "Dr. Highday, is this your handwriting?" "I presume it is." "Dr. Highday, we have no jail to put you in, the one we have is full; hear your sentence: It is the judgment of the Court that you be banished from these court grounds till the trials are over. Sheriff, see the judgment of the Court carried strictly into execution."

I digress to give the scene in court, published by General Sampson Mason, in a Springfield, Ohio, paper. "As I entered the court-room the Judge was sitting on a block, paring his toe nails, when the Sheriff entered, out of breath, and informed the Court that he had six jurors tied, and his deputies were running down the others." General Mason, with all his candor, unquestionably drew upon his imagination in this instance.

Hudson, the prisoner, was brought into court by the deputy sheriff and two of the guard. His appearance had greatly changed since I first saw him in the log pen with his comrades in crime. He was now pale, haggard and downcast; and with a faltering voice answered upon his arraignment, "Not guilty." The petit jury were hardy, honest pioneers, wearing moccasins and side knives. The evidence occupied but a single day and was positive, closing every door of hope to the prisoner. The Prosecuting Attorney read the statute creating and affixing the punishment to homicide, and plainly stating the substance of the evidence. He was followed for the prisoner in able, eloquent and powerful speeches,

appealing to the prejudice of the jury against the Indians, relating in glowing colors the early massacres of white men, women and children by the Indians; reading the principal incidents in the history of Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton; relating their cruelty at the battle of Blue Licks and Bryant's Station, and not forgetting the defeat of Braddock, St. Clair and Harmar. General James Noble closed the argument for the State in one of his forcible speeches, holding up to the jury the bloody clothes of the Indians, and appealing to the justice, patriotism and love of the laws, not forgetting that the safety of the settlers might depend upon the conviction of the prisoners, as the chiefs and warriors expected justice to be done.

The speech of the General had a marked effect upon the crowd, as well as the jury. Judge Wick charged the jury at some length, laying down the law of homicide in its different degrees and distinctly impressing upon the jury that the law knew no distinction as to nation or color; that the murder of an Indian was equally as criminal in law as the murder of a white man. The jury retired, and the next morning brought into court a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree." Motion for a new trial was overruled. The prisoner was brought into court and sentence of death pronounced in the most solemn manner by Judge Wick. The time for the execution was fixed, as is usual, for a distant day. In the meantime Hudson made his escape from the guard one dark night, and hid himself in a hollow log in the woods, where he was found and arrested.

Time rolled on, the fatal day for the execution arrived. Multitudes of people were there. Among them were seen several Senecas, relatives of the murdered Indians. The gallows was erected just above the Falls, on the north side. The people covered the surrounding hills, and at the appointed hour Hudson, by the forfeiture of his life, made the last earthly atonement for his crimes.

Such was the result of the first case on record in America where a white man was hung for killing an Indian. The other cases were continued until the next term of the court, and will be the subject of a distinct sketch.

TRIAL OF SAWYER.

Monday morning came. Court met. Judge Eggleston, in fine health, on the bench in the center; Adam Winsell on

his left, and Samuel Holliday on his right; Moses Cox at the Clerk's desk, Samuel Cory on the Sheriff's platform, and Colonel John Berry, captain of the guard, leaning against the logs. The grand jury was called, sworn and charged, and court adjourned for dinner. In the afternoon the evidence of the main witness was heard. I had prepared the indictments in my office and had them with me. The foreman signed the bills on his knee, and they were all returned into court before adjournment. That night Colonel John Johnston, the Indian Agent, called at my room and offered me $100 on behalf of the United States. I informed him that I was a State officer and could not accept the money, however tempting it might be under the circumstances.

The court met in the morning. We agreed to try Sawyer first for shooting one of the squaws. The prisoner was brought into court by the Sheriff. He appeared so haggard and changed by his long confinement that I scarcely knew him. The court room was crowded. General James Noble, Philip Sweetser and myself for the State; James Rairden, Lot Bloomfield and William R. Morris for the prisoner. Judge Eggleston—"Sheriff, call the petit jury." Judge Winsell—"Sheriff, call 'Squire Makepeace on the jury, he will be a good juror; he will not let one of these murderers get away." Judge Eggleston, turning to Judge Winsell—"This will never do. What! the Court pack a jury to try a special case?" The jury was soon impanelled. The evidence was conclusive that the prisoner had shot one of the squaws at the camp with his rifle after the killing of Ludlow and Mingo by Harper and Hudson. The jury were a hardy, heavy-bearded set of men, with side knives in their belts and not a pair of shoes among the whole of them; all wore moccasins.

Mr. Sweetser opened for the State with a strong matter-of-fact speech; that was his forte. He was followed in able speeches by Mr. Morris and Mr. Rairden for the prisoner. General Noble followed for the prosecution with a powerful speech. The General was one of the strongest and most effective speakers before a jury, or a promiscuous assembly, I have ever heard. The case went to the jury under an able charge from Judge Eggleston, and Court adjourned for dinner.

At the meeting of the Court in the afternoon the jury returned a verdict of "guilty of manslaughter," two years' hard labor in the penitentiary. Mr. Rairden sprang to his feet. "If the Court please, we let judgment go on the verdict and

are ready for the case of Sawyer for killing the Indian boy at the camp." "Ready for the State." The same jury was accepted by both sides—being in the box. They were immediately sworn. General Noble opened for the prosecution and was followed by Charles H. Test, William R. Morris and James Rairden, with powerful speeches. The jury were referred to their verdict in the previous case and their judgment warmly eulogized. This was, by arrangement, my case to close. I saw my position, and that the only point I had to meet was to draw the distinction between the two cases, so as to justify the jury in finding a verdict for manslaughter in the one case and of murder in the case before them. In law there was no difference whatever. They were both cold-blooded murders. The calico shirt of the murdered boy, stained with blood, lay upon the table. I was closing a speech of an hour. Stepping forward I took up the bloody shirt, and holding it up to the jury: "Yes, gentlemen of the jury, the cases are very different. You might find the prisoner guilty of only manslaughter in using his rifle on a grown squaw; that was the act of a man, but this was the act of a demon. Look at this shirt, gentlemen, with the bloody stains upon it; this was a poor, helpless boy, who was taken by the heels by this fiend in human shape, and his brains knocked out against a log! If the other case was manslaughter is not this murder?" The eyes of the jury were filled with tears. Judge Eggleston gave a clear and able charge upon the law. The jury, after an absence of only a few minutes, returned a verdict of "murder in the first degree." The prisoner was remanded and Court adjourned.

TRIAL OF BRIDGE—SCENES AT THE EXECUTION.

The next morning the case of Bridge, Sr., for shooting a little Indian girl at the camp, was called. The prisoner entered with the Sheriff. He was more firm in his step and looked better than Sawyer, though a much older man. A jury was impanelled. The proof was positive. The case was argued by Mr. Morris and Mr. Rairden for the prisoner, and Sweetser and myself for the State. The charge was given by Judge Eggleston, and after a few minutes' absence, the jury returned a verdict of "murder in the first degree." The only remaining case—of the stripling, Bridge, Jr., for the murder of the other Indian boy—came on next. The trial was more brief, but the result the same—verdict of murder in the first

degree, with a recommendation, however, to the Governor for a pardon, in consequence of his youth, in which the Court and bar joined. The trials closed, pro forma motions for new trials were overruled, the prisoners remanded, to be brought up for sentence the next morning, and the Court adjourned.

Morning came and with it a crowded Court House. As I walked from the tavern I saw the guards approaching with Sawyer, Bridge, Sr., and Bridge, Jr., with downcast eyes and tottering steps, in their midst. The prisoners entered the court room and were seated. The Sheriff commanded silence. The prisoners rose, the tears streaming down their faces, and their groans and sighs filling the court room. I fixed my eyes upon Judge Eggleston. I had heard him pronounce sentence of death on Fuller, for the murder of Warren, and upon Fields, for the murder of Murphy. But here was a still more solemn scene. An aged father, his favorite son and his wife's brother—all standing before him to receive sentence of death. The face of the Judge was pale, his lips quivered, his tongue faltered, as he addressed the prisoners. The sentence of death by hanging was pronounced, but the usual utterance, "And may God have mercy on your souls," was left struggling for utterance.

The time for the execution was fixed at a distant day; but it soon rolled round. The gallows was erected on the north bank of Fall Creek, just above the Falls, at the foot of the rising grounds you may see from the cars. The hour for the execution had come. Thousands surrounded the gallows. A Seneca chief, with his warriors, was posted near the brow of the hill. Sawyer and Bridge, Sr., ascended the scaffold together, were executed in quick succession, and died without a struggle. The vast audience was in tears. The exclamation of the Senecas was interpreted—"We are satisfied." An hour expired. The bodies were taken down and laid in their coffins, when there was seen ascending the scaffold, Bridge, Jr., the last of the convicts. His step was feeble, requiring the aid of the Sheriff. The rope was adjusted. He threw his eyes around upon the audience and then down upon the coffins, where lay exposed the bodies of his father and uncle. From that moment his wild gaze too clearly showed that the scene had been too much for his youthful mind. Reason had partially left her throne, and he stood wildly looking at the crowd, apparently unconscious of his position. The last minute had come, when James Brown Ray, the Governor of the

State, announced to the immense assemblage that the convict was pardoned. Never before did an audience more heartily respond, while there was a universal regret that the executive mercy had been deferred to the last moment. Thus ended the only trials where convictions of murder were ever had, followed by the execution of white men, for killing Indians, in the United States."

The Hon. Charles H. Test, in a conversation with one of the authors of this book in 1872, while he was attending court in Anderson, related a little anecdote concerning himself in connection with these trials. He said: "I was a young man at that time and had just been married to the one of my choice, without any visible means of supporting a wife. I had a fair knowledge of the law and trusted to good luck to bring me and mine a just reward for our future support. It so happened that I was acquainted with General Noble, who had charge of the legal side of these cases for the Government, and he was a very good friend of mine. Knowing my need of a start in life, he very generously invited me into the cases, an offer I readily accepted. I took an active part in the trials and won for myself a rather enviable reputation for a young man. After the trials were over and the time came for my pay for services rendered, I was astonished beyond all expression when I was handed a cool $300 in gold and asked for a voucher for it. This was more money than I had ever had my hands on at one time; I was almost dumbfounded. I rallied in due time and put it in my old saddle-bags and started for Connersville to see my wife and spring the surprise on her. When I arrived home it was in the night, and my wife had retired. I did not care to disturb her, so I just slipped the money into the bureau drawer, the only piece of furniture we had of any value. In the morning when my wife awoke she did not disturb me. Knowing that I was tired, she let me slumber until she had the morning meal about ready. About the time she intended to call me she had occasion to go to the bureau for something, as we used it also for a cupboard. Upon pulling out the drawer she almost fainted. There she beheld what she had never seen before, $300, all in gold. Her impression must have been that I had committed the crime of robbery, for she immediately flew to my bed-side and demanded an explanation of how I came by so much yellow lucre. I told her of my good fortune, and how I had acquitted myself on the trial of the murderers; that my services were

so much appreciated that this pile of yellow metal was my reward. The explanation was more than satisfactory to her and another link was formed in our already happy married life. This was the beginning of my long and successful career as an Indiana lawyer with all its joys and sorrows."

Judge Test grew to prominence at the bar of Indiana. He was one of the ablest advocates that Indiana ever produced. He was judge of the Circuit Court in his district for many years; was also judge of the Superior Court at Indianapolis for one term. He died there a few years ago, leaving behind him an honorable record and a lasting memory.

Bridge, Jr., who was reprieved on the scaffold, was afterwards a resident for many years of Carroll county, living at Camden, where he reared a respectable family. He died at Delphi in June, 1876. One of his sons was for several years a member of the Board of Commissioners of Carroll county.

Fifty years ago Dr. Henry Cook, of Pendleton, exhumed the remains of one of the executed men and articulated the bones. Whether they were the bones of Bridge or Sawyer was not known.

In 1872 John Bridge, who was pardoned on the scaffold, returned to Pendleton and visited the scene of the execution of his father, and also the spot where he was buried. Bridge at one time lived in Montgomery county, Ohio.

CHAPTER LXX.

Greene Township.

This township occupies the southwest corner of the county and has an area of twenty-four square miles. It is bounded on the north by Stony Creek township, on the east by Fall Creek township, on the south by Hancock county and on the west by Hamilton county. It was organized in 1826 and was among the first townships settled in the county. It is generally supposed to have derived its name from the abundant verdure of its forests, although there are many who are inclined to the opinion that it was named in honor of Nathaniel Greene of Revolutionary fame. There is no record or other reliable information extant concerning the matter.

In 1821, or about one year after the first colony of pioneers settled along the banks of Fall creek in the township of that name, Jacob Hiday and family, consisting of his wife, four children and a grandson, emigrated from Ohio and settled within the limits of what is now Greene township. Mr. Hiday located on the south side of Lick creek where he erected a log cabin and began the work of clearing up a farm. This cabin was situated on what is known as the Thomas Hiday farm and was the first erected in the township.

Samuel Holliday was perhaps the next settler in the township. He came from Kentucky and located in the woods about a half-mile north of the present site of Alfont. Shortly after coming to the county he was elected Associate Judge and was on the bench at the trial of Hudson, Sawyer and the Bridges for the murder of the Indians in Adams township, the particulars of which are given elsewhere in these pages. Judge Holliday was a gentleman of superior scholastic attainments and enjoyed the entire confidence and respect of his fellow-citizens. He had two sons, William A. and Joseph, both of whom were prominent in their day, the former as a Presbyterian minister and the latter as a soldier in the Mexican war and later as a representative in the State legislature from Blackford county, Indiana. Judge Holliday subsequently removed to Hamilton county, where he died in 1835.

Among the prominent early pioneers of the township were Richard Kinnaman, George Keffer, Josiah Shaul, William and John Huston, Thomas Scott, Abraham Cottrell, Andrew Shanklin, John and Charles Doty, Peter Colerick, John Cottrell and Captain William Nicholson. The last-named gentleman raised a company of volunteers during the Mexican war, but the war closed before they could report for duty and the men were disbanded. Captain Nicholson also commanded a company of home guards during the war of the Rebellion and was among the first to tender his services to the State on the occasion of its invasion by the Rebel General, Morgan. Captain Nicholson erected a tannery in 1844, on what is known as the G. W. Davis farm, and was the first and only tanner in the township. William Alfont, Robert Fausset, Samuel Gibson, James Jones and Washington W. Pettigrew also settled in the township at an early day and took an active part in clearing away the wilderness. Many of the descendants of these first settlers reside in the township and are among its first and most respected citizens.

THE FIRST ORCHARD.

The first orchard in the township was planted by Richard Kinnaman, in 1826, two years after John Rogers, John T. Gunn and others had set out orchards in Fall Creek township. The trees were purchased by Mr. Kinnaman, of William Williams, of Fall Creek township. This orchard was planted on the farm afterwards known as the Saul Shoul farm. Soon after, George Keffer, Samuel Holliday, James Scott and Abram Cottrell set out orchards on their respective farms.

Richard Kinnaman also erected and operated the first distillery in the township. It was located in Section 21, near the mouth of Foster's Branch. Mr. Kinnaman did a lucrative business for several years when he disposed of the property and engaged in farming. This was the only distillery ever erected in the township, and was abandoned not long after Mr. Kinnaman retired from its management.

CHURCH SOCIETIES.

Immigration to the township was slow, but four years after the first house was built within it borders, the religiously inclined deemed it advisable and proper to organize a church society. The Methodists being in a majority took charge of the matter, and, accordingly, a society was organized in the fall

of 1825. Meetings were held from time to time at the houses of the membership until 1848, when a place of worship was erected on the farm of Henry Manifold, which was given the name of "Mount Carmel Church." Among the first and most active members of the society were James D. Hardy, William McCarty, John Marsh and wife, and Samuel Gibson and wife.

In 1841 another society was organized at the residence of Samuel Dobson by Rev. Donaldson. This society was composed of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Dobson, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Shanklin, Mr. and Mrs. Moses E. Kern, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Silver, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Goul, Mr. and Mrs. John Shaul, and Mr. and Mrs. Elijah Bolinger. The society continued to hold meetings at the house of Mr. Dobson up to 1852, when he and his family emigrated to Iowa, after which the meetings were held at the house of Andrew Shanklin until 1865, when a place of worship was built on the George A. Williamson farm. This church is known as the Pleasant Valley Methodist Episcopal church.

The German Baptists, or Dunkards, also have a church organization in the township and in 1872 erected a house of worship on the farm of David Richards generally known as the Beach Grove Church, although it is equally as well known as the Frey Church from the fact that Enoch Frey officiated for many years after the church was erected as assistant preacher. The church had a membership of seventy-five persons in 1880, but on account of deaths and removals the congregation at this time is not so large.

BURIAL GROUNDS.

In 1857 William A. Williamson donated the land on which is situated Pleasant Valley Cemetery. The first interment in this burial ground was a young daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ford, who died on the 30th of March, 1858.

Beach Grove Cemetery is situated on the two acres of ground purchased by the German Baptists of David Richards for a church site and burial ground. The first interment here was that of Washington Pettigrew in 1872. In 1862 James Jones donated for burial purposes the small tract of land known as Mount Carmel Cemetery. The first burial in this cemetery was that of George Clayton, a private soldier in the Second Indiana Cavalry, who died while at home on furlough. He was buried in July, 1862, with military honors.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The first school house in Greene township was erected by subscription in 1829 on the farm or tract of land belonging to James Jones. The house was constructed of round logs or poles and was supplied with slab benches for seats. John Wilson was the first pedagogue to teach in this building—a three-months term in the winter of 1829. This school house was used until 1837 when the second building was erected on section twenty-five. This building was somewhat more pretentious than the first school house, being constructed of hewed logs. John Lewark taught the first school in this building in the winter of 1837, and was the second school teacher in the township. A neat frame building now occupies the site where the log structure stood.

At this time there are seven schoolhouses in the township, but one more than was required a quarter of a century ago. In 1874 six teachers were necessary to conduct the schools and at this time eight are required. In 1874 there were 328 children of legal school age in the township. This year (1896) the report of the County School Superintendent to the Superintendent of Public Instruction of the State shows that the total number of children of school age is 454, of which number 256 are males and 198 females, and all white.

POPULATION.

The population of the township in 1850 was 754; in 1860 it was 709; in 1870 it was 954; in 1880 it was 976 and in 1890 it was 1008. It will be observed from these figures that the growth of population in the township has not been so rapid as in other townships in the county.

OTHER STATISTICS.

The total amount of taxables in the township, including the corporation of Ingalls, for 1896, is $619,730. The total acreage is 15,360, of which 14,915 acres are taxable. The total value of lands, according to the assessment of 1896, is $381,319; value of improvements, $62,670; value of personal property, $104,386.

ALFONT.

Previous to 1851, the town of Alfont was a mere hamlet, there being but three or four log houses in the vicinity of its

present location. It derives its name from William Alfont, one of the early settlers of Greene township and for several years after the completion of the Bellefountaine Railroad considerable business in the way of buying and shipping grain, produce and other commodities was transacted here. Shortly after the completion of the railroad, however, the town of Fortville, two miles west of Alfont, sprang into prominence as a trading point and the latter place entered upon a decline from which it has never recovered. Lick creek runs near the town on the east and north and at an early day (1835) a saw mill was erected here by William Alfont, the water of the stream being utilized in running the mill. It was burned in 1847, but was soon after replaced by a steam mill which was successfully operated for many years.

Among the early inhabitants of the town were Nathaniel Blackburn, William Snodgrass, William Molden, C. P. Miller. Mr. Molden was the first merchant, railroad agent and postmaster. William Cottrell and John Ross were the first blacksmiths and a Mr. Lyman, the first shoemaker.

INGALLS.

On the 5th of June, 1893, the land upon which Ingalls is situated was platted by the Ingalls Land Company, of which J. H. Clark was President. The town is situated a half mile east of Alfont on the Big Four road, and was named in honor of the President of that road, M. E. Ingalls. Immediately after the town site had been platted Potter Bros. erected a large factory known as the Zinc Works. This factory employs a large number of hands. In 1895 Mr. Henry Wagner and others built a glass factory for the manufacture of bottles and glass jars, which also gives employment to a number of operatives. The Big Four Railway Company built a handsome depot soon after the town was laid out and several business houses were erected, giving the place a prosperous appearance. At the March term of the Commissioners' Court, 1896, a petition was presented to the Board asking that the town be incorporated. The petition was granted, and on the 7th of April, 1896, an election was held for the purpose of determining whether or not the place should become a corporation. Henry Swain, John Manifold and Silas Baker acted as inspectors at this election. The total number of votes cast was sixty-five, of which sixty-one were in favor of incorporation and four against the proposition. On the 1st of May town

officers were elected as follows: Marshal, Chance Stewart; Clerk, J. H. Lail; Treasurer, J. M. Manifold. Town Council — J. C. Manifold, George Laws and William Potter. School Board — J. S. Cummins, William Russell and John Hubbart.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

Among the prominent citizens of the township who have been honored by their fellow-citizens in the county with official positions are Samuel Holliday, Associate Judge from 1823 to 1831; Andrew Shanklin, Representative from 1851 to 1853; Samuel Shaul, County Commissioner from 1832 to 1834; Isaac W. Jones, County Commissioner, from 1867 to 1869.

KILLING OF MICHAEL LAVIN.

Near the village of Alfont an accident occurred on the Bee Line Railroad in July, 1872, among the laborers on the section between that place and Fortville. They were returning from their day's work on three hand-cars, and when near the station the rear car ran against the one in front of it, producing a concussion sufficient to throw three of the men off the car. They fell upon the track and were run over by the rear car. A young man of the name of Clayter had his foot badly crushed. The section boss was bruised in a bad manner, but nothing serious resulted. The third of the party, Mr. Lavin, suffered a compound fracture of the left thigh, with a laceration of the muscular parts, and also a small fracture of the right limb. The injured man was taken to Fortville and an engine immediately sent to Pendleton for medical aid. Dr. Ward Cook hastened to the scene, and after an examination of Lavin it was decided that, in order to save his life, amputation of his left leg was necessary. After considerable time for meditation, Lavin agreed to undergo the operation, with the understanding that his brother should be present.

On the following Saturday his brother came, but refused to allow the operation to be performed. The Doctor then dressed the limb and he was taken to his home at Winchester, where he lingered for a few days and died from the effects of the wounds. There is but little doubt had Lavin undergone the operation of having his leg amputated that he would have ultimately recovered.

A DISTRESSING SUICIDE.

James Carson Davis, a young man about twenty years of age, a brother of Columbus Davis, with whom he lived, about seven and a half miles west of Pendleton, committed suicide on the 13th of February, 1873, the facts of which are about as follows: On the day previous to the occurrence Columbus Davis and his wife went away in the evening to stay all night with relatives, leaving in his house three children and Phillip Stanford, a school teacher, who was boarding there, and a Miss Main, a servant girl, who had care of the house in their absence. Young Davis also stayed with them. During the evening it was noticed that young Davis was in an irritable state of mind, but nothing was thought of it at the time. About 9 o'clock they retired for the night, Miss Main taking the children into an adjoining room, and Stanford going upstairs to his sleeping apartments, while Davis remained down stairs to fasten the doors. In a short time Davis went up stairs, got his revolver, and said to Stanford that he was going to shoot a dog. He returned to the sitting-room, and one of the children looking in saw him seated in the rocking chair, with his feet upon a stool and the pistol lying on his lap. The child told Miss Main what she had seen, who immediately started into the room and asked him to put away the weapon, as she was afraid of it. Before she scarcely had time to reach the door the report was heard, and she ran back.

Stanford came down stairs and found young Davis lying upon the floor in the agonies of death. The neighbors were called in and Columbus Davis was sent for. The Coroner of the county was notified and held an inquest, as provided by law. There was no cause known to any of the family why he should have committed the rash act, other than some little financial troubles he had while in Kansas a short time previously. He stated on several occasions that he had borrowed $30 from his father, but had never been able to return it. His father had written him several letters about it, asking him to pay the money back. It seems that in brooding over the affair his mind became temporarily unbalanced, and in a fit of insanity he resorted to the desperate means of self-destruction to extricate him from his troubles.

BARN BURNED.

At 2 o'clock on the morning of March 12, 1895, Willard Smethers, a farmer residing five miles west of Pendleton on the Pendleton and Noblesville pike, was awakened by the noise of crackling flames. Looking out of his window he beheld his barn on fire. In the barn four horses were stabled and they all perished. The poor brutes had been suffocated even before Mr. Smethers knew of the fire, or before he could dress and get out to the building. A large quantity of hay and corn, a new buggy and all agricultural implements of value stored in the building were consumed. They were a complete loss; not a vestige of anything was left. The loss was in the neighborhood of $2,500, and no insurance. It fell particularly heavy on Mr. Smethers, who was a young farmer and just getting a start in business. There is little or no doubt but the fire was of incendiary origin. There was no possible chance of the blaze being kindled in any other manner than by an incendiary. No clue was ever obtained as to the identity of the perpetrator of this villainy.

AN UNKNOWN KILLED.

On the 6th day of July, 1896, an unknown man was run over and killed at Ingalls on the Big Four railroad. He was a man about twenty-five years old, and apparently of German birth. No clue was obtainable as to his identity, and after Coronor Sells held an inquest he was buried at the expense of the public, as an unknown.

CHAPTER LXXI.

Reminiscences.

THE GREENE TOWNSHIP RANGERS.

In these piping days of peace when the world is undergoing a most beautiful and pleasing tranquility, the allusion to any warlike instrument of ancient or modern times sets our people shaking, their knees to quaking and their teeth chattering. The fire of the late rebellion has burned out, yet in the ashes rest embers, when uncovered and brought into contact with the buoyant air bring back to life the memory of the unhappy days of '61.

To speak of them seems to bring back the flash of youth and valor to the old veteran's eye. There is now mouldering in the archives of Madison county an old, musty paper, that to read it brings back those scenes of strife and bloodshed. It tells the story of the ones who were willing to uniform, arm and equip themselves and guard the interests of those left at home, while the boys in blue were tearing down the ramparts of rebellion in the front. It tells how the brave men gathered themselves together and swore to defend themselves and their homes against their warlike enemies who threatened the country at that time with war and bloodshed.

The document referred to is the muster roll of the "Greene Township Rangers." A glance over the list will be sufficient evidence to the reader of the warlike and ferocious disposition of many of its members. Whilst many of those whose names are attached to the paper afterwards attached themselves to military organizations and became real live soldiers, and displayed their valor on many of the battle fields of the South, there are many who never became other than the "Greene Township Rangers."

The organization of this company was at the first of the war and many went into it as much through a desire to belong to a military company for the name of the thing as any other. But afterwards war became a serious matter. The country needed soldiers for service rather than dress parade. Many

of them went to the front, leaving the "Greene Township Rangers" behind. Some of them returned and are yet living in Madison county; some sleep in graves unmarked in unknown spots, and while their bodies are mouldering to mother earth their souls are marching on. Their memory is perpetuated by the muster rolls of the Nation's military archives. While the roster at the national capitol will serve to keep green the memory of those brave boys as soldiers for the defense of the Union, this old, musty paper in the court house of Madison county will still be a silent witness to their deeds as "Greene Township Rangers." Here it is verbatim:

"We, whose names are hereto subscribed, being citizens and residents of the State of Indiana, hereby agree to form ourselves into a volunteer militia company in the Indiana Legion, under the provisions of an 'Act for the Organization and Regulation of the Indiana Militia,' &c. Approved May 11th, 1861, to be called Greene Township Rangers.

"And we hereby severally agree to uniform ourselves in accordance with the requirements of said law, and organize the said company at Bock's mills in Madison county without delay:

"William Nicholson, Samuel Brattain, William F. Nicholson, Joseph Bock, John Brattain, Andrew Smethers, O. B. Shaul, Francis Warin Stage, Christian Goul, Frederick Schwickhardt, Richard Lackey, Abraham Schwickhardt, Walter Kinnaman, Anderson Bolinger, R. L. Snyder, Elijah Bolinger, Jacob E. Hessong, H. C. Bolinger, George A. Main, N. S. Anderson, Aaron Summers, John W. Ford, Wesley Duld, John H. Hedrick, William H. Main, John C. Hedrick, John H. Valentine, Charles M. Norris, Alford Valentine, Peter Urick, James Valentine, Daniel Valentine, Claudius Bock, James L. Burdette, Godfrey Haas, Henry Mikel, George Whitecotton, Henry Hiday, C. Nicholson, Mabury Welchel, Jackson Brattain, Ely Thomas, William Pavy, Ely Smethers, Abram Nicholson, William Cannon, Lemuel Givens, George N. Shawl.

"We, the nndersigned, undertake and bind ourselves as security for the 'Greene Township Rangers,' a volunteer militia company in the Indiana Legion, organized under the provision of the 'Act for the Organization and Regulation of the Indiana Militia,' &c. Approved May 11, 1861, that each

of the said members of the said company will uniform themselves in accordance with the provisions of said law.

"WESLEY WHITE,
"SAMUEL NICHOLSON,
"RICHARD H. KINNAMAN.

"August, 1862.

"This taken and approved by me this September 4th, 1862. "JOS. SIGLER, A. M. C."

DEATH ON "KLU KLUX."

Some time after the civil war ended there moved into Madison county from the mountains of Virginia a family by the name of Summers. They settled in Greene township, in the George Shaul neighborhood, where some of them yet reside. Prominent among the family was one calling himself Doctor Summers. Whether he was ever a doctor and read medicine or not, he rode astride of a pair of pill-bags and made the people believe he was a doctor from "away back." He was a "holy terror" to the family as well as to some of the rest of the human family who lived down in that neck of the woods.

He had a temper like a hand-saw and when enraged was a regular hyena. No one dared to cross his path—mother, sister or brother. He was liable to "do them up" if they came in his way. He always carried a "gun," well loaded, and was fond of blowing and bluffing about what he would do. While he never started a graveyard down there, there were several people, among whom were some of his relatives, who would have been glad if his "gun" had gone off and killed him. He was on several occasions brought into court for assault and battery and other depredations done among his own folks. They were nearly always at law with him.

One time he was indicted for some offense against the peace and dignity of the State of Indiana. The warrant was placed in the hands of A. C. Davis, who was the deputy sheriff of Madison county, to bring the offender into court. By some means the old doctor had an inkling that the officers were on his trail. He fortified himself ready for their arrival, and prepared to give them a warm reception. Davis and an assistant arrived at the scene of the conflict about 10 o'clock A. M., where they found the Doctor in the saddle, a large pair of saddlebags under him, a carbine strapped on either side of his saddle; his horse prancing up and down the road champing

the bits, the doctor foaming and "cavorting." Davis, on meeting the Doctor, accosted him and told him that he had a warrant for his arrest.

"Arrest me! No d—d 'Klu Klux' can arrest me. I never was arrested nor do I intend to be."

"You had better get down off that horse and behave yourself, or you may have serious trouble, my old friend," remarked Davis, keeping very cool. He replied: "I am from the mountains of Virginia, and I don't intend for you or any other d—d 'Klu Klux' to arrest me. I am a bad man and dangerous to fool with," riding off up the road away from the deputy sheriff, raising his hat and flourishing his revolvers over his head. He thought he had bluffed Davis out, as he had often done his neighbors. Davis took after him and gave him a chase. Finally coming up with him, Davis leveled a "Smith & Wesson" on him and demanded his surrender. As soon as he saw that Davis meant business, he wilted and acted the baby, begging not to be taken to town, offering to do anything required of him if left out of jail. No one around would go his bail, so Davis started to Anderson with him when he met O. B. Shaul, who took pity on the old doctor and bailed him out. When time for trial came around the Doctor was on hand and took a tantrum in court and tried to bulldoze everybody around, but Judge Craven soon silenced him by ordering him to desist or go to jail.

He met his match when Deputy Sheriff Davis tackled him. His Klu Klux combination would not work on Davis, and he was glad to get off on any terms. He left here and went back to Virginia several years ago.

CHAPTER LXXII.

Jackson Township.

This township was named in honor of the sixth President of the United States. It contains an area of twenty-eight square miles, and is shaped like the letter It is bounded on the north by Pipe Creek township (a small portion by Lafayette township), on the east by Lafayette and Anderson townships, on the south by Stony Creek township, and on the west by Hamilton county. White river runs through the township from east to west, and Pipe creek through the northwest corner. Stony creek has its source in the south-east corner of the township. As stated in a previous chapter, this township was one of the first settled portions of the county, the first settlers being two families of the name of Kinser and Dewey, who located here in 1821. The Deweys settled just opposite the present site of Perkinsville and the Kinsers on a tract of land that was subsequently entered by Daniel Wise. Just how long these two families remained in the township is not known, but probably not very long, as neither Kinser nor Dewey ever entered or bought land in the county. Benoni Freel was, perhaps, the first actual settler in the township, and there is still a tradition extant among the older residents of that part of the county that he built the first house and cleared the first land in the township. The house and the land upon which it was located were situated south of White river and near where Perkinsville now stands. The next settler in the township was Daniel Wise, who came from Ross county, Ohio, in the spring of 1822, and in the October following entered 400 acres of land south of the river, between Perkinsville and Hamilton. This land is still owned by his descendants. The pioneers who settled in the township between 1822 and 1825 were William, David and John Montgomery, George Cunningham and Robert Blair, all from Ohio; George, James and Alexander McClintock, Joseph Lee, James White, Lemuel Auter, John Connor, Sr., John Connor, Jr., and Thomas Forkner. In the fall of 1825, as stated in the general history

of the county, William Parkins, together with his wife and seven children, came to the township seeking a home, and went into camp on the spot where Perkinsville is now situated, where he remained until he leased a tract of land of Daniel Wise, erected a log cabin thereon and moved his family into it. It was about this time that the Indianapolis & Fort Wayne road was surveyed through the township, and in the fall and winter following, cut out by the settlers. This was the first mail route through the county.

In 1826 John Ashby came from Ross county and settled near the present site of Hamilton where he remained until his death which occurred two years later. A number of his descendants still reside in the vicinity of Hamilton. Among others who settled at an early day in the vicinity of Hamilton were Joel White, Joseph Lee, Joseph Miller, Joel Epperly, Robert Cather and the Ashbys, Robinnettes, Benefiels and Harlesses.

For several years after the township began to be settled the pioneers were compelled to take their corn to Pendleton to have it ground, the "corn-cracker" at that place being the nearest mill to the Jackson township settlement. It is fourteen miles from Perkinsville to Pendleton, and William Parkins, becoming tired of the inconvenience, not to say hardship, of going that distance to have his corn ground, concluded to construct a mill of his own, which he accordingly did and from that time on the settlers were not compelled to go so far for their corn meal. This mill was operated by hand, the stones or buhrs being made of native limestone and the rest of the machinery out of round poles. This mill could grind about one bushel of meal an hour and was patronized by the early settlers for miles around. In the course of a few years that part of the country increased in population and it became necessary to have increased milling facilities. Mr. Parkins with the assistance of the settlers constructed a dam across White river, opposite where Perkinsville now stands. The dam was made of logs, tree tops and brush and immediately after it was completed Mr. Parkins built a water mill on the north bank of the river. This mill was a rude structure in which he placed one run of stones fashioned by himself and son, James, out of native "nigger heads." Another run of stones for grinding wheat was subsequently added, also a bolting machine that was run by hand. A saw mill was built in 1854 and operated in connection with the grist mill. This

property subsequently passed into the hands of Andrew Jackson, of Anderson, who in 1846 erected a large frame building on its site and placed in it the best milling machinery obtainable at that early day. The Indianapolis & Bellefontaine (Big Four) came into possession of the property in the early '50s for stock subscribed by Mr. Jackson for the construction of that road. It was afterwards purchased of the railway company by James M. and David B. Jackson, sons of Andrew Jackson, who operated it for a number of years, when they sold out to Jacob Zeller, who improved the property and built up a large trade. During the time he owned the property it was considered one of the best flouring mills in the state. He disposed of it to Alfred Clark and on the night of the 19th of August, 1884, it was consumed by fire together with a large amount of grain. This property has never been rebuilt.

CHURCHES.

A Methodist society was organized in the township about the year 1824. Benoni Freel took an active part in the organization, and was the first class-leader in the township. The first regular services were held in a log schoolhouse, erected on the Daniel Wise farm by Mr. Dewey. This building is still standing about midway between Hamilton and Perkinsville, and is probably the oldest building in the township, having been erected in 1825. The first minister to preach here was a Rev. Mr. Reeder. Revs. Nathan Fairchild, C. Bonner and Thomas Ellsberry were among the first ministers to preach in the township.

With the coming of immigrants to the township the society increased in numbers, and late in the '40s a brick church was erected in Perkinsville. This building stood until 1888, when it was torn down to give place to a more commodious and at the same time more pretentious place of worship.

UNITED BRETHREN CHURCH.

It was some time during the '40s that a small number of this denomination met at the house of Samuel Gentry, just east of Perkinsville, and organized a society. William Parkins took upon himself the leadership of the little flock, and, being a local preacher, conducted the services of the society. He was frequently invited to other neighborhoods to preach, and on one occasion walked eighteen miles to preach a funeral discourse. Mr. Parkins and wife, Samuel Gentry and wife

and Jacob Foland and wife formed the nucleus of the society, and held religious services at schoolhouses and private dwellings up to 1852, when the membership, which had gradually increased in numbers, built a frame church at Perkinsville at a cost of about $1,000. This church is still standing.

METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

In April, 1866, a society of this denomination was organized by Rev. Elias Wilson at Hamilton. The meetings were held at the homes of the members and in school houses until 1879, when the society erected a place of worship in Hamilton. The building cost about one thousand dollars and was dedicated October 19, 1879, free of debt by Rev. J. H. Luse, President of the Indiana Conference. Silas Busby, one of the most prominent members of the church, organized a Sunday school in May, 1879, that at one time had a large membership.

PERKINSVILLE.

This town is one of the oldest in the county. It was laid out August 1, 1837, by T. L. Beckwith, James Beckwith and Bicknell Cole, on the west half of the north-west quarter of Section 33. This land was entered on the 30th of June, 1823, by John Montgomery.

The founders of Perkinsville wished to name the town in honor of William Parkins, but having confounded that name with "Perkins," the plat was placed on record as "Perkinsville." It is worthy of note that but few of the remaining old-timers of the county or township are aware of this discrepancy in these names, notwithstanding Mr. Parkins' prominence at one time in the township. The town is eligibly situated on the north bank of the river and at one time was one of the best business points in the county. The absence of railroad communication, or connection, has retarded its growth and it has never had a population in excess of four hundred and fifty people. The Indiana Central Canal was projected through the township and Perkinsville was at the heighth of its prosperity, perhaps, just before the collapse of that enterprise. Two years before the town was platted, Thomas L. Beckwith opened a general store and entered upon a career of business that made him prominent, not only in the township but in the county. He not only did a large mercantile business but dealt extensively in stock and during his career of more than forty years as a merchant and trader, handled as much, if not more,

money than any man in the county. He was appointed postmaster in 1838 and held the office for thirty-nine years, or until 1877, when he was succeeded by Moses Jenner, and he by E. C. Stephenson. The present postmaster is Joseph Lennis. Other early merchants were Hedrick & Bristol and Becknell Cole. During the '70s, A. J. Applegate, Luther Lee and E. C. Stephenson were the principal merchants. At the present time there are two general stores, one of which is owned by Reuben Neese, the other by Joseph Lennis. There are also two drug stores, two barbershops, and two blacksmithshops. There are two hotels, one of which is owned and managed by Thomas A. Dean, the present Trustee of the township.

Among the more prominent physicians who have practiced their profession here are Drs. Douglass, Clark, T. L. Carr, Thomas Cook, C. N. Branch, Sr., J. M. Garretson, C. E. Diven, J. S. Hougham, William Garretson and Noah Adair, the last three named being the only practitioners in the town at the present time.

THE SCHOOLS.

Perkinsville has a graded school, the building in which it is conducted being a two-story brick and admirably adapted to the purpose for which it is used. Three teachers are required to conduct this school.

Jackson township has eight school buildings and employs eleven teachers. The school enumeration for 1896 shows that there are 385 persons of legal school age in the township.

The first school in the township was taught by a Mr. Williams about the year 1835, in a log cabin situated on the Daniel Wise farm. There were not to exceed ten pupils, among whom there were three or four of the McClintock children, an equal number of the Wise family and Joseph Lee.

HAMILTON.

This town was founded by Henry Devlin, father of the late Hon. Lafe Devlin, of Cambridge City, in 1836. He was the agent of Messrs. William Conner and John D. Stephenson, of Noblesville. These gentlemen were very active in locating towns and establishing stores along the line of the Indiana Central Canal at the time it was being constructed.

The town is situated six miles west of Anderson and four

miles east of Perkinsville, near the south bank of White river. Considerable business was done here during the '40s, there being several business houses and a post-office in the town. These have long since disappeared and the probability is that Hamilton has seen its best days.

POPULATION, TAXABLES, ETC.

The population of the township in 1850 was 950; in 1860 it was 1007; in 1870 it was 1200; in 1880 it was 1423, and in 1890 it was 1299, showing a decrease of 124 in a decade.

The value of lands as returned for taxation is $524,260; improvements, $46,885; personal property, $101,413; total amount of taxables, $687,273.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

The first blacksmith in the township was William Parkins, who established a shop soon after locating in the township. He made hackles and did a general blacksmithing business.

Among the early "tavern keepers" in the township was John Ashbey. He kept the first tavern at Hamilton in 1842.

Robert Blair erected the first brick house in the township, on what is known as the Zeller farm, opposite Perkinsville, in 1827. The house is still standing.

An I. O. O. F. Lodge was instituted at Perkinsville in 1859, but surrendered its charter ten years ago. The first officers were: Culpepper Lee, N. G.; T. L. Beckwith, V. G.; W. W. Boyden, Secretary, and Jacob Zeller, Treasurer. The Red Men also had a Lodge at Perkinsville during the '80s, which has since passed out of existence.

The first marriage solemnized in the township was that of Isaac Shelton and Delilah Crist, in December, 1825.

The first birth was Sarah, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Lemuel Auter, and the first death that of William Montgomery.

Mr. Daniel Goldsberry is the oldest living native of the township. He is seventy-one years of age. His home is on the south side of White river, opposite Perkinsville.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—A MYSTERIOUS DISAPPEARANCE.

A story is still told by the old-timers of the mysterious disappearance of a stranger at an early day in the township, and it is intimated that certain persons now dead were guilty of his murder. The man was traveling on horseback, as was

the custom in that day, and announced that he was visiting this part of the country for the purpose of buying land. The next day after his appearance in the township his horse was found grazing along the road between Hamilton and Perkinsville. The bridle and saddle were on the horse but a pair of saddle-bags, which had been seen in the man's possession by a number of persons, was missing. All the circumstances of the stranger's disappearance pointed to foul play, and it was generally believed that he had been murdered for his money. In 1847 Mrs. Samuel Shultz found a pair of saddle-bags in a hollow log near where the stranger's horse was found grazing along the roadside, and a few years ago some laborers, while opening a gravel pit near the same spot, exhumed the remains of a man. These circumstances created no little talk and revived anew the story of the stranger's disappearance. The old-timers, and others familiar with the facts and circumstances, have no hesitancy in saying that the stranger was murdered.

A FATED HOUSE.

Back in the early fifties a man of the name of Daniel Wise lived on a farm in Jackson township. He had built what was then considered one of the finest farm residences in Madison county, being a large two-story brick structure, situated near White river, fronting on the Anderson and Perkinsville stage road. He and his family had just got comfortably fixed when, on the 2d of June, 1853, a terrible cyclone swept through that part of the country, tearing his house to pieces, sweeping away his barn and other out-buildings and seriously wounding Lavina Regan, a married daughter stopping at the house.

It was one of the most disastrous storms in the history of the county up to that period. It leveled the timber for quite a wide strip through the adjoining neighborhood, tore down fences, and upturned houses and barns in its path of destruction.

About two miles north of the scene of this disaster another house was blown down, in which James Cusack, Clarkson Snyder and a small boy were badly hurt.

Mr. Wise immediately rebuilt his house and moved into it, where he dwelt until his death, which took place a few years thereafter.

It seems that fate has been against this place, as, on the 14th of June, 1880, another storm passed over almost directly

the same route, and again leveled this structure to the ground. Although the storm was a dreadful one, no lives were lost. Mrs. Wise and her family miraculously escaped being killed or receiving any personal injuries. The house at this time is occupied by Susan Wise, a widow, and her family.

Being a woman of fine business attainments and a good manager, she had saved the means left her at the decease of her husband and was able to rebuild immediately after the disaster. As rebuilt, it may be seen by the passer-by, who can yet distinguish the cracks in the brick walls that were made at the time of the first storm. Part of the walls were left standing and were of sufficient strength to permit of an addition thereto.

This is known in the neighborhood as the "fated house." Just why fate should be against this particular locality is hard to tell. It is situated in one of the most beautiful spots in Madison county, on the south bank of White river, overlooking a beautiful valley of fertile fields and meadows on either side.

This storm is alluded to elsewhere in this volume.

STABBING AFFRAY AT PERKINSVILLE.

On the 15th of September, 1873, a serious stabbing affray occurred in the village of Perkinsville, in Jackson township, the facts of which are about as follows: Thomas J. Thurman had a lawsuit in which Columbus Wall was a witness against him. After the termination of the suit, Thurman sought a quarrel with Wall about his testimony in the case, which ended in blows. Wall struck at Thurman, but the blow was warded off. Thurman then caught Wall, whom he tried to stab with a large pocket knife. Fortunately, the point of the blade struck a rib, along which it passed, making a gash about six inches in length.

A bystander by the name of Isham Benefiel, at this juncture, in order to save the life of Wall, caught Thurman and held him until other parties wrested the knife from his hands. Wall, being freed from his antagonist, picked up a stone, which he threw at Thurman, missing him, and striking Benefiel in the face, cutting an ugly gash in his cheek and over his eye.

Both of the combatants were arrested by the Constable of the township and taken before 'Squire James M. Garretson, where Wall plead guilty as to his part in the transaction. Thurman's crime being of a more serious nature—that of as-

sault and battery with intent to kill—was bound over to the Circuit Court, in the sum of two hundred dollars, which he gave and was released from custody, to answer the charge in the Circuit Court.

DEATH OF A BAND TEACHER.

In the year 1874 a tidal wave swept over the country whereby the temperance people of the United States, in one solid phalanx, made warfare against the liquor traffic. Indiana was no exception to the rule, and in Madison county the excitement was carried to almost a fighting point. Women camped on the streets of Anderson, and prayed and sang in front of the saloons for months at a time. They sat in little booths in front of the places where liquor was retailed and registered the names of each individual who went within and partook of drinks there offered for sale. The movement became so widespread that it entered largely into the politics of the city, and was the cause of the defeat of the nominees of the Democratic party in the city election of that year, the Democracy having taken open issue against the crusade. Other towns and villages in the county had a similar experience, but not on so large a scale. In the town of Perkinsville considerable excitement prevailed and had about quieted down when a man of the name of John J. Sims dropped into that usually quiet precinct with the intention of opening up a saloon for the retailing of ardent spirits. This was the first licensed saloon ever opened in that place. Prior to this event liquors in that vicinity had been sold by the druggists.

On one corner stood the store of John S. Hougham, where drugs, notions and liquors, for medicinal purposes, were sold, and it is said that in his back room beer could be obtained. He was succeeded by a man of the name of Lee, and a Mr. Ward, now deceased, who kept the store for a considerable length of time. On the opposite corner Mr. A. J. Applegate conducted a general assortment store, where groceries, drugs, dry goods and liquors were sold. These gentlemen were the dealers in ardent spirits when the temperance wave struck the town. About this time the Perkinsville band, memorable in the annals of the village history, was at the zenith of its glory. A young man of the name of Frank Brewer, talented as a musician, a large, good-looking fellow, came to town and took charge of the band as its teacher. However, like a large portion of common humanity, he had a

weakness for liquor. He boarded with William H. Wise, who was a member of the band, and who lived south of the river and east of the cemetery. On Sunday night, the 24th of January, 1875, it was very cold and the river had been frozen for weeks. Mr. Brewer had been in town that night and had been drinking with some of the band boys, and left them apparently not worse for the liquor he had taken. He crossed on the ice in the river and started for his boarding house which, however, he did not reach, and in the morning was found dead in the grave yard. Above the river evidences of a desperate attempt to go across and up the hill in the cemetery were displayed by the footprints in the broken snow. It was a solemn and tragic scene on that quiet cold morning to behold the upturned face looking towards the sky, and his head resting beside a gravestone. Mr. Brewer was last seen alive by his friend, Mr. Elliott Lee, on the evening before his departure for his boarding house. Great excitement prevailed throughout the neighborhood over the finding of his remains. The band boys took possession of his body, buried it in the village cemetery, and afterward erected over his grave a handsome tombstone, the inscription thereon being as follows: "Frank Brewer, died January 25, 1875, aged 35 years. A member of the Perkinsville band."

No sooner was the news circulated in town that Brewer's body had been found in the cemetery than the church bells commenced to ring. It was whispered around that a man had died in the graveyard and that he had been drunk. The people became wild; they soon congregated at the churches and a *quasi* organization was effected by the appointment of a committee whose duty it should be to call upon the liquor dealers and notify them to cease their ungodly traffic. Fanaticism ran high and men who usually displayed ordinary common sense in business matters were entirely beside themselves. James Webb was appointed Marshal, and ordered the people to keep away from the saloons and off the streets. The committee first notified Sims, who was smart enough to see the drift of things, and without in any way crossing them in their desires proposed to sell his liquors to the committee and go out of the business.

Then the committee went to the store of A. J. Applegate, who did not readily consent to give up a profitable trade, but finally succumbed to the inevitable. After this the liquor trade was for a time centered in the hands of one J. M. Gar-

retson, a leading temperance worker who sold liquors only for medical purposes. During the excitement some one entered his cellar and bored holes in the barrels and let his liquors out during the night.

A great deal of bitter feeling prevailed about the village during these times. The matter was referred to the Anderson newspapers and many articles *pro* and *con* were written upon the subject. Enemies of Mr. A. J. Applegate charged that he had sold the liquor to Brewer. Mr. Applegate had some very warm friends, who wrote to the papers in his behalf, severely criticising the temperance people. It was even denied that Brewer came to his death from any cause connected with the purchase of drink or alcoholic stimulants. Medical authorities were cited on the manner of Brewer's death, and at the Coroner's inquest, held by David B. Simms, Coroner of Madison county, it was revealed that a powder had been found in the pocket of the deceased. One physician testified, on being questioned by Attorney Ryan, of Anderson, that the powder was morphine, and that he could tell it at sight. Another swore that he could not tell whether it was quinine or morphine, but there was no evidence at all adduced that Brewer had taken any of the powder. And thus the mystery surrounding his death failed to be unraveled by even expert medical witnesses.

The temperance meetings were continued for some time, and many hundreds signed the pledge. Inflammatory speeches were made, and the horrors of intemperance were depicted. The meetings to a great extent furnished a kind of recreation during the long winter evenings, and offered the people a place to go. As spring came on the people resumed their usual avocations, and the spasm was over, but as already stated the temperance agitation in Perkinsville had its political effect, as well as in the larger cities. In fact, it caused men who had never wavered in their political principles, not only to vote against the party with which they had always acted, but to fight it to the bitter end.

The Democrats in this section of the county were large gainers, because those who had been engaged in the liquor traffic were of the Republican persuasion.

This fight had the effect of making A. J. Applegate, who had been an unflinching Republican, a stanch Democrat. This gentleman has not only acted with that party ever since, but he has been one of the trusted men in the councils of that

organization. And thus ended one of the biggest sensations that ever occurred in the quiet little town of Perkinsville.

BURNING OF A BARN.

Mrs. Laura Moore, a widow living in Jackson township near Perkinsville, had her barn and all of its contents destroyed by fire on the night of April 29, 1876.

The building contained six hundred bushels of corn, three horses and a number of farming implements, all of which were destroyed. The fire was supposed to be of incendiary origin, but why anybody should apply the torch to the property of a helpless widow was more than anyone could imagine.

The guilty parties were never apprehended.

WILLIAM HOUGHAM KILLED BY JAMES DALLAS COOK.

On the 9th of July, 1881, an unprovoked murder was committed in Jackson township on the person of William Hougham, a respectable and well-to-do young man about twenty-five years of age. The perpetrator of the crime was James Dallas Cook, one of the leaders of the notorious gang of young desperadoes that had disgraced that township, known as the "Peanutters." The particulars of this revolting crime were about as follows: It seems that at a party given on the evening of the day mentioned at the residence of John Roller in Perkinsville, several of the "Peanutters" had put in their appearance, as was their custom on such occasions, without being invited. They were kindly treated by the host and all the guests present, who stood in fear of them. They were invited into the house and were treated to ice-cream. Not contented with what had been given them they repeatedly demanded more, but were told that there was none left, and that it was impossible to comply with their request. Young Hougham, who was present as a guest, being apprehensive of trouble went so far as to invite them out on the back porch to convince them that the refreshments had been consumed. Shortly after Hougham came back into the house a stone was thrown through the window, which struck him on the head near the temple, producing a fracture of the skull, from the effects of which he died the following Sunday morning.

On the death of Hougham a warrant was sworn out and placed in the hands of Constable Young, for the arrest of Cook. The Constable knowing his character and fearing to

make the arrest alone, summoned a posse of twelve to help him catch the offender. Cook resisted the officer and his men, who fired several shots, none of which took effect. He was finally arrested and taken to Anderson, and lodged in jail, and was held to await the action of the Coroner. On the Monday morning following, the Coroner proceeded to Perkinsville to hold an inquest on the body of young Hougham. He took with him Dr. Geo. F. Chittenden to make a post mortem examination. This was done and revealed the fact that Hougham's skull had been fractured in front and that a pus cavity had formed just under the fracture, from the effects of which he died. Witnesses who were examined by the Coroner substantiated the fact that Cook was the one who threw the stone and a verdict was rendered against him in accordance with these facts.

James Dallas Cook was a young man about nineteen years of age, rather slender in build and of sandy complexion. He stoutly denied the terrible charge laid at his door and protested with great vehemence his innocence. He was an orphan, alone in the world and had not even a sister, but had a half-sister, who resided with his step-father at Yorktown, in Delaware county. Public sentiment in Jackson township was strongly against Cook. He had been in other scrapes of a serious nature; among other things it was charged that he had struck John Albright, of that township, with a stone about a year previous to this occurrence, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. Cook waived examination before Mayor Dunham, preferring not to go into an investigation of the affair, and was remanded to jail to await the action of the Grand Jury.

Sheriff Randle Biddle guarded the jail very closely for some time during Cook's confinement, from the fact that rumors had reached his ears that the incensed citizens of Jackson township contemplated a hanging without judge or jury, but the sober judgment of the people prevailed and this was averted.

Cook was indicted and placed upon trial at the following October term, being defended by Hon. W. R. Myers and D. W. Wood. The prosecution was conducted by Thomas B. Orr, who was then Prosecuting Attorney for the counties of Hamilton and Madison, assisted by the late Colonel Milton S. Robinson. Both sides were ably represented, it being a battle of giants at the bar, which has seldom been repeated in

the courts of this county. Cook was convicted of murder and sentenced to the State prison for seven years.

KILLING OF LEWIS HAYES.

The village of Perkinsville was greatly excited on the 21st day of July, 1882, by a tragedy which occurred at that place, which resulted in the killing of Lewis Hayes by a man of the name of Clint Wilson. Hayes was a member of what was known in that neighborhood as the "Peanut Gang," a crowd of boys and young men in Jackson township who had organized themselves as a body of embryo desperadoes. While they were not so desperate in their character, or did very many bad deeds, they were, nevertheless, a menace to the locality. They were in the habit of visiting schoolhouses at singing and spelling bees and church meetings, and generally kicked up a row of some kind. The neighborhood was afraid of them.

On the day above spoken of these young men had been drinking in Perkinsville and Wilson, while in the act of passing Hayes, who was accompanied by a young lady, gave him a push, which exasperated Hayes, who immediately drew a weapon and was about to assail Wilson, when the latter drew his revolver and shot Hayes in the heart. He fell dead in his tracks, and never showed any signs of life after the ball entered his body. The alarm was at once given in the neighborhood and the Coroner of the county sent for. An inquest was held over the remains and Wilson was placed under arrest for murder. The occurrence took place in Hamilton county, just on the line of Madison county.

Wilson was indicted for manslaughter and was placed on trial and acquitted on the grounds of self-defence. The late Colonel M. S. Robinson defended him.

BURNING OF WILLIAM PERRY'S HOUSE.

William Perry, farmer, of Jackson township, met with a very serious loss on Monday night, the 28th of September, 1885, when his residence and household goods were destroyed by fire. There was no one at home at the time, except Mrs. Perry, who was quite aged and infirm. She was badly burned in attempting to save a portion of the household goods.

There was a granary in the adjoining building, which contained 500 bushels of wheat, and this was also destroyed. The loss to Mr. Perry was in the neighborhood of $2,000, with

no insurance. It fell very heavily upon him, as all he had was but a small farm, upon which he lived, and some personal property. Besides, he was well advanced in years.

The fire is supposed to have originated from a defective flue.

FIRE AT PERKINSVILLE.

The residence of M. A. Willetts, at Perkinsville, was consumed by fire on Sunday night, the 16th day of May, 1886, together with all its contents, with the exception of a few minor articles which were taken out by the neighbors. Even the family wearing apparel was destroyed, with the exception of what the members had on their backs. The occupants of the home were all absent at church at the time the fire occurred. It was thought to have originated from a stove pipe that ran through a closet. The building was insured to the amount of $400, which did not cover the loss. Mr. Willetts was also loser of forty or fifty dollars in money which he had in the house at the time.

SUICIDE OF MISS EDITH FOLAND.

Miss Edith Foland, a young lady living with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Foland, in Jackson township, committed suicide on the 15th of October, 1888. For some time she had been keeping company with the son of a neighboring farmer, a Mr. John Neese, to whom it is said she had been engaged to be married. Unfortunately the young man was attacked with sickness which undermined his health, and caused him to break off the engagement, which fell so heavily on the young lady that in a fit of despondency she sought relief in death. She took a powerful dose of poison and in a few moments thereafter she was a corpse. Her parents were very much distressed over the matter, and she was very much missed in the community in which she had lived. Her funeral occurred at Perkinsville on Tuesday following her death, a large concourse of people being in attendance. Young Neese was present on the occasion of her funeral and was very much affected by the sad scene.

KILLED BY A HORSE.

On the 29th of June, 1889, the family of Henry Kemp were horrified to find that he had been kicked to death in his barn, by one of his farm horses. No one was present to tell how it was done. His lifeless body was found by some of the family

and after the excitement of the moment was over the neighbors were called in, and the Coroner, Dr. C. L. Armington, was sent for, who held an inquest, returning a verdict in accordance with the facts.

Mr. Kemp was one of Madison county's oldest and most highly respected citizens. He was a large farmer, and had accumulated quite a large fortune. He was the father of Daniel W. Kemp, the farmer and stock raiser of Jackson township, who yet survives him. The death of Mr. Kemp was severely felt in the community, as he was a leader among the farmers in his neighborhood. He was a Christian gentleman, and a staunch member of the Republican party, and always took an active part in politics, especially in local affairs. He was respected by his political opponents for his open avowal of his principals, and his manly way of warfare. He was seventy-five years of age when the occurrence took place. Mrs. Kemp, his wife, died at the old homestead in December, 1896.

A TRIPLE DROWNING.

On the 19th day of July, 1889, while a number of young men and boys were in the river bathing near the village of Hamilton, about four miles west of Anderson, at a spot known as the McClintock ford, Philip Hosier, aged twelve years, and a boy named Todd, the son of Samuel Todd, about nine years of age, were drowned. As the river was somewhat swollen from recent rains, the older boys refused to let the small ones go in with them for fear of an accident. The lads, however, went farther down the river, and taking off their clothing waded in. They struck a swift current, which carried them beyond their depth, and before the larger boys could help them they were drowned. Everything that could be done to rescue the drowning lads was done, and one of the older boys came near losing his life in the effort to save them. The drowning boys were soon swept out of sight. The neighborhood was immediately aroused, and everybody turned out and patroled the shores in the hope of finding the bodies, but without success. The search was continued the next day and night, and on Sunday morning hundreds of people flocked to the river to render what assistance they could. The bodies were finally recovered at a considerable distance below where they had entered the stream, on the opposite side, and taken to the respective homes of their sorrowing relatives.

Stephen Bilby, a farmer, who was one of the most tire-

less workers in the attempt to rescue the bodies of the boys, also lost his life. He had been in the water almost constantly from early in the morning, and about noon, when some twenty or thirty feet from the shore, lost his hold of a rope that had been stretched across the river and was swept away in the swift current. He made frantic efforts to regain his hold of the rope, but the persons holding it seemed to be paralyzed by the scene, and, instead of dropping the rope down to him, pulled it away. He was considered a good swimmer and struggled hard to reach the shore, but the current was too much for him and he was dragged under and drowned. His body was found two miles below, where it had lodged against the bank. He left a wife and four children. His funeral took place from the family residence on the Tuesday following his death, and was conducted by the Red Men, of which order he was an active member.

SWAP CANDIDATES.

The old adage that "politics makes strange bedfellows," was verified in the campaign of 1882 in Madison county. In Jackson township the Democracy placed on their ticket for the office of assessor, Frank Shively. The Republicans met in convention in a few days thereafter, and placed in nomination for the same office Andrew J. Foland, and so the political fight set in. It was but a short time until, from some cause, the Republicans became lukewarm toward their candidate and doubted his sincerity, and strange to say, the Democrats thought their man was not just the "clear grit," and things got into a bad muddle. Finally, the party managers of both sides got together and concluded to trade candidates. The terms were agreed on, and the candidates both assented, the names were changed on the tickets and the "band played on." The fight was a bitter one and never let up till the last vote was in, and the polls closed. At the counting of the ballots, it was discovered that the Democrats had won the victory. Mr. Foland, the successful candidate, took the office and made a good assessor, and has remained a Democrat good and true ever since. Mr. Shively has likewise been true to his Republican associates, and has been a good citizen of his township.

MRS. MARIA B. WOODWORTH.

Mrs. Maria B. Woodworth, the great evangelist, who has visited nearly every city in the union and caused great ex-

citement in religious circles, made her advent in Madison county in the month of June, 1886, when she pitched her tents in the beautiful grove along the river banks, near the village of Perkinsville, where she carried on her camp meeting for several weeks with great success. At that time she and her husband were living together, he doing the business for the firm, and she did the preaching. He had nothing to do with her large tent in which she held these religious services. He took charge of the eating stands and establishments for the sale of merchandise and luxuries that was dispensed to the hungry multitude. The first Sunday of the meeting a "grand opening" took place, after which services were conducted in her unique and singular style. She seemed to have a wonderful influence over people who were not very strong mentally and who were naturally inclined to be very zealous in their religious beliefs. She did not preach but a short time until several of her congregation were laid out in trances, as stiff as boards. This kind of procedure was carried on to such an extent that the whole western part of Madison county was worked up into a state of religious excitement. Many converts were added to her already large congregation.

Mrs. Woodworth, in the following year, came to Anderson and established herself in Ruddles' grove, east of the city, on the banks of the old hydraulic canal, where she, for several weeks, held similar meetings. Here she made many converts, among whom may be named, Judge William R. West and Casper Hartman, an influential farmer of Lafayette township. In the following year an organization was effected, known as the Church of God, situated on South Brown street. Great excitement prevailed in Anderson during her stay, and for several years after her departure it was the subject of discussion in the beautiful temple situated at the place named. Mrs. Woodworth while here incurred the displeasure of some of the newspapers, which gave her a "sound roasting," and she figured quite extensively in a suit for libel, which resulted, as nearly all suits of that description do—to the disadvantage of the party bringing the action, and little gain for the fees paid to the attorneys and officers. Mrs. Woodworth is mentioned elsewhere.

JACOB ZELLER, AN OLD CITIZEN.

All old-timers remember Jacob Zeller, who lived at Perkinsville for many years and died there a few years since.

He was owner and operator of the Perkinsville mills. His mill was the life of the town. Hundreds of teams came daily to his place to get their "grist" ground. Perkinsville was at that time one of the best trading points in Madison county. It had no other particular inducement to bring people than the fact that Jacob Zeller had his flouring mills there and that he was noted far and near as an honest, jolly old miller, who made the best of flour, gave good returns and took light tolls. But the old water mills, like all of the old inventions, gave way to the modernized idea of machinery. So Jacob's mill at last became a thing of the past, began to decay and was finally destroyed by fire. But its history and the history of its owner will long remain green in the memory of those who have been its patrons.

Uncle Jake, as he was familiarly called, besides being a good miller, was a great politician, strong in Democratic faith. He was the pillar of the Democratic temple in this locality. For years the party looked only to him to bring up the proper majority in his township, and he generally did it.

The campaign of 1868 was a lively one in Madison county. Mr. Zeller took more interest in the election of Hon. Horatio Seymour than he ever displayed in any previous election in his life. He seemed to think the entire "pressure" rested on him, and went to work with willing hands to do his duty.

About this time he purchased silver instruments and organized the first cornet band that Perkinsville ever had. It was fitted out with uniforms, a wagon and other necessary equipments. Uncle Jake went far and near to the big rallies with his band, always riding alongside of the band wagon, giving directions and orders.

During the campaign a county rally was held at Anderson. Thomas A. Hendricks addressed the multitude at Jackson's grove. The people were numbered by acres. It was the largest political meeting in the history of the county. Jacob Zeller attended the meeting with his band. Before leaving Perkinsville he had his men get into their wagon, which was drawn by four elegant iron-gray horses. Mounting his charger, he ordered them to give three cheers for Seymour. "Yes, sir." "Now, poys, I tell you vat you do. You goes to Anderson to-day to elect Seymour. Yes, sir. Ven you gets to Anderson, as you go up Ryan's hill, I vants you to play 'Killpatrick's Day in the Morning.' Dat elects

Seymour. Yes, sir; and if you don't play dat piece, I takes dem horns from you. Yes, sir; I py dem horns myself. Dem's my horns. Yes, sir."

The trip was successfully made. When the head of the procession reached Ryan's hill (the old post-office corner) the band played "St. Patrick's Day in the Morning," after which they were halted and again ordered to give three cheers for Seymour. "Dat elects Seymour; yes, sir." Seymour was, however, badly defeated. His defeat could not possibly have hurt him worse than it did Jacob Zeller. He never got over it. He was so thoroughly wrought up to the belief that he would be elected that he could not see why he was not. This was his last active work in politics.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

Lafayette Township.

This township is the only Congressional township in the county, being six miles square. It is bounded on the north by Pipe Creek and Monroe township; on the east by Richland township; on the south by Anderson township, and on the west by Jackson and Pipe Creek townships. The lands are high and level, and originally very wet, but through a system of drainage established in 1875, are now both dry and fertile, and as desirable for farming purposes, perhaps, as any in the county.

The township was organized by order of the Board of County Commissioners on the 9th of November, 1836, as appears from the following entry made on that day:

"Ordered by the Board that a new township be stricken off from the townships of Richland, Jackson and Pipe Creek, said new township shall include all of Congressional township twenty, north of range seven, east and no more, and that all elections in said township shall be held at the house of John Haggart therein, and the said new township shall be known and designated by the name and style of Lafayette Township."

The first settler in the township was Henry Ry, who came with his family from North Carolina in 1831, and located in the extreme south-east corner of the township on a spot of ground now included in "North Anderson." He was soon followed by Reuben Junk and James Baily, of Ross county, Ohio, who located near him. In the spring of 1832, John Croan moved his family from Anderson township, where they had previously settled, and located in Section 35. In the fall of the same year, George Murstard and J. B. Pennisten, of Ross county, Ohio, settled in the township, and in the spring of 1834, Reed Wilson, of Wayne county, Indiana, and Jordan Ooten, of Ohio, moved in and settled, the former on what is known as the "Pierce farm," and the latter on the "Stanley farm." These pioneers were followed, in 1835, by

William Lower, James Finney, John Maggart, Isaac Jones, Samuel Fetty and David Gooding. The last named was from Kentucky, and boasted that he had been one of Colonel Johnson's Aids-de-Camp at the battle of the Thames, where that gallant officer was wounded by the Shawnee chief, Tecumseh. In 1836, James Hollingsworth settled in the township, and between that date and 1840, was followed by the following pioneers: Matthew Taylor, James Weir, Samuel Moore, Daniel Sigler, Lewis and George Baily, Nathaniel G. Lewis, Henry Purgett, John Clock, Samuel Dehority, Zail and George Rains, Thomas G. Clark, Joseph Van Matre, Washington Trotter, Joseph Stover, John Burke, Robert and Samuel Gooding, John Ridgeway, George Hilligoss, Sr., Francis Colburn and James Closser. These and others who emigrated to the township before and shortly after its organization, with the exception of James Hollingsworth, have gone the way of the earth. Many of their descendants, however, are living in this and other townships in the county.

THE TOWNSHIP ORGANIZED.

The organization of this township occurred in the fall of 1836. James Hollingsworth, who is frequently mentioned in these pages, took an active interest in the preliminary work of organizing the township. He suggested its name and circulated a petition asking that the territory which it now comprises might be set apart from Richland township, to which it was then attached, as a Congressional township. The names signed to the petition were: James Hollingsworth, John B. Pennisten, John Croan, Isaac Jones, Reuben Junk, Henry Ry, George Moore, Jordan Ooten, George Mustard, William Lower, John Maggart, George Rains, Enos Mustard, Reed Wilson, James Finney, David Gooding and Samuel Fetty—constituting the entire voting population of the territory which it was proposed to organize as a new township. This petition was presented to the Board of Commissioners in December, 1836, and granted, and on the 17th of January following, an election was held for the purpose of selecting township officers. This election was held at the house of John Maggart, situated near the center of the township, and resulted in the selection of John Maggart as Justice of the Peace, and Enos Mustard as Clerk. James Hollingsworth was Inspector at the election and his hat was utilized as a ballot-box.

EARLY EVENTS.

The first white child born in the township was Annis, daughter of John and Sarah Croan. This event occurred in 1834.

The first death in the township was that of Reuben Junk, who died in 1835.

The first marriage solemnized was that of James Hollingsworth and Miss Elizabeth Shinkle. This event took place on the 19th of March, 1836. The second marriage was that of Mills Elliott and Miss Nancy Mustard during the summer of the same year. Miss Mustard was a sister of William Mustard, one of the oldest residents of Anderson.

The first orchard was planted by George Mustard, who purchased the trees of Dempsy Wilson, of Anderson township.

The first schoolhouse was built on what is now known as the Patrick Ryan farm and the first school teacher was John Pennisten. "Uncle" Joshua Shinkle, now living at Anderson at the advanced age of eighty-one years, is doubtless the only living person who attended this school.

The first road surveyed through the township was the Logansport and New Castle State road, which was subsequently donated by the State Legislature to the P. C. & St. L. Railroad as a right of way, with the stipulation that the company should construct a good wagon-road parallel with the State road and in proximity thereto, which stipulation was afterward ignored.

The first mill erected in the township was built by George Millspaugh and James Stevenson, on the Patrick Ryan farm in 1851. It was a steam saw-mill and after being operated a few years was moved to another locality.

CHURCHES AND SCHOOLS.

The first religious society organized in the township was composed of five members, as follows: James Hollingsworth and wife, William Lower and wife and Mrs. George Mustard. In the fall of 1836 these good people met at the house of William Lower and organized themselves into a class which grew in numbers until 1855, when the membership erected a church where Florida is now situated. This building still stands and is known as the Methodist Episcopal Church. The trustees have always permitted other religious denominations to hold religious services here whenever it is not occupied. Among

the ministers who have preached here may be mentioned D. F. Strite, John Leach, J. W. Bradshaw, Barton Bradbury and John R. Tansey — pioneers in the Methodist ministry in this county.

In 1869 a number of members of the Christian Church organized a society under the leadership of Elder Jonathan Dipboye. Meetings were held at various places in the township, but principally in Elm Grove schoolhouse, until 1872, when the society erected a place of worship on the farm of G. D. Thompson.

Besides these churches the Newlights have a place of worship north of Linwood, known as the "Olivet" church. On the west side of the township is located Beach Grove church. This church was built by the United Brethren.

SCHOOLS.

The schools of the township are fully up to the standard maintained in other townships. The school enumeration for the present year shows the number of children of legal school age to be 694, of which 373 are males and 321 females. There are twelve schoolhouses and twelve teachers.

STATISTICAL.

The population of the township in 1850 was 694; in 1860 it was 1,000; in 1870 it was 1,452; in 1880 it was 1,626, and in 1890 it was 1,614. Since the last census was taken, however, the population has increased to a considerable extent, owing to the location of a number of factories and other enterprises in the township.

The value of the lands of the township, as shown by the tax duplicate, is $651,716; value of lands and improvements, $734,380; total value of taxables, $974,465.

TOWNS.

Soon after the completion of the P. C. & St. L. Railway through the township in 1856, a grain warehouse was built at a point one mile and a half northwest of the present site of Florida, that was known for many years as "Keller's Station," John Keller being the owner of all the land in that immediate vicinity. A general store was also established here but there was not sufficient trade to maintain it and the proprietor disposed of his stock of goods and quit the business. The warehouse was also a failure and trains in the course of time ceased

to stop there. Nothing at this time remains to indicate that there ever was a place called "Keller's Station."

FLORIDA.

This village is situated six miles north-west of Anderson on the P. C. C. & St. L. Railway and within a few rods of the center of the county. It was originally called "Clark's Station," in honor of Hon. Thomas G. Clark, on whose land it was located in 1856. The first merchant in the village was Henry Hendrick. He was succeeded by Enos Mustard who was also the second postmaster of the place, George Craighead being the first person to hold that office. The first physician was Thomas B. Forkner. Other physicians who have practiced here are Dr. J. S. Guisinger and Dr. I. N. VanMatre, the latter being the only physician in that vicinity at the present time. Drs. John W. and William A. Hunt were residents of the township for many years and had an extensive practice, not only in Lafayette, but adjoining townships. The only Methodist church in the township is located here. A large amount of tiling was manufactured here during the '70s and '80s, by Rains & Guisinger, but the demand for the product of the factory declined with the thorough ditching and draining of the wet lands of the township during that period and the property was converted into a factory for the manufacture of brick. It is now owned by the Thomas brothers.

LINWOOD.

This village was originally known as "Funk's Station," but the name was subsequently changed to Linwood. In 1887 John C. May platted an addition to the village which was followed by others, but no regular plat of the place has ever been filed for record. Linwood is situated on the Michigan division of the C. C. C. & St. L. (Big Four) and is six miles north of Anderson. The business interests of the place at the present time are represented by Given & Bruce, general merchandise, and Charles Hartman, drugs.

The first postmaster of the place was Samuel A. Towell. The present incumbent of that office is E. M. Riggs, who also owns and operates a sawmill and lumber yard.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

The following are the names of those who have served the county in an official capacity from this township: John

Hunt, State Senator from Madison and Hancock counties from 1850 to 1853, also Treasurer of Madison county from 1860 to 1862; Thomas G. Clark, Representative from 1857 to 1858; William A. Thompson, Representative from 1858 to 1861; George W. Harris, Representative from 1875 to 1877; W. A. Thompson, Commissioner from 1863 to 1865; John L. Jones from 1884 to 1887; Wallace W. Vandyke, Sheriff from 1892 to 1894.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—A SUICIDE.

On the 17th of October, 1867, a young man of the name of Combs committed suicide in Lafayette township by blowing his brains out with a pistol. It seems that he had been mixed up in a love affair, and in a fit of despondency borrowed a pistol from a friend, and started to the village of Florida, and when near that place fired a ball into his head, killing himself almost instantly.

Combs was well known to many of the inhabitants of the community in which the occurrence took place who will recall to memory the sad event. After the holding of an inquest by the Coroner, the remains were interred in a neighboring cemetery.

KILLED BY A BUZZ SAW.

On the 26th of September, 1882, Henry Dangerfield, of Linwood, while running a buzz saw, was accidentally thrown upon one of the saws in the mill and literally cut to pieces. The saw cut into his right side, severing the body from shoulder to shoulder, leaving him hanging together, as it were, by only a small piece of flesh near the back bone.

He was in the act of handling a heavy slab of timber when the accident occurred. By some means he lost his balance and was thrown upon the saw. The poor man continued to live on in great agony until about 10 o'clock that night, when death came to his relief. He was a married man and left a wife and several children in very moderate circumstances. His funeral was largely attended by the people in the vicinity.

BURNING OF ISAAC OSBURN'S BARN.

Isaac Osburn was an old and highly-respected citizen of Lafayette township, who resided there for many years, and who died only a short time prior to this writing. He had on his place a large frame barn that was destroyed by fire on the 22nd of April, 1886, about 10 o'clock at night. It was filled

with grain, wheat, and farming implements, all of which were burned. It also contained a fine stallion, which was so badly burned that he fell dead while they were leading him from the stable. The loss of the barn and contents was estimated to have been about $2,800, with an insurance of $1,600. The fire was of incendiary origin and was supposed to have been the work of a lot of tramps who had been camping along the line of the Pan Handle Railway in the vicinity of the conflagration.

A NOTED CRIMINAL.

In the month of December, 1884, James F. Melson was arrested on the charge of counterfeiting and manufacturing bogus money. He was born and reared in Lafayette township, and from his boyhood was said to be bad. Prior to this time he had served five terms in the State prison, but for this offense he was promoted to a place in a United States prison. At one time he had been out of the penitentiary but thirty days, and during that period he succeeded in carrying off the entire contents of a dry-goods store in a country town. His fifth term of imprisonment was completed on the 16th of August, 1884, and his last sentence began on the 28th of November, having been out only three months. Mr. Melson was a notorious character and was known to be such. He had no bloodthirsty instincts. He was of a very kind disposition and while he was committing a theft he would not be guilty of injuring anyone in carrying out his designs. Melson is still living, and was in Anderson but a few days prior to this writing.

BURNING OF A BARN.

Mrs. Robert Cripe, a widow living a mile and a half north-west of Linwood, had her barn and its contents entirely destroyed by fire on the 14th of April, 1887. The barn contained 400 bushels of corn, a large quantity of hay, farming implements, two buggies, a spring wagon and other valuable property. After the fire was discovered the roof of the building had been burned away and was falling in, so that nothing could be done to arrest the progress of the flames. The loss of Mrs. Cripe was estimated to be $2,000. There were four horses that were burned, one of which belonged to John Davis and the other three were the property of Mrs. Cripe. There was but little doubt that the building was set on fire by some unknown person. No clue was ever obtained as to the guilty party.

J. W. RILEY'S BARN BURNED.

On Monday, the 18th of July, 1887, the barn on the farm of J. W. Riley, of Lafayette township, was destroyed, together with its contents, consisting of a large quantity of hay, five hundred bushels of corn, a buggy, set of harness, and all his agricultural implements, consisting of plows, harrows, reapers, mowers and self-binders. The loss was estimated to be about $2,000, with $1,500 insurance.

The fire was supposed to have been caused by spontaneous combustion, produced by placing new mown hay in the mow which was already well filled with the previous year's crop.

CHILD SCALDED TO DEATH.

On the 22nd of March, 1879, a little child of John P. Davis, who then resided three and one-half miles north-east of Anderson, in Lafayette township, was scalded to death. The children were boiling eggs in a tea-kettle, and the mother, being feeble, was sitting near by watching them. In removing the kettle from the stove she upset it upon the youngest child with the horrible result of scalding it in such a manner that it died within a few hours.

Mr. Davis, the father of the unfortunate child, was for many years a prominent citizen and politician of Lafayette township, but for six years prior to this writing he has been a resident of Anderson, where he is engaged in the business of butchering and conducting a meat market.

KILLED BY A FIELD ROLLER.

A twelve-year-old son of Alonzo Thomas, living near Linwood, met with a sudden and violent death on the morning of September 18, 1886. He was rolling the ground with a heavy field roller and had two horses hitched to it, one of which was a colt, which had become entangled in the harness, and while he was trying to extricate it the animal became frightened and started to run, catching the boy and throwing him under the roller. The implement passed over his body, crushing it into the ground, and killed him almost instantly. His little brother was with him in the field at the time and ran for help, but before any assistance came to his aid he was dead.

A FRIGHTFUL RUNAWAY.

At the Madison County Fair, held upon the old grounds on West Eighth street, a terrible runaway occurred on the 7th

of September, 1887. Joseph Parker, of Linwood, entered in the races a three-year-old racing mare under the name of "Maud M," and in the contest for the prize during the first heat she was badly started, but in the second she was off like the wind, and after she had passed the grand stand it was observed that she was making for the gate where she was in the habit of leaving the track. Just east of the opening she made a fearful leap, clearing the fence at a terrific rate of speed, so that no human power could have turned her in her mad career; she had gone perfectly wild. Mr. Parker had mounted the fence with a whip in his hand to assist the rider in checking her, but his efforts were futile. As she jumped the fence the saddle-girth broke and her rider, Charlie Knoll, was thrown to the ground, bruising his head and severely injuring one of his knees. In turning, the mare struck Parker in the breast, knocking him insensible to the ground. A few feet further on she ran against a tree, crushing her skull and breaking her spine, from the effects of which she died almost instantly.

Mr. Parker and the rider were removed to a neighboring shed, where Drs. Horace E. Jones and B. F. Spann attended to their injuries. They both recovered. The mare was valued at $500. It is a great marvel that many people were not killed, as the wildest excitement prevailed and thousands were upon the grounds enjoying the sports when the noise of the crashing fence was heard. The people became wild and scattered in every direction, but fortunately no one was injured in the general scramble.

A STRANGE OCCURRENCE.

While plowing in a field near the village of Linwood, on the 20th of September, 1887, a young man of the name of Ollie Purcell was seized by some unknown parties, who came up behind him, throwing their hands over his eyes and mouth, then knocking him to the ground, they rifled his pockets of all the money he had on his person. They then made threats of killing him if he made any noise or resistance, and taking his clothes, left him alone in the field. Young Purcell was nearly frightened out of his mind and he wandered around in the field until night before he returned to his senses. He then returned to the house of Mr. J. C. May, for whom he was working, and related his experience. He could give no account of who the parties were, and no clue to them was ever

obtained. This very strange affair created a great deal of talk in that neighborhood.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

Every citizen in Madison county who resided here from the year 1877 to 1884 will remember W. R. Brownlee, who during that period was editor and proprietor of the Anderson *Democrat*. In the fall of 1884 Mr. Brownlee diposed of his interests in the newspaper and also other property in which he was interested, and removed to Kingman, Kansas. After having his household goods, horses and buggy placed in a freight car, ready for shipment, he put them in charge of Henry Clock, a young man who had been for some time in his employ, and who had been a resident of Lafayette township. Clock had his apartments in the car with the goods, and intended to ride in it through to his destination in order that he might look after the property.

On Tuesday morning, the 2nd of September, an accident occurred to the freight train on which he had taken passage on the Indianapolis & St. Louis railroad, near the city of Greencastle, by which the train took fire, and young Clock, with the contents of the car, was burned. The fire was caused by the explosion of an oil tank which contained about one hundred barrels of kerosene. The burning oil was scattered over six adjacent cars, which were destroyed.

Mr. Brownlee's loss amounted to $2,500, which he afterwards recovered from the railroad company by a compromise.

Young Clock is supposed to have been killed by the concussion caused by the explosion, as it seemed that he made no effort to extricate himself. His charred remains were recovered from the wreck and taken to Greencastle, then shipped to Anderson, where they were taken charge of by relatives, who took them to Independence, in Boone township, for burial, where some of his relatives were also buried. He was a young man who was well liked in the community, about twenty-one years of age, and unmarried.

WILLIAM SIGLER KILLED BY A PAN HANDLE TRAIN.

William Sigler was a man well known in Madison county for many years. His familiar face was seen upon the streets of Anderson on every Saturday for nearly the third of a century. He was a well-to-do farmer, resided in Lafayette township, and was well liked by his neighbors. He was a kind

friend and an indulgent father and husband. Like many other people, however, he had a besetting sin, and was very fond of intoxicating drink. He scarcely ever visited Anderson or any other place where liquors were sold that he did not imbibe to excess. He was never boisterous, nor did he do harm to anyone while in a drunken condition.

On Sunday morning, the 21st of July, 1889, about two o'clock, his body was found on the tracks of the Pan Handle railroad about a mile and a half north of Anderson. It was horribly mutilated. William Whistler, who lived in the vicinity of the railroad, in North Anderson, had been to the city and was returning home, when he was suddenly confronted by a ghastly sight. He called the neighbors and they gathered up the remains, portions of which had been dragged along the track for a distance of twenty-five yards. Both his legs were cut off, and the body was otherwise mangled. He was identified soon after as William Sigler, and his remains, after an inquest had been held by Coroner Dr. B. F. Spann, were forwarded to his friends and relatives in Lafayette township, and buried in that neighborhood. Mr. Sigler was a cousin of the late Joseph Sigler, ex-Auditor of Madison county. He left a family of five children, his wife having died several years prior to this occurrence. Mr. Sigler was an honest man and never owed a neighbor or a friend anything which he did not promptly pay when it became due. It is true that he had his faults, but there were many worse men living in the community than was William Sigler.

INCENDIARISM.

E. C. Hilligoss, of Lafayette township, seems to be fated, as he has had two valuable barns burned within three years past. On the night of March 3, 1895, his large and commodious barn was discovered to be on fire and before anything could be done to quench the flames it was totally destroyed. That the fire was the work of an incendiary there can be no doubt, as no one had been near the barn, or the straw stack where the fire originated, with a fire or light of any kind.

About dark Mr. and Mrs. Hilligoss and their son, James, did the milking and feeding and returned to the house. They saw no fire or smoke about the straw stack. The straw stack was probably thirty feet from the barn and when Mr. Redd, a neighbor, ran to their house and called to them that their

barn was in danger of being burned, the stack was entirely enveloped in flames.

The dinner bell, which stands in the yard, was rung and it was but a short time until forty or fifty of the neighbors had gathered at the scene of the fire. They could do nothing, however, as the flames had communicated with the barn, which was constructed of pine material, and was burning fiercely. There were several horses in the barn and attention was turned to getting them out and into a place of safety, which proved no easy task, as they did not want to leave the burning structure.

The barn contained between five and six hundred bushels of corn and some timothy hay, all of which was consumed.

WILLIAM A. VANMETRE TAKES HIS OWN LIFE.

William A. VanMetre was a quiet, unassuming gentleman, who, for many years, lived in Madison county; in fact, all his life, except five years, when he resided in Sullivan, Indiana. He was a carpenter by trade and a good, industrious, sober man. He married a very respectable lady, the daughter of the late Rev. William A. Thompson, a prominent Baptist minister of this county.

On the 6th of July, 1878, news came to Anderson that VanMetre had taken his life by an overdose of morphine. Friends of the family hastened to his residence, where they found the following to be the facts, stated by his wife: That on the day of the suicide he had finished his day's work and appeared to be very cheerful, apparently with nothing resting on his mind. He informed his wife that he had business in Anderson. He left home about 5 o'clock in the evening and walked to the city, a distance of five miles. He was seen on the streets and conversed with by several of his acquaintances, of whom he had many. Before returning home, he purchased five grains of morphine at a drug store, and when he reached his residence, about half-past 10 o'clock, in a jesting manner informed his wife that he had taken morphine, and showed her the empty bottle. She was somewhat alarmed and was in the act of informing others, when he assured her that he was only playing a joke on her. In about thirty minutes he became drowsy and a stupor supervened, which confirmed her worst fears. She immediately gave the alarm and the neighbors and friends gathered in, and, with some difficulty, he was aroused from the lethargy produced by the poison, but when, by

violent agitation, he was restored partly to consciousness, he still persisted in his request not to have any alarm given. A messenger was sent for Dr. I. N. VanMetre, a brother, at Florida. The Doctor soon arrived, but in the meantime, Mrs. VanMetre, who had some idea of antidotes for poison, had given her husband two cups of strong coffee, and he had been walked around the house and through the yard to keep up his circulation. For awhile, he seemed to rally, but at 5 o'clock heavy breathing set in and continued until the cord of life was broken, and William A. VanMetre was dead. Before his death, Dr. VanMetre asked his brother why he had taken the fatal drug, but he gave no reason for the act.

He was a man of about 50 years of age and left a devoted wife to mourn his loss, and a daughter of 15 years, in feeble health, for her to care for.

To every one Mr. VanMetre was genial and kind; as a husband and father he was indulgent. He was a member of the Masonic fraternity, which took charge of his remains and buried them with the forms and ritual of that time-honored organization.

JOSEPH KINDLE KILLED BY A TRAIN.

Joseph Kindle, a young man about 21 years of age, while returning to his home from Anderson, on the night of July 2, 1894, was run over and killed by the north-bound passenger train on the Pan Handle railroad about midnight. The accident happened at the crossing of the railroad at what is known as the old fair ground road, running north from Anderson through Lafayette township. Kindle was in a buggy by himself and from all appearances had fallen asleep, and did not know of the coming of the train or of the awful fate that awaited him. The train was running at a high rate of speed and the horse and buggy were knocked to a great distance from the track, the horse killed, and the vehicle torn into atoms.

Young Kindle was instantly killed, not knowing what had happened him. The engineer testified that he did not see the horse and buggy until he was right upon them, too late to stop, or even make an effort to stop.

Kindle was a sober, genteel young man and was not known to drink or have any bad habits. This fatal ride was the result of going to sleep in his buggy and perhaps while dreaming of his sweetheart, whom it is said he had called

upon that evening, he was ushered into the presence of his Creator.

ROBBERY AT LINWOOD IN 1880. S. A. TOWELL, "THE MERCHANT PRINCE," HAS HIS STORE LOOTED.

When the C. W. & M. railroad was built to Anderson in 1876, many little villages sprang up along the line of the new thoroughfare, among which was Linwood, which was then called "Funk's Station," named in honor of Joseph Funk, a prominent farmer of that locality. Samuel A. Towell, fire chief of Anderson, was its first merchant.

A blacksmith shop and a saw-mill, together with Mr. Towell's store made up the business establishments of the town.

Mr. Towell was postmaster and Charles M. Harriman, now of the firm of May & Harriman, of Anderson, was deputy postmaster and general clerk in the store.

In the month of July, 1880, this quiet hamlet was visited by burglars and the store was robbed of considerable of its contents, the post-office looted and a general cleaning out of the place occurred. No clue was ever obtained of the miscreants, and who committed the first burglary in Linwood will in all probability always remain a mystery.

Mr. Towell, the first merchant, and Mr. Harriman, his clerk, have since both been prominent in the business affairs of Anderson and are yet living in the city.

THE KILLING OF WALTER STEVENS.

Walter Stevens, a son of Samuel Stevens, of Lafayette township, was killed at the Wright Shovel Works in North Anderson on the 24th of June, 1896, by the bursting of an emery wheel. The flying pieces struck him in the forehead, crushing the front part of the skull, and causing other injuries from which he died after being removed to St. Mary's hospital. Dr. S. Canby Willson and other medical attendants administered to the wounded man's needs, but in vain, as his injuries were of a fatal nature.

The young man was about twenty-one years of age and highly respected. He had been engaged in the factory but a short time when the awful accident took place. The father and mother of the victim were heartbroken, and, being well known, received the undivided sympathy of the community.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

In May of the year 1868, one of the most terrific explosions took place at Florida, five miles north of Anderson, that has been recorded in Madison county history. The boilers in the saw mill of Roadcap & Co. let go about 10 o'clock in the forenoon, causing death and destruction on every side. No one connected with the mill was killed, but two by-standers, customers of the mill, one by the name of Wolfe, the other Perry Moore, a nephew of Isaac Moore, of Anderson, were instantly killed. They were either in the mill or very close to it at the time it blew up. A man by the name of Hoover was also badly hurt. Solomon Muck, who is yet a prominent figure on the streets of Anderson, was one of the victims. He was thought to be fatally wounded, but pulled through and is yet alive. He will carry his scars to the grave, however. The owners of the mill are all yet alive. Henry Roadcap, the senior member of the firm, is living a retired life in North Anderson. Wallace Van Winkle is running a mill at Summitville, and John Quincy Van Winkle, the junior member, who was but a youth at that time, is now Superintendent of the Big Four railroad system and living at Indianapolis.

The explosion was heard and felt in Anderson very plainly. Many supposed that a powder keg in some of the stores had exploded. It was not long, however, until messengers arrived for medical assistance. When the facts were made known throughout the town, hundreds of persons hastened to the scene of the accident. All sorts of stories were circulated. Reports came that the entire village was destroyed; that Henry Roadcap and all his men were instantly killed, and great excitement prevailed. Mr. Roadcap was an old resident with a large acquaintance throughout the county. The mill was a complete wreck. Nothing was left to tell the tale. It was a wonder that any human being in reach of the flying missiles escaped being killed or badly injured. The old sawdust pile where the mill once stood can be seen from the passing trains on the Pan Handle road, and is all that is left to tell of that horrible occurrence. It was the theme of theorists and wiseacres for years as to the cause of the explosion, but, like all other boiler explosions, the mystery is still unsolved.

DEATH OF CHARLES DAVIS.

Charles Davis, one of the oldest residents of Madison county, died in Anderson on the 29th of January, 1890. He

was an old soldier and was well respected in the community in which he lived. At the time of his death he was eighty-four years of age. He was the father of Firman Davis, of Lafayette township; John P. Davis, of Anderson, and Andrew Davis, of Elwood. Mr. Davis came to Madison county when it was but a wilderness. He came from North Carolina and was born in Pasquotank county, in that State. He settled among the Indians, bears and wolves of those days. He made a little home for himself in the woods and reared a large family, all of whom survive him. He was a member of the Thirty-fourth Indiana Regiment during the late war and was rewarded for his services by having a pension allowed him a few days prior to his death, but did not live long enough to enjoy it. The familiar face of "Uncle Charlie," as he was called by all who knew him, was often seen in Anderson, he having been prominent at one time as a local politician. He had always taken an active part in politics in Madison county for the nomination of candidates for different offices. He was a stanch Democrat.

LEVI BREWER, A VETERAN OF TWO WARS.

We present to our readers, in the person of Levi Brewer, a representative of the early-born residents of Madison county. There are but few now living in the community of his age who can boast of having been born in the wilderness of the frontier, among the wild animals and savages, which at an early day were plentiful in Madison county. He was born January 6th, 1825, two years after this was made a county, and has continually lived here ever since, except while in the ranks fighting for his country. He volunteered in the Mexican war in 1846, and was a member of the Ninty-ninth Indiana Regiment in the War of the Rebellion.

Mr. Brewer enjoys the proud distinction of being the only survivor of the Mexican war living in Madison county. He needs no introduction as an "old-timer." Levi has been here so long that the memory of man runneth not to the contrary. He is an old soldier, not with a wooden leg, however, as his pedal extremities are in a first-class condition. He can walk a distance of ten miles about as quickly as a Midland passenger train would make it. Levi helped to storm the ramparts of Chipultepec, batter down the walls of Montezuma, and take the City of Mexico as his crowning victory.

He went with Colonel N. Berry and many other brave

men, to a foreign land to make another country respect our laws and bow to the American flag. Levi has never cared to obtain riches, but rather to have a good time. He drowns all his sorrows, if he ever has any, in the flowing bowl. In all

LEVI BREWER.

this wide world, there is not a man who can stand up and say that Levi Brewer ever did him a wrong. If he has ever done any wrong, it is to himself and no one else. Not long ago,

the government of the United States became generous enough to acknowledge the services of the old veterans of the Mexican war, and granted the few survivors who yet remain, a pension of eight dollars a month each. This amount is payable quarterly in sums of $24. At the end of every three months Levi gets his allowance and there is where the fun sets in. Hilarity doesn't spell it. He stays in Anderson from the time he gets his pension until it is well-nigh gone, telling Mexican war stories and seeing the sights with the boys. On one pension day Levi came to town; as usual he got jolly. There was a company at the Doxey Theatre playing "Uncle Hiram." "Uncle Hiram" was the personification of an old farmer just come to town. Levi came bustling into the theatre unannounced, walking down the aisle with his hat on, which was of an old, broad-brimmed fashion, crawled up into a box seat and squared himself for a good laugh.

Something on the stage took his fancy and he let go in one of his immense bass laughs. He brought down the house and nearly broke up the show. "Uncle Hiram" caught on to him from the stage and became so tickled at Levi's manners and make-up that he nearly forgot his lines. Levi had to be squelched before the show could proceed.

Several years ago, Levi attended a camp-meeting at the Holston camp-meeting grounds. Brother McKeg was there doing the preaching; he was getting in his best licks in one of his "powerful" sermons. He took his text in the way-back part of the Bible, where the hell part is the hottest, and sailed in. The Rev. McKeg is an orator of no mean ability, generally commanding attention; this time was no exception. He had pictured out before him an imaginary man, a sinner, proposing to convict him of the high crime of sin in all its phases and consign him to everlasting doom. He stood his man up in the midst of the vast crowd and poured hot shot into him with all his zeal and might; the perspiration poured off of him in great drops, his hearers were breathless and speechless—perfectly carried away. Levi Brewer was one of his audience; the seats were all taken. Levi was standing up in their midst over six feet tall. He had listened to every word with the closest attention from beginning to end. When the preacher sat down, wiping his face, Levi took a long breath and exclaimed:

"Well, I-God, I guess they'll hang him."

The old brethren around him, after their first recovery

from the shock, could not help laughing at Levi's expression. They all felt as Levi did—that the imaginary man had been convicted and that hanging and hell were none too good for him. With all of Levi's raking around and having a good time, never working hard or worrying his brain about how to-morrow will be provided for, he has always kept a roof over his head and a comfortable place to stay in. What else could he have if he were worth a million?

When Levi heard that President Johnson had appointed Tom Stilwell as United States minister to Venezuela, he remarked that "South America must be devilish hard up for preachin'."

THE HON. GEORGE W. HARRIS.

The Hon. George W. Harris was one of the men who settled in this county when the woods were unbroken and people who lived within two or three miles of each other were considered near neighbors.

He was a large, raw-boned man and "as stout as an ox." At a log-rolling or a barn-raising he was the center of attraction. His wonderful strength was the pride of his neighbors as well as himself. The man who could hold up the opposite end of a hand-spike when George had hold of it was a man in all the word implied. George lived in a day when fighting was more common among the people than now. To call a man a liar meant the first blow, and the man who gave the lie expected the next moment to be hit in the mouth. George was very peaceful, and never picked a quarrel with anyone, but to insult him meant war, and he was never whipped. His genial disposition and general store of good sense made him a leader among the men of his day.

Although with little or no education he had a wonderful flow of language, and was ready in debate. In the old-fashioned schoolhouse debating societies he was right at home; he could cope with the best of them and always came out on the winning side.

His prominence among the common people won for him many places of honor. When George started after an office he appealed to the farmer and mechanic, the brawn and muscle of the country, and his appeals were not in vain.

In 1873 the Granger excitement ran quite high in Madison county, as well as in other localities in Indiana, and cut quite a figure in politics. In the early part of that year it looked like the Grangers were going to sweep the land. No

one but a farmer was thought of by either party as a candidate, especially for a legislative office. In April of that year the Democrats held their county convention, and, casting about for a man to lead the party to victory, Mr. Harris was thought to be the man. He was accordingly nominated for Representative. Mr. Harris accepted, and promised the convention that no effort of his should be left undone to land the party in the majority.

His speech in accepting the honor will long be remembered by those who heard it. It was repeated by the opposition press nearly every week until the polls closed, but George got there just the same. It was during the time of the "Baxter Liquor Law," against which Mr. Harris took issue, and also a law that required the appraisement of real estate every two years, which entailed much expense on the people. Mr. Harris, in addressing the convention, pledged himself to wipe these laws from our code, and although his language was crude, it took with his constituency.

The people had confidence in Mr. Harris' simple honesty and he was elected by a handsome majority. It must be said to his credit, too, that he labored in the halls of the Legislature for the passage of every measure advocated by him on the "stump" and accomplished much in that direction. Through Mr. Harris' efforts a law was passed that is still in force, compelling attorneys to purchase their own stationery for use in the courts. Whether or not the lawyers pay any attention to this law the writer does not know, but nevertheless it is a law.

Mr. Harris was Deputy Marshal of Anderson in 1870, which position he filled in a satisfactory manner.

In making his canvass for the Legislature, in 1874, he drove a large stallion hitched to an open buggy, a "blacksnake" wagon whip thrown over his shoulder, presenting a very picturesque appearance as he traveled over the "corduroy" roads. He told his friends when he started out that he was "going north to set the woods a-fire," that he did not intend to sleep until victory was achieved, and he kept his word.

In the House of Representatives Mr. Harris was well respected. The Hon. David Turpie, now United States Senator from Indiana, formed a warm attachment for him and assisted him in many ways. Mr. Turpie was at that time Speaker of the House. He admired Mr. Harris for his simplicity and sterling honesty.

A truer man never lived than George Harris; he loved a friend and went to extremes to show his loyalty to those he liked. To an enemy he was charitable but always managed to get even some place along the road.

The memory of Mr. Harris will linger in this community as long as the old-timer lives. The ranks of those who made up the citizenship of his day are fast fading away.

One of the great pleasures of this work is to speak of the old-time people and to perpetuate their memories. The men of the George Harris type are in the great minority now; there are a few here and there, but year by year they are giving away to new comers and new ideas of life.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

Monroe Township.

This township was named in honor of the fifth President of the United States, and is the largest in the county, its area being fifty-one square miles. It was organized January, 1836, by the following order of the Board of Commissioners:

"On petition filed, it is ordered that the following described territory be stricken from Richland township, to-wit.: Commencing on the county line where the township line dividing township 20 and 21, north, crosses the same, running thence north with the county line to the north-east corner of Madison county, thence west with the north line of said county to the north-east corner of Pipe Creek township, thence south with the east line to the place of beginning, and that said territory so stricken off be organized into a separate township to be known and designated by the name of Monroe township. All elections are ordered to be held at the residence of Micajah Chamness until otherwise ordered."

The land is gradually level except along Pipe Creek, where it is undulating. This is the largest stream in the township, and flows from the north-east to the south-west, having Mud and Lily creeks on the north, and Little Pipe creek on the south as tributaries.

Previous to the year 1831, there was not a white man within the territory which comprises the township. Sometime during that year, however, Micajah Chamness and George Marsh, from North Carolina, settled near the present site of Alexandria, on Section 19, the west half of which, together with the east half of the north-east quarter of Section 24, the former entered for a home. This was the first entry of land in the township. A year later James M. Annon and Morgan James settled in the township, the first named on Section 23, near the mouth of Mud creek, and the latter on Little Pipe creek, south of where Alexandria is now situated. From 1833 to 1835, James Tomlinson, from Ohio; Stephen Norris, Thornberry Moffitt, Jesse Vermillion, from Lawrence county,

Ohio; David L. Pickard, from Maine; Stephen and John Marsh, Peter Edwards and Stephen Fenimore, settled in the township. Among others who settled in the township about this time, or soon after, were John Brunt, Peter Cassell, Evan Ellis, Lorenzo Carver, Baxter Davis, Elijah Williamson, John Cree, Joseph Hall, Jacob Price, John Chitwood and Hildria Lee. These hardy pioneers went to work with a will, clearing up farms for themselves and families, meeting with trials, surmounting difficulties and performing labors that their descendants, many of whom are honored citizens and men of affairs in the township, would, if similarly situated, regard as impossible of accomplishment.

The first saw-mill and "corn cracker" in the township was built by James M. James, in 1834, on Pipe creek, one mile south-west of the present site of Alexandria. The matter is somewhat obscure, but it is claimed that a "corn cracker" was built even earlier than this, about a mile north-east of Alexandria, on Pipe creek. This stream at that time abounded in fish, and the early pioneers often fished at this mill of nights, with the wolves howling around them.

The first roads laid out in the township were the Indianapolis & Fort Wayne and the Shelbyville & Fort Wayne, over which the mails were carried at an early day. They were cut out in 1830 and formed a junction near the north line of the township.

David L. Pickard was the first postmaster at Alexandria. He was succeeded by Nathan E. Tomlinson. Mr. Pickard was elected Justice of the Peace at the first election held in the township. The election was held at the house of Micajah Chamness in April, 1836. It was about this time that William Conner and John D. Stephenson, of Noblesville, having reason to believe that the Indiana Central Canal would be constructed through the township, purchased the land where the city of Alexandria is now situated of Micajah Chamness. The purchase was made by Colonel N. Berry, who surveyed the land for the purchasers and at once proceeded to erect a log house on what is now the south-east corner of Berry and Clinton streets. A stock of general merchandise was placed in this building by Colonel Berry as agent of Conner & Stephenson, and thus the first store in the township was established. Many of the Colonel's customers came a long distance to trade with him, and articles were sold mostly in exchange

for coon skins, tan bark and other commodities. A large business was done in this line.

The furs of wild animals were bought by the agents of American and European fur companies, and traders from every section of the country came to purchase them and ship them to New York. Coon skins brought from fifty to seventy-five cents each, and the choicest of them were occasionally sold for one dollar. Ginseng, in large quantities, was brought in and sold at from fifteen to twenty cents per pound. It was likewise shipped East and was largely used in compounding medicines. Colonel Berry, after remaining in Alexandria six months, turned his stock over to David Pickard, who carried on the business as his successor for several years. The next store-keeper to locate here was a man by the name of Burner, who arrived in 1839, and who carried on a large business. In the same year Nathan E. Tomlinson came to the village from Yorktown and took charge of a stock of goods. He afterwards became proprietor of the store and continuously did business until a very short time before his death a few years ago. Mr. Tomlinson was one of the best known merchants in Madison county and was a very prominent citizen, socially and politically. He was a stanch Republican and took an active part in that party's welfare. He was the father of Mrs. Jesse Forkner, of Anderson, and also of Mark Tomlinson, lately deceased.

The first tavern-keeper was David Pickard, who kept a house in a log building, weather-boarded on the outside. It was standing a few years ago, when it was torn down by the hand of progress to give way to a more stately edifice. The price for entertainment for man and beast was sixty cents per day in the currency of the realm, and the proprietor for a long time did a prosperous business.

The first school teacher was a man by the name of John Brunt, who opened a school in the year 1837, with twelve pupils. The studies pursued were the primary branches, such as reading, spelling, and exercises in penmanship with a goose-quill pen. On Friday, the last day of the school week, spelling matches were in vogue, and the pupils would choose sides for the contests in the afternoon. Mr. Brunt was a brother of Thomas Brunt and an uncle to A. J. Brunt, spoken of in another place in this volume. The next school teacher in the village was a Mr. Richard Edwards, who resided here and taught school for a term of one year.

The first physician to locate in the town was Dr. Spence, who arrived a year or two after the first settlement of the town. He built the first brick house in the village, which stood one square west of what is now Harrison street. He did quite a flourishing business in the few years he remained here and finally removed to Fairmount, where he died in 1845. His immediate successor was Dr. D. C. Westerfield, who subsequently moved to the State of Iowa. The number of ills which a country doctor, at that time, had to contend with were very great, but the principal ones were fever and ague. These have long since disappeared with the draining of the surface water by the many large ditches throughout the county.

A NOTABLE CIRCUMSTANCE.

Among the notable circumstances in the early history of Alexandria was the disappearance of a man by the name of Branch, and the general belief in the community for a long time was that he had been murdered by one of the prominent residents of the place. The occurrence took place at the time the "spirit rappings" were introduced into the county. Branch, after staying around Alexandria for some time, had started for Ft. Wayne with the intention of purchasing some land and was never seen alive again. No particulars could ever be ascertained in relation to him. Some one started the report that he had been murdered by a well-known citizen and that his body had been thrown into a small stream four miles east of the village. The gentleman asserted his innocence at all times but was regarded with suspicion. He offered sufficient proof from Ft. Wayne that Branch had taken sick and died there, and all suspicion was quieted for a time until these "spirit meetings" began to have some believers.

Among those who believed in this doctrine in the community was a young man by the name of Ward McNeer, who was a person of rather unsavory reputation. He gave himself out as a spiritual medium and through him, it is said, the spirit of Branch appeared and stated that he had been murdered and that his remains were thrown into the stream aforesaid. The excitement was now again at fever heat and the people flocked to the stream with shovels and spades to dig up the remains. The crowd was headed by McNeer. They found a fur cap with a hole in it and after prolonged search some bones were taken out from beneath a small tree near by. The chances of the suspected man now grew very

slim and talk of lynching him was indulged in. At last, however, the cooler heads in the crowd began to investigate and the bones were found to be those of an animal while the cap perhaps had been placed there by design. Soon the people suspected that the whole thing was a "set up job" and McNeer and his followers fell into very bad odor.

The first lawyer who established himself in Alexandria was Peter H. Lemon. This was in 1842, and he remained there for about one year. Mr. Lemon was subsequently elected Clerk of the Madison County Courts, and served a term of four years, after which he removed to Indianapolis, where he died a few years ago.

The first blacksmith shop in the township was started by Joseph Fenimore at Alexandria in 1839. Mr. Fenimore was a clever workman and continued at his vocation for many years.

The first flouring and saw-mill was built in 1850 by J. E. Smith. The ground upon which this mill stood is now occupied by the immense flouring mills owned and operated by S. E. Young. This property was owned and operated as a distillery in 1868 by W. H. Daniels. At a point on the creek, just below the mill, was a small distillery at an early day that was operated by Yadkin Williams, and it is still remembered by the old-timers of the locality, one of whom is Mr. Nathan O'Bryant, that the "plant" was run at its full capacity day and night at times in order to supply customers with whisky. It is said that on one occasion Elijah Deadman went to the distillery with his jug to get it filled with liquor, and that the distiller took the receptacle and marked the number "37" on the bottom of it with a piece of chalk, indicating that there were thirty-six other jugs to be filled before Mr. Deadman could be supplied. It is hardly necessary to observe that the whisky manufactured at this little still was not of the "sure-shot" kind, except in cases of ague.

OTHER ENTERPRISES AND INDUSTRIES.

The first person to open a saloon was Ryburn Haskett, situated on the lot now occupied by Charles Gipe's residence, on Harrison street.

In 1845 William Calloway established a large dry goods store on the lot now occupied by the Johnson & McMahan block, situated on the corner of Washington and Harrison streets.

In 1847 William T. Scott located here with a general store. Mr. Scott's store was situated on the corner of Harrison and Berry streets, on the lot now occupied by R. H. Hannah's residence.

In 1850 Wolfe & Sherman located here a fanning mill factory (entirely without subsidy) on the lot now occupied by Dr. Runyan's residence. In 1856 they erected a frame business room on the lot now occupied by the Alexandria National Bank.

The old landmarks are almost obliterated, except a part of the building now occupied by the *Gas Belt News*, built by J. P. Scott, in 1859, on the lot now occupied by Allison's shoe store, and the old frame building on Washington street, east of the Johnson & McMahan block.

Alexandria made very slow progress from 1850 to 1857, having about 300 inhabitants. In 1875 the two railroads were put through here, giving the town quite a boom. The population increased wonderfully within the next few years.

ALEXANDRIA INCORPORATED AS A TOWN.

In the summer of 1876, Alexandria was incorporated and the following officers elected: E. B. Chamness, N. E. Tomlinson and Gideon Keifer, Trustees; Seth B. Henshaw, Treasurer; J. M. Tomlinson, Clerk; Marion Tuttle, Marshal. Mr. Chamness had the honor of writing the first ordinance for the young corporation.

NIAGARA LIME STONE DISCOVERED.

In 1885, Simon Richardson discovered the Niagara lime stone quarry, one and one-half miles west of town in the bed of Pipe creek, on the land owned by William Carver. Then there was no doubt that Alexandria possessed greater natural advantages than any town in the State. Mr. Richardson being a poor man had not the means with which to develop the quarry and Mr. Carver seemingly having no faith in the productiveness of his land, let the quarry lay idle for some time.

L. C. Nicoson, an experienced quarryman, of Anderson, appreciating the fine quality of the stone, leased the land from Mr. Carver and bought the land adjoining it. He immediately put in all the machinery necessary for quarrying stone, developing the quarry and manifesting one of Alexandria's natural advantages. Mr. Nicoson still owns and operates the quarry with a force of fifty men.

Later, R. Free & Son opened a quarry on their land farther up the creek, near the Big Four Railroad bridge, now inside the city limits. In 1889 N. Booth bought R. Free's interest in the quarry, he and S. Free running the business under the firm name of Free & Booth. Four years later Mr. Booth bought S. Free's interest and now owns and operates the quarry. This quarry is equally as productive as Mr. Nicoson's, and now employs about the same number of men. This made brick and boulder foundations and corner "chunks" a thing of the past. The Niagara lime stone far surpasses, for building purposes, any stone in the State. This was an enterprise, as well as a natural advantage, that the citizens of Alexandria could well feel proud of.

The first newspaper in Alexandria was published in 1877, called the Alexandria *Bee*, edited by Joseph Fenimore.

In 1885 T. A. French came to Alexandria with the determination of running a successful newspaper. The first issue of Judge French's paper came out with the Alexandria *Times* at the top of the first page, in large black letters. The citizens hailed this paper with delight, and whispered, "Alexandria will boom now, sure."

The next and greatest natural advantage was natural gas. This great discovery was made on March 27, 1887, in well No. 1, of the Alexandria Mining and Exploring Company, located near the the terminus of East Washington street. The discovery of this wonderful fuel created greater excitement among the villagers than the discovery of gold created among the people of the West. Not only were the people of Alexandria excited, but the people of the adjoining counties also. They came by thousands to see "the wonder of the nineteenth century." Not knowing the depth of the Trenton rock, they were afraid to go very deep for fear of reaching salt water, consequently this well was small, flowing about two million cubic feet per day. Later, the same company drilled well No. 2, on West Washington street, which was thought at that time to be a very strong well, flowing 6,000,000 cubic feet per day.

At the time gas was discovered Alexandria was a village of 800 inhabitants. It was a very beautiful little place, having the best streets of any town in the county. Being well located, it attracted a great many prospectors.

Among the first to locate here was a brick manufacturer, a Mr. Davis, of Indianapolis, who located north of the city.

Mr. E. C. Ward now owns and operates the factory built by Mr. Davis, employing about fifteen men. The second industry was a window glass factory, located by Harper & Cruzen, now owned and operated by Herr, Free & Miller, under the firm name of the Alexandria Window Glass Company, employing seventy-two men.

The third industry was the Lippincott Chimney Works, located on West Washington street. This factory is one of the largest in the Gas Belt, employing about 650 men.

The fourth industry was the Indiana Brick Works, located south of the city, employing fifty men.

The fifth industry was the DePauw Plate Glass Works, one of the largest in America, now known as the American Plate Glass, employing about 300 men, situated west of the Lippincott works.

The sixth industry was the DePauw Window Glass Works, situated east of the city. This factory was the first tank factory built in the Gas Belt and employs about 300 men.

The seventh industry was the Kelly Axe Manufacturing Company, located north of the city, manufacturing the Perfect axe, of which W. C. Kelly, President of the company, is the patentee. This axe is conceded by all to be the best made in the world. The factory employs 400 men and is kept constantly in operation filling the orders received from all parts of the globe.

The last, but by no means the least, is the Union Steel Co.'s plant, located south of the city. It is one of the largest and finest in the world, employing 1,600 to 2,000 men.

Besides these industries there are a number of smaller factories among which are the Artificial Ice Plant and the Novelty Works.

THE OPERA HOUSE.

During the year 1890, C. F. Heritage, Albert Gordon, R. H. Hannah and S. E. Young erected the handsome and commodious Opera House on the south-east corner of Harrison and Church streets at a cost of $25,000. This building is an ornament to the city and will stand as a monument to the enterprise and public spirit of its owners and builders.

ALEXANDRIA BANKS — NATIONAL BANK.

Of the many financial institutions in the county—and it is a matter worthy of note that Madison county has more of them than any other county in the State—the banks of Alex-

Andria stand second to none in the confidence of the business world. The first bank established at Alexandria was organized by Dr. Braxton Baker, years before it was ever thought that the village would become one of the busiest little cities in the country. It was a private institution and was known as the Alexandria Bank. In 1892 this bank was reorganized under the National banking laws, and has since been doing business under the name of the Alexandria National Bank. The capital stock of the bank is $50,000. It is safe and reliable, and its career has been eminently successful. The officers of the bank are, S. E. Young, President; R. H. Hannah, Vice-President; S. G. Phillips, Cashier, and John H. Heritage Assistant Cashier.

COMMERCIAL BANK.

This institution was organized March 1, 1890, and by prudent management, practical methods and strict attention to legitimate banking business, is now held in high favor by the business public. It has ample capital with which to meet all demands that are made upon it, and enjoys the reputation of being financially solid. It is a co-partnership bank and its stockholders have large holdings in lands and other valuable property. The officers of the institution are, B. T. Calloway, President; H. C. Calloway, Vice-President; S. Free, Cashier, and Miss A. E. Condo, Assistant Cashier.

ALEXANDRIA INCORPORATED AS A CITY.

In 1893 the town of Alexandria was incorporated as a city. The following is a list of the first and subsequent officers: John E. Sherman, Mayor; L. J. Hernly, Clerk; E. C. Robinson, Treasurer; W. W. Fenimore, Marshal; Councilmen, First Ward, C. F. Heritage and John Reese; Second Ward, Joseph Brannum and Henry Herr; Third Ward, T. W. Mullen and Peter Hartman. The following officers were elected in 1894: John Shannon, Mayor; C. C. Robinson, Treasurer; J. F. Brenaman, vice Robinson, resigned; John W. Wallingford, Clerk; (J. M. Tomlinson, vice Wallingford, resigned;) T. M. Houston, Marshal; Councilmen, First Ward, C. F. Heritage and L. F. Pierce; Second Ward, Joseph Brannum and Henry Herr; Third Ward, T. W. Mullen and S. E. Rhinehart. The present city officials are John Shannon, Mayor; Jesse E. Beeson, City Judge; Joseph M. Tomlinson, Clerk; James F. Brenaman, Treasurer; T. M. Houston, Mar-

shal; Councilmen, First Ward, L. F. Pierce and S. Michaels; Second Ward, Joseph Brannum and John Marrs; Third Ward, T. W. Mullen and W. F. Edwards.

ELECTRIC LIGHT AND WATER WORKS.

The city is lighted by electricity, has an excellent water works system, and a well-organized fire department, mention of which will be found elsewhere in this work. The Electric Light Company was organized in 1893.

CHURCHES, SCHOOLS AND BENEVOLENT ORDERS.

Alexandria has seven Christian churches, or societies: The Methodist, Christian, Presbyterian, Baptist, Episcopal, United Presbyterian and Catholic. The Methodist society is the oldest in the city and township, having been organized at an early day. The society originally belonged to the Pendleton circuit and built the first church in Alexandria in 1845. The church is in a prosperous condition, having a large membership and practically out of debt.

The Christian church was organized in 1852, although evangelical work had been done in the township as far back as 1839 and 1840 by Elders Daniel Franklin, Drury Holt, William Trowbridge, B. Blount and others. Prominent among the membership of this church at the time of its organization were Jacob Cassell, John McMahan, James Ellis, Joseph Fenimore, Elizabeth Fitch and Martha Cassell. The society erected a meeting-house at Alexandria in 1853, in which services were held until 1863, when it was abandoned, being considered insecure. The membership divided at this time, a part going to what is known as the Lilly Creek church and a part to the Vinson church. The church was organized at Alexandria, however, in November, 1875, by Elder William McKensey, since which time it has steadily increased its membership.

The Presbyterian society was organized at a comparatively recent date. The membership is small but zealous and the result is that the society has one of the cosiest little churches in the county.

The Baptist church was organized at Alexandria December 23, 1895, and at present has no permanent home, the meetings being held in the Red Men's hall on Harrison street. The members are active and arrangements have been perfected that will insure them a place of worship.

There has been an organized Baptist society in Monroe township since June, 1842, when a small number of that faith assembled at the house of Moses Maynard for the purpose of organizing a church. In 1844 the society built a log meeting-house on Section 32, in the south-east part of the township. This house was removed in 1872, and on its site was erected a neat little frame building. This society is known as the Little Killbuck Old School Baptist Church. The first pastor was the Rev. William A. Thompson, one of the pioneer Baptist ministers of the State.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church was organized December, 1895, by Rev. Francis C. Woodard. The membership is few in numbers, but active, and the society is growing.

The United Presbyterians organized their church at Alexandria on May 4, 1893, and on the 1st of July, 1893, Rev. A. K. Straw took pastoral charge of the congregation. The work of the society is well organized and the outlook hopeful.

The Catholics have a growing congregation, but as yet have no permanent place of worship. Services are held by Father Beagle, of Elwood, twice a month.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The city of Alexandria has four public school buildings for the accomodation of the 670 children of legal school age within its limits, that number being the enumeration for the present year. Of that number sixteen are colored, eleven males and five females. This year a corps of twenty-one teachers was employed, at the head of whom, as superintendent, is Vinton R. Busby, one of the most efficient educators in the State. The present school trustees are Thomas H. Jones, S. Free and H. C. Binkly.

Two of the four school buildings, the "Tomlinson" and "Clark," are deserving of special mention. These two structures when completed and furnished cost the citizens of Alexandria $40,000. They are of handsome design, very attractive and a credit to the city.

There are thirteen school buildings in the township exclusive of the towns, and a like number of teachers. The school enumeration this year for the township alone shows that there are 352 males and 307 females, making a total of 659 persons entitled to school privileges.

BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES.

There are five secret benevolent orders at Alexandria, viz: The F. and A. M.; I. O. O. F.; K. of P.; I. O. R. M. and K. O. T. M. These societies were instituted in the above order, the Masons being the first to organize a lodge. Alexandria Lodge No. 225, F. and A. M., was organized May 25, 1858, and the following officers installed: R. H. Hannah, W. M.; John Coburn, S. W.; T. J. Pickard, J. W.; D. M. Scott, Treas.; A. G. Tomlinson, Sec.; G. Bohrer, S. D.; Joseph Pugh, J. D.; J. M. Zedeker, Tyler.

Necessity Lodge No. 222, I. O. O. F., was instituted Nov. 21, 1860, with ten charter members. The first officers of the lodge were: C. Free, N. G.; John Heagy, V. G.; R. H. Cree, Sec.; S. B. Harriman, Treas. This is the only lodge of any order in the county that owns a cemetery. The beautiful burial ground in the south-east part of the city was purchased and laid out as a place of sepulture by Necessity Lodge.

The I. O. R. M., K. of P. and Knights of the Maccabees are all in a flourishing condition and constantly increasing their membership.

THE PRESS.

The city has four newspapers proper mention of which is made elsewhere in these pages.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

The following are the names of those who have served the county in an official capacity from this township:

William Wilson, Commissioner, from 1844 to 1885; Fredrick Black, Representative, from 1867 to 1869; Dr. Joseph Pugh, Treasurer, from 1867 to 1871; J. F. Mock, Representative, from 1869 to 1870; D. K. Carver, Sheriff, from 1870 to 1872; Robert H. Hannah, Clerk, from 1874 to 1878; T. J. McMahan, Sheriff, from 1876 to 1880; R. H. Cree, State Senator, from Madison and Delaware counties, from 1875 to 1877; Morton H. Downey, Surveyor, from 1894 to 1896 and re-elected and is the present incumbent of that office.

ORESTES.

A few years ago Orestes was a mere hamlet; now, owing to the discovery of natural gas, it is an incorporated town with an estimated population of 450. The town is situated on the L. E. & W. railroad, two miles west of Alexandria, and possesses certain advantages which give it a degree of

prominence as a business point. It has two large factories, the Powell Tile works and the United Window Glass factory, the latter being one of the largest establishments of its kind in the country.

The school enumeration for the present year shows that there are 211 persons of legal school age within the corporate limits. Two school buildings are required for the accommodation of pupils and three teachers are employed.

Orestes is surrounded by a fertile farming country; its people are enterprising and thrifty, and taken altogether the town is fairly prosperous. It was incorporated in 1894.

OSCEOLA.

This village is situated in the north-west corner of the township and was laid out in 1855. It derives its name from the celebrated Seminole chief and at one time promised to become a place of considerable importance. A post-office was established here and E. M. Trowbridge, the first merchant in the place, was appointed postmaster. The office has long since been abolished. A large steam saw-mill was once operated here and a great deal of lumber was manufactured, but with the disappearance of the more valuable timber the industry ceased to be profitable and the mill was removed. The first physician here was Dr. Eppard, who was succeeded by Dr Cyrenus Free. The first blacksmith was David Perry, and the first shoemaker Absolom Webb. A school-house ample for the needs of the community is located here.

ACCIDENTS, INCIDENTS, REMINISCENCES AND SKETCHES—THROWN FROM A BUGGY AND KILLED.

Jacob Schwinn was, in his lifetime, one of the most influential farmers of Monroe township, in which he had a large circle of friends and acquaintances. He was well known throughout the county, being prominent, not only as a business man, but also as a politician. He took an active part in the political campaigns of his party, being a stanch Republican.

On the 21st day of November, 1874, Mr. Schwinn, at an early hour in the morning, arose and started for Anderson, in a buggy, to which he had one horse hitched, and was leading another behind. His son, Evan, rode with him for nearly a mile, until he came to the cross-road leading to Osceola, where he was engaged in teaching school. After parting with his

son, Mr. Schwinn drove south about eighty rods to a small bridge, which he passed over safely, but just after crossing, his horses became frightened at some obstacle on the road side and began to run. They had gone about thirty rods when the buggy was upset and the occupant thrown out, striking his head against the fence with such force as to cause his immediate death. Mr. Thomas Bell was within 100 yards of the accident, and Mr. Hankins but a short distance away. They both hurried to the place, but before reaching Mr. Schwinn, he had breathed his last.

A few minutes after leaving the buggy, Evan Schwinn, the son, heard a noise in the direction of the bridge, and fearing there was something wrong, hurried back, finding his father in the embrace of death. The body was examined by Drs. J. W. Perry and Cyrenus Free, who found that his injuries were caused by a shock to the spinal column and the breaking of internal blood vessels.

Mr. Schwinn was born in Bendenkirschen, in the Grand Duchy of Hesse Darmstadt, September 21, 1816, and immigrated to this country when twenty-one years of age. He landed in Baltimore, where he remained a short time working at the tailor's trade. From here he went to Pittsburg, Penn., and remained a short period and thence to Indianapolis. He finally settled in Yorktown, Delaware county, where he formed the acquaintance of N. E. Tomlinson and became very warmly attached to him. In the year 1842 Mr. Tomlinson moved to Alexandria and engaged in the mercantile business. Mr. Schwinn soon followed him and worked at his trade, when he gave it up for the more congenial occupation of farming. In the same year Mr. Schwinn, being prominent in the counsels of the Whig party, was placed in nomination for the office of Representative for Madison county. He made a bold and creditable fight in his canvass, but owing to the overwhelming Democratic majority was defeated at the polls. In 1866 he took a leading and active part in organizing the first Masonic lodge at Alexandria, of which he continued to be a leading member until the time of his death. He was a consistent member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and took a prominent part in the affairs of that organization. Being industrious and economical he had amassed quite a little fortune and left his family in easy circumstances. His remains were interred at the Deadman cemetery, two miles north of Alexandria, the ceremony being conducted by the Masonic order.

The funeral was one of the largest that ever occurred in Madison county. The older citizens of this county will pleasantly remember the subject of this sketch, and will long mourn his death.

SUICIDE OF JOSEPH CROSS.

Joseph Cross was a bachelor, who for many years lived alone about two and a half miles southeast of Alexandria. He was found dead in his bed on Sunday, the 17th of August, 1884. He had been missing since the previous Thursday evening, and the evidence adduced at the Coroner's inquest tended to show that about that time he took arsenic with suicidal intent. A quantity of the drug on a teaspoon was found on the table near the bed on which he was lying. When the body was discovered it was in an advanced state of decomposition so much so that it was almost impossible to make a post mortem examination. He was an inoffensive citizen, though somewhat dissipated. Despondency was the cause of the act. He was possessed of considerable property, being the owner of the farm upon which he resided. His remains were taken in charge by a brother and other relatives and interred in the Alexandria cemetery

He was a brother of Lafe Cross, a once prominent Anderson druggist, and also of Worth Cross, a painter, who still resides in or near Alexandria, and Absolom Cross, a prominent farmer of Monroe township.

SAD DEATH OF WINFRED WALKER.

On the 15th of July, 1879, Winfred Walker, one of the most influential farmers of Monroe township, left his home to go to Alexandria, four miles distant, for the purpose of getting a hay rake which he had purchased. He hitched his horse to the rake without "hold-back straps" and started for home. On the road the horse became frightened at some object and started to run, and Mr. Walker was killed. No one was present to witness the occurrence, and how he came to his death is simply a matter of conjecture. It is supposed the rake ran upon the horse's heels and scared him, which started him to run. He was found in a dying condition near the farm of James Wilson, about two and a half miles east of Alexandria. He was unable to speak and unconscious, and lived but a few minutes after he was found. His body was mangled in a frightful manner and had every appearance of a great struggle in his vain attempt to extricate himself from the "tines" of

the rake while the horse was wild with fright and running at the top of his speed.

The scene at Mr. Walker's residence as his lifeless body was carried home is easier to imagine than describe. The Walker family had been peculiarly unfortunate. One of the daughters, before this accident, had lost her arm in a cane mill.

Mr. Walker enjoyed the respect of the community in which he lived and was a practical agriculturist. He was a man of about fifty-three years of age, of very strict integrity, and one who prided himself always upon making his word good, and for his promptness in discharging any financial obligation.

Marshal Walker, son of Winfred Walker, is still living in Monroe township. One of his daughters married a son of the Hon. Robert H. Cree, ex-Senator from the counties of Madison and Delaware.

LOST HIS FOOT.

Albert Chaplain, residing a short distance north of Alexandria, on the farm of his father, John Chaplain, met with a serious accident on the 25th of July, 1879, by which he had his left foot taken off. He, with his father and brother were mowing grass in the meadow near the family residence. The machine was stopped and Albert was engaged in removing a piece of stump that was in the way. He came behind the mower and put his left foot over the sickle bar when some bumble-bees in the grass frightened the team. His foot was caught in the sickle and he was dragged fifteen or twenty feet. His foot was found to be cut almost off. Dr. J. W. Hunt, who was then a resident of Alexandria was summoned and in company with Drs. Sullivan, Runyan and Sharp the foot was amputated. He also suffered other injuries, having one of his fingers badly cut. He was only about fourteen years of age when this accident took place.

FATAL ENDING OF AN OLD FEUD.

Gilman is a small station on the L. E. & W. R. R., eight miles east of Alexandria. On Monday evening, the 28th of March, 1881, Coroner Michael Ryan, of Anderson, received the following dispatch:

"A man shot and killed at Gilman this evening.
JOHN W. HUNT."

The John W. Hunt who signed the dispatch was Dr. J. W. Hunt, now of Anderson, who at that time resided at Alexandria. Coroner Ryan took the 9:12 train north on the C. W. & M. R. R. to investigate the matter and to hold an inquest over the body of the deceased. The news began to spread, and it was evident that a terrible tragedy had occurred. Rumors of all kinds were afloat, but as to the real facts, they were greatly exaggerated. Among the residents of the village was one Ira Miller; a single man of twenty-three years of age, who kept a small store in the place. Seth McKinney also lived there and was a cousin of Miller. McKinney had no particular occupation, but worked in the saw-mill in the village for a while, and was then engaged in the patent right and lightning rod business. A misunderstanding arose between McKinney and Miller, the direct cause of which seems to have been uncertain, as several accounts of the same were given, none of which seemed to agree. It is said, however, that at one time during the summer previous to the shooting, McKinney made a drawing for a gate which he intended to have patented. A portion of his territory was traded to a gentleman near Muncie by some one representing himself as a partner of McKinney. The man who traded for the territory was looking about with a view to manufacturing the gate. When McKinney learned of this transaction he went to him, showed him his plates and drawings, explained that the person who had traded off the gate did so without authority. The outcome of the affair was that McKinney received a fine young horse in compromise of the unauthorized purchase of the territory, to quiet the matter.

Ira Miller learned of this transaction, and believing the gentleman who had purchased the right of the gate had been swindled, so stated to parties in Muncie. This reached the ears of the purchaser, who went to see Miller and McKinney at Gilman. Some trouble arose between McKinney and the purchaser, Miller being the instigator, by the statements he had made to the parties in Muncie. Thus these two men were dragged into a trouble which resulted in making them deadly enemies.

Another theory was that the difficulty really arose over a woman McKinney had been living with by the name of Reeder, who came from Tipton county. Her character, it is said, was not of the best. It is said that McKinney lived with this woman as his wife. When Coroner Ryan arrived at the

scene of the tragedy he found the body of McKinney in the house where he lived with this woman. McKinney and Miller had quarreled several times and mutual threats had been made. On the evening of the shooting the quarrel had been renewed and Miller charged McKinney with stealing $700 where he had hid it at one time when they were on a spree together. On the evening of the shooting they were in front of Miller's store, as the 5 o'clock train on the L. E. & W. railroad was coming in. McKinney told Miller that he had a notion to take a pitch-fork handle, standing by, and mash his mouth for the way in which he had abused him. Miller answered, "Damn you, I told you if you ever crossed my path I would kill you!" He raised his revolver and shook it at him several times. A farmer standing by took hold of Miller's arm and requested him not to shoot. When the farmer had released his hold and was on the way to the train Miller shot McKinney, who walked about thirty feet, when he fell over dead.

According to the testimony of witnesses, no revolver was found on McKinney's person. Miller went to his stable, saddled a horse and went north at full gallop. The horse returned to Gilman the next morning.

McKinney had relatives in Tipton: at one time he had also lived in Michigan. Sheriff Randall Biddle, of Madison county, had received a letter from the Sheriff of Clinton county, Michigan, where he was wanted for grand larceny. He came from Ohio to Muncie and from there to Gilman. It is claimed that he had a wife and children living in Ohio. He did not enjoy a good reputation and the fact that he was living with a woman to whom he was never married, would seem to confirm the belief that he was not of good character.

Ira Miller, who did the killing, was about twenty years of age, a son of Jacob Miller, an old and highly respected farmer of Harrison township, in Delaware county, who lives just across the line from Madison county. He had a great many friends that came to his and his son's relief in the investigation of this unfortunate affair and it is said that it was due to his father's influence that Ira escaped the consequences of the law. Parties who were well acquainted with both men in the case and the trouble which existed between them, testified that Miller was justified in his actions from the fact that McKinney had on several occasions threatened to take the life of Miller.

Miller was placed under arrest and a preliminary hearing had before a Justice of the Peace of Monroe township. After a full hearing he was acquitted upon the ground of justifiable homicide, it being proven that when McKinney approached Miller, on the platform at the station, that it was in a threatening manner. Miller knew that McKinney was a desperate man, and felt that he was justified in shooting him in order to save his own life, or himself, from personal injury.

A TRAVELING MAN ASSAULTED.

At the station of the Lake Erie & Western Railroad at Alexandria a most brutal and unwarranted attack was made on Frank M. Richardson, a drummer for a wholesale boot and shoe house of Cleveland, on the 8th of December, 1882, by Frank Cleary, of that place, in which Richardson was terribly cut in several places on his body, one gash over his eye and one clear across his face, cutting nearly through his cheek and leaving a horrible scar which Mr. Richardson will carry with him to the grave.

There seems to have been but little provocation for the attack, for the reason that Mr. Richardson was an unobtrusive and quiet man who had gone to the station to await the arrival of the out-going train upon which he was about to take passage. Clearey was in an intoxicated condition, and for some cause commenced taunting Mr. Richardson, calling him names and inviting him out of doors to fight. Richardson endured this until his patience was worn out, and told Clearey and some companions who were with him that if they did not desist some of them would get hurt, and then started out of the doorway. However, before reaching the door, Clearey drew a knife and made an assault upon Richardson, with the above result. Besides cutting him in the cheek he was severely wounded in other portions of his anatomy.

It was thought for awhile that Richardson would die from the loss of blood, but, after being taken care of by physicians, he was able in a few days to go on his way.

Clearey was placed under arrest and gave bond in the sum of $1,000, with Robert Hannah as security, for his appearance at the next term of the Circuit Court. Clearey justified himself by stating that Richardson had commenced the disturbance himself, but it was not generally believed that this was the fact.

Richardson was a tall, handsome man, and prided him-

self greatly upon his personal appearance, and the mortification which he experienced from the wound in his cheek sank deep into his heart. He grieved over it very much. Some time after this assault he was in Anderson consulting Mr. Kittinger, who was then Prosecuting Attorney, in relation to the case against Clearey. Upon coming down on the street in front of the lawyer's office he unexpectedly found himself face to face with his late assailant, and, without a moment's warning, drew his pistol and fired. The ball took effect in Clearey's person, and felled him to the ground, but did not prove fatal. A crowd soon gathered, Clearey was taken off the street, and friends surrounded Richardson who persuaded him to return to Mr. Kittinger's office.

Richardson was placed under arrest for assault and battery with intent to kill. Thomas J. McMahan became security for his appearance to answer to the charge. The case against Richardson hung in court for a long time, without being brought to trial, but finally through public sentiment, which was largely in his favor, or for other reasons unknown to the writer, Mr. Richardson was never tried for his assault upon Clearey. In the meantime Clearey was tried in the Madison County Circuit Court, was convicted of the charge of assault and battery with intent to kill, and sentenced to the State's prison for a short term. Mr. Clearey served his time in prison and returned to Alexandria, where he yet resides.

KILLED IN A SAW-MILL.

On the 15th of August, 1884, Henry Pritchett, an offbearer in Enos Rutledges' saw-mill at Gilman, was caught by a log on the carriage as it was being taken back from the mill and dragged onto the saw; he was instantly killed. His right leg was cut off at the knee joint and he received a gash across the breast puncturing his vitals and almost cutting his body in twain; he never spoke after the accident. He was about twenty-four years of age, married, and left a wife to survive him. Dr. B. F. Spann, Coroner of Madison county, was called and an inquest was held and a verdict of accidental killing was rendered, exonerating the owner of the mill from any blame whatever. The body was conveyed by friends to the Whetstone cemetery, south of Anderson, for interment.

A TRAGEDY.

Albert C. Carver, a Madison county boy, ex-Prosecutor of the Pleas of the State of Indiana, was born and reared in

the vicinity of Alexandria, where he is at the present time enjoying the highest esteem of his neighbors and fellow citizens. Mr. Carver is a very quiet man, has never dealt in epithets or offered insult to his fellow men, but he is made of such material that when approached in a menacing way, he will defend himself to the bitter end.

On the 9th of August, 1879, Mr. Carver became engaged in an affray at Alexandria, his native village, in which he was assaulted by a mob, prominent among whom was William Cox, during the course of which it became necessary for Mr. Carver, in defense of his person, to use such force as to cause the death of his assailant.

Mr. Carver was in the act of boarding a C. W. & M. train for Anderson, when he was attacked by three men who commenced beating him in a merciless manner. William Cox and Carver clinched, when some one, believed to be Cox, cried out for help from the others, saying that they should kill Carver and at the same time calling him vile names. At this juncture, Carver seeing there was no possible escape, either from being killed or badly hurt, drew a pistol from his pocket and shot twice in rapid succession; both shots taking effect in the body of William Cox, killing him almost instantly.

When it was known that Cox had been shot his accomplices immediately retreated; Carver boarded the train and asked protection from several traveling men on the train, who responded. Conductor Albert Johnson took in the situation at once and pulled out with his train, and thereby avoided further bloodshed as Carver's assailants were in an ugly mood and prepared to do further deeds of violence.

Carver was placed under arrest and in the custody of the Sheriff of Madison county, but several persons from Alexandria went upon his bond for his appearance at court. Michael Ryan, the Coroner, was summoned, and held an inquest the day after the shooting. The verdict was, that William Cox came to his death from a pistol shot fired by Alfred C. Carver, in defense of his own life. Mr. Carver had a preliminary examination before Lewis C. Burke, Justice of the Peace, at the Mayor's office, in Anderson, on the following Monday, and after a full and impartial hearing, he was acquitted of any criminal action.

The direct cause of the unhappy event was attributed to a feud that had existed between the parties for some time, growing out of some trivial matter, which kept on growing

until it had culminated as before stated. It was contended by some that the fact that Carver had been pushing suits in the Circuit Court, involving the title to a large amount of real estate on which the town of Alexandria is situated, he had incurred the displeasure of a portion of the citizens of that place.

No one knowing the circumstances of the case ever held Mr. Carver responsible for any thing criminal in this transaction, as he simply did what every other citizen has a right to do—defend his person against bodily harm.

Mr. Cox was a young man of about 26 years of age. His father, it is said, was killed several years before this affair, in Texas, by also being shot in a row. Since this unfortunate affair, Mr. Carver has lived in Madison county and has been a just and upright citizen, having been elected by his constituency to the high and honorable position of Prosecuting Attorney for this District, which office he filled with credit. He now resides in Alexandria, is engaged in the practice of his profession and is one of the leaders at the Madison county bar.

POST OFFICE ROBBED.

On the 29th of August, 1891, the post office at Alexandria was robbed in a most thorough and complete manner. The robbers entered the building by the rear window and opened the money drawer in Postmaster Tomlinson's desk, he having no safe in the building. About forty dollars in money, some small change and a considerable number of stamps were taken. The burglars then proceeded to a butcher shop close by and plundered that place, receiving but little for their trouble. There was no clue to the robbery. The authorities at Washington were notified and detectives were put to work, but no discovery was made as to who the guilty parties were.

A STRANGE HOMICIDE.

Joseph Frazier and Sylvester Hupp were neighbors living near Alexandria, and no enmity or bad feeling had ever been known to exist between them. On the 11th of May, 1884, the community was startled by a report that Frazier had in cold blood murdered Hupp.

On Saturday prior to the murder they were in Anderson together and had been drinking considerably. Frazier became sick from the effects of drink and was confined to his bed as a result. On the evening of the day that he was taken sick he

sent for Mr. Hupp, whose residence was but a short distance from his own. Hupp immediately complied with the request, and as he entered the room he passed by the bed upon which Frazier was lying and spoke to him in a friendly manner. Frazier's only reply was, "What do you want?" and reaching under the pillow, drew a revolver and fired, the ball entering Hupp's heart, killing him instantly. There was no reason that could be assigned by any one for this horrible act. Frazier was at once arrested by Constable George W. Cummins, of Monroe township, and on the morning following waived an examination in 'Squire Finch's Court in Alexandria, and was committed to the county jail. During his incarceration he steadily refused to talk to any one in an intelligent manner, trying to leave on every one the impression that he was insane.

Many of the neighbors and people who were acquainted with Frazier gave credence to the story that he was deranged, from the fact that he had lost his daughter a short time previously which it was said bore heavily upon him, causing him to give away to drink. He was a hard working man and had accumulated considerable wealth. He owned a farm of 160 acres well stocked, and in addition had quite a large sum of money. He was about forty-eight years of age and had a wife and eight children.

Sylvester Hupp, the victim, was a carpenter by trade and being of a quiet and jovial disposition, was not known to have an enemy in the world. He left a wife and four children in moderate circumstances. He was about fifty years of age, and a brother of Dewitt C. Hupp, a prominent school teacher and politician of Madison county, who yet resides at Alexandria. Coroner William A. Hunt held an inquest over the remains, returning a verdict of murder. However, before the Grand Jury could convene to make an investigation of the affair, Frazier put an end to the whole matter by taking his own life in the county jail on the 18th of May, 1884, by hanging himself to the bars of his cell. It is said that Frazier recognized the enormity of his crime and had asserted on several occasions that he had been guilty of a grievous offense. On being placed in jail he inquired of Deputy Sheriff Moore how long it would be before the court convened and on being informed that it would be four weeks, he replied that he would never have a trial. This was sufficient evidence that he had premeditated suicide. Before committing the act he addressed a letter to his mother and also one to his wife and family, on the 31st of

May, in which he urged them both to be good to the children, and to prepare to meet him in a better world. After the inquest held by the Coroner of the county, his remains were delivered to his grief stricken family, and they were then conveyed to Wesley Chapel cemetery, in Richland township, where the remains of his victim had been interred but a few days before. The estate that he left to his family was estimated to be worth ten or fifteen thousand dollars. It is charitable at least to believe that Frazier at the time he committed the deed, was not in his right mind, as no reason could be offered why he should deliberately take the life of one who had always been a neighbor and a close friend.

KILLED WHILE COUPLING CARS.

On the 28th of June, 1890, Henry Sholts, a brakeman on the C., W. & M. Railroad, was killed while making a coupling at Alexandria. He fell between the cars and was instantly killed. No one seems to know much about the particulars of his death, and but little can be said about it. The records of Dr. C. L. Armington show that he was called there in the capacity of Coroner, and held an inquest over the dead body of Sholts, that he was a man of about twenty-five years of age. His remains were taken by friends after the inquest.

AN ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING.

One of the most distressing accidents that ever occurred in Madison county, took place on the 17th of October, 1891, near Alexandria, whereby Arlantas Runyon was accidentally shot by Willis S. Ellis, who is at this writing a practicing attorney-at-law in Anderson, and who was once Superintendent of Schools in Madison county. On the day above mentioned, Runyon and Ellis had been out hunting, and were in a field about three miles from Alexandria walking very closely together, Ellis having his gun pointing downward. In some manner, he slipped and fell, and in his fall the gun was discharged, and the entire contents were landed in Runyon's right foot, terribly lacerating it, and disabling Mr. Runyon so that he could not walk.

Mr. Ellis hastenened to a neighboring house, secured a buggy and hauled his companion to Alexandria where his wounds were dressed. After an examination it was determined that amputation was necesssary, and Mr. Runyon un-

derwent the ordeal of having his leg taken off between his knee and the ankle, thus rendering him a cripple for life. When he became convalescent, he had an artificial member placed on his limb, and one, to see him walk along the street, would never suspect that he had lost so important a member of his body.

Mr. Runyon is a prominent citizen of Madison county, having been twice elected to the position of Trustee of Monroe township, and was at one time a prominent candidate for Treasurer of Madison county. This accident distressed Mr. Ellis nearly as much as it did Mr. Runyon, from the fact that they were close friends and companions from boyhood. Mr. Ellis rendered every assistance in his power to alleviate the sufferings of his wounded friend, and they are still close friends.

FATAL SHOOTING AT ORESTES.

On the 8th of September, 1894, in a saloon at the town of Orestes, in Monroe township, a fatal shooting affair took place in which James McDermit shot and killed Isaac Martin, a young man about twenty-five years of age. It happened in a bar-room fight, and it seems that Martin was the aggressor, and that McDermit acted in self-defense.

C. L. Armington, the Coroner, was called and investigated the case, and returned a verdict of justifiable homicide, which was afterwards confirmed in the courts of justice of Madison county.

A FATAL FALL.

On the 22nd of October, 1894, Lewis Hatchet, of Orestes, while in an intoxicated condition coming down a stairway, fell and broke his neck, from the effects of which he died almost instantly. He was a man about forty years of age, being almost a stranger in the locality. But little is known of him. He was employed in a glass factory in the capacity of a laborer.

JEREMIAH SMITH MEETS DEATH BENEATH THE WHEELS OF A BIG FOUR PASSENGER TRAIN.

Jeremiah Smith, a Madison county pioneer, residing near Rigdon, was killed at Alexandria by the morning passenger train over the Big Four, April 15, 1896.

Mr. Smith, although seventy-three years of age, was even more energetic than hundreds of men forty years his junior. He was a dealer in produce and drove to Alexandria from his

home at Rigdon every Wednesday and Saturday morning. With a new buggy filled with eggs, butter, etc., he left his home as usual, not anticipating the horrible fate he afterwards met.

Attorney Arthur H. Jones, of Summitville, was an eye witness to the accident. He was coming to Anderson on the train. Mr. Smith had succeeded in crossing the track in front of the engine at the crossing just north of the Big Four depot. After crossing the track the horse became frightened and commenced backing. The buggy was backed against the baggage car of the train, and immediately torn loose from the horse and broken into pieces. Mr. Smith was thrown forcibly to the ground, his head striking the rail. The top of his head was completely cut off and death resulted instantaneously.

The unfortunate man was well known throughout the county.

After the accident the ambulance was called and the remains of Mr. Smith were immediately conveyed to the Davis undertaking establishment and cared for.

Coroner S. C. Sells held an inquest, after which the remains were removed to his home.

KILLED BY AN OFFICER.

On Saturday night, April 20th, 1895, special officer Harry Painter, of Alexandria, while doing his duty as prescribed by law came in contact with two men, one of whom was named Schneider and the other Cherott. It became his duty to place them under arrest for transgression of the ordinances of the city, and in so doing was compelled to use his pistol by which means he mortally wounded Schneider and severely crippled Cherott. The facts of the affair are as follows: A party of glass workers were drinking at a saloon on Washington street in West Alexandria and became so boisterous that the proprietor ordered them from the place. The party left the saloon and got out on the sidewalk where the men who composed it commenced fighting.

Officer Painter, who was doing duty for another officer in that part of town, was in a barber shop near by getting shaved, but immediately got up as soon as the disturbance commenced and rushed out to arrest the men. He was soon surrounded by the men and in struggling with Cherott was borne to the ground. While he was down Schneider jerked his mace out of his hand and commenced beating him over the head with it. Painter

finding that he was beset by men who appeared to be wanting to kill him, pulled his revolver and fired twice at Schneider and once at Cherott. Schneider ran and Painter succeeded in arresting Cherott and placing him in the calaboose. The shot aimed at Cherott took effect on the top of his head, making a painful but not serious wound.

Soon after Cherott had been placed in the calaboose, Marshal T. M. Houston was informed that there was a man lying under a tree not far from the scene of the fight who was either drunk or sick, and the officer proceeded to the place indicated to investigate. He found Schneider lying on the ground under the tree dead, and sent for an ambulance and had the body conveyed to an undertaking establishment. Painter gave himself up to the Marshal saying that he supposed he had killed the man, but was not aware of it until his remains had been found.

Upon examination of Schneider it was found that he had been shot twice, one of the wounds being in his left arm and the other in his left side.

Painter was placed under arrest, but was bailed by R. H. Hannah and other leading citizens of Alexandria, and finally, on a hearing in court, was acquitted of any criminal act, being entirely exonorated, as doing his duty as an officer of the law.

A DISASTROUS STORM.

One of the most disastrous storms that has visited this county occurred on the 17th of August, 1888, in a small strip of country, lying north of Anderson, between Killbuck and Alexandria, and was the scene of much destruction. On the Alexandria pike, north of the old John Nelson farm, and for two or three miles on either side, a strip as far as the Delaware county line, was severely shaken up by the wind and rainfall. Hail fell in immense quantities and the wind uprooted trees, blew down fences, barns and out-buildings. The hail was of unusual size, cutting the corn to ribbons and breaking the glass in the windows of the houses. The growing crops over the country were almost entirely obliterated and the corn was beaten down into the ground. The home of Mrs. Hupp, a small log house, was blown out of existence. The logs were caught by the wind and blown in every direction. At the time it struck the building, Mrs. Hupp and her family were in the house, but strange to relate, none were seriously hurt. One of the boys, however, sustained a wound

about the head, from the falling timbers. Mrs. Hupp was the widow of Wesley Hupp, who was killed by Joseph Frazier prior to this event, of which killing an account has been given in these pages. The farms of Washington Black, Weems Heagy, Mrs. Anthony Mabbitt, William Thornburg and Noah Eppard were in the direct track of the storm and their growing crops, fences, timber and out-buildings were more or less damaged. It was, by far, the most severe storm that ever swept through this part of the country, and will be long remembered by all those who witnessed it.

SAVED HIS BRIDE FROM A WATERY GRAVE.

On the 18th of February, 1895, Hon. John Shannon, Mayor of Alexandria, was joined in wedlock with Miss Margaret Lathrop, of Greensburg, Indiana. After the wedding ceremony was over and they had received the congratulations of their friends, they started on their wedding tour by the way of Louisville, Kentucky, at which place they boarded a steamer on the Ohio river for Cincinnati. They took passage on the "State of Missouri," one of the finest boats plying between New Orleans and Cincinnati, owned by the Cincinnati and Memphis Packet Company. While they were enjoying their honeymoon on the placid waters of the Ohio, near Alton, Indiana, the steamer struck a rock on the Indiana side, and in less than ten minutes went down in forty feet of water. C. C. Whitehead, an old pilot, was on board and gave the following account of the disaster. He said: "As the vessel was coming down the river I was in the pilot house and started down to supper. When I reached the cabin deck I noticed the vessel was headed too much towards the shore, and started to see what the matter was. At that moment the pilot in charge of the boat seemed to realize that the steamer was going in the wrong direction, and he began to turn, but he was too late in making the effort to change the course of the vessel. The bow missed the rock but the stern was struck and was completely cut off from the other part. When the shock came, a brave negro jumped ashore with a line and attached it to the boat, but the headway of the vessel parted the line and the boat swung into the river. All were excited and there was no time to study what was best to do. Life boats were lowered, but before the passengers had time to take advantage of them, a general scramble was made without any system on the part of the officers and passengers. It seems that every one fought

his own battle. At this juncture Mr. Shannon seeing the danger, and that there was but one way to escape, asked his wife to jump into the river, assuring her that he would follow and take her safe to the shore, which she did; he immediately sprang after her and swam with her to the Indiana side, thereby saving himself and his wife from a watery grave.

It was a brave deed and very few men would have had the courage to undertake such a task. The clothing of Mr. Shannon and wife were badly soiled, and they lost their baggage which was in the wreck. They telegraphed their friends and relatives at Greensburg that they were all right. They continued on their trip, however, and returned to Alexandria, which place they have since made their home. No fatalities occurred on the vessel as the crew and passengers were all saved.

KILLED WHILE RESISTING ARREST.

Scarcely had the Schneider killing passed out of the public mind (an account of which appears in this volume) when the news was flashed over the wire that John Graham, a Policeman of Alexandria, had on Saturday the 29th of February, 1896, shot and killed John Worthington, a workman in the steel mill, while arresting him for the violation of the law.

Many stories were set in circulation and no two agreed as to the particulars. The public press at the time gave about the following account of the affair:

"The first reports of the tragedy received indicate that the shooting was the result of an attempt to place Worthington under arrest, upon a warrant issued on the complaint of his room-mate, one Thomas Kneading, who reported to the police that Worthington had fired three shots at him. It seems that there was a woman in the case, a widow, at whose house the two men boarded; that Worthington was in love with the widow and suspected Kneading of being a little too persistent in his attentions.

"When Policeman Graham went to arrest Worthington he was accompanied by Kneading, who, however, kept well to the rear as they approached the house. Graham found Worthington in his room, and four of his fellow-workmen were with him. It is said that Worthington had his revolver in hand ready for action, but it does not appear that he made any demonstration toward using it against the officer. On the contrary, when he found the officer had a warrant for his

arrest, he suffered him to take the revolver from him. After securing the revolver and placing it in his own pocket, the officer seized the prisoner, who, for some reason which at the present time is unexplained, made a stubborn resistance, striking and kicking the officer, it is alleged, whereupon the latter pulled his gun and fired the fatal shot. It does not appear that the four companions of Worthington took any part in the proceedings beyond attempting to cool the parties down and avoid trouble, though it is stated that Graham had his prisoner floored at one time, and let him up at the request of these men, who guaranteed that he would go along peaceably with the officer.

"Graham immediately reported the occurrence to his superior officer, who sent him to the Mayor's office where he was formally placed under arrest.

"Worthington came to Alexandria from Birmingham, Ala., but has a sister residing at Ashville, Ky., also one at Columbus, Ohio. He was a large and powerful man physically."

Mr. Graham was taken to Anderson for safe keeping on account of the angry spirit manifested by the companions of Worthington, although no violence was offered.

Graham was acquitted in January, 1897.

BURNING OF THE PLATE GLASS WORKS.

On the 17th of September, 1895, a disastrous fire took place at the Alexandria Plate Glass Works, in which a portion of that institution was destroyed, entailing a large loss of property to the owners of the plant. Major C. T. Doxey was the president of the company, and immediately after the fire set about rebuilding the parts destroyed in a substantial and extensive manner, and it is at this writing one of the largest of its kind in the State.

AN OLD SOLDIER KILLED.

On the 6th of August, 1896, Leonard Birch, a veteran of the late war, a member of Company K, 100th Regiment of Indiana Volunteers, and an inmate of the Soldiers' Home at Leavenworth, Kansas, was killed at Alexandria by being run over by the cars on the "Big Four" railroad.

He was on the track and stepped aside to avoid a coming train and stepped in front of another, unnoticed by him, going

in an opposite direction, thus meeting his death. He was a man about fifty-two years old.

DR. SCOTT COMMITS SUICIDE.

On Saturday, August 8, 1896, Dr. Scott killed himself at Alexandria by cutting his throat with a razor. He had been in bad health for some time, and was visiting the family of his sister, Mrs. Davis, the wife of the minister in charge of the M. E. church, when the rash act was committed. His sickness had caused a temporary aberration of mind and he was not responsible at the time.

The weapon used was a razor that Mrs. Davis had been preparing to pack with some articles that she was taking to the lakes where she intended to go in search of rest and recreation, and during her temporary absence Scott got hold of it and took his life. The act was done in the presence of Mrs. Scott, just as she was returning to the room in which she had left the unfortunate brother a few minutes before.

Drs. Hugh and Coffin were called, but no relief could be rendered the victim, and he died in a few minutes after the fatal stroke. The remains were removed to Greentown, his home, for burial.

ALEXANDRIA HAPPENINGS—GAS EXPLOSIONS AND A BRIEF SKETCH OF ITS FIRE DEPARTMENT.

The facilities of Alexandria for fighting fire, prior to its wonderful boom, were considered adequate for a small village, and for many years consisted only of an unorganized bucket brigade under the management of a volunteer chief. When a fire occurred, the usual alarm was a loud cry of fire, started by some one and taken up by the denizens of the town. Merchants, mechanics, laborers and numerous small boys with wooden buckets, tubs and vessels of every description would form a line from the neighboring wells to the burning buildings. The noble work and deeds of daring of this unorganized brigade has saved the homes and household effects of many families, and the success or failure, and the special deeds of bravery of individuals were liberally discussed at the homes and firesides of Alexandria people for many days after the occurrence.

Among those who have been prominent in fighting fire and who have distinguished themselves as volunteer chiefs of the fire fighters, we mention James B. Black, Mort. Canfield

and George Grant, they having been in command in more than one conflagration.

The rapid increase in population causing Alexandria to spring from a mere village in 1891 to a city of six thousand souls, gave an impetus to all branches of business and to all trades, but the means of protecting property from the fiery elements were entirely ignored until the citizens were confronted with the fact that the town was being rapidly burned down without the resources at hand to prevent its entire destruction.

On the 6th of December, 1891, near the hour of midnight, an alarm of fire given by a citizen promptly brought out the populace with their buckets. It was soon discovered that the business room occupied by Scott Pauly, as a jewelry store, was on fire, and before water could be procured the flames had communicated to the adjoining buildings. It was soon apparent that the whole square would be consumed. The severe cold weather and scarcity of water rendered the citizens powerless. Many stocks of merchandise were carried from the adjoining buildings to the streets and the flames had their own way. They were finally checked at either end of the square, by Washington street on the south and Church street on the north. Three saloons were among the many business places destroyed. Their contents were carried into the street and freely made use of by all those who wished to help themselves. The only brick building in the block was that occupied by H. P. Williams as a saloon. The side walls were all that remained of this structure, and they were left in such condition that in a few days they fell down, and buried in the ruins John Fink, a well-known citizen, and Willie Morley, a boy about fifteen years of age. When rescued they were both unconscious and died in a short time afterward.

The following is a list of the business houses that were destroyed by the fire: John Wiggins, restaurant; Ves Layne, boots and shoes; Alexandria Fruit Company; John A. Graham, saloon; Fred Cartwright, grocery; John Dwyer, saloon; George Kelley, saloon; Manlove & Buckley, hardware; H. P. Williams, saloon; A. Bertsche, harness; Ben Patterson, restaurant; Edward Eccles, saloon.

On the night of January 21, 1893, a frame building on the west side of Harrison street, occupied by J. C. Clayton as a grocery store, and also by the post-office, was discovered to be on fire, and it looked for a time as if the conflagration would destroy the entire west side. The building was soon

enveloped in flames, and the adjoining property was doomed. The contents af the stores were hastily removed to the street, as there were no buildings empty in which to place them. The fire was checked at the corner of an alley between Church and Wood streets by tearing out a frame building occupied by Rupert & Stockton as a restaurant. John Black, John E. Sherman and others rendered valuable aid in tearing out the building, damming up the gutter and saving the water made by the intense heat melting the deep snow. After these conflagrations the property owners began to realize the necessity for protection, and therefore applied to the City Council to provide apparatus for that purpose. The finances of the city were, however, such that it was soon apparent that nothing could be done by the city fathers.

Five citizens, R. H. Hannah, Anthony Bertsche, A. E. Harlan, S. E. Young and J. P. Condo, volunteered to supply the necessary money with which to purchase a large, two-horse chemical engine, hook and ladder wagon, a small five-gallon chemical engine, which was accordingly purchased in Chicago.

When the apparatus arrived a meeting was held in the office of Mayor John E. Sherman, when forty men signed for service and organized a board of directors consisting of Pink Varble, Joseph Fulton, Joseph Brannum and T. W. Mullen. They effected an organization by electing John H. Frank chief of the department. The company not having any headquarters, the fire apparatus was placed in a livery stable.

Many persons were anxious to see the new fire machine at work, and several ventured the opinion that they would prove no protection. Dr. Budd Reid, being more anxious than others, started a cry of fire on October 21, and called out all the members of the company. He was not in sight when they arrived, and was anxious to have them believe that some one else had called them out by this false alarm.

The department had thirty-two runs during the first year of its existence, and some of their achievements during that time are worthy of note. James Kingsberry was the first paid man, and commenced duty as driver of the chemical engine.

On the night of March 31, 1894, a terrible gas explosion took place which will ever remain in the minds of the residents of Alexandria as one of the most appalling accidents in the history of the city. About 11 o'clock P. M. the barber shop of Harrell & Pyle, and the express office on the corner of

Canal street, in the rear of Whiteside's clothing store, was blown to atoms by a terrible explosion of natural gas, the debris from which immediately caught fire.

Seven men were in the shop at the time and four human beings were burned to death, Oren Ball, Jesse D. Harrell, Charles Hoover and Harry Boyer. They were all young men of good standing, and were excellent citizens. William Pyle was rescued from the ruins, but sustained severe injuries. Hiram Hurd was pinioned in the building by heavy timbers and the flames were rapidly burning around him. Several attempts were made to rescue him but were unsuccessful. Finally Fred Miller, John A. Graham and Arthur Noble, braving death, rushed into the flames and by superhuman efforts rescued him from his fiery prison. His shoes were burned from his feet, his clothing was on fire and some of the flesh on his lower limbs was burned. All of his rescuers were more or less burned. James C. Graham was rescued without any serious injury.

The fire department responded promptly and did noble work. The chemical engines were put into action and the efforts of the men were directed to saving the stock of merchandise. The flames were confined to the building and to the upper part of the Whiteside's block adjoining.

Several other fires of minor importance also occurred at different times.

On April 6, 1894, the Fred Miller Co.'s cold storage house and barns were destroyed, including three valuable horses. On May 28, the Indianapolis Brewing Company's cold storage house became fuel for the fiery element. On June 4, the Terre Haute Brewing Co.'s office and cold storage building was totally consumed. All three of the last named fires occurred in rapid succession and confirmed the belief in the minds of the people that they were of incendiary origin.

At this writing the fire department of Alexandria consists of two hose wagons, one hook and ladder wagon, one two-horse chemical engine and twelve enrolled firemen, consisting of a chief, three paid men, and eight volunteers paid for each run made, as follows: John E. Sherman, chief; William Wooten, driver; Frank Morgan, hydrant coupler; and the following minute men: John H. Frank, John Staggs, James Kingsberry, Charles Wertz, George Atchison Booth and William Mayuard.

It was supposed that the gas explosion referred to above

was caused by the sudden rise in the pressure in the gas mains and that some burning jets were blown out in the building, and that others were left lighted, and when the room became thoroughly filled with gas it came in contact with the lighted jets and thus caused the disaster. Parties in the barber shop first felt a tremor in the building which was instantly followed by the disastrous effects of the explosion.

The remains of the dead, after being taken from the wreck, were removed to the undertaking establishment of J. P. Condo & Son, where they were cared for and placed in proper burial caskets.

Mayor John E. Sherman issued a proclamation convening the citizens of Alexandria in the Opera House, where memorial services were held. The Opera House and stage were profusely decorated with flowers and evergreens. After the services were over, the body of Oren E. Ball was taken to Lewisville, Indiana, for interment. The remains of Jesse Harrell were taken to North Manchester, Indiana. The other bodies were laid to rest in the cemetery at Alexandria.

The outcome of this disaster was much litigation, suits having been filed against the gas company in the Circuit Court of Madison county for damages. The company, however, took a change of venue and the cases were taken to Tipton county, where they were tried, resulting in a judgment for damages, which was appealed to the Supreme Court, where they are still pending.

Many people from Anderson and other places in proximity thereto visited the scene of the disaster, and viewed the ruins and the bodies of those who perished from the explosion.

A CHURCH DEDICATION.

In the year 1873 the Methodist Episcopal Church Society at Alexandria commenced to erect a very commodious and handsome building, in which that congregation worships. On the 6th of June, 1875, the edifice was formally dedicated. In the erection of the building the Trustees had incurred considerable indebtedness, which it was necessary to discharge before the dedicatory services could be carried out, as it is one of the rules of the church organization that no services of this kind can take place in any church building that is not free from debt. But raising a large sum of money by voluntary subscription did not seem practicable. The services of the Rev. T. M. Campbell, of Greencastle, Indiana, were procured

for the occasion. At the appointed hour the church bell rang and the house slowly filled up. At 11 o'clock, when the preacher arose to begin his sermon, the seats were not all full. It looked very discouraging to the congregation, but Mr. Campbell was a veteran in the work, and he gave the congregation to understand that he had come to Alexandria to dedicate the church, and, like a man of religion and business, he proposed to do it. After making a splendid appeal to the members present and to the outsiders who had come to witness the ceremonies, he began the fight for money. Names came in very slowly at first, but a glance over the congregation revealed the fact that more than one hundred and fifty men were present. When the small sums were reached, the subscriptions poured in quite freely, while those who gave large amounts were slow and deliberate in reaching into their pockets for the cash. However, before the exercises closed, the debt had been subscribed and the money, either in good notes or in cash, placed in the hands of the Trustees for the purpose of wiping it out.

Among those who gave large amounts were: N. E. Tomlinson, Anthony Bersche and Dr. E. H. Menefee, who each gave $200. Those who contributed $100 were: D. M. Scott, James Hughes, Mrs. James Hughes, G. W. Painter, Elias Fink, Uriah Bell, William Carver, Dr. J. W. Perry, S. B. Henshaw, Nathan O'Bryant, Paschal Johnson, Margaret Wilson, R. A. Menefee, A. J. Lee, Mark Tomlinson, Peter Schwinn and John J. Johnson. The following contributors each gave $50: Joel McMahan, W. E. Heritage, T. J. McMahan, F. S. Ellison, John J. Pickard, A. M. Painter, W. K. Bailey, J. C. Daniels, John Bell, Tom Shepard, P. Painter, Evan Schwinn, E. H. Perry, D. K. Carver and Mrs. Mary Schwinn. Many others gave smaller sums, but the list is too long and would weary the patience of the reader to give them in detail. The building was erected under the supervision of Samuel D. Van Pelt, of Anderson, who prepared the plans and put in execution its construction. It is a plain gothic structure of brick, cornice of galvanized iron, the entrance being a brown glass front of fine finish. Its seating capacity is 500. The Sunday upon which this church was dedicated will always be remembered in Alexandria as a most eventful day. While this church is no doubt too small for the present congregation, it admirably served the purpose at the time for which it was erected, and is a monument to the good people

of that city and to the liberality of the men and women who made up the community.

DEATH OF MARK TOMLINSON.

Mark Tomlinson, son of N. E. Tomlinson, of Alexandria, was one of the shrewdest and best equipped young business men of the county, and had a large circle of friends who were very much distressed at his early taking off. In addition to being an energetic business man, he was quite a politician and was extremely popular with the young element in politics. At one time he filled the honorable position of Trustee of Monroe township, being elected over his Democratic opponent when the township was two hundred Democratic.

In the succeeding political campaign in 1878, Mr. Tomlinson was placed in nomination for the office of County Treasurer on the Republican ticket, having for his opponent Daniel F. Mustard, who was a candidate for a second term in that office. Mr. Tomlinson made a very creditable race, reducing the majority of his popular competitor to a considerable extent.

In 1881 Mr. Tomlinson for a short time resided in Anderson and was the partner of Thomas J. McMahan and Rufus H. Williams in the boot and shoe business, in which he continued for a time, but on account of failing health retired from the firm and returned to Alexandria, where he lived until death came to his relief on the 18th of November, 1881.

No young man ever died in Madison county whose death was more universally regretted. He was a brother of Mrs. Jesse Forkner, of Anderson, and of Mrs. L. J. Hernly, of Alexandria.

ALEXANDRIA'S FIRST FIRE FROM NATURAL GAS.

In the spring of 1887, Alexandria, in keeping with other towns in Madison county that have been fortunate enough to strike natural gas, piped her streets with mains so as to permit the fluid to be turned into the homes of the consumers. Everything went on swimmingly and without accident until the 19th of November, 1887, when the residence of A. M. Painter, which had been finished but a short time, was burned to the ground at about 9 o'clock at night. The fire was discovered in a closet on the second floor, having been ignited from a flue running in proximity thereto.

Mr. Painter early in the evening had lighted the gas in

a stove in the bedroom on the first floor. A little later he went to the room and found the stove red hot. He then turned the gas down, but at 6 o'clock returned and the stove was again at a red heat, and the building was soon on fire.

It was claimed by Mr. Painter that the gas company was in fault from the fact that they were carrying an immense pressure on their mains, the pipes being too small, and inadequate to carry the proper volume for domestic use without excessive pressure.

A brisk wind was prevailing on the night of the fire, and no efforts at all could save the building, which was destroyed with its contents, entailing a loss to Mr. Painter of $1,200 with no insurance.

Mr. Painter made a demand upon the Alexandria Gas Company to be reimbursed for his loss, with which request the gas company refused to comply. Mr. Painter thereupon brought suit in the Madison Circuit Court, which entailed much expense and litigation upon both parties, but finally resulted in a verdict for the plaintiff.

This was the first suit brought in Madison county to test the question of the liability of gas companies for fires, and was hotly contested on both sides, the best of legal talent being employed in the case.

Robert H. Hannah, S. E. Young and other leading business men of Alexandria were members of the gas company and spared no pains or expense to defeat the plaintiff, and have the company saved from having a judgment rendered against it, but all to no purpose as the court finally held that they were liable for damages under the circumstances, and in conformity with the evidence given.

ALEXANDRIA LAND AND GAS COMPANY.

Although Alexandria was the first town in Madison county to discover natural gas, it for several years thereafter was at a standstill, with but little done toward inviting industries to settle within her borders, the people being seemingly satisfied to sit around their gas fires and crack jokes with each other, oblivious to what might happen by the introduction of business enterprises and factories. It was twelve miles away from the county seat, and being but a small village, it labored under disadvantages.

On the 21st of January, 1891, Alexandria forged to the front by a master stroke in organizing the Alexandria Land

and Gas Company with a capital stock of $250,000, and at once the battle for a great future began.

The organization of this company was heralded throughout the United States in all the leading dailies of the large cities with the inducements offered to capitalists and manufacturers to locate in the place. A hearty welcome was extended to all such as might come, and a large bonus was offered to those who could be induced to bring their plants thither.

The directors and incorporators of the company were Hon. Charles T. Doxey, Hon. J. W. Lovett, James L. Kilgore, Freeman E. Lyon, Wesley C. House, George Nichol, Frank Pierce, DeFrees Critten and J. N. Huston, the latter being ex-Treasurer of the United States. The object of the company, as stated in their articles of incorporation, was as follows: The object of this company shall be to buy, hold and sell real estate in and about the town of Alexandria with the view of developing the territory, building and locating factories, and also to acquire gas and oil territory in said locality, and also to dispose of the products of natural gas arising from the operation of said company.

Under this organization Alexandria almost instantly leaped to the front as one of the great gas towns of Indiana. Many large industries were located, prominent among which were the DePauw Glass Works, the Kelly Axe Works, the Alexandria Brick Works, and several others of a similar nature. The town at once shook off its village appearance and assumed the proportions of a hustling, busy city. Old shacks of wooden buildings were torn down and moved away from the principal streets, and in their stead were erected large and substantial business blocks. The Alexandria National Bank was incorporated, and capital began to pour into the new city like water into the ocean, and in less than two years from the time of the organization of this company, Alexandria grew from a hamlet of 500 to a city containing a population of 5,000 souls, and at this writing it enjoys the distinction of being the third largest city in Madison county.

The Commercial Bank, of Alexandria, was in existence before this time, and is one of Madison county's solid financial institutions.

DISCOVERY OF OIL.

On Tuesday, April 20, 1897, the first oil well in Madison county was developed on the farm of Nimrod Carver, situated

one and a half miles northeast of the city of Alexandria. The development of this well caused great excitement among oil men and capitalists, who flocked to Alexandria for the purpose of leasing lands and investing in real estate. The well was drilled by the Northern Ohio Oil Company, who held a lease on Mr. Carver's land. This well has a capacity of 800 barrels per day.

It has been known for some time by gas well drillers, prominent among whom may be mentioned W. E. Decker & Sons, that oil exists beneath Madison county soil, and that it will succeed natural gas. The Deckers have had much experience as gas and oil well drillers, and predict that it is only a question of time when oil will be found in most, if not all, of the territory known as the Indiana gas field.

JAMES CALLOWAY.

Old Uncle Jimmy Calloway, who used to live in Alexandria, was quite a character in his time. He was one of the old-timers, built on the old-time scale. He was an early settler in Madison county, knew all of the people within a day's ride of where he lived, and also knew all of their good and bad qualities. If he sized a man up, he was very certain not to be far out of the way when his verdict was rendered. The man who picked Uncle Jimmy up for a fool, or invited a quarrel with him, was just as sure to get left as the sun sets in the west. He was always loaded, and went off easily on the "trigger." He was not profane, but had a genteel way of swearing when he wished to emphasize his meaning. One time, during the agitation of the slavery question, when it was considered a disgrace to be called an "Abolitionist," a man of the name of Runnells tackled him and accused him of slandering him. Runnells said: "Mr. Calloway, I understand that you said a nigger is as good as I am."

"No, no. I—I—never said no such thing. I—I—said a nigger is as good as I am, and I am a lam dam sight better ner you are," replied Calloway. He at one time got into a quarrel with William Carver. They had it hot and heavy, up one side and down the other. At last, Uncle Jimmy got very mad. He said: "Why, William, the Carvers are the worstest people I ever seen. They are worser than my Bill, and he is worser than the devil himself." His argument was of such a character that it was of no use to reply to it.

CHAPTER LXXV.

Pipe Creek Township.

Pipe Creek township derives its name from a small but pretty stream that enters the township on the east and leaves it about midway on the south. The name "Pipe" was given to the stream in honor of the noted Indian chief, Captain Pipe, or Hopocan (which signifies in the Delaware tongue, "tobacco-pipe"). The township is peculiar in shape, having ten inside and outside corners, with an area of forty-three square miles. It is well watered by Big and Little Duck creek, Big Branch, Pipe creek and their tributaries, and when Joseph Schell, the first settler in the township, located in 1830 on what is now section 11, was densely timbered. In 1832 a number of settlers, among whom were Walter and William Etchison, from North Carolina, Reuben Kelly, from Virginia, Peter Job and John Chamness located in the vicinity of the present site of Frankton, and in 1833 Jacob Sigler, from Virginia, and John Beeson, from Wayne county, Ind., located on the ground where Frankton stands. Others followed and the township was organized on the 13th of May, 1833.

By the following order of the Board of Commissioners it will be noticed that Pipe Creek was originally a part of Jackson township:

"Ordered that there be a new township organized and stricken off from Jackson township as follows, to-wit: Beginning on the county line at the south-west corner of Section 9, in Township No. 20, in Range No. 6 east, running thence east on the section line to the south-east corner of Section No. 8, Township 20, Range 7 east, thence north to the county line, thence west to the north-west corner of the county, thence south to the county line to the place of beginning. To be known and designated by the name and style of Pipe Creek township. It is also ordered that the Sheriff notify citizens of said township, that they on the last Saturday in June next proceed to elect one Justice of the Peace in said township, and that all elections in said township be holden at the house of Walter Etchison until otherwise ordered by the Board."

CHANGING OF THE BOUNDARY OF PIPE CREEK TOWNSHIP.

The boundary of Pipe Creek township as originally made and established by the County Board was changed at the May session, 1835, as follows:

"On petition filed it is ordered by the Board that the boundary lines of Pipe Creek township be altered so as to include the following territory, viz: Commencing at the south-east corner of Section 10, Town 20, north of Range 7 east, running thence north to the county line, thence west with the county line to the north-west corner of Madison county, thence south on the said county line to the south-west corner of Section 8, Town 20 north, Range 6 east, thence east to the place of beginning; and that the said acquired territory and the same is stricken from the township of Richland. It is ordered that Jesse Harris be appointed Constable; James French and Jesse Etchison, Supervisors; Jacob Sigler and William Flint, Overseers of the Poor; Robin Erwin and Jeremiah Derry, Fence Viewers of the township of Pipe Creek, and it is also further ordered that an election be held in said township on the first Monday in June next for the purpose of electing an additional Justice of the Peace, and that the Sheriff give notice accordingly."

It will also be seen by this that Richland, though now one of the smallest townships in the county, was at one time one of the largest, containing all the territory of Pipe Creek, Monroe and Lafayette.

An election was held the following June at the house of Walter Etchison, and James Beeson was elected to the office of Justice of the Peace. Shortly after this Elijah Dwiggins settled in the township and was soon followed by John and Daniel Dwiggins. In April, 1836, Noah Waymire settled on Section 24 and in June of the same year Henry Plummer located on Section 30.

The names of others who settled in the township prior to 1840 are: James and William Montgomery, Jonathan Reeder, James M. Dehority, Caleb Canaday, James Barrow, Benjamin and Hezekiah Denny, John Hardy, Jacob French, Jacob Sigler, James Tharp, Edmund Johnson, Starling and Hezekiah Kidwell, John Benifiel, Arthur Legg, Joseph and Jonathan Miller, Frank Dennis and Lindsey Blue. A majority of these early settlers located along the creek from which the township gets its name. These pioneers have long since gone to their reward, but they have numerous descendents living in the

township and in other portions of the county who take pride in recounting their virtues. The first public highway in the township was the old Indianapolis and Fort Wayne State road, which was cut out but never improved.

The first mill erected in the township was a "corn-cracker." It was built in 1839 or 1840, and was located on the Big Branch on the old J. C. Montgomery farm, north-west of Frankton. It was a rude affair, but ground out a very good quality of corn meal. Previous to this the pioneers were compelled to take their corn to Perkinsville or Anderson to have it ground. About this time a saw-mill was built on Pipe creek, three miles north-east of Frankton, by Joseph and Daniel Franklin. This mill is still standing and is owned by David Fesler.

The first schoolhouse in the township was built in 1836 on Jacob Sigler's land, and the first school was taught by Dr. Perry. Joseph Sigler, who was afterwards elected Auditor of the county, was one of the first teachers in the township and taught school for many years. Hezekiah Denny, Tighlman Armfield and John Ring also taught in an early day.

In 1837 the first store in the township was opened by Elijah Dwiggins, about a half mile north-west of where Frankton now stands.

The first village in the township was a place called "New Madison." It was situated about a mile and a half north-east of the present site of Frankton, on the south side of Pipe creek, and was laid out by John Chamness, December 3, 1849. Two years later another town called "Monticello" was laid out by James Hilldrup and a Mr. Sanders, about two miles north-west of where Frankton is situated. The town at one time consisted of a store, blacksmith shop, schoolhouse and six or seven houses. James Hilldrup owned the store, and Hezekiah Denny taught the school. Considerable business, considering the sparse population of the vicinity, was done here in the early '50s, but immigrants to the township preferred a different location, and the village declined. This was likewise the case with New Madison, or "Chamnesstown," as it was sometimes called by the old settlers, and that such places ever existed is now but an old-time memory.

DUNDEE.

This village was originally known as "Mudsock," the name being conferred on account of the marshy condition of the land where it is situated. Back in the early '50s Riley

Etchison erected a log cabin near the present site of Dundee, where he traded in peltries, giving in exchange, when desired, dry goods and groceries. There were no roads at that time leading to his place of business, only forest paths or traces, as they were called by the backwoodsmen. Mr. Etchison's nearest neighbors were Anderson Brannock and Edmund Johnson, the latter the father of the present Clerk of the county. Ex-Sheriff Albert Ross, who is at present a resident of Anderson, traded coon-skins and other peltries for goods at this place in 1856, and has a vivid recollection of many interesting and amusing incidents that occurred here about that time and later. In the course of time quite a settlement sprang up and a post-office was established here, the place being given the name of Dundee. On the 6th of December, 1883, Mr. Etchison platted the land upon which the village is situated and placed it on file in the Recorder's office. Dundee is four and a half miles east of Elwood, on the L. E. & M. R. R. The population at this time is estimated at 150 people.

TOWN OF FRANKTON.

This interesting town is situated on the P., C., C. & St. L. Railroad, in the southeast part of the township, and was laid out March 3, 1853, by Alfred Makepeace and Francis Sigler. The first house erected in the place was built in 1848 by John Hardy, and a stock of general merchandise was placed in it by Alfred Makepeace. This store at one time was in charge of the Hon. Eli B. Goodykoontz, of Anderson. The building is still standing. Mr. Makepeace purchased his goods in Cincinnati and hauled them to Frankton in wagons.

The growth of the town was slow until 1887, when the discovery of natural gas caused it to assume an air of thrift and importance, such as are seldom witnessed outside of the Indiana gas field or rich western mining districts. It now has an estimated population of 2000 people. The town was incorporated in 1871, and the first Board of Trustees were: Dr. S. W. Edwins, William Cochran and Dr. R. Harvey. The present Trustees are: Solomon Smelser, Richard Lewellyn and William Johns.

The first postmaster in the township was probably William Taylor, who lived about one mile east of Frankton and kept the office at his house. The office was established in 1837 or 1838 and the mail was conveyed on horseback from Indianapolis via Strawtown, Perkinsville and on to Alexan-

dria. The present postmaster is William T. Wright. The first church organized in the township was in the summer of 1886 at the house of Reuben Kelly about one mile east of Frankton. A number of devoted Methodists, among whom were William Taylor, Joseph Miller, John Chamness, Jacob Speck, Amos Goff and their wives, gathered at the house of Mr. Kelly and the society was organized. This society for many years belonged to the Anderson circuit and its meetings were held during that time at the houses of the membership. Among the early ministers who preached to the congregation were Revs. Hezekiah Smith, J. F. Stiles, I. N. Ellsberry and J. C. Bradshaw.

The next religious society organized in the township was the Frankton Christian church. This church was organized in 1889 by Daniel Franklin at the house of Elijah Ring. The first membership included among others, Daniel Franklin, Joseph Franklin, Henry Plummer, Elisha Lawson, Edmund Johnson and their wives. Services were held at the homes of the members. In 1854 a majority of the congregation united with the Elwood church and assisted in building a house of worship at that place, but in 1859 they returned and the Frankton church was reorganized. In 1867 a place of worship was erected by the congregation, since which time the membership has had a permanent home. Among those who have ministered to the spiritual wants of the church at times are Elders Daniel Franklin, Benjamin Franklin, his son, Joseph Franklin, Henry Blount, Cornelius Quick, and Grafton Nailor, the latter being the present pastor.

Besides the Methodist and Christian Churches, the United Brethren and Adventists each have an organized society at Frankton and a permanent place of worship. The new church edifice erected this year by the United Brethren is one of the handsomest places of worship in the county.

FRANKTON SCHOOLS.

Much pride is taken in the public schools of Frankton by the citizens of the place, and the result is that a liberal policy is pursued by the School Board in providing educational accommodations and facilities for pupils. The enrollment this year was 432 pupils, for whose benefit a corps of teachers is employed. H. H. Belden is Principal of the schools. The present School Trustees are W. H. H. Quick, J. H. Daugherty and Joseph Quinn.

FRANKTON INDUSTRIES.

The following are the factories thus far located in this thriving little city: Clyde Window Glass Co., two factories; Frankton Window Glass Factory, Wetherald Rolling-Mill, Hoosier Fence Co., Frankton Brick Works, Dwiggins Fence Co., Quick City Novelty Works, Bradrick & Lineburg Fence Factory, Frankton Lumber Manufacturing Co., Frankton Flouring Mills, Orr & Campbell Saw-mill. These factories employ a large number of hands, and are in active operation.

The Clyde Window Glass Factory was the first located at Frankton after the discovery of natural gas. It was located through the instrumentality of Joseph M. Watkins, October 22, 1889. He owned certain lands at Frankton, which he platted as Watkins' 1st, 2d, 3d and Fairview additions. He was one of the leading promoters of the "boom" that subsequently transformed Frankton from a village to a thriving, bustling town. Mr. Watkins is now Deputy County Treasurer. He is the son of Francis Watkins, one of the early pioneers of Richland Township, but for many years past a resident of the city of Anderson.

C. QUICK & CO.'S BANK.

This institution was established in the year 1876 by Cornelius Quick, a leading citizen of Frankton and gentleman of wealth. His son, George Quick, now interested in the Anderson Banking Company, was a partner in the bank and took an active interest in its affairs until he retired to accept his present position. The business of the bank is conducted upon conservative principles, and is one of the safest and soundest financial repositories in the county.

FRATERNAL SOCIETIES.

Frankton has three fraternal and benevolent orders, the Masonic, Odd Fellows and Knights of Pythias. Frankton Lodge, I. O. O. F., was instituted January 31, 1872. The first officers were W. L. Philpott, N. G.; J. H. Wagoner, V. G.; R. R. Cramner, Secretary; C. C. Mays, Treasurer.

CITY OF ELWOOD.

Elwood is the second city in size and importance in the county. It is situated in the north-west part of the township on the P., C., C. & St. L. Railway, and near the Tipton county line. It was originally called Quincy, but on account of

another village, or postoffice, of that name in Owen county which caused no little confusion in delivering mail, the name was changed through the efforts of Captain F. M. Hunter and others, to that of Elwood on the 21st of July, 1869, Captain Hunter being at that time, and for fifteen years thereafter, postmaster

The town was laid out March 1, 1853, by James Anderson, Mark Simmons and J. B. Frazer, and soon after a postoffice was established. The office was called Duck Creek, and William Barton was appointed postmaster. Mr. Barton opened the first store (in 1852), also the first bank (in 1870), and built the first grain elevator. The office of postmaster has been held by the following gentlemen in the order named: William Barton, J. M. Dehority, W. F. Morris, P. B. Smith, F. M. Hunter, James M. Parsons, James M. Overshiner and Franz Harbit, the latter being the present incumbent.

The Pittsburg, Cincinnati & St. Louis Railroad was completed to Elwood in 1857, and Andrew J. Griffith was appointed depot agent. It is related that Mr. Griffith was compelled very often to walk out from the "station" to the train on a log for the mail, the land in that immediate vicinity being covered with water at that day nearly the whole year round. No man at that time could have predicted the future possibilities of the place; no man dreamed that it had beneath it that which, in a day, would cause it to mount to prominence later on as a busy mart, a proud manufacturing city. The growth of the town was like that of other Indiana towns until the discovery of natural gas—"nothing to boast of," although it was always a good business point. In 1872 it was incorporated, and the following officers were elected: Huston Clendenen, G. W. Hupp and John Ross, Trustees; George Ross, Treasurer; J. H. Hunter, Clerk; and J. M. Parsons, Marshal.

The following concerning Elwood is taken from a brief sketch in Harden's history of Madison county, published in 1874:

"A large amount of lumber and heading and stave material is shipped from this place. It contains a Methodist Episcopal and Christian church, a brick schoolhouse, a railroad depot, a good hotel, a livery stable, a tanyard, a flouring mill and several neat and tasteful private residences. The business firms are Burriss & Quick, J. M. DeHority & Son, H. C. Calloway, R. Free and A. Chamness & Dwiggins. The

druggists are F. M. Hunter, J. F. Mock & Hunter and Waymire. The harnessmakers, T. Samuels & Bro. Shoemakers, James Parsons, William Hopenrath and John Buchanan. Wagonmakers, J. M. Overshiner & Co. Blacksmiths, George Barns & Son and James Hannah. Lumber dealer, Augustus Kramer. Sawyers, Cochran & Sons. Miller, J. T. Adair. Postmaster, F. M. Hunter. Railroad agent, Perry A. Taylor. Elwood contains a population of four hundred."

This picture presents Elwood as it was twenty-two years ago. It would require a volume now to give the details of its progress and history since that time. It is the marvel of the Indiana gas belt, and the pride not only of its citizens, but of the people of the entire county. It arose "as if from the stroke of the enchanter's wand," and yet there is not, perhaps, in the country a city of equal size whose improvements are more substantial, or whose various enterprises are operated upon a sounder basis. Immediately following the drilling of the first gas well the town began improving; manufactory after manufactory was located by its enterprising citizens; capital was invited to safe and profitable investment; the old landmarks disappeared and its busy population prospered.

INCORPORATED AS A CITY.

On the 27th of April, 1891, an election was held for the purpose of determining the sentiment of the people with reference to incorporating the town as a city. The result of this election was 377 for and 146 against the proposition. Soon after the city was divided into four wards, and the following officers were elected: W. A. DeHority, Mayor; O. A. Armfield, Clerk; T. L. DeHority, Treasurer; F. M. Hunter, Jr., Marshal; Councilmen, First Ward, G. W. Bryer and Jacob Kraus; Second Ward, Martin E. Goode and Hugh Lyst, Third Ward, Daniel Heck and S. H. Cochran; Fourth Ward, John Frith and W. B. Willets. Since the first city election the following gentlemen have been elected members of the Common Council: Francis Harbit, W. L. Austil, Joseph Boyer, Theo. Harwick, C. C. Kestner, T. O. Armfield, M. L. Shores, James Howard, A. L. Starkey, F. M. Headley, R. H. Mount, A. B. Williams.

The present city officers are: W. A. Finch, Mayor; W. A. Hupp, clerk; T. L. DeHority, Treasurer; James Parsons, Marshal; Geo. W. Alford, City Judge.

The police department of the city is in charge of a chief

and five patrolmen appointed by a Board of Police Commissioners. The city also has a fire department and system of water-works, which afford ample protection against fire.

WILLIAM A. DEHORITY.

The subject of this sketch was born October 24, 1868, in the town of Elwood. His parents were John W. and Jane DeHority, both of whom were born in Madison county. The father died August 28, 1891; the mother is still living at the old homestead at Elwood.

Mr. DeHority's boyhood was passed in the usual occupations which engaged the attention of the young in country villages. In 1885 he entered Earlham College at Richmond, Indiana, where he remained until 1887. In 1887–8 he took a

WILLIAM A. DEHORITY.

commercial course at Louisville, Kentucky, where he acquired a knowledge of practical business methods, which, together with unlimited energy and good sound judgment, have contributed very largely to his success in the various enterprises to which he has given his attention. Owing to many advantageous circumstances he was chosen as the Democratic candidate for Mayor of Elwood after its incorporation as a city in 1891, and on the 9th of June of that year was triumphantly

elected, being the first Mayor of that city and the youngest at the time in the State. During his administration the Elwood electric light plant was put in operation, his little son, John W. DeHority, having the honor of pulling the throttle that set the machinery in motion for the first time. This interesting event took place at 2 o'clock p. m., August 1, 1891. The electric street railway and water works system were also begun and completed during his term of office—improvements which it now affords him great pleasure as a citizen to know that he assisted in promoting. At the time of his election Elwood had a population of 2,500; it is now a city of 11,000 population.

Mr. DeHority was married June 27, 1888, to Miss Frances C. Metts, daughter of Rev. M. S. Metts, who was at the time pastor of the M. E. church at Elwood. The fruits of this union have been four children, three boys and one girl—John W., Ruth M., J. Loomis and Walter C. F., all of whom are living.

Mr. DeHority is actively engaged in various business enterprises and enjoys the confidence and respect of all who know him. He is nothing if not practical and comes as nearly observing the Golden Rule as any man in Madison county.

THE SCHOOLS.

The school facilities and accommodations of Elwood compare favorably with those of any city in the State of equal population. The progress made in this respect is commensurate with the advancement made by the city in its material interests. In 1876 the city had but one school building, which was known as the "Elwood Graded School," the faculty being J. T. Jennings, Principal; John Gronendyke, C. M. Greenlee and Joseph Howard, teachers in the grammar, intermediate and primary departments, respectively. The city to-day has four large school buildings of modern design and a corps of thirty-three teachers. The number of children of school age this year was 2,764. Every facility for acquiring a common school education is afforded pupils by an active and liberal Board of Trustees. Thomas F. Fitzgibbon, a gentleman well qualified for the position, is school Superintendent.

MANUFACTORIES AND BANKING INTERESTS.

The principal cause of Elwood's remarkable growth and prosperity in the past ten years will be found in the following

list of her manufacturing industries, all of which have been located since the discovery of natural gas: Pittsburg Plate Glass Works, George A. Macbeth Glass Factory, W. R. McCloy Glass Factory, Elwood Furniture Company, Elwood Furniture and Planing Mill Company, Elwood Boiler and Engine Works, Elwood Crystal Ice Manufacturing Company, Superior Radiator Company, Elwood Window Glass Company, Nivisen & Weiskolp Bottle Works, Phil Hamm Boiler Works, Akron Steam Forge Works, Elwood Brick Company, Starkey Brick Company, George Heffner Planing Mill Company, American Tin Plate Works, Elwood Box Factory, Elwood Iron Works, Excelsior Works.

In addition to these industries the city has an electric street railway system that is operated in connection with the Elwood electric light plant; also a telephone system, at the head of which is James M. Overshiner.

BANKING INSTITUTIONS.

The city has two banks, the Citizens' Exchange Bank and the First National Bank, the former having been organized in 1881 by B. T. and H. C. Calloway, and the latter in January, 1892. The National had been doing business, however, as a private institution, known as the Farmers' Bank, until it was reorganized. The officers of this bank are J. H. DeHority, President; Nathan J. Leisure, Vice-President; J. A. DeHority, Cashier. The building in which this bank conducted its business was burned in 1892, and another was built on the north-west corner of Anderson and Main streets, where it is now located. Both banks have ample capital and enjoy the fullest confidence, not only of the business men of Elwood, but of the public generally.

AN IMMENSE ESTABLISHMENT.

It would require much more space than is permissible in this work to give the names of the merchants and citizens doing business here at the present time, even if it were proper to do so. A history of this character, however, would be subject to just criticism if it failed to give some mention of the mammoth retail establishment of J. L. Leeson & Sons. This store occupies a three-story block, situated at the south-east corner of Anderson and South A streets, and is the largest establishment of its kind in the county. It is a department store and employs at certain times and during certain seasons

as many as eighty clerks, to wait upon the customers who throng the different departments. An immense business is done annually, greater, perhaps, than in any store of its kind in Central or Eastern Indiana, excepting the State capital. It is a credit to the city of Elwood and the county, and stands as a monument to the excellent business methods and management of its founder, Mr. J. L. Leeson.

FRATERNAL ORGANIZATIONS.

The first fraternal order organized at Elwood was Quincy Lodge, No. 230, F. and A. M. The lodge was instituted May 25, 1858, the following officers being elected: A. J. Griffith, W. M.; J. M. DeHority, S. W.; D. Barton, J. W. The lodge has a large membership and is in a prosperous condition.

I. O. O. F.

Quincy Lodge, No. 200, I. O. O. F., was instituted on the 30th of July, 1858, with twelve charter members. The first officers of the lodge were: Culpepper Lee, N. G.; John B. Frazier, V. G.; B. T. Calloway, R. S.; Mark Simmons, Treasurer; L. J. Kidwell, Permanent Secretary.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT ELWOOD.

On the morning of September 18, 1872, a destructive fire occurred at Elwood, whereby the large flouring and saw-mills owned and operated by John T. Adair took fire between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning and were entirely consumed. The proprietor had run the mill until about 2 o'clock A. M. and, after shutting down, had gone to his home. He had scarcely reached his house and become comfortably seated before a cry of fire was heard, and looking out, saw that his mill was enveloped in flames. The alarm was given to the people of the neighborhood, and soon they ran from all directions with buckets and such other appliances as were then at hand to enable them to subdue the fire, but in less than an hour the whole structure was destroyed, together with the contents, consisting of a large amount of wheat, valued at from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars, and a large quantity of lumber, the value of which was estimated at $8,000, making a total loss of very nearly $20,000, none of which was insured.

The loss fell very heavily on Mr. Adair, who had his entire fortune wrapped up in these enterprises. He was an energetic, thorough-going business man, and possessed the

confidence and esteem of the community, who deeply sympathized with him. Efforts were at once made by the people of Elwood and the surrounding country to render him assistance to rebuild his mill, which he subsequently did, although on not so large a scale as the first one.

Mr. Adair was at this time a popular Democratic politician in Madison county, and one time made a contest for the nomination for County Treasurer, and came within one vote of reaching the goal of his ambition.

The losses sustained by Mr. Adair had the effect to a certain extent of destroying his usefulness as a business man, as he never fully recovered from it, and he died about the year 1885 near the scene of the conflagration.

THE KILLING OF MILTON HALFIN.

On New Year's eve of the year 1875, the town of Elwood was thrown into great excitement over the report that a young man had been killed on the railroad near that village. Many of the citizens ran to the place of the disaster, where they found the lifeless form of a young man of the name of Milton Halfin lying on the railroad track, who had accidentally met his death by a pistol shot in the hands of Philip Hosier, a comrade.

The facts of the unfortunate shooting were about as follows: Arrangements had been made for an oyster supper at the house of Isaac Etchison, who resided about a mile and a half from Elwood. In the evening young Halfin and Philip Hosier went to town to purchase the oysters and other delicacies for the evening's entertainment. After providing themselves with such articles as they required, they started back to the Etchison home, accompanied by Ira Kidwell, James Bird, William Kidwell, and John Kidwell. It being quite dark, they walked down the railroad track in single file, Halfin being in the lead, Bird second, Hosier third, and Ira Kidwell fourth.

They moved along quite rapidly, jesting and talking with each other, when about half a mile from the town, Hosier quietly took a revolver from his pocket and, without warning, fired into the air to scare his companions, as he afterwards said.

In doing so he cocked the pistol to fire the second time, and James Bird, who was frightened by the first report of the pistol, partly turned around to see what was the cause of the shooting, and in doing this threw up his hands and caught Hosier's arm which held the pistol, and jerked it downward.

In the meantime Halfin, who had partially turned around, at this moment received the contents of the pistol in his left temple. The wounded man fell forward upon his face, and when they attempted to raise him he was found to be dead. Some of the young men of the party hastened back to town for medical aid, and Drs. Armfield and Sigler hastened to the fatal spot, but the unfortunate man had died before they reached his side.

An inquest was held the next day by George M. Ballard, Justice of the Peace at Elwood, and a verdict of accidental shooting was rendered by the jury. Hosier was present at the inquest and gave full details as to the shooting and his connection with the affair; he did not try in any way to conceal the facts of the case. Halfin and Hosier were about the same age, and greatly attached to each other. Both were young men of steady habits and much respected.

STRUCK BY LIGHTNING.

In the month of August, 1878, on Sunday morning about 10 o'clock, during a shower at Elwood, a bolt of lightning struck a two-story tenement house located in the center of the town. The house was occupied at the time by a widow and another family—ten persons in all. The house was literally demolished. The shingles were torn from the roof and parts of the building were stripped off and carried to quite a distance from the scene of the disaster. In one corner of the house, under the sheathing, a hole about a foot in diameter was left where the lightning had entered, and then, striking the wall, twisted the main posts into splinters. Strange as it may seem, the inmates, who at the time were scattered about in different parts of the house, escaped without injury. Ira Kidwell, Jr., and Isaac Boyden, who were walking along the street about a hundred yards from the place, were knocked senseless by the force of the lightning, but soon recovered. The town was terribly shaken up over the matter, but fortunately no fatal injury was done to any one.

KILLED ON A RAILWAY.

On Saturday, the 30th of August, 1878, John Sloan, William Cox, Edward Spencer, Aaron Spencer and John W. Spencer hired a team and spring wagon at the livery stable of Cox & Swindell, at Alexandria, and went to Dundee to a dance that was to be held on that evening. When they arrived at

that place they found that the dance had been postponed. The party then proceeded to a saloon and drank quite freely. William Cox and John W. Spencer had gone to look about the team and had driven it partly across the railway and halted on the crossing. They had been gone but a little while when a train came down the track at a rapid rate. The engineer, seeing the men, gave a shrill signal. The party in the saloon rushed out just in time to see the train run over the wagon and kill one of its occupants.

It is supposed that Cox and Spencer had been overcome by liquor and did not hear the whistle until it was too late to make their escape. Spencer was killed instantly, and Cox suffered severely, but afterwards recovered. The front wheel of the wagon was carried a distance of one hundred and fifty feet. One of the horses was killed and the other terribly mangled. An inquest was held by Coroner Rockenfield and a verdict of accidental death in accordance with the facts was rendered. The railroad company was excused from all blame in the matter.

KILLED BY A SWITCH ENGINE.

Charles J. Jeffries, of Elwood, was run over by a switch engine on the tracks at Indianapolis and killed, August 17, 1884. Both his limbs were cut off, and he lived but a short time. His remains were forwarded to Elwood, where his widowed mother resided. He was a young man, 22 years of age, and unmarried. He had been employed by the Pan Handle Railroad Company some time prior to the accident, and had been out of work but a short time, having gone to Indianapolis with a companion to look for a situation. He was standing on the track unconscious of the approaching locomotive, when he was run over, with the above result.

KILLED BY A HORSE.

James Bright, a young man about twenty-four years of age, residing at Elwood, was, on Monday, the 12th of October, 1884, killed at a point a few miles west of that place on the Lake Erie & Western Railroad. He was approaching the crossing, when a train came along, and he got out of his buggy to hold the horse, when it took fright and reared, striking him on the head with its hoof, and then in some manner losing control of his feet, the animal fell upon him. His skull was crushed, and the injuries he received caused instant death.

Mr. Bright was an exemplary young man, and the tragical occurrence was very much lamented. The remains were buried on the following Wednesday.

ACCIDENTAL DEATH.

On Wednesday, the 28th of February, 1885, John Eastborn, a young man residing two miles north of Elwood, was the victim of a fatal accident. He was engaged in chopping down a tree, which fell upon him. One of the limbs struck him on the right side of the head, producing a fracture of the skull, from which he died. No one was with him at the time and little was known of the occurrence. Coroner Wm. A. Hunt was notified, and he held an inquest, being assisted by Dr. Daniel Sigler, who made a post-mortem examination, which resulted in a verdict of accidental death in accordance with the above facts. Mr. Eastborn was an industrious, hard-working boy, and the main support of a widowed mother, whom he left in needy circumstances.

SUICIDE OF A YOUNG LADY.

In the month of March, 1887, a very sad suicide took place at the residence of John Griffee, a farmer living five miles west of Elwood, whereby his sixteen-year-old daughter took her own life by swallowing a dose of "Rough on Rats." She had gone to Rigdon to purchase a box of this compound, and on returning home ate a part of it, and then told her mother what she had done. A physician was summoned, but not until the poison had taken such effect that she was beyond the reach of medical aid. She was a handsome and intelligent girl. Her parents and friends were very much grieved over the sad occurrence.

AN OLD CITIZEN KILLS HIMSELF ACCIDENTALLY.

Anderson Brannock was an old and highly-respected citizen who lived in Pipe Creek township for many years. On the 4th of April, 1882, while carelessly handling a pistol, it was discharged, killing him instantly. He was in his house hunting for a button to sew on his pants and while examining a box in which there were several articles he espied an old revolver that had been lying there for some time. He made a light remark that it had been there long enough and ought to be disposed of in some way, as it was considered worthless. While handling the weapon it was discharged,

the bullet taking effect in his abdomen. His wife and a servant girl were in the house at the time. They heard the discharge of the pistol and ran to his relief. The alarm was given to the neighbors and physicians were sent for, but the wound was of such a nature that no relief could be of any service to him, and he died the same evening.

Michael Ryan, Coroner of Madison county, was summoned, and on the 15th of April held an inquest and returned a verdict of accidental death in accordance with the above facts.

SUICIDE OF WILLIAM SILVY.

William Silvy, a farmer residing near Dundee in Pipe Creek township, committed suicide by hanging himself on the 22nd of September, 1885. He tied a rope around the rafters in an outhouse near his residence and without ceremony swung himself into eternity. He had been troubled with rheumatism for many years and the disease had crippled him to such an extent that he had to require the constant use of crutches. It was through despondency on account of his bad health that caused him to take his life. He was a prosperous farmer in that part of the county before the disease fastened itself upon him and had accumulated considerable wealth, much of which he spent in the way of doctor bills and medicine. Dr. William A. Hunt, Coroner of the county, was called and investigated the case and rendered a verdict of death by suicide.

KILLED BY A L. E. & W. RAILWAY TRAIN.

On Wednesday, the 25th of December, 1889, John Kemp, residing one-half mile west of Elwood, was run over by a Lake Erie and Western Railroad train and instantly killed. He had been to Elwood and had started home down the track; he was in an inebriated condition, and it seems that he did not notice the approaching train, and when near a crossing he was struck by the locomotive, and his body, just above the hips, was cut almost in twain. He was an unmarried man, about 30 years old, and resided with a brother, who took charge of his remains, after the inquest by the Coroner. They were interred in the neighborhood.

RUN OVER BY A PAN HANDLE TRAIN.

Robert Montgomery, of Pipe Creek township, was run over by a train on the Pan Handle Railroad, near Elwood, on

the 19th of June, 1876, and had one arm cut off and was otherwise badly bruised and mangled.

He was in an intoxicated condition and had sat down upon the track. Dr. Stanley W. Edwins, of Frankton, was summoned and attended his wounds, amputating the wounded member. He recovered from the effects of his injuries.

TERRIBLE EXPLOSION.

Newton House has for many years run a flouring mill at Elwood. On the morning of January 4, 1887, about 7 o'clock, the boilers under this mill exploded with terrific force, killing Joseph Redd and Dell Lyst, and severely injuring other persons in the neighborhood whose escape was miraculous. On the Monday evening before the explosion Dell Lyst, the engineer, when shutting down, drew part of the water from the boiler, intending the next morning to clean it out. On the following morning, however, he came late to his work. Joseph Redd, the miller, having got there before he did put a fire in the furnace which had been burning quite a while under the boiler, he not knowing the state of the water. When the engineer reached the place and the pumps were tested they were found frozen. The two men set to work to thaw out the valves, and the moment they were placed in running order and the cold stream of water was turned in, a terrible explosion occurred. Both men were killed instantly. Joseph Redd received a dozen or more internal injuries, any one of which would have proven fatal. The entire skin of his face was burned off, and he could only be recognized by the clothing he wore. His right arm was crushed to the shoulder and both his legs were broken. He was a man of 39 years of age, and left a widow and two children. The remains of Dell Lyst, the engineer, were mutilated almost beyond recognition, and were found in the boiler room a few feet distant from the pump, where he and Redd stood at the time the explosion occurred. The back part of his head was crushed, and there were scarcely two bones left in his body that were not broken. He was about twenty-six years of age and left a widow and one child.

George Redd, another person who worked in the mill, was discovered a few moments after the explosion under a pile of brick and mortar and was rescued, being terribly hurt and frightened almost out of his senses. He finally recovered from the effects of the shock.

The victims of the explosion were buried at Elwood, and their funerals were attended by nearly all the population of the city. Services were held in the "rink," as the church was not large enough to hold the throng

The mill was a complete wreck. The boiler house was entirely blown away and some of the foundation stones were removed from their position. One section of the boiler weighing nearly 200 pounds was thrown a distance of about two squares through the town and came down through the roof of a blacksmith shop. Another piece quite as large was thrown in an opposite direction for a considerable distance and was found near the church. Another portion of the boiler was carried to a great distance and found near the residence of Mr. William Clymer, at the Pan Handle depot. Fragments of the building were found upon stores and houses in the locality. A section of pipe that was in a wall some twenty feet from the surface of the ground was blown out, and was found some distance away from the building. A piece of the boiler-head struck the brick residence of Dr. Daniel Sigler, north of the mill, and cut a hole in the wall; another piece passed through a window of the same residence striking a stove and breaking it. The concussion produced by the explosion broke nearly all the glass in Sigler's residence and badly cracked the north wall of his building.

The mill was built in first-class style and cost about $17,000. Its destruction was a severe blow to Mr. House financially, from the effects of which he has not recovered to this day, although he rebuilt the mill upon a more economic basis. This was one of the most disastrous occurrences that ever transpired in Madison county.

FATAL SHOOTING AFFRAY.

Among the many sad affairs that have occurred in Madison county none caused more excitement or general regret than the shooting of Dayton Warfield by Ella Overshiner at Elwood on the 29th of July, 1887.

Young Overshiner is the son of highly respected parents, and this happening was a very severe blow to them, although upon a trial in the Circuit Court the defendant was acquitted on the ground of self defense.

Dayton Warfield, the victim, was a resident of Tipton county and made his home with his brother there, he being a single man, and about thirty years of age. On the afternoon

of the day of the tragedy, he had hauled a load of wheat to Elwood, and was detained until a late hour at the railway unloading the grain. His brother, Edward, had also come to town on business, and the two met about 10 o'clock. It was proposed by one of them and assented to by the other that they should go to a restaurant to take a meal before starting upon their journey home. They entered a place kept by Walter Beach on South Anderson street, and ordered a lunch. This was served to them and placed upon the counter. The elder of the brothers then took a pitcher and started in quest of some water. When he returned to the eating saloon he missed a piece of sausage from the table and asked his brother what had become of it. The latter replied by directing attention to three young men who were in the room, and remarked that they had taken it. The matter was reported to the proprietor who advanced towards them, and found the missing sausage on the counter near where they stood. He then ordered them from the room, a request which they immediately complied with, and went out upon the street. The three young men referred to were Ella Overshiner, Ernest Brenner and Charles DeHorrity, being chums and close friends, about the same age, and full of mischief, and from all accounts ready to engage in any sort of amusement. When the Warfields had eaten their lunch, they also went out upon the street when they noticed Ella Overshiner sitting or standing by a box, and asked him whether he wanted to have any more difficulty about the matter, Overshiner replied that he was not seeking trouble. From words they passed to blows, Warfield struck Overshiner a powerful blow, so hard as to turn Overshiner partly around. Overshiner, however, recovered himself, and running backwards a few steps, warned his assailants to stand back. Overshiner then drew a revolver and fired at him, but the ball did not take effect, and Warfield ran back into the restaurant. At this juncture Dayton Warfield bore down upon young Overshiner striking him in the forehead with a piece of board or barrel stave, severely wounding him. Overshiner recovered himself and as he did so he fired his revolver again, but not hitting his antagonist he fired another shot the ball from which took effect in the body of Dayton Warfield. The young man staggered into the restaurant, and walked into the dining room, where he fell upon the floor declaring that he was killed. Dr. Daniel Sigler was summoned, but before he could reach

the side of the wounded man he was beyond medical aid. He breathed his last at 11 o'clock that night.

As soon as young Overshiner had fired the fatal shot he went down the street in a frenzied condition. He was at once overtaken by friends who took him to his father's home where he was taken in charge until the Coroner held an inquest over the remains of the deceased. In the meantime Overshiner had secured the services of the law firm of Ballard & Goodykoontz to defend him. When the Coroner's inquest was concluded Marshal Wagner, of Elwood, brought Overshiner to Anderson, where he was placed in custody of the Sheriff. He was greatly excited, and suffered much mental agony and severe nervous strain. Overshiner was admitted to bail, which was readily furnished, and he was held to await the action of the Grand Jury. An indictment was returned against him, and at the following term of the Madison Circuit Court he was placed on trial. He was defended by Ballard & Goodykoontz and also by the Hon. James W. Sansberry, Sr.

Mr. Sansberry was an intimate friend of the father of the defendant and believing conscientiously that the boy was not guilty of the crime of murder with which he was charged, volunteered his services in his defense. In his argument before the jury he made the ablest address of his life. This was his last speech before the Anderson bar. He crowned the evening of his life with the glory of having made one of the most eloquent appeals that was ever listened to in an Anderson court. He spoke for three hours without cessation, and held the court, jury and spectators spellbound by the eloquent words that fell from his lips. He displayed much feeling, and it was evident that his whole heart and soul were wrapped up in the cause. Many tears were shed by the lady spectators and others who listened to this address, and after the jury took the case they were out but a short time, when a verdict of acquittal was rendered.

The Prosecuting Attorney was J. F. Neal, assisted by Colonel Milton S. Robinson and other able counsel. Colonel Robinson made a vigorous effort in this case, but could not bring about a conviction. Messrs. Goodykoontz and Ballard also acquitted themselves admirably. Mr. Ballard, who had but recently removed from Elwood to Anderson, and was, therefore, but little known to the people of the city, made a very able address which pushed him far to the front in the estimation of the people, and was the means of securing for

him a large and lucrative law practice, which he retains to this day.

A BOILER EXPLOSION.

A very disastrous and fatal boiler explosion occurred at Elwood on the 16th of November, 1894, by which the power house of the electric light and street railway plant was blown to atoms, caused by the bursting of one of the large boilers in the engine house. Thomas Clark, the night engineer, was in the building at the time and was so seriously injured that he died two hours after the occurrence. Frank McDaniel, the only other person in the building at the time, escaped with slight injuries. Part of the boiler was blown a distance of two squares away. The building was entirely demolished, being blown down to the foundation walls. A number of street cars that were in the building were badly broken and damaged in such a manner as to be almost a total loss. The damage to the property amounted to nearly $20,000. Nearly the entire population of Elwood was soon gathered at the scene of the disaster, and all that men could do to alleviate the sufferings of the wounded was done. James M. Overshiner, Ollie Frazier, J. H. DeHority, Henry C. Calloway and many others of the leading business men and financiers of Elwood were stockholders in the enterprise and immediately set about to secure temporary quarters for the operation of the plant, and in a very short time the street railway and the electric plant were in full operation. The building was immediately rebuilt, and, phoenix-like, this enterprise grew from its ashes and is now one of the best of its kind in Madison county, and is a monument to the financial nerve and energy of the founders.

This plant was again destroyed by a natural gas explosion and again rebuilt.

GAS EXPLOSION.

On the morning of February 12th, 1895, the smoke and debris of Calvin Hendrick's house in Anderson, wrecked by a natural gas explosion, had hardly been cleared away when the news of another terrible catastrophe of the same nature, at Elwood, was received. The handsome new building known as the Heck block was wrecked and destroyed by a gas explosion on that day and other property in the same neighborhood badly shaken up, windows knocked out and doors blown off their hinges, making altogether a sorry picture. This block

was used as a city building. The explosion took place at 8 o'clock. There were three men injured and several thousand dollars' worth of property destroyed. It was a two-story building with business rooms on the first floor, the second being occupied by the city offices. The gas had accumulated under the floor of the room occupied by the Elwood Trust Company.

A Mr. Telbs and Mr. Graham and an employee of the name of Miller were in the room at the time of the accident. Miller's right leg was broken in three places and he was otherwise seriously injured. The other two men were only slightly bruised.

The explosion wrecked the adjoining room occupied as a grocery, the glass plate was knocked out and other serious damage sustained. Fire broke out immediately but was quickly extinguished by the fire department, which was soon upon the scene of the disaster.

The loss upon the building at the time was estimated to be $2,000 and the damage to the stock of goods amounted to much more, but was covered by insurance.

The cause of the explosion was supposed to have been a leak in the street main, running in front of the building, the gas having followed the service pipe into the cellar of the house and was ignited from a light in the room, or from the stove.

Mr. Heck immediately rebuilt the structure, which is much more handsome and commodious than the former one.

KILLED BY A TRAIN.

On the night of July 21, 1881, Joseph Halpin, of Pipe Creek township, was run over and instantly killed by the north-bound passenger train that passes Anderson at midnight for Chicago. He had been away that day and late at night started home, which was near the place where he met his death. He had sat down on the railroad to rest and had fallen asleep, from the effects of too much alcohol, in which he had been freely indulging, when the train came thundering along at a high rate of speed and knocked him into eternity. The engineer said he saw some black object on the rail, but not in time to stop. The night was very dark and it was hard to distinguish an object on the track at any distance. The accident occurred about two miles south of Elwood. Halpin was mangled past all recognition. The Coroner held an inquest

as a matter of form and returned a verdict in accordance with the facts. Joseph Halpin was a man well liked by his fellowmen, and had but one fault, that was his love for ardent spirits. At the time of his sudden taking off he was well advanced in years, and had for a long while lived in the neighborhood where it happened.

SHOOTING OF CARROL PARSONS.

On Sunday, May 16, 1886, an old feud which existed between Carrol Parsons and William Wright, of Elwood, culminated in a "shooting match," in which Parsons was shot by Mr. Wright. Young Parsons was apparently the aggressor. On the evening above named Parsons met Wright on the street, but Mr. Wright was not inclined to enter into a fight or quarrel. However, he was followed and threatened, and he was then compelled to shoot in self-defense. The affair took place in front of Jenner's restaurant. The ball entered Parsons' head under the right eye and came out immediately in front of the left ear. He was carried home, and Dr. Sigler was summoned and dressed the wound.

Wright surrendered himself to Marshal Bucy, who immediately took him in custody to await the result of Parsons' injury. He was admitted to bail in the sum of $1,000 and released from custody. The young man finally recovered.

W. A. Sprong, the attorney, was an eye-witness to the shooting and did much to quiet the parties and to prevent further bloodshed. Wright appeared for trial, and on a hearing was acquitted.

FIRE AT THE PLATE GLASS WORKS.

On the night of June 25, 1891, the large Plate Glass Works at Elwood caught fire and came near being destroyed. At one time the flames looked very threatening to the people of Elwood, and the means of combatting them being very limited, the city authorities telegraphed to Logansport, Kokomo and Anderson for help. The Anderson department responded promptly. The switch engine was placed at their disposal, and two flat cars and two box cars were secured. The hose-wagon, horses, ladders and truck were soon loaded. About five hundred people collected at the depot to see them off, and one hundred and fifty, including the police, newspaper reporters and others, boarded the train. The trip to Elwood was accomplished in a very short time. The fire was still burning

when the Anderson department arrived, but it was practically under control. Logansport had sent her fire engine, and Kokomo two hose carts, but none of the apparatus was needed. The damage to the plant was estimated to be about $60,000. The portions of the building destroyed were the casting hall and the furnace room, the former building being probably three hundred feet long. The plant was only partially insured. After the Anderson department had gallantly assisted in subduing the flames they were invited to a restaurant, where at midnight a banquet was served. Mr. George Hogle, formerly of Anderson, acted as host. Mr. George Tate, one of the principal owners of the glass factory, became paymaster for the bill. The Elwood people were very grateful to their sister cities, who had nobly responded to their call for aid, and treated them in royal style. The destroyed portions of the glass factory were immediately rebuilt upon a larger and more substantial scale. The plant is now one of the largest in the United States, being one of Elwood's principal industries.

BURNING OF A STORE.

On the 1st of February, 1890, the town of Elwood was thrown into a state of excitement by a destructive fire, that culminated in the arrest of Abraham and Simon Sklute, two Hungarian Jews, in whose store the fire originated. A short time after the fire had been subdued, a mob gathered around the boarding house occupied by Miss Piper, where the Jews were stopping, and threatened to lynch them. The excitement was finally subdued by the counsel and advice of cooler heads. It was openly alleged by some in the crowd that the Sklutes had played the part of incendiaries for the purpose of burning their stock of goods and thereby reaping the benefit to be derived from collecting the insurance. The feeling became so strong against them that they were taken before 'Squire Ward L. Roach, and charged with arson. They stood a preliminary trial, the result of which was that their case was sent to the Circuit Court and their bond was fixed at $800 each. This they failed to give and were taken to Anderson by Deputy Sheriff Moore and lodged in jail. The Jews claimed that they knew nothing of the fire until they were awakened by some one about 4 o'clock; that they had left the store about half-past 9 o'clock the evening before and had not been there afterwards. The only evidence given against them was by an old man, who testified that he saw two men who

resembled the suspected parties go to the store about 1 o'clock in the morning, which allegation they declared to be false in every part, so far as they were concerned. Simon Sklute was the owner of the stock, and the other was in his employ. George M. Ballard was employed by the defendants to take charge of their case in the Circuit Court, and on the 28th of February, before an impartial jury, they were acquitted of the accusation. This fire caused considerable excitement at Elwood at the time and, even although the defendants were acquitted, many citizens could not be led to believe that they were not guilty.

A MYSTERIOUS MURDER.

One of the most foul and dastardly murders ever committed in Madison county was done at Elwood on the 8th of July, 1894, in which William Foust was killed. The murder was, for some time afterwards, a complete mystery, baffling the skill of officers and detectives, who immediately set to work to ferret out the crime. Sheriff John Starr, of Madison county, and his deputy, Zachariah Dean, of Elwood, put in much of their time on the case, but a considerable period elapsed before any light was thrown on the subject that would tend toward the capture and conviction of the guilty party. Sheriff Starr took into his confidence Amos Coburn, the Chief of Police of Anderson, and Madison Moore, ex-Deputy Sheriff of Madison county, now a detective for the Pan Handle Railway system. On the 6th of February, 1895, Captain Coburn, Sheriff Starr, his son, James Starr, and Detective Moore went to Elwood and were successful to a certain extent in ferreting out the guilty ones and obtained evidence that pointed to the perpetrators of the deed.

On the morning of July 8th, 1894, some children discovered the body of a man lying near the Pan Handle railway tracks, a short distance from the Diamond Plate Glass Works in the northern part of the city of Elwood. The fact that the body had been found was immediately reported and a messenger sent to Coroner Armington, who repaired to Elwood to hold an inquest and investigate the matter. The remains were seen and identified as those of William Foust, a farmer living north of Elwood, who, at the time of the investigation held by the Coroner, was supposed to have been run over by a train and killed. During the examination of the body Dr. Armington discovered a small wound just below the left collar bone, and he at once decided that the man had been murdered

and placed where the body was found, as it was cold and stiff when taken in charge. After an examination into all the facts that he could obtain, Dr. Armington returned a verdict setting forth that the deceased had come to his death from a pistol shot wound made by some person unknown to him.

The fact that the Coroner had placed the responsibility of Foust's death upon some unknown person caused no end of speculation concerning the tragic affair, and for weeks the murder was the principal topic of conversation in Elwood and vicinity. The mystery surrounding it had a fascination that could not be dispelled, especially in the mind of Mr. Dean, the Deputy Sheriff of the county, who resided in Elwood. He was impressed with the idea that the murder was committed near the place where the body was found, and he began a process of reasoning which finally brought about the apprehension of the criminals.

Living near the place where the body was found was a Mrs. Margaret Bolton, a widow, and her two sons, Clifford and Ephraim, aged nine and twelve years. Mrs. Bolton did not bear the best reputation and Dean was aware that she had sometimes persons of shady character about her premises, and also the fact that George Hires, William Cox and others had been seen in the vicinity of her home at different times under circumstances that left no doubt as to the knowledge on their part of her character. He put this fact along with that indescribable feeling that comes over a man when following a purpose, and he felt confident that Foust had been murdered in Mrs. Bolton's house. How to ascertain the actual facts now became the burden of his mind. Some time after the murder Mrs. Bolton and her two sons were admitted to the county infirmary, where she remained but a short time, and subsequently left that institution and went to Kokomo, leaving her two sons at the poor farm.

Dean was aware of this fact and on a visit to the city of Anderson on business connected with his duties as Deputy Sheriff, requested James Starr, the son of the Sheriff, to drive him to the poor farm, stating that he wanted to procure if possible, by an interview with the Bolton boys, any evidence that they might possess in relation to the murder. Sheriff Starr willingly consented.

Dean and James Starr accordingly visited the infirmary and the boys revealed the story of the crime. Ephraim, the older of the boys, did the talking. He said that on the night

of July 7, George Hires and William Cox came to their house and that later on Ephraim and George Crull came in. The men were drunk and indulged in loud talking. He said that he and his brother were not alarmed for the reason that men often came to the house at night. A little before dawn of the next morning he got up and went to the pump in the back yard to get a drink of water. As he passed the kitchen door he saw several men seated at the table playing cards and William Cox in another room with his mother. As he came back to the house he met his brother Clifford at the door, who also saw the men and became very angry and threw a stool at them. A little later William Foust came in the room, where the men were seated, and upset some whisky that was on the table, and Hires and Foust got into a quarrel. Hires jumped up and pointed a revolver at Foust, calling him foul names, and informed him that he was not wanted there, at the same time firing his pistol. Foust sank into his chair and almost immediately died; their mother came in at this time and she and her two boys ran into another room, locking the door. After everything had become quiet they came out, but the men were gone, as well as the body of Foust.

This story of the boy was afterwards reiterated in substance before the Grand Jury in an investigation of the case, and an indictment found and warrants were issued for the arrest of George Hires, William Cox, Ephraim Crull and George Crull, for murder.

The men all resided in Tipton county, and just how to successfully carry out the intention of the officers was a matter of no little concern to the Sheriff. As before stated in this article, he called to his assistance Detective Mat Moore and Captain Coburn. They planned that Coburn should go to Kokomo, where Mrs. Bolton was then living, and place her under arrest, and as soon as she was placed in custody to proceed to the homes of the other parties in the case and place them under arrest also.

Captain Coburn performed his part of the plan without delay, and in a very satisfactory manner. Immediately after Coburn's return with the Bolton woman in charge, it was suggested that the Sheriff, with a number of deputies and a detail of police, should go to Elwood on an engine used in the Pan Handle yards. Detective Moore made satisfactory arrangements with the Pan Handle Railroad Company, and at 6 o'clock a. m. the engine pulled out of the yards at Anderson

for Elwood. On board were the Sheriff, John Starr, his deputies, James Starr and Warren Copper, Captain Amos Coburn, Detective Mat Moore and Patrolmen Mark Robbins and Alonzo Pence, of the Anderson police force. The trip to Elwood was made in a few minutes. After arriving there the officers got off the engine, went to the home of ex-Sheriff Thomas Moore, and secured his services in the case. The posse then divided into three squads, each one of which went in search of its particular man. Hires was arrested at his home in Tipton county, about four miles northwest of Elwood. Ephraim Crull was arrested at a country literary entertainment, three miles west of Elwood. Cox, who worked at the chimney flue glass factory, was arrested just as he was returning from his daily work. George Crull beheld the officers coming and succeeded in getting away, but not before he had been stopped by Captain Coburn and questioned as to his name and where he was going. He gave satisfactory answers and was permitted to go on. He had been gone but a short time when it was discovered that he was the party named in the warrant. But it was useless for the officers to try to overtake him, and they were therefore compelled to return to Anderson without him.

None of the men made any resistance, but each one declared not only his innocence of the crime, but his ability to establish that fact before a jury.

In a conversation with Mrs. Bolton by the officers she made statements that established, beyond a doubt, the guilt of the arrested parties.

Great credit was due to Deputy Sheriff Dean for his skill in unraveling the mystery and bringing about the arrest of the criminals.

At the March term of the Madison Circuit Court, 1895, George Hires, the central figure in the case, was placed upon trial before the Hon. Alfred Ellison, Judge. The Judge, realizing the enormity of the crime, spared no pains in every way consistent with his position to bring the guilty party to justice. He therefore appointed W. H. Kittinger and Edward Reardon to assist Prosecutor D. W. Scanlan on behalf of the State. The defense was represented by Greenlee & Call, of Elwood, and George M. Ballard, of Anderson. The trial lasted for many days, and large crowds of witnesses from Elwood and the surrounding country were in attendance.

The prosecution was handled in an able manner by Pros-

ecutor Scanlan and his associates, and nothing was left undone by the defense to prevent a conviction of their client. On the 6th of April the jury returned a verdict convicting Hires, and placed upon him a punishment of thirteen years in the penitentiary at hard labor.

On the 17th of April following the trial the community and the court officials were startled by the report that Mrs. Bolton had made a confession to Sheriff Starr in the Madison county jail that she was the guilty party, and that Hires was innocent of the crime, and that it was she who fired the fatal shot which caused the death of Foust. The news spread at once throughout the city and county and caused great excitement and endless comment. But little credence was given the story, as it was thought that Mrs. Bolton, realizing the enfeebled condition of her health, she being then a great sufferer, had concluded that she had but a short time to live, and that no conviction could be obtained against her before her death; that she desired to obtain the release of Hires from prison, and of his ultimate acquittal, and therefore made this confession. The news was at once conveyed by Sheriff Starr to Judge Ellison, who immediately went to the jail, where he had an interview with Mrs. Bolton, in which she reiterated her confession to Sheriff Starr. The Judge, however, gave but little credit to her words, and afterwards visited Mrs. Bolton at St. John's Hospital, where she had been taken for treatment, and in company with Dr. Callens, a professional hypnotist, held an interview with her. The hypnotist immediately placed her under mesmeric influence, and she again reiterated her story as told to the Judge and the Sheriff on the previous occasions. The Judge did not attach much importance to her story, and no effort was made on the part of the prosecution to obtain a release from imprisonment of Hires.

When the time arrived for the trial of Ephraim and George Crull, a change of venue was taken from Madison county, and their cases were sent to Kokomo. When the trial began the same witnesses appeared on either side as in the Hires case at Anderson. Young Bolton told the same story that he had testified to on the former trial. After all the evidence had been heard and the arguments were made a verdict of not guilty was rendered as to the defendants. Thus ended, so far as the courts were concerned, this celebrated case. The real facts surrounding this mystery will perhaps never be known to the community at large. As a general thing, well-

informed people believe that George Hires was the guilty party who fired the fatal shot which ended Foust's life.

At one stage of the proceedings in ferreting out this case some suspicion was directed toward Chief Toler, of the Elwood police force, and strong efforts were made to bring him in as one of the suspected parties, but sufficient evidence was never obtained to connect him directly with this affair.

William Cox, one of the defendants, was tried by a jury at the June term of the Howard County Court and received a sentence of two years in the State's prison at Michigan City.

It is to be hoped that the future of Madison county may never again be clouded by the occurrence of such a tragedy.

In writing this article, we have endeavored to be impartial to all parties connected with it, and have simply recorded the facts as they are, without a comment from our pen. The above account as stated by us is almost wholly taken from the Anderson *Democrat* of February 6, 1895, which gave a very concise statement of the facts developed in this case.

No case in the annals of crime has so puzzled officers of the law, except it be the celebrated Clem murder case, at Indianapolis, in 1868. There seems to have existed in the minds of the jury some doubt as to Hires' guilt, from the fact that they gave him so light a sentence.

The final scene in this mysterious tragedy occurred in Elwood, on the 13th of May, 1896, when Mrs. B. F. McFarland, a daughter of William Foust, the murdered man, committed suicide, after brooding over her father's death until she lost her reason.

ACCIDENT TO DR. S. W. EDWINS.

On the 13th of September, 1895, Doctor S. W. Edwins, of Elwood, while attempting to cross the tracks of the L. E. & W. Railroad, was run over by a train of cars and was very seriously injured, and up to this writing has not fully recovered. He was in a buggy in company with a lady friend, who was also seriously injured. The horse which he drove was killed and the buggy torn into fragments. Doctor Edwins, having recovered sufficiently to be about, brought suit against the railroad company for damage to his person and property, which suit is yet pending in the courts. The many friends of the Doctor were pained to learn of his being maimed in such a manner as to practically unfit him to attend to his large and lucrative practice which he enjoyed prior to this accident.

CUT HIS THROAT.

On the 9th of May, 1896, Charles Vanness attempted to take his life at Elwood by cutting his throat. He made a horrible wound, almost severing the jugular vein. It was thought that his recovery was beyond a possibility, but Dr. S. W. Edwins performed the difficult operation of sewing up the wound, being one of the first cases on record in the State where the jugular vein was sewed successfully and the victim survived.

KILLED BY THE CARS.

On Monday, January 27, 1896, a shocking casualty occurred at Elwood. James Gelispe, a young glass worker, met a sudden and horrible death.

Gelispe was at the Pan Handle depot as local freight No. 77 pulled out, and at the crossing of South B street fell between two cars in such a manner that the wheels passed over his neck and both wrists, completely severing his head and his hands from the body. A large crowd of people was soon attracted to the spot and Coroner Sells was at once telegraphed.

It is generally supposed that Gelispe attempted to board the moving train to ride from the depot to the post-office, which is a few squares north. Owing to the slow speed at which trains must travel this practice had become quite common, especially on freight trains. He was a single man, well known and liked among glass workers.

No one saw the affair, and he was not discovered until the train had passed over him.

Coroner Sells at once visited the scene of the accident and held an inquest, returning a verdict of accidental killing, holding the railroad company blameless.

FOURTH OF JULY ACCIDENT.

During the celebration of the Fourth of July at Elwood in the year 1896, Charles Adair, a workman employed by the American Tin Plate Company, had his right arm blown off near the elbow by the explosion of a "cannon" fire-cracker.

He was enjoying the sports of the day with friends and was shooting one of those large toy crackers which are discharged with a fuse. It had been fired and set down in the street and Adair was awaiting the result when it appeared to him that the fuse had gone out, when he picked it up to exam-

ine it, and it immediately exploded with the result as above stated.

Dr. Newcomer, the physician at the tin plate works, was summoned and amputated the wounded member.

Adair was a young man about twenty-five years of age and was well respected by the people of Elwood, and much sympathy was expressed in his behalf, and quite a gloom was cast over the festivities of the day.

MISCELLANEOUS—ELWOOD LIGHTED BY ELECTRICITY.

The striking of natural gas at Elwood brought to its borders, like all other towns in the gas belt, a large influx of population from all quarters of the country. Money began to be made and house building progressed to such an extent that it astonished the old timers who looked upon what was being done with amazement and Elwood grew at once to be quite a city.

Such a thing as electricity for the lighting of the streets of that hamlet was a thing that had never been dreamed of until in the summer of 1891 when a movement was put on foot to have the streets illuminated. There was much contention as to the best means of doing so. Some contended for lighting with natural gas, while others advocated the establishing of iron posts similar to the ones used in the old system of artificial gas lighting, but the ideas of the progressive element prevailed and the use of electricity was agreed upon and on the 1st of August, 1891, the elegant electric light power house was completed and at 3 o'clock in the morning the button was pushed by the electrician and Elwood sprang forth in all her magnificence and beauty, being one of the best lighted cities in the state. The Elwood band was brought out and discoursed stirring music up and down the principal thoroughfares and a general good time was had celebrating this event. The plant is a splendid one and the city can well feel proud of it, although it has been twice wrecked, once by a gas explosion and once by that of a steam boiler explosion. It has been rebuilt and is still one of the features of the city. From time to time the plant has been increased to meet the requirements and demands of the growing population until it is at this writing second to none in the county.

ELWOOD'S PRIZE DRILL COMPANY.

For several years Elwood held the proud distinction of having the best drilled "Canton of Odd Fellows" in the

United States. Captain Nett Nuzum was their drill master and had them disciplined in the highest style. They won many prizes in local contests in the county during the period of their organization, but the crowning event of their existence occurred at St. Louis on the 22nd of September, 1891, when they entered at a meeting of all Cantons and competed for a prize of $1,000, which they captured. A dispatch from St. Louis appeared in the *Democrat* of September 23rd, giving the following confirmed notice: "The weather was very hot and oppressive, especially for the uniformed Cantons. The maneuvers were carried out splendidly. The draw of lots for position in the Canton drill resulted as follows: First Canton, number 3, of St. Joseph, Missouri, Captain, P. M. Abercrombie; second Canton, Elwood, number 33, department of Indiana, Captain, Nett Nuzum; third Canton, of Indianapolis, Ind., Captain, J. M. Bodien." The contest was one of the hottest fought battles in this line that ever occurred in the United States. Captain Nuzum, after a severe contest, came out the winner.

Upon receiving the news of the Canton's success, the people of Elwood were wild with joy, and upon their arrival home a grand reception was given in their honor. Captain Nuzum is one of the finest looking officers in full uniform that one can see in many a day's travel. He is still a resident of Elwood and highly respected by the community.

THE ELWOOD CEMETERY ASSOCIATION.

Elwood has one of the handsomest cemeteries in Madison county. It is situated on a beautiful knoll just west of the main part of the city, and is easy of access by brick-paved streets, of which Elwood has many. This association was incorporated in April, 1895, by Daniel King, Dr. Daniel Sigler, Thomas DeHority, L. M. Good and Lewis Hefner, who are the present officers of the association.

The place was long a burying ground before its incorporation, perhaps as far back as 1854, but was simply a village burying ground, with no one responsible for its care, and was kept up by those who had friends buried there. The rapid building up of the city made it necessary to have an incorporated cemetery, with a system of management, and the enterprising gentlemen whose names appear above came to the front and filled the want of the community in this regard.

Among the prominent people lying at rest in this beauti-

ful cemetery is the late Dr. James M. DeHority, who is placed in a family vault, erected in 1882. Mrs. Flora May Howe, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. S. W. Edwins, whose sad death is yet fresh in the minds of her many friends, is also sleeping in the handsome vault erected by Dr. Edwins, an illustration of which is given on this page.

This is the finest receptacle for the dead in Madison county, and is a credit not only to its builder but to the city in which it is located. It cost the goodly sum of $4,000, and is built of finely dressed Bedford stone, presenting a beautiful exterior, and is handsomely arranged inside the walls with marble cases, urns, and stone vases for flowers.

Dr. Edwins has spared neither pains nor money to make this not only a credit to himself and a monument to the mem-

THE EDWINS VAULT.

ory of his beloved daughter, but to make it one of the substantial evidences of the taste and refinement of the community in which he lives; one that the people of Elwood can well feel proud of and point to as a remembrance of the Doctor long after he has passed beyond, and has been placed beside his loving daughter, who has gone before him to that land from whence no traveler returns.

BURNING OF THE EXCELSIOR FACTORY AT ELWOOD.

Leeson & March, during the year 1888, owned and operated an excelsior factory at Elwood. It caught fire on the 20th of December of that year and was utterly destroyed. The fire had been put out under the boiler in order to enable some men to do work there. The machinery was running, although the gas was turned off from the boilers where they were making some changes. It was thought that the changes could be made in a very few minutes, and instead of cutting off the gas at the street, the pipe leading into the engine-room was simply closed. A section of the pipe was taken off, and the gas rushed into the engine-room in a great volume, and as the brick and iron were still redhot, the gas ignited, and, as a result, the building was soon a mass of flames. In the building there was an unusual quantity of shavings and sawdust, and in a very short peroid the whole structure was in a blaze. Adam Miller and Michael Glaspy were at work in the engine-room, and were very severely burned. Miller was so severely injured that it was thought for a while that he would lose his life, as he inhaled the flames while endeavoring to effect an escape. He lay for several days in a critical condition. The factory had just been rebuilt and enlarged, and was doing a splendid business. The loss was $4,000, without any insurance.

FRANKTON AND VICINITY—ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—BOILER EXPLOSION.

On or about the 9th day of August, 1877, the people of Frankton and vicinity were startled about 9 o'clock in the morning by a terrific sound and by the shaking of the window panes in the houses and the trembling of the earth as if an earthquake had taken place. The people ran from their places of business and from their houses to ascertain the cause of this commotion but were unable from any indications in the village to account for it. A messenger soon made his appearance and brought news that an engine connected with the threshing machine owned by James Ruth, which was threshing wheat on the farm of Samuel Beck, a few miles distant, had exploded its boiler. The engine was torn to atoms and was sent in all directions through the air like bullets shot from a gun. One of the men named Frank Melson, the engineer, was terribly lacerated and wounded in several places, having the

left thumb torn off and receiving several wounds about the head.

The news spread throughout the country in a short while and people from all directions were at the scene of the disaster. It was a wonder to all who witnessed the wreck how it was possible that such a mishap could take place in the presence of so many people who were connected with the machine, and who had assisted in the threshing, without some one being killed. No cause could be assigned for the explosion other than that the engineer neglected to keep a sufficient amount of water in the boiler. One of the pieces of the boiler was thrown a quarter of a mile, and a wagon standing near by was literally blown to pieces. The threshing machine was standing still at the time of the explosion and was not materially injured. Dr. S. W. Edwins, of Frankton, and Dr. John E. Canaday, now a resident of Anderson, and ex-Auditor of Madison county, were called to dress the wounds of the unfortunate man. Later in the afternoon Dr. G. F. Chittenden and Horace E. Jones were called in consultation with the above physicians, when it was decided that with proper care Melson would recover from his injuries, which proved to be the case. He is now living somewhere in this county. This was one of the most serious accidents that ever occurred in the vicinity of Frankton and was the talk of the neighborhood for months and years afterwards.

ACCIDENTAL SHOOTING.

On the 5th of January, 1884, Miss Mary Ring was accidentally killed by the discharge of a gun, at the home of her sister, Mrs. Kidwell. The unfortunate lady was there on a visit at the time. In one of the rooms of the house an old army musket was standing in a corner, and at the solicitation of his wife Mr. Kidwell had lifted it out of its place to put it in a more secure position. In doing this the hammer of the gun was struck by some obstacle and the weapon was discharged. The load took effect in the face of Miss Ring. Her face was horribly mutilated, her lower jaw was nearly blown off and her tongue torn out. Although suffering intensely she remained rational for some time and lived until Sunday night, the following day, when she died. At the time of the accident she was engaged to be married to a young and prosperous farmer, and had it not been for this, the wedding ceremony would have been performed in a few days.

DISASTROUS FIRE AT FRANKTON.

On the 3d of October, 1877, a disastrous fire took place at the village of Frankton, in which nearly the entire business part of the town was destroyed. A correspondent from that place to the Anderson *Democrat* of October 5 gives the following account: "About half past five o'clock in the morning an alarm of fire was given which aroused the slumbering citizens of the quiet village to a full sense of the fact that the long-expected conflagration had come. In a short time most of the citizens of the town and many people from the country were at the scene of the disaster. It was very fortunate for the place that the morning was calm and that scarcely a breeze was stirring to fan the raging flames. But for this reason nearly the whole town would have been laid in ashes. The fire originated in the stable owned by William Waples. Next to this on the south side was the stable of J. W. Phillips. From this building it went to the drug store of John A. Howard, then to the Dwiggins building, in which was the post-office and a grocery owned by James McLean. On the north of this was the Suman building, occupied by the Kimmerling Bros., druggists, and J. & W. Townsend, dry goods merchants. Still farther north of this was a hardware store owned by Hurst & Brother. All these buildings were swept away by the raging flames in a moment's time. Quick, Sharp & Co. was the only firm in town that did not move its stock. H. C. Brown moved out of his building, but it did not burn. The cool and deliberate action of the people managed to save all the merchandise owned by the different firms. The most interesting incident of the fire was that of Isaac Wood, who tried to save two horses, but in spite of his efforts to rescue them from the burning building one of them perished. William Wood himself, while trying to save his horses, was severely burned about the neck and face. A fine stallion owned by Waples & Phillips was also burned. The Masonic fraternity lost everything pertaining to their lodge. The Odd Fellows saved their furniture and fixtures. The books owned by 'Squire A. H. Muholland were lost, together with some valuable notes and papers. The severest losers were parties living out of town who were the owners of buildings, none of which were insured, among whom were J. M. Cockran and Bernard Dwiggins. As usual on such occasions thieves were busily engaged and a large amount of property was stolen and carried off. Parties were seen going in every direction with bundles in their arms, but

during the excitement no one attempted to halt them or recover the plunder they were carrying away."

It was generally thought that the fire originated in the headquarters of a lot of gamblers who were playing cards in the hay mow in a stable in which the fire was first discovered. This was a very severe blow to the enterprising village of Frankton, and it was some time before it recovered from the effects of the disaster.

THE KILLING OF JOHN LITTLE.

John Little, who lived near Frankton, in Pipe Creek township, was at one time one of the central figures of that community, in politics and business. He was a prosperous farmer, made money fast, lived well and enjoyed the respect of the people among whom he lived. In the year 1870 he concluded to contest for the nomination, on the Democratic ticket, for the office of Sheriff of Madison county. He had always been a hard worker for the cause of his political friends and had numerous advocates of his elevation when he launched his boat upon the sea of politics. In that memorable year it seemed that nearly every prominent Democrat in the county aspired to some office. It was one of the most hotly contested and thrilling canvasses that was ever made for nominations since the formation of the county. The candidates went in droves from one township to another, making personal appeals to the voters, generally winding up each evening at some school-house in the neighborhood, where all the candidates would be corralled and speeches would be made in advocacy of their claims for office.

It was in this year that the late Neal C. McCullough made his famous fight for the office of County Auditor, receiving the nomination and then being defeated at the polls in the subsequent election. John Little was successful in securing the nomination for Sheriff; James F. Mock for County Treasurer; Neal C. McCullough for County Auditor; Jacob Hubbard for County Recorder, and James W. Sansberry for Representative. During the scramble a great deal of bitter warfare was indulged in, causing a feeling among the candidates, which was impossible to allay or pacify after the primaries had closed. This warfare was kept up to the bitter end, thereby insuring the defeat of every candidate on the Democratic county ticket, except Hon. James W. Sansberry for Representative, Jacob Hubbard for Recorder, and Thomas

J. Fleming for Clerk of the Court, who had no opposition for the nomination or final election.

The canvass, made in the spring and before the fall election, cost Mr. Little nearly his entire fortune, and made a financial wreck of him for the balance of his life, and he never thereafter was able, although frugal in his habits, to overcome the indebtedness that he had made in this political fight, and when he died he left his family in poor circumstances.

The sad end of his life was caused by an altercation with Henry Burk in the city of Anderson, in the month of March, 1876. Mr. Little had been to Indianapolis on business, and, on returning, stopped at Anderson to await the train to go north at midnight on the Pan Handle road. In order to while away the time he stepped into a saloon on South Main street, kept by Hezekiah Trueblood. When he left the saloon he carried away an overcoat belonging to Henry Burk, the bartender. After leaving Mr. Trueblood's place he entered the saloon owned by William Ryan, where it is said he put Burk's coat into the stove and then left for the north depot to take the midnight train for home. Mr. Little had evidently been drinking, or he would never have indulged in this kind of conduct, from the fact that, although at times he was rough in his manners, no one ever accused him of being dishonest, or would have for a moment suspected him of taking the coat with any intention of converting it to his own use, as he was entirely above reproach in that respect. Mr. Burk followed Little to the depot, and when he came upon him demanded Little's coat in place of the one he had destroyed, which Little readily assented to, and gave Burk his coat, who returned to town. Mr. Little, instead of going on with the train, followed Burk back to town and overtook him in the office of the United States hotel, a large three-story building that the older citizens of the city of Anderson will remember as having stood on the corner of Ninth and Main streets. It was occupied at that time by Frederick Cartwright. Little carried two large bowlders in his hands, and upon entering the room he dropped one of them on the floor and caught Burk by the collar with his left hand, and was in the act of striking him with the other stone when Louis Tetherington, a 'bus driver, grasped Little's uplifted arm and took away the stone. Little at this juncture let go of Burk and struck Tetherington a terrible blow on his face, which sent him reeling to the other side of the room. Burk, realizing the great strength of Little, and know-

ing his disposition to be ugly in a fight, took advantage of the occasion and determined to protect himself. He armed himself with a billet of wood, and when Little returned to attack him Burk struck him on the head and face, knocking him down. Little's face was beaten and cut into a perfect jelly, and he also received a fracture of the skull, from which he was found to be unconscious. Medical aid was summoned, and such relief as was necessary at the time was rendered him, and on the Saturday following the patient was removed to his home at Frankton, and after lingering for several days he finally died from the wounds, Dr. S. W. Edwins attending him in his last hours. Burk was placed under arrest for the crime of manslaughter, but upon a trial was acquitted and exonerated from any criminal act on the ground of his having acted in self-defense, Little being the aggressor.

For many years after this a bitter feeling prevailed between the friends of Little and Burk, and it was feared for a time that the blood of other parties might be shed over this lamentable occurrence, but time has effaced all the memories clinging around it and it is now only alluded to as a matter of history.

John Little when sober was a noble hearted man and would sacrifice anything almost to do a friendly favor; was hospitable at his home and was surrounded by a large circle of friends.

In the election above referred to Mr. Little was the central figure in the fight and it was made principally against him, but had a most wholesome effect upon the politics of the county as it caused the Democratic party, which was then in the ascendency, to be cautious as to the men who received the nominations and it was also a means of stopping the nefarious business of buying votes in the nominating conventions and at the polls in the following elections. At the following elections in 1872 the Democrats redeemed themselves and elected their entire ticket.

John Little in this election was defeated by David K. Carver, Esq., who was the first Republican sheriff that ever held the office in this county, and it is a real pleasure for the authors of this book to state that Mr. Carver was a conscientious official and filled his place to the satisfaction of the public, and had it not been for the overwhelming majority of the county he would have been re-elected.

A SAD SUICIDE.

William Townsend was a young business man of Frankton, who was engaged in merchandizing with his father, under the firm name of J. & W. Townsend. They carried on an extensive business and enjoyed the respect of the community and had a large circle of friends in the county.

On the 5th of October, 1881, the citizens of Frankton were shocked at receiving the news by telegraph that William Townsend had shot himself at the Crawford House, in Cincinnati. No seeming cause could be assigned for the rash act, as he was pleasantly situated in business, belonged to a very good family, and was highly esteemed. He was happily married, and was the father of a three-year-old daughter whom he dearly loved. He was at times, it is said, given to fits of melancholy, but no stress was laid on that fact, as he had made no demonstration of doing injury to himself or to others. On the day prior to his death he went to Cincinnati on the evening train and registered at the Crawford House, paying his bill in advance for the time he expected to remain. He was apparently in the very best of spirits, and after supper left the hotel to spend the evening with a friend by the name of James Duncan, who represented one of the wholesale houses of which he purchased goods. During the evening he was more than usually cheerful, and never once raised a suspicion of the terrible deed he was about to commit. On leaving his friend he charged him particularly to call for him at seven o'clock the next morning. He entered the hotel where he had an order placed upon the register to call him at half-past six o'clock the next morning, and after a brief conversation with the clerk, he retired for the night. The next morning the clerk, at the designated hour, went to his room, but getting no response, he forced the door open and was horrified to find young Townsend dead. He was lying with his pants and shirt on, with a bullet hole in his head, and a 32-calibre Colt's revolver clinched in his hands.

The alarm was at once given and the Coroner notified. He empaneled a jury, held an inquest, and after investigation a verdict returned that the deceased had come to his death from a pistol shot by his own hand.

He had on his person $800 in money, and a handsome pair of bracelets which he had purchased for his daughter. His father went to Cincinnati and took the remains home on the following Friday night, and on Saturday he was buried

in the village cemetery. His funeral was one of the largest ever witnessed in that section of the county.

It was a sad blow not only to his father, mother and other near relations, but also to his young wife, who yet survives him, and who is at this time a resident of Anderson.

KILLED BY DAMPS IN A WELL.

On the 24th of July, 1890, Louis Peppin and David Welker, his son-in-law, both of Frankton, were digging a well near that place, when they were overcome by gas, or "damps," and were suffocated. They had dug the well to a depth of twenty feet, when Peppin, who was in the bottom, struck a vein of gas, and coming up, sat down, remarking that he believed he had struck a gas-well. After resting a few moments he again descended. He had nearly reached the bottom when his farther progress was arrested by the gas, which was pouring out to such an extent as to prevent him from going down farther, and was overcome. David Welker looked down and saw his father-in-law lying limp and helpless. It dawned upon him that there were "damps" in the well, and he started down to rescue Peppin from his perilous position. When he reached the bottom he attempted to lift the body into the bucket, and in doing so, he himself was also overcome, and both bodies lay at the bottom of the well in a lifeless condition. The accident produced a momentary panic among the men who had assembled on the brink of the well, and it was fully twenty minutes before the bodies were recovered. No one dared to enter the deadly well, and therefore a rope was let down and looped around the legs of the unfortunate men, and thus they were drawn to the surface. Peppin was a man about sixty-eight years of age, and his son-in-law, Welker, was much younger. They both left families in needy circumstances. The well in question was upon the farm of John D. Gooding, ex-Deputy Sheriff of Madison county, and was southwest of the town of Frankton. The remains of the unfortunate men were interred in the cemetery near the place of their death. Welker was a nephew of Mr. George Welker, ex-Chief of Police of Anderson.

KILLED BY A TRAIN.

On the 16th of May, 1882, a sad accident occurred at the town of Frankton, whereby Mrs. Mary Timmons, of that place, lost her life by being run over by a train of cars on the Pan

Handle Railroad. She had been in the dry goods store of Quick & Co. making some purchases and on leaving went towards the railroad. This she intended to cross and walked in a northernly direction, but had her attention drawn the opposite way by looking at some object along the roadside. She was unconscious of the approaching train, and being very deaf could not hear its noise. The train was running at considerable speed and struck her on her left side so that she was thrown a distance of forty or fifty feet, falling under a flat-car on the side of the track. Her body was considerably bruised and mutilated and she lived only an hour after the accident. Several persons saw her going to the railroad and beheld the danger that she was in, but were too far away to render her any assistance. Dr. Edwins was immediately called and took charge of the woman, being assisted by Dr. Brown. But nothing could be done. Her injuries were fatal.

On examination it was found that her left arm was broken and badly crushed and a dangerous wound was also discovered in her left side. Michael Ryan, Coroner of Madison county, was notified and proceeded to Frankton to hold an inquest. He returned a verdict of death in accordance with the facts as stated. The Coroner also exonerated the railroad company from any blame in the matter. Lafayette Freeman was the engineer and W. H. Green, fireman, in charge of the engine. They testified that they saw the woman, but not in time to stop the train, and supposed that she heard them, and every moment looked for her to step off the track. Mrs. Timmons left a husband, but no children.

INCENDIARY FIRE.

In the month of August, 1890, a man of the name of MacDonald erected a building in Frankton for the purpose of occupying the same with a retail liquor saloon, but while in course of erection in some manner it was set on fire and completely destroyed. It was almost certain that the fire was the act of an incendiary, as no fire was about the premises and there was no other way in which it could have been ignited. No clue was ever obtained as to who the guilty parties were. It was strongly suspected that some parties who were opposed to having the building occupied by a dram shop took this method of getting it out of the way.

A BURGLARY.

The usually quiet town of Frankton was visited on the night of the 20th of October, 1887, by a band of burglars who rifled the dry goods store of D. Canaday & Company, Sigler Brothers' drug store, and Quick's hardware store. The burglars, however, secured but little valuable booty, as they were frustrated in their designs by someone walking on the street, which compelled them to abandon their object. A little money had been left in the cash drawer at Sigler's store, which was taken, and from the other establishments a few pocket-knives and revolvers were carried away. Strong suspicion pointed to some parties in the immediate vicinity, but sufficient evidence was not obtained to cause their arrest, and none was ever made in connection with the matter.

WILLIAM MASSEE DISEMBOWELED.

In the year 1888 William Massee came near losing his life by having his bowels cut by a knife in the hands of a cousin, Charles Massee, at the town of Frankton. The occurrence was the result of a family feud that had for some time existed. The Massees were Kentucky mountaineers, who had not been long residents of this community, and little is known of them by the writers. Soon after this affair they removed from the county, and their whereabouts is now unknown. Dr. S. W. Edwins was soon upon the scene, and in a very skillful manner replaced the intestines and sewed up the wound, and the unfortunate man recovered.

CAPTURE OF BURGLARS AT FRANKTON.

During the early part of the year 1890 the vicinity of Frankton had been the scene of several small burglaries and petty thieving operations. The store of Jefferson Ring was entered during that time and a considerable quantity of goods taken therefrom. Mr. Ring and others, who had suffered by these depredations, did their best to trap them but without avail, and finally the detective agency of Charles Page, of Richmond, was brought to bear upon them. Park Page was placed immediately at work upon the case, and a "stool pigeon" was sent to Frankton to overlook the field. One of the first clews obtained was that Charles Rains and Preston Shell, two young men living near Frankton, had some time previously come into possession of a key to the rear door of Ring's store, having stolen it of a carpenter of the name of Hiser who had

worked on the building. The young man who had been sent to Frankton as a "decoy" and the detectives soon gained the confidence of the boys and a plan was entered into to rob the store on a certain night during the month of May in that year. Mr. Ring and the detectives secreted themselves in the store. About 12 o'clock Rains, Shell and "the decoy" put in their appearance and opened the rear door with the stolen key. As they entered the store the acute ear of Rains heard the ticking of Detective Page's watch and having some misgivings that he and his partner were "bagged" endeavored to make his escape. The detective stepped to the door and drawing his revolver captured the two boys and placed them in irons. After the capture they admitted that they robbed the store on two different occasions and had obtained entrance by the key which they had stolen. They were handcuffed together and taken to Anderson and lodged in jail to await their trial. They were both young men, one twenty-one and the other nineteen years of age. They had both been born and reared on farms in the vicinity of Frankton.

At the May term of the Madison Circuit Court they were placed on trial for the crime of burglary, Shell being defended by Hon. C. L. Henry and Hon. George M. Ballard. Judge M. A. Chipman having heard the evidence, young Shell was sentenced to two years in the State's prison, and on account of the youth of Rains and by his being badly influenced by his companion he was left off with a light punishment.

KILLED BY AN OFFICER.

A serious shooting affair occurred at the town of Frankton on the night of August 29, 1872, the facts of which are about as follows: The firm of C. Quick & Co. had been suspecting for some time that there were parties who contemplated robbing their store and safe. They were large dealers in clothing, merchandise and groceries, and had a large Hall's safe in their office, as they also conducted a banking business for the accommodation of the Frankton public. They were formally notified of the intended raid by information which was communicated to them by a detective by the name of William Shoemaker, who resided at Centerville, Wayne county, Indiana.

Shoemaker had fallen in with one William Beeson at Indianapolis, one of the parties upon whom suspicion rested. Shoemaker caused Beeson to believe he was also a burglar.

The detective told Beeson that he was not a good hand at opening safes, but that he had a friend who was very successful in that line, and would send him to assist Beeson. This assistant came, and it seems that he and Beeson made the necessary arrangements and fixed upon a certain night to commit the burglary. Quick & Co., in the meantime, had been made acquainted with the scheme, and deemed it proper to provide such means as would tend to the capture and arrest of the parties who were about to engage in this criminal act. Thursday night of that week was fixed upon as the time for the burglary. Quick & Co. sent a messenger to the city of Anderson to inform the Sheriff of Madison county, and to request him to have some proper officer detailed to visit Frankton on the night in question in order to arrest the parties while they were engaged in the act of burglarizing the store. David K. Carver, then Sheriff of Madison county, willingly complied with this request and selected Mr. Stephen Metcalf, his deputy, and called to his assistance Cornelius Daugherty, Constable of Anderson township, and Mr. Oran Walker, a deputy Sheriff.

These officers immediately proceeded to Frankton. At about 12 o'clock at night, two men entered the store, and, at a signal of the detective, who had met and become acquainted with Metcalf and his assistants, and who had communicated to them how the details should be arranged as to the capture, rushed to the store front, which was thrown open by the detective, who was on the inside of the building, in company with Beeson, in the act of committing the burglary. At that very moment, one of the men in the store, who had a dark-lantern, shut off its light, and in doing so, threw up his arm. The light reflected on the lantern and caused it to glisten. Mr. Metcalf mistook this for a revolver, and, from the man's motions, supposed he was in the act of shooting. Mr. Metcalf, acting upon the spur of the moment, and in the full confidence that he was acting in defense of his own life, and in the discharge of an official duty, instantly fired his revolver, the shot taking effect in the left arm of Shoemaker, who had been mistaken for Beeson, the burglar, passing thence into his side, causing instant death.

Some doubts were entertained as to the real character in which Shoemaker was figuring in this matter, but the prevailing opinion seems to have been that he was acting in good

faith as a detective in order to entrap the parties who meditated the robbery.

William Beeson, who was found in the store, was arrested by the officers, and, after a preliminary examination before 'Squire Roach, of Anderson, was required to give bond in the sum of $2,000 for his appearance at the subsequent term of the Madison Circuit Court. He was unable to give the required bail and was committed to jail, where he remained for a considerable length of time. At one time he made his escape and was recaptured by Albert J. Ross, who had in the meantime become Sheriff of the county.

The Coroner, having empanelled a jury to hold an inquest over the dead body of Shoemaker, returned a verdict that he came to his death from a pistol shot inflicted by Stephen Metcalf, Deputy Sheriff of Madison county, in the discharge of his duty. A post-mortem examination was also made, after which the remains of Shoemaker were transmitted to his friends in Centerville, in charge of a man who had come from that place to receive them.

KILLING OF J. FRANK STANLEY.

On the 22d of June, 1895, J. Frank Stanley, a blind fiddler, a grandson of Jacob Stanley, an influential farmer living between Florida and Frankton, was killed on the Pan Handle railroad near the town of Frankton. He was seen along the track at the time, but as he was not conscious of the appoaching train, was run down and instantly killed. His remains were taken to the house of his grandfather. A coroner's inquest was held and a verdict returned in accordance with the foregoing facts.

REMINISCENCES—ONE OF GOD'S NOBLEMEN.

Among the old-timers of Madison county, none is more worthy of mention than Noah Waymire, late of Pipe Creek township. Noah formerly lived in Wayne county, from whence he moved to this county, in an early day, settling in the wilds of Pipe Creek township, where he cut out a large farm and made for himself and family a handsome fortune. He belonged to one of the largest families in the United States.

Every year the Waymire family, at some point in this great union of States, holds a reunion; at these meetings, nearly every State is represented. Uncle Noah always

delighted in being on hand at these gatherings. He was a man of commanding appearance and a fluent talker. Had he been educated and trained in politics in his younger days, he would have been one of the political giants of the the times. He was large, portly and good-looking, and was a man whom one would turn around and look at if he passed him on the street.

No old settlers' meeting was complete without the presence of Noah Waymire; he went far and near to all the gatherings of old settlers. He was generally the orator of the occasion; he could speak long and loud, never failing to interest his hearers. He was uneducated, but the good Lord endowed him with the gift of commanding an untold supply of language, which seemed to roll out of him without effort. His greatest delight at an old settlers' picnic was to tell of the early trials of the pioneer settlers, and contrast the habits of the people then, with those of now, telling how the early settlers lived, worked, loved and courted. He said at one of these meetings at Perkinsville, a few years ago:

"Why, girls, you are here today, with your bustles and hoop-skirts on, you don't know the real enjoyments of young and blooming womanhood. When I was a young man, when I went out walking with a girl I didn't encounter any such obstacles as these contrivances you've got on; when I walked with a girl I walked right up 'against' her all the way up; when you put them riggins on you disfigure the beautiful form that nature gave you; you deceive the one who adores you, by your false make-up."

He said that "when he went sparkin' in them good old days" they didn't have any parlor, nor any drawing-room. There was but one room in the house; this room was used as a kitchen, parlor, bed-room and drawing-room; there was an old-fashioned fire-place in the house, where a big "back log" and a cord of wood made up the fire for warming the house. On Sunday nights, when he went to see his girl, he would have to sit and chat with the old folks until the girl got the supper dishes "done up." When bedtime came, he and the girl would shut their eyes until the old people got in bed. The smaller children were stored away in a trundle bed, and then business set in. He said he always took "shot pouch" holds on his girl, and never let go until daylight next morning.

When he took his girl to church, or an entertainment,

she would always ride behind him on a horse, sometimes the distance being three or four miles. Uncle Noah was so entertaining in his way of talking that his hearers always lost sight of many of his rude expressions and plain way of putting things, becoming so worked up in his stories that they were sorry when he stopped. The good old men of the Noah Waymire stripe are fast passing away, there being but few left who came with him to Madison county when it was a wilderness. David Waymire Wood is a near relative of Noah Waymire, and is, in fact, named for him and inherits much of his brilliant wit, humor and oratory.

A WOMAN IN POLITICS.

In the history of Madison county politics many women have cut a conspicuous figure, as well as the men. In many instances women who figure in politics become more active and shrewder than men, laying plans and making suggestions.

Among the women who have figured in the campaigns of Madison county, "Aunt Peggy Bowers," of Dundee, has cut quite a swath. Twenty years ago Dundee was known by the name of "Mudsock." There was no railroad there at that time, and Mudsock was away out in the woods, being the next thing to no place. The woods were so dense around its solitary precincts that the sun hardly ever peeped in. The place was rightfully named, from the fact that the mud was so deep the year round that it was almost impossible to get there with a wagon or carriage of any kind. Peggy Bowers kept a wet grocery, or liquor shop, in that isolated place for many years, Oliver Griffee officiating as her principal salesman.

Riley Etchison kept a place of the same character near at hand. Etchison's farm was a great place for shooting-matches, while Peggy's place was the general rendezvous for local politicians to congregate and fix up the slate for the county nominations for the north part of the county.

A candidate was not properly in the race until he had visited Peggy Bowers' ranch, and got the Mudsockers all in line. When solidly entrenched behind Peggy's works the candidate was pretty sure of victory. William Long was then a central figure in all campaigning. He was generally on hand at the gatherings at Peggy's place, taking a hand in the festivities and lending his advice to the candidates. Since

the days of railroads Bill has lost his grip and is considered a back number.

In 1870, the Republicans, through a split in the Democratic ranks, made a clean sweep and elected every officer in Madison county, except the Clerk of the Court. David K. Carver was the successful candidate for Sheriff, defeating John Little, of Pipe Creek township.

This defeat had the effect to weld together the broken links in the Democratic ranks, and in the following election in 1872 every effort was made to bring about a Democratic victory. A. Ross, of Pipe Creek township, was placed in nomination for Sheriff against D. K. Carver, who was a candidate for re-election. Every one conceded he had a hard race, as Carver was popular and had made a good Sheriff.

Ross was then a young man, full of vim and made a hustling race. Many were afraid, on account of his being young and mischievous, the older and quieter element would not support him. But as the fight went on, he grew in the race. One Sunday a crowd of politicians congregated at Peggy Bowers' to compare notes and lay plans. During the day, some of them got inside the house and closed the doors, shutting Ross and his friends out. He demanded entrance and, upon being refused, got a rail and battered the door down. It was soon heralded over the county, and it was thought he had put his foot so deep into it that he could not get through, but he only worked the harder. When the election came around he was the leader on the ticket. It was always said afterwards that Ross beat his opponent and "carried a rail."

Peggy Bowers and Riley Etchison for years sold liquor in any quantity, without license, often figuring in the courts in prosecutions for violating the law, but it was cheaper to pay fines than to take out license.

Mudsock is now a beautiful place, with the timber cleared away, and is one of the finest farming communities in the county. Peggy and her "pull" have given way to civilization and good society. Her days of usefulness as a local light in politics have gone glimmering, and the world moves on.

PLAYED THE INSANITY DODGE.

James Stilly, a rather worthless fellow, for many years lived in different parts of Madison county, and died in Anderson, January, 1884. He at one time lived in Pipe Creek township, making his headquarters in the neighborhood of

Frankton. Stilly was once placed under arrest on suspicion of being accessory to some horse stealing in that neighborhood and was placed upon trial for the crime. He had a bad case against him and in order to avoid the clutches of the law he was advised, by his attorney, to play the insanity dodge.

Stilly was a peculiar looking man, not being possessed of an over-bright intellect, and it was an easy thing for him to impress upon the jury that he was *non compos mentis*. The event of which we speak took place in the year 1851, when the late William Roach was Sheriff of Madison county. For several years prior to this time there had been a bad gang in Pipe Creek township, who had given the Sheriff and other officers a great deal of trouble. They were connected with similar organizations established in Wayne county, and to the west as far as the Wabash river. Horses were stolen along the eastern border of the State and run to this county, and after they had been rested up a little were taken to Logansport and other towns along the Wabash river. There are yet living many citizens in Pipe Creek township who could substantiate the existence of such a band if they were placed upon the witness stand. They were generally desperate, reckless men such as are usually engaged in that calling, and the neighborhood was in great fear of them. Very often persons, whose horses had been stolen, would pursue the thieves through Anderson on towards the west, but generally with poor success, inasmuch as after they reached this neighborhood they would generally be lost sight of.

The cause of Stilly's incarceration was that a valuable horse had been stolen from a farmer in this county and run to the rendezvous near Frankton where Stilly at that time lived. It is said that one of the leaders of the band induced Stilly to take the horse to Logansport, where he sold it. The owner pursued him and arrived soon after Stilly did. He recognized his horse on seeing it and established its identity and secured it. He also caused Stilly to be arrested and brought back to Anderson for trial, while the man who had really stolen the horse escaped. Before the trial came on Stilly's attorney had a private interview with him in which he asked him if he could not play the insane act on the trial. The idea was favorable to Stilly, who answered that "he could try mighty hard and thought he could make it work." When the trial came off a large crowd was in attendance. From the very first Stilly played his part to perfection. He would look silly and indif-

ferent at every thing around him; would twist up small bits of paper between his fingers and holding them up between himself and the light, would laugh like an idiot. He cried during the course of the trial and acted so strangely that he almost convinced the people and the jury that he was insane. When the argument began Stilly's attorney made a very eloquent address to the jury in his behalf in which he pictured the great injustice that would be done to humanity by commiting to prison this unfortunate, insane youth. He spoke feelingly of the great wrong it would be to punish his client for committing an act that he did not know was wrong. When the jury retired for deliberation, they were very much divided on the question of his alleged insanity, and could not reach a verdict for several hours. However, a verdict was at last agreed upon and he received a sentence of two years in the penitentiary and was taken by the Sheriff and two other prisoners overland in a wagon to Columbus, Indiana, and then by rail to Jeffersonville prison. The prisoner behaved very well during his confinement and learned the trade of a cooper, which he for several years afterwards followed when he returned to Anderson.

James Stilly was one of the greatest fishermen that ever lived in this county. During the summer season he would go along the banks of White river, month in and month out to indulge in his favorite sport and rarely ever returned without having a long string of fish. He never referred to his early life, and after his discharge from prison was always a quiet inoffensive citizen and lived a rather exemplary life.

Stilly was the man who saved the old Baptist church from fire, a circumstance we have already spoken of in another place in this volume.

INCENDIARY FIRE.

A destructive fire, which is supposed to have been the work of an incendiary, occurred on a Saturday night in November, 1857. The building burned was a new one just erected, and was owned by Quick & Murphy. It was a large structure containing a store, warehouse, railroad ticket office, and post-office, all under one roof. Nothing in the building was saved. The proprietors had just moved into their new headquarters, and had stored their warehouse with supplies, and had on hand a large stock of dry goods and groceries. The loss was estimated to be about $5,000, with no insurance. Suspicion rested on two parties who were engaged in keeping

a saloon, or doggery, in Frankton, named Isaac Sigler and John Ravy. It is said that they had threatened Messrs. Quick & Murphy with their vengeance only a short time before this occurrence. Sigler and Ravy had both been previously arrested, charged with tearing up a railroad switch at Frankton. Sigler gave bail, and Ravy, in default of bail, was lodged in the county jail. This is said to have been the cause of their purpose to burn the building. Sigler and Ravy were both tried for the crime of arson, but in consequence of insufficient evidence were acquitted.

Sigler and Ravy were afterwards arrested for robbing Atherton's store at Frankton, and convicted. Sigler was sent to the State's prison, where he died, but Ravy made his escape and afterwards fell from a railroad bridge and was killed.

In an issue of an Anderson paper of November 27, 1857, we find the following editorial: "The citizens of Frankton having endured a low groggery, kept by an Italian by the name of John Ravy, until forbearance ceased to be a virtue, the ladies of that place a few days since boldly walked into his saloon and quietly poured out the disgusting compound." We are informed by a friend who chanced to be in Frankton at the time, that the act was done in a quiet and orderly manner, and that the ladies deserved credit for the manner in which it was performed. Ravy is the same person who was connected with the burning of Quick & Murphy's store.

A BURGLARY.

We find, in the Anderson *Standard*, the following account of a robbery committed at Frankton on August 12, 1858:

"On Tuesday night, last, the store of Messrs. Atherton was robbed of $6.15 in cash and about sixty dollars worth of goods. On Wednesday James and Isaac Sigler, of that place, were arrested and the money found on their persons, and the goods were found secreted. They were detected by means of a plan laid by Officer Raney, of Cincinnati. Frankton had been for some time infested with housebreakers, and the citizens secured the services of this officer to ferret out the crime, which resulted in the capture of these two persons. Two other persons were suspected as being accessories to the larceny, but made their escape. The two Siglers were brought to Anderson, and tried before 'Squire William H. Mershon

and were bound over to appear before the Circuit Court, and in default of bail were placed in jail."

On the 2nd of September, following, James and Isaac Sigler were tried in court for the above robbery and were convicted and sentenced to the State's prison for a term of two years each. They were safely lodged in the penitentiary at Jeffersonville on the Saturday following their conviction. Isaac Sigler is the same person suspected of burning Murphy & Quick's store, referred to formerly.

CHAPTER LXXVI.

Richland Township.

This township contains an area of twenty-eight and one-half square miles and is situated in the eastern central part of the county. It is bounded on the north by Monroe township, on the east by Delaware county, on the south by Anderson and Union townships, and on the west by La Fayette township. The land is as rich and productive as can be found in Central Indiana, and hence the township was christened "Richland." It was organized in 1834, or about four years after William Curtis entered and settled on the east half of the southwest quarter of Section 31, where he built a log cabin—the first erected by a white man in the township. Soon after Mr. Curtis located in the township, David Penisten entered a part of what is now known as the David Croan farm. John Shinkle was the next settler. Following these two early settlers came John Beal, William McClosky, James and William Maynard, Adam Pence, Joseph Brown, Joseph Bennett, Peter Keicher, Samuel Stephens, J. W. Westerfield, John Hunt, Christian Lower, J. R. Holston, Thomas Thornburg, Michael Bronnenberg, Randolph Chambers, Jonathan Dillon, John Coburn, Weems Heagy, Jacob and Michael Bronnenberg, Jesse Forkner, Jacob Stover and others. The first settlers were compelled to cut their way through a dense forest as the township was heavily timbered and the underbrush so thick that travel on horseback or in wagons was impossible. In the fall of 1830 the State road from Shelbyville to Fort Wayne was laid out and, as it passed through this township, the settlers soon had an outlet to Anderson.

Big and Little Killbuck flow through the township and are its only streams. The former in an early day furnished water power for several mills, all of which have disappeared save one, the Broadbent Woolen Factory. Among the mills that once stood on the banks of this unpretending, but important stream was a saw-mill built in 1833 by Matthew Fenimore in the extreme south-west corner of the township. Soon

after this mill was built, William Curtis and James Barnes erected a small grist-mill near by it. These mills both used the same dam, but divided the water until the saw-mill was abandoned. The grist-mill was afterward purchased by Robert Adams, an Englishman, who, in 1850, converted it into a woolen-mill, which he operated successfully for many years. This mill was situated at the intersection of the road now known as the Alexandria pike and the road running east and west along the south line of the township. It was destroyed by fire in 1876. It was thought at the time that the fire was the work of incendiaries, and a number of the employes at the factory were arrested on the charge of arson, but nothing could be proved against them and they were acquitted. Benjamin Walker built a saw-mill on Killbuck on Section 28 at an early day, and in 1840 added a carding machine, which he operated with indifferent success for a few years. Not long after this John B. Purcell built a woolen factory near the same site, which he operated for several years, when he sold the property to Stephen Broadbent.

CHURCHES.

A small class of Methodists was organized at an early day in the edge of Monroe township and their meetings were held for several years in private houses. The class or society afterward held its meetings in the Holston school house for a number of years and in 1860 erected a neat place of worship on Section 8 at a cost of $1,200. This church was christened "Wesley Chapel," and is as widely known as any place of worship in the county. The membership at the present time is about thirty. Among the early ministers who held services regularly every two weeks at this church were Revs. B. H. Bradley, Isaac King, H. Smith, Joseph Marsee, J. H. Hall, J. R. Lacey and J. H. Jackson.

In 1832 the Asbury M. E. Church was organized by Elias Hollingsworth and Joseph Barnes near the Union township line, and in 1833 Elias Hollingsworth, Samuel Shinkle and Joseph Barnes were selected as a Board of Trustees for the purpose of erecting a permanent place of worship. On the 28th of December, 1833, Joseph Barnes and wife deeded to the trustees one and a half acres in Section 28, on what is still known as the John Nelson farm, where a log church was subsequently erected. Meetings were held here for many years, Elias Hollingsworth officiating. In 1870 the society built a

new place of worship on the bank of Killbuck, a short distance west of the old meeting-house. This building cost about $1,500, and was dedicated September 13, 1870, by Rev. Dr. Bowman, President of Asbury, now DePauw, University. Among the early members of this church should be mentioned the names of Samuel Shinkle, Joseph Barnes, Daniel Goodykoontz, David Tappan, and their wives. The church maintained a flourishing Sunday school for many years.

In 1854 Hiram Chambers and wife, John Chambers and wife, Susan Chambers, Mary Chambers and Nancy Scott organized what has since been known as the Chambers Christian Church. Hiram Chambers deeded the society a small piece of land on Section 27, and in 1869 a place of worship was erected there at a cost of about $1,500.

What was known as the Wesleyan Camp Meeting Association flourished at one time in this township, and meetings were held annually for many years and were largely attended by people from all over the country. Meetings have not been held for several years past. The camp grounds were situated on the old J. R. Holsten farm near Wesley Chapel.

THE SCHOOLS.

In 1858 the township had 401 children of legal school age; in 1868 it had 398; in 1872 it had 386, and in 1896 it had 239, or a decrease of forty-three per cent in thirty-eight years. The township has seven school buildings, five of which are brick and two frame, and employs seven teachers. Mr. Joseph Keicher is the present trustee of the township.

OTHER STATISTICAL MATTERS.

The population of the township in 1850 was 850; in 1860 it was 926; in 1870 it was 1,056; in 1880 it was 985; and in 1890 it was 891.

The value of lands in the township in 1896 was $524,865; value of lands and improvements $555,085; total value of taxables $663,605.

VILLAGES.

In 1835 Zimri Moon laid out a town on Section 15, which was afterwards known as "Moonville." From 1838 to 1840, or during the time of the construction of the Indiana Central Canal, considerable business was done here, but with the collapse of that enterprise Moonville began to decline and is today a village of memory, as its houses long since disappeared and

its site is now devoted to agriculture. The farm where the village stood is owned by Joseph Hancock, of Anderson, and his son, William H. Hancock, cultivates it. Among those who did business in Moonville were Abraham Adamson, Nathan Williams, James Trimble, and James Swaar, Riley Moore, Samuel and Joseph Pence, John C. Gustin, and John Winslow. The late John W. Westfield was the only resident physician the village ever had. He practiced his profession here in the latter '30s. At that time the locality of the village was very unhealthy, but it is now one of the healthiest sections in the country.

One of the noted characters of Moonville was a man of the name of Zachariah Cook who kept a lodging house on his farm near the village. Mr. Cook had a handsome daughter, Eliza, who was a general favorite and is still well remembered by the old-timers in that and other parts of the county. She was a fearless horsewoman and won many premiums for superior riding at county fairs.

The authors are indebted to Joseph Hancock and Wesley Dunham, of Anderson, for information concerning this once interesting village.

PITTSBORROUGH, A ONCE THRIVING VILLAGE, NOW OBLITERATED.

Pittsborrough was a village situated on the Alexandria turnpike, just north of the present site of the village of Prosperity, in Richmond township, on the old Beal farm. John Beal was one of the founders and sold considerable real estate in the town. It was in the days of the building of the canals through the country, and towns sprang up all over the county near the scene of the works. Pittsborrough contained several houses, stores and a "tavern." Of course it had its place where liquors could be had by the small, and Jeremiah Judd was the man who dealt it out to the thirsty laborers on the public works. At the March session, 1839, he was granted a license by the Board of Commissioners, as follows:

"On petition presented and duly supported by a competent number of freeholders, it is ordered that Jeremiah Judd be allowed a license to vend groceries and liquors by the small in the town of Pittsborrough, in said county, for the term of one year from this date."

It is said that Sims Garrison also kept a place there, but

there is no record of his having obtained a license in the courts.

Among those who once owned real estate in this village were William Coburn, John Beal, Ninevah Berry, Sims Garrison, James Carroll, Martha Shinn, Lewis Maynard and Isaac Snelson. Many others held lots there whose names do not now come to mind.

James Hollingsworth, an old resident, says many fights occurred in this place during the construction of the canal between the different sets of hands employed, generally happening on pay day. The stores and business houses were log cabins, such as were common in that day. There is nothing now left, save tradition, to tell where Pittsborrough once stood.

MOUNT PLEASANT.

Among the many towns and villages that sprang up along the route of the projected canal that passed through the county, Mount Pleasant, in Richland township, is one that is almost forgotten. It was situated in the neighborhood of the Dillon and Thornburg farm, adjoining the Jacob Bronnenberg land. Joshua Shinkle, who is yet living in Anderson, owned the land prior to the laying out of the village. It was not a success as a business venture, as but few lots were disposed of. It came too late in the days of canal fever, as the work had been abandoned in 1839, the year it was laid out, and the enterprise was never resumed. John Thornburg purchased a lot and built a house there, which was the only residence in the town. All traces of the place as a town have long ago been obliterated, and it is only now and then that an old settler calls to mind that there was ever such a place in the county.

PROSPERITY.

Prosperity, the only village now in the township, was founded by John Beal and Hiram Louder, who opened up a small general store there at an early day. The place prospered for a time and a postoffice was established for the convenience of the inhabitants and the farmers of the surrounding country. In the course of a few years, however, the postoffice was removed, and the place went into a decline, from which it has never recovered. The individual who gave the place its name is not known, but it has been suspected that he was something of a wag.

The township has furnished a number of county officials

since its organization, as follows: Dr. John Hunt, State Senator and Treasurer of the county; Hon. David Croan, Representative; John Coburn, County Commissioner; Weems Heagy, County Treasurer, and Jacob Bronnenberg, County Commissioner.

Among other citizens of the township who were well known and highly respected in their time were B. F. Walker, Dr. William Parris, Samuel and Madison Forkner, Peter Keicher, Isaac Sellars, John Nelson (known throughout the county as "Hog" John on account of his extensive dealings for many years in hogs), John Matthew, Staman Croan and Joseph Pence. The late Dr. William A. Hunt was also a resident of the township for many years. Of the old-timers who are still living may be mentioned John and James Blacklidge, Curran Beall, Chauncy Vermillion.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The first schoolhouse in the township was erected in the fall of 1831 on the Harrison Canaday farm, and the first school was taught by an Irishman in the spring of 1832. John Treadway taught school here in 1834.

The first birth in the township occurred in 1832, a daughter being born to Mr. and Mrs. John Parker.

The Nelson graveyard, on Section 15, was the first in the township.

The first graded country school in Madison county was taught by W. M. Croan at "College Corner" schoolhouse, in which the first graduating exercises in the country schools of Madison county took place.

The first house erected in the township was built by James Curtis, and stood where the barn on the old Robert Adams farm now stands.

At the March session, 1834, Richland township was formed and bounded by the Board of Commissioners as follows:

"It is ordered by this board that a new township be organized in the county, to be known as Richland township, to be bounded as follows, to-wit: Beginning at the southeast corner of Section 33, Town 20, Range 8 east, running thence east with the line dividing Townships 19 and 20, north to the east line of said county, thence north, with the county line, to the northeast corner of Town 21, on said line, thence west to

the northeast corner of Section 4, Township 21 north, Range 7 east, thence south to the place of beginning.

"And all elections held in said township shall be held at the house of Peter Ehrhart, until otherwise ordered and directed."

THE OLD KILLBUCK WOOLEN MILLS—ONE OF THE LANDMARKS.

Away back, perhaps as far as 1838, Benjamin Walker, an old citizen of Madison county, who in an early day lived in Richland township, but who ended his days in Anderson a few years since, erected a dam across Killbuck and built a small saw-mill for the purpose of doing the neighborhood sawing. It was a rude affair, but served well the purpose in its day. After running it for several years he sold the mill and site to John Purcell, who, about the year 1840, transformed it into a woolen-mill and "carding machine," where he did business of that kind for several years. He afterward sold the mill to Stephen Broadbent, who has for forty years done the carding, spinning and weaving for the north part of the county. It is the only factory of this kind now in Madison county.

Mr. Broadbent has, in a quiet way, made a handsome fortune by operating it.

It is known far and wide as one of the best mills of its kind in the country. Mr. Broadbent not only does a local trade, but is a large buyer and seller of wool in season.

Mr. Benjamin Walker, the first owner of the property, was the father of Mrs. Nathan Armstrong and Mrs. J. E. D. Smith, well known in Anderson and vicinity.

The scenery surrounding this old mill is one of varied beauty. In the summer time, when the trees are bearing their foliage and the fields are carpeted with their green coverings of grass and growing grain, the little mill situated on the rippling stream would be a subject for the artist's hand that could not be surpassed in Madison county.

Richland township, besides being one of the wealthiest, can also boast of having the only woolen-mill in the county.

This mill is spoken of in the general history of Richland township.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—FATAL ACCIDENT TO SAMUEL EPPARD, ONE OF MADISON COUNTY'S OLD AND RESPECTED CITIZENS.

Near Little Killbuck lived Samuel Eppard, an old and respected citizen. He was one of the oldest inhabitants of the neighborhood, and was generally liked by all. On the 20th day of August, 1887, Mr. Eppard had gone down the road from his residence, and was about to cross the iron bridge that crosses the stream at that point, where he met Wilson Heagy and John Staggs, with whom he indulged in a pleasant chat. During the conversation Mr. Eppard took his seat on the railing of the bridge, and in some manner lost his balance and fell over. The descent was about twelve feet to the ground, where he struck his head on a stone, killing him almost instantly. He breathed but two or three times when he was picked up by Wilson Heagy.

He was a widower, and left two sons to inherit his possessions. He was seventy-two years old, a native of Virginia, but had lived in Madison county for nearly forty years.

Coroner William Hunt held an inquest, and a verdict of accidental death was returned. Samuel Eppard will be remembered by the older citizens of Madison county as an honest, upright business man, and one who attended strictly to his own affairs. He was a good neighbor, and was generally beloved by his acquaintances.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH—MISS EMMA THORNBURG TAKES HER LIFE WITH A PISTOL.

For many years the family of Thomas Thornburg resided on a farm on the Killbuck turnpike road in Richland township, being one of the wealthy and highly respected families in that locality. They reared a large family of children who were most genial in their associations with one another, and kind and generous to others. The Thornburg home was in all respects a model one.

Several years ago a mysterious package was left on the door step of the Thornburg residence which, on investigation, was found to contain a newly born infant. The particulars of the life and death of this unfortunate child can best be given in this volume by quoting an article on this subject which appeared in the *Democrat* of the 14th of March, 1879:

"On a beautiful winter night on the 10th of December,

1862, the family of Thomas Thornburg, residing three miles north-east of Anderson, were awakened from their repose by a violent shaking of the front door. On going to ascertain the cause of the disturbance, Mr. Thornburg found on his door-step a little baby warmly clad and sleeping quietly in a little basket, which also contained a fifty-dollar gold piece wrapped in the following note:

"'This child is named Emma, and is of respectable parents, but was left to the mother to care for. Knowing that you are "Quakers" who would take good care of her, we leave her to your charity, and may God bless her.

"'WM. LAWRENCE.'

"No second appeal to the kind-hearted Mrs. Thornburg was necessary, for she at once took the little homeless waif into her motherly arms and heart, and from that day to the day of its death was to it all that a kind, loving, and indulgent mother could be. As the little one grew in years she twined herself so closely about the hearts of the kind family that she became to them an idolized child, and her sudden death cast them all into the greatest sorrow.

"Mr. and Mrs. Thornburg desired to keep the mystery of her birth a secret from her, but as she grew into womanhood, this could no longer be done, and they were forced to tell her that she was the child of unknown parents. This was some time prior to her death, but it is believed to have had nothing to do with it. A letter came to the house regularly for four years after the little one had been left there, containing money and a request that they should still care for the child. The letters were always mailed from different States. They were invariably answered by the members of the Thornburg family, giving a full account of the life of the little girl. Finally letters ceased and no tidings came to say that the little one was not forgotten. So year after year rolled on until she had reached her seventeenth year, but still no news of the unknown parents, and then the life which began in mystery ended in mystery.

"On the morning of the 11th day of March, 1879, she was found dead in a room in an upper story of the house. A short time before, she was in conversation with Mrs. Thornburg and told her she intended to go up stairs and get some writing paper from her brother John's trunk, as she wanted to answer a letter which she had received the previous evening. Mrs. Thornburg afterward said that she never saw her

in a happier or more joyous mood than she was then. Young Thornburg had in his trunk a revolver, which he had received a few days previous from a friend, and had placed it there for safe-keeping. The young lady remained a long time, and Mrs. Thornburg stepped to the door and called her. Receiving no reply, she waited a moment and then called her by name again, and still receiving no response, she stepped up stairs and found that the young woman was dead, and at the same time discovered a revolver lying in her lap, and noticed a bullet wound just above her right eye. The neighbors were notified and the Coroner summoned, who held an inquest and returned a verdict of suicide. Many strange rumors were put afloat as to the cause of her death, some attributing it to suicide, while others claimed that it was accidental; some supposing that she was merely handling the revolver and examining it when it was accidentally discharged. It was also said that the young lady had been informed by school-mates of her mysterious origin, and that it had preyed upon her mind so that she temporarily lost her reason, and that this was the cause of her taking her life. It was generally believed, however, by the Thornburgs and others, that her sad death was the result of an accident. Who the parents of this unfortunate girl were, is still an undeveloped mystery, and will probably never be known."

TWO MADISON COUNTY SOLDIERS DROWNED IN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER.

On the 22d day of August, 1862, Clinton Gutherie, of Lafayette township, and Wilson Relf, of Richland township, were drowned in the Mississippi river while on their return to their command in the army. They had been home on veteran furlough and were on their way back to the front, when the boat upon which they had taken passage sank, losing many who were on board.

These young men were well known by the people of Madison county and the event was severely felt by the community in which they lived. They were neighbor boys and comrades in the same department in the army.

Relf's father, Malichi Relf, lived in Richland township and Gutherie's folks lived where Linwood now stands, in Lafayette township. The father of Gutherie was at one time a resident of Anderson and operated a tannery there.

"Al" Lemon, son of Peter H. Lemon, ex-Clerk of Mad-

ison county, was a passenger on the ill-fated boat, but got off without harm to himself. He is yet living and is a resident of Indianapolis.

Gutherie had been previously wounded at the battle of Pea Ridge. He was a member of Company B, Eighth Indiana Volunteers. Relf was a member of Company G, Forty-seventh Indiana.

FINDING OF THE SKELETONS OF ABORIGINES.

In the month of June, 1889, while some workmen were opening a gravel pit on the farm of Simms Garretson, in Richland township, they unearthed fourteen human skeletons. They were all in a remarkable state of preservation, but when exposed to the air immediately crumbled to dust. All appearances indicated that they were aborigines, the skeletons being quite large. They were buried in the earth to a depth of about five feet, huddled close together. The people of that vicinity did not remember that there had ever been a cemetery located in that neighborhood, but it is supposed that the skeletons were the remains of Indians, a tribe of which had at one time settled there. The remains were gathered up and re-interred in the locality where they were found.

A LARGE BARN AND VALUABLE HORSES BURNED.

Silas Jones, one of the oldest and most influential farmers of Richland township, met with a severe misfortune on the 28th of May, 1889, in having a large barn, which he had just completed, destroyed by fire, entailing a loss upon him of all his hay, corn and oats; also vehicles, harness, horses and farming implements. The loss amounted to nearly $3,000. There were six horses in the stable at the time, all of which were cremated, among which was a fine stallion valued at $500.

The origin of the fire was not known, but was supposed to have been the act of an incendiary. When the fire was first discovered the entire building was wrapped in flames and almost ready to fall in. Mr. Jones was only partially insured, carrying policies to the amount of $1,200. Immediately after the destruction of his property he rebuilt the barn, which can be seen from the Anderson turnpike road by the passer-by on his way north, and is one of the finest structures of its kind in Madison county.

MADISON PENCE, AN OLD CITIZEN OF MADISON COUNTY, KILLED AT INDIANAPOLIS.

Madison Pence was born and reared in Madison county, and was well known to all the older citizens in the neighborhood of Anderson, Richland, and Monroe townships. He was considered a harmless, inoffensive man, and was afflicted with epilepsy, which on certain occasions, rendered him *non compos mentis*. He would often go from place to place, being from home for weeks and months at a time.

On Friday, the 27th day of September, 1889, a man was shot and instantly killed by Emsly Wright, living near Indianapolis; the man was supposed at the time to be a tramp, and having been seen in the neighborhood, had been directed to Wright as a man who would probably employ him. When he reached Wright's place it was dark, and being very cold, he started a fire in the barn-yard some distance from the building. Wright noticed the fire and seizing a gun went out with two other men to ascertain what was the cause of the fire. In his testimony at the Coroner's inquest, Wright stated that he had ordered the man off the premises, who refused to go, and taking a club the man started at him as if he would strike him, at this Wright fired upon his assailant, killing him. It was some time before the body could be identified, as no clew as to who he was could be had in the neighborhood. When the Coroner of Madison county was called a scrap of paper was found upon his person which had the advertisement of L. M. Cox, of Anderson, printed upon it. Mr. Cox was notified, and parties from Anderson went to the scene of the tragedy in order to determine who the dead man might be. Upon examination he was identified as Madison Pence, half brother of Frank Pence, ex-Commissioner of this county.

His friends in Anderson were notified and his remains were interred by them. Pence had at one time been married, but his domestic life was a very unhappy one, and his wife obtained a divorce from him. At one time he was the owner of considerable real estate, but by bad trades and the intrigues of designing men, he was left a penniless wanderer.

KILLED WHILE RAISING A BARN.

In the summer of 1870, Joseph McKinnon was killed on the farm of Madison Forkner while raising a barn with "block and tackle." He was in the act of placing a large timber in position on the building, when in some manner it swung

around out of its proper position, and caught him, throwing him to the ground, killing him instantly.

He was well known in Anderson, where he lived. His widow is still living there. He was the father of William McKinnon, the well known "sport," who has given the Anderson police much anxiety in looking after his "wellbeing." McKinnon was a hard working man, and was not considered a bad fellow, only for the fact that he was a little too fond of his "tea." He was a soldier in the war of the Rebellion and was said to have been a brave and courageous one.

His occupation was that of a house mover. He also raised large buildings with machinery, being efficient in that business.

A HORRIBLE ACCIDENT.

A very distressing accident occurred on the farm of Joseph Dillon in the year 1859, in which young Jesse Dillon was killed, his body being horribly mangled and cut by a reaping machine. Young Dillon was helping to cut the harvest on his father's farm, his part being to drive the horses attached to a McCormick reaper. In some manner one of the horses became tangled up in the harness and began kicking. This frightened the other horse hitched by his side and resulted in the team running away. Young Dillon held to the lines and made every effort in his power to stop them in their mad career, but to no avail. They swept on until finally Dillon was thrown forward, falling in front of the machine, cutting him in a frightful manner, from the effects of which he died in a short time. Jesse Dillon was a bright young lad of about seventeen years; universally liked by all the neighbors, and his taking off caused a gloom over the whole community for a long while after the occurrence.

The farm on which this accident occurred is situated near the old Thornburg place in Richland township, being directly across the turn-pike road from the Thornburg home. The Dillons are highly respected people in that neighborhood and the news of this shocking accident soon spread over the township, causing much excitement and great sympathy for the family. It was the talk of the neighborhood for years afterward. The field in which it occurred being along the Killbuck pike it was often pointed out to the traveler, and the sad affair told to him by the people living along that highway.

The young man was a brother of Jonathan Dillon, who yet lives in Richland township, and also of Dr. Jeptha Dillon,

late a resident of this county. Mrs. Joseph Croan and several other sisters and brothers are still living, whose names do not now occur.

Every neighborhood has its incidents and accidents. But this one will always hang like a pall over the surroundings of its occurrence so long as any one who lived in that locality survives.

Among those who witnessed the accident, besides the immediate family of the deceased, was Curren Beall, a neighboring farmer who was assisting in the work of harvesting. It made an impression on his mind never to be erased.

The Dillons and Thornburgs were very close neighbors, and the families were so nearly related that it was almost as severe a blow to the Thornburgs as to the Dillons. Mrs. Dillon, the mother of the unfortunate young man, was a sister of Mrs. Thomas Thornburg. They settled together in an early day in Richland township on three hundred and twenty acres of land along a country road dividing their possessions, and so well did they get along that for many years they held their lands in common. In the latter days of their life they finally divided the lands and the older members of the family have now nearly all passed away.

MICHAEL M'GUIRE THROWN FROM THE REAR END OF A WAGON AND HIS NECK BROKEN.

On the 4th day of March, 1871, John Nelson, Michael McGuire, Samuel Fossett and a man by the name of Trudelle had been in Anderson and in the evening started home—Nelson in one wagon and the others named in another. They were all friendly and having a good time, going up the Killbuck turnpike. They had been drinking somewhat in Anderson, and had supplied themselves with a bottle of whisky to take home with them.

McGuire had the bottle, and he would occasionally take a drink from it and finally offered Trudelle a drink, which he accepted. Fossett was driving the team and noticed McGuire and Trudelle drinking, when he asked McGuire "why he did not pass the bottle to him." McGuire, in a rather insulting manner, replied, "Drive on your cart," but did not offer Fossett a drink. This angered Fossett, and he dropped the lines and grappled with McGuire, and, it is said, hit him once or twice. After considerable of a tussle, while the wagon was moving, McGuire was thrown from the rear of the vehicle,

and in the fall had his neck broken. He died very soon, without uttering a word. Trudelle jumped from the wagon and hastened to McGuire's side, but found that life had left his body. He immediately called Nelson, who was in the other wagon, and they took his body to the roadside and laid it out on the ground for awhile, when it was placed in Nelson's wagon and taken to the Nelson home, which was but a short distance away.

The Coroner of the county was notified, and on the following day, March 5th, John J. Sims, who was then Coroner, impaneled the following jury, which proceeded to investigate the cause of McGuire's death :

J. L. Shawhan, D. Furgeson, Bazil Neeley, Samuel Bodle, Isaac Scott, Calvin Thornburg, Fred Bodle.

After a full investigation the jury found that Michael McGuire came to his death in an unlawful manner at the hands of Samuel Fossett.

The following day Fossett was placed under arrest for manslaughter and taken before William Roach, a Justice of the Peace of Anderson township, and a hearing had, the result of which was that Fossett was bound over to the Circuit Court in the sum of $1,000, which bond he at once gave and was set at liberty until the next term of court, at which time a true bill of indictment was returned against him.

He was subsequently tried, and a jury in the Circuit Court acquitted him, on what ground it seems hard to tell, as all the circumstances appeared to be against him.

This occurrence took place near the iron bridge that crosses Killbuck at the old Sam Forkner ford, in the neighborhood of the farm that was so long owned by John Nelson and was for many years used by Madison county for a poor farm.

Mr. Fossett is yet living some place in Madison county. John Nelson died at Daleville a few years ago, and the whereabouts of Trudelle is now unknown. Trudelle and McGuire were old cronies and were nearly always together, spending much of their time about Anderson, when not at work in the country.

Fossett was an inoffensive sort of man, with no murder in his make-up, and this affair was in no way premeditated on his part. It was one of those occurrences that often happen when a man is in his cups, that cause remorse and regrets as long as life lasts.

John J. Sims, who held the inquest, is now a resident of Anderson, and has a grocery store on Brown street.

It was in the trial of this case in the Circuit Court, before the Hon. James O'Brien, Judge, that John Nelson got in his quaint answer to a question propounded to him.

There was some sparring among the attorneys and witnesses. Nelson was being cross-questioned pretty severely, when the Judge broke in: "Mr. Nelson, you mean to say to the jury that the man was dead when you got there?" "Dead; he was deader ne'r hell," John replied, without noticing that he had broken or transgressed the rules or etiquette of court. Nelson's earnest manner convinced the Court that he meant no harm, and was not fined for his rudeness.

BURNING OF JACOB BRONNENBERG'S HOUSE.

In the earlier days of Richland township the people who lived in frame houses were few and far between; in fact, there were but very few who made such pretensions. Jacob Bronnenberg was one of the prosperous farmers who had grown rich enough to abandon his log cabin and build for himself what was then considered a very fine frame residence, into which he moved his family and had just begun to enjoy life, when, on the 16th of November, 1857, it was swept away in a jiffy. Fire having caught through a defective flue in the rear of the house, and there being no way to fight the flames, it was soon laid in ashes, and Mr. Bronnenberg and his family were homeless. He had, fortunately, left standing the old Indian cabin that he vacated when he moved into his new home, and he removed the remnants of his household goods saved from the ruins, into it, where he remained that winter. The house that burned was a large two story frame and stood on or near the site of the brick residence now standing on the farm, owned and occupied by Benton Bronnenberg. As soon as spring-time came Mr. Bronnenberg commenced the making and burning of a kiln of brick and erected the handsome brick house that he so long occupied prior to moving to Anderson. The brick residence built by him was by far the largest and handsomest in Richland township at that time; and, in fact, it was with scarcely a rival in the county. The loss to Mr. Bronnenberg was about $2,000. He lost many of his household goods and valuables that he could not replace. He was a man to easily overcome such a disaster, and in a very few years he was so well and comfortably fixed that it was

not noticeable, even to himself. This fire was the largest that that locality had witnessed up to that date and of course was talked of for a long while in the community.

JAMES W. HOLSTEN ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

On Sunday morning, September 9th, 1894, a most distressing accident took place at the residence of J. A. Holsten, of Richland township, in which James W. Holsten lost his life.

He and a young man by the name of William Kinyoun, who was employed by Mr. Holsten as a farm-hand, roomed together, and had gotten up in the morning and gone to the barn to feed the stock while the family were preparing the morning meal. In a short time they were followed by Mr. Holsten, who chatted with the two companions for a few minutes and then went about his work.

After the young men had completed their labor they begun scuffling, and had taken out their revolvers and were flourishing them in a friendly manner, when in some way the pistol in Kinyoun's hand was discharged, taking effect in young Holsten's heart, killing him instantly.

Mr. J. A. Holsten heard the shot and hastened to the scene to see what was the cause, when, to his horror, he found the victim in the last agonies of death.

The neighbors were aroused by the ringing of the farm bell, and soon two hundred people had assembled at the place of the accident. The Coroner, Dr. C. L. Armington, was notified and an inquest held. It was shown that young Holsten and Kinyoun were the warmest of friends, and that the fatal shot was purely accidental. Kinyoun was acquitted of any criminal intent by the Coroner, and no arrest was made.

Young Holsten was the son of ex-Sheriff David H. Watson, of Anderson, who was killed February 2, 1862, and was adopted by J. A. Holsten when a small child and took his name. He was a brother of Mrs. John L. Forkner, of Anderson. He was a popular young man among his associates, and had no bad habits. He was devotedly fond of his adopted parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holsten, and always made his home with them, never having married. He was thirty-five years old when the accident occurred. He was a member of the Alexandria Tribe of Red Men, and was buried by that order in the Anderson cemetery.

Mr. and Mrs. Holsten, the adopted father and mother of

the unfortunate young man, deeply mourned his death, and as long as they live they will not fully recover from the shock.

CONFIRMED HYPOCHONDRIAC.

On the 25th day of October, 1883, a most distressing occurrence took place in the quiet precincts of Richland township, which shocked the citizens of that locality. Mattison Hitt, a young man of that neighborhood, who had been an invalid for a long time, committed suicide by shooting himself. He lived with his mother, Mrs. Mary J. Hitt, a widow. He was about thirty years old when he committed the deed, and no reason could be given for his actions other than dispondency. He at one time had a severe spell of sickness and to all outward appearances had recovered, but would never have it that he was well. He kept his room constantly for seven years previous to his suicide; although he seemed at all times quite sane, it is quite certain that he was not. When he first took to his room he was only a medium sized youth, but grew so fleshy in his self imposed confinement that he weighed about 200 pounds at the time of his death.

HURT IN A HORSE RACE.

In speaking about Madison county's old-timers, there are few who date back much farther or who are more worthy of notice than Michael Bronnenberg. Michael now lives in peaceful retirement in the refreshing shades of the classic stream of Killbuck, where he can sit in the twilight of a summer's evening, as the sun hides itself behind the western skies, and look upon his 1,000 acres of Killbuck bottom, the best land in Madison county's borders, nearly all of which he has accumulated with his own hands. Michael has worked hard in his lifetime, but has had lots of fun. The world has but few cares for him. His motto is,

> "Let the wide world wag as she will,
> I'll be gay and happy still."

Michael's residence in Madison county dates away back to the early '20s, when his father, Frederick Bronnenberg, Sr., camped upon the banks of White river, near what is now the town of Chesterfield, upon the land owned by Carroll Bronnenberg. It is said that while there in camp a child of the Bronnenbergs took sick and died and was buried in that then dismal locality. The family could not reconcile themselves to

moving farther on and leaving the child in the wilderness, so they permanently located on the spot, purchased the land and made it the future home of the Bronnenbergs.

The father of the Bronnenberg family built a mill on White river, near the original camp, which served for years to furnish corn-meal and other feed for the early settlers of that neighborhood. There he reared a large and respectable family, obtained a goodly store of riches for himself, and finally ending his life, at a ripe old age, on that camping ground. Michael Bronnenberg was one of the best boys the old man had. That is, he had lots of "git up and git." He never let the grass grow under his feet. He loved recreation and amusement as well as hard labor. While he was piling up his riches he was also having good times and laying up treasures in Heaven. One of Michael's early pastimes and enjoyments was horse racing. It is one of the traits of the Bronnenberg family to love a good horse. Some of the fastest running horses of this country have been bred by the Bronnenbergs. Michael, when young and active, would rather straddle a horse and ride a race than to eat a meal when hungry. But horse racing, like all other sports, sometimes has a serious ending. So it did in his case. He nearly always had a good horse and never allowed any one to ride the length of a "neck" ahead of him.

One cold wintry day, away back in 1852 or' 53, Mike and Wm. Nelson, had been to Anderson together. After spending the day together in town they took up their journey for home. They being neighbors they had to travel over the same road together. There had been a big rain, after which it had turned cold, the ground freezing up suddenly, but in many places there were holes in the road that were not solidly closed up. The two rode and chatted along together until they came to a nice, straight stretch in the road when one of them bantered the other for a chase of a "quarter." No sooner said than off went hats, spurs applied, and away they went up the road neck and neck at a mile a minute gait. Each rider plied the bud, whooped and hallowed, their horses with nostrils spread and leaping for life. The end of the stretch was near at hand when in an instant Bronnenberg's horse plunged headlong upon his fore quarters, plowing his head along the ground catching for a new footing. At last regaining himself he sped on, dragging his rider at his side with foot fast held in the stirrup until his almost lifeless form released itself in some way

from the saddle and lay upon the ground in a badly mangled condition. His companion by this time had reined up his horse, dismounted, and picking Bronnenberg up discovered that he was still alive, but unable to speak or move. He was taken to his home but a short distance off and medical aid immediately summoned. It was ascertained that he was most frightfully battered and bruised. His jaw was broken and other serious injuries sustained. It was thought for a while that he could not recover. His jaw was set in shape and a modern appliance placed in his mouth holding it in position until the bones knitted together, during all of which time Mike had to be fed through a hole in the wooden bandage.

After his recovery he sold his racers and has never done much in that line since.

Mike is now away up in his seventies. His jaw is a little crooked from the mishap in the horse race, but his tongue and faculties are all right, and there is not a livelier old man in the United States or one who enjoys himself better than he does. Since writing the above Mr. Bronnenberg died, on the 22nd of October, 1896.

BURNING OF SIMS GARRETSON'S BARN.

One dark night away back during the days of the Rebellion, when party strife ran high; when one neighbor eyed and scrutinized every act of another; when to do a crime was more lightly thought of than now, on account of the turmoil and strife going on throughout the country, it was, perhaps, the year 1863, the heavens became aglow with the flash of fire north of Anderson. An investigation of the matter disclosed the fact that the large barn owned by Sims Garretson, upon Killbuck, on the Alexandria pike, was on fire. How did it get on fire? Was it the work of an incendiary? If so, what could be the cause of it? Sims Garretson was an honest, upright citizen, without a known enemy in the world. The neighborhood was soon aroused and came to the scene of the conflagration, but no aid on earth could save the barn and its contents from destruction. As the crowd gathered two dark objects, supposed to be men, were seen to disappear across the small swamp or low grounds in front of the Garretson homestead toward the old canal that ran toward Alexandria. Pursuit was made and in due time the persons were captured. They proved to be Saul Nelson and William Howard, who lived farther north in this county. They were placed under

arrest with the charge of arson against them. The grand jury indicted them and they were tried in the Madison Circuit Court. Howard, before the trial was ended, weakened and "turned State's evidence," thereby saving himself, but let Nelson go over the road. He was convicted and served a long term in the State's prison, while Howard escaped.

It was shown at the trial that they had been to Anderson together and got drunk. Going home that night they reached Garretson's place, and, without any cause whatever, touched a torch to the barn that soon doomed it to the flames.

They never had any grievance against Garretson, and why they should burn his property was a mystery to all at that time. Many tried to make politics out of it, attributing the cause to that, since Garretson was an open-out Republican, an old-time Abolitionist and a strong war man, and not in the least reserved about making his views known to his political opponents. But the men who did the burning were not men who took stock in the politics of the country and were not in the least interested in that way. It was urged at the time that they were put up to it by the Democrats, but that was evidently a mistake as no such things were developed on the trial, and had not the fever of war been ripe in the country and friends and neighbors arrayed against each other through political excitement, no such thought would have entered people's heads. It was purely a drunken freak that took possession of the men, who would in sober moments never have dreamed of such an act.

Time has effaced and obliterated all hatred and ill-feeling between people who lived in those stormy times, and now those who were deadly enemies for political causes are the best of friends.

REMINISCENCES—WHERE DAVID T. THOMPSON THREW HIS QUID OF TOBACCO.

David Thompson, Marshal of Anderson in 1872–3, was one of the boys. He was what might properly be called "a rough diamond." A better heart never beat within a human breast. He would get up at the dead of night to attend a sick friend, and would do anything in his power to relieve distress or help his fellowman. He was rough in his manners and seemed to take delight in his uncouth way of addressing people, but that was all that was bad about him. The writer has seen him stand beside a dead friend and weep like a child, his

tears coming from real sorrow and not for show. He was raised near Prosperity, in Richland township, near where Uncle Sims Garretson lived. Uncle Sims was a local preacher and a great success at a prayer meeting. A protracted meeting was being held in the neighborhood. Uncle Sims was one of the leading spirits. One night the house was crowded to suffocation. Uncle Sims was leading in prayer. He had a habit of swaying to and fro when praying. On this occasion he was rolling from side to side, his voice was at its highest pitch, and the deacons and elders were chiming in with loud amens; his mouth was wide open and he was just uttering the words, "beyant the grave, ah," when David Thompson, who was present, could not stand the temptation, took a large quid of tobacco and tossed it down Uncle Sim's throat. This stopped the prayer, as well as the meeting. Uncle Sims coughed and sneezed, and rocked and tossed, but prayed no more. Many of those present saw Dave throw the tobacco, and he was now in the closest place of his life. A prosecution was commenced against him. His only way out was through mercy. The next night he attended church again, was converted and joined the congregation, got happy and became one of the leading members. He was diligent in his devotions to the church for a period of two years, when he publicly informed the brethren that two years had now elapsed, the statute of limitations barred any action against him and he would now bid them good-bye. Dave stepped out into the cold world and never afterward belonged to any church, but in his goodness of heart and kindness to the sick and distressed, did many acts that would be a credit to any Christian.

THOMAS THORNBURG AND THE LIGHTNING ROD PEDDLER.

Old Uncle Tommy Thornburg, who recently died in Anderson, was one of God's noblemen. He was honest as the day is long, lived for what life was worth, was cheerful with his family, and hospitable to the outside world. The writer has many times gone out to Uncle Tommy's on Sunday, for the sole purpose of getting a good dinner and a whiff of his hard cider. He was droll in his ways and at all times "up to snuff." It was a very slick citizen that took him in on a wild scheme. One time a lightning rod peddler called at his house. He portrayed all the good qualities of his rod, and explained its superiority over all others. Uncle Tommy listened very attentively, with an occasional "yes, yes." The peddler said he

had put one on the court house and many private houses in Anderson. While explaining the benefits of lightning rods, he said they would protect buildings for three miles around. About this time the dinner bell rang. Uncle Tommy kindly invited the peddler to dine with him, and had his horse put up and fed. After eating a good dinner and smoking a cigar, the peddler thought he had Uncle Tommy solid. "Well, Mr. Thornburg, I guess we might as well put up this rod, had we not?" "Let me see, how far did you say it would draw the lightning?" "Three miles," said the peddler. "Well, I guess that one you put on the court house will do for me, as it is only two miles and a half from here," chimed Uncle Tommy. This settled the whole business, and Uncle Tommy went on through the journey of life without any lightning rods on his house.

Among the many old-time people produced by Madison county, William Shelly, who used to live at Prosperity, the capital of Richland township, was as good as the best of them. William was "an old soldier with a wooden leg," but he could run, jump and hop in about as lively a manner as though both his legs were flesh and blood. William's great forte was horse trading. The man who traded horses with Bill Shelly never died rich, especially if he kept it up any length of time.

Bill had many odd ways about him, but was, on all occasions, equal to the emergency. After "doing" every one in his own county in the horse trading line, he sought other fields and pastures green—other foes to conquer, being for a long while absent, as you might say, without leave. His neighbors did not know where he was. Many supposed he had mounted the pale steed and flown to the fields of the long hereafter, until some one from Madison county happened in Washington City, and was looking through the capitol building, when who should he run across but Bill Shelly, standing guard in the treasury department.

The meeting of the two old Madison county acquaintances, of course, was very cordial. Bill told his story of how he got there about as follows:

"I was roving around, out of a job. I came to Washington as a matter of sight-seeing, more'n any thing else. I, of course, took in all the sights. I strolled into the departments looking around. I concluded I would like a job as one of the guards. I tackled our Indiana congressmen, but did not seem to do much good. They put me off from time to

time, giving me taffy, until I was disgusted with congressmen as well as myself.

"Hon. John Sherman was Secretary of the Treasury. One day I saw him coming down the hall and I thought I'd tackle him, 'make or break.' I hustled up to him; saluting him, I tackled him for a job. He looked at me and wanted to know what I could do.

"I said, 'turn that big two-legged loafer over there out and let me have his place. I can do that job as good as he can,' pointing to a two-hundred pounder standing guard at the treasury department. My manner seemed to strike him.

"'What's your name?'

"'Bill Shelly.'

"'Where do you live?'

"'Out in Indiana.'

"Looking me all over he took my address. In a day or two Sherman sent for me to come to his office. He gave me this job and I've been holding it down ever since. I've witnessed the count of the money in the treasurer's vaults several times since I've been here. Once when Arthur put in a new man, and when Cleveland changed the treasurership, and it all came up to a cent, I guess they run it pretty near on the square in there."

Bill was still on duty the last heard of him. His everlasting self-assurance and general good knack of getting at a man "soaked in" whenever he applied it. His good luck in getting this place was his own exertion. Well, why not let Bill Shelly, with one leg off, stand guard over Uncle Sam's money bags as well as any one else? He'll be as faithful as old dog Tray, and nothing will ever be missed by any of his connivance or neglect. This is a lesson for all horse traders. No telling what they may come to if they try.

WHITMILL STOKES AND HIS DITCH ASSESSMENT.

When Jacob Bronnenberg was County Commissioner, he was always on the alert as to county expenses. If anything ever went through the Commissioners' court that was against the interests of the tax-payers, if he knew it, it was done over his protest. His eye and ear were always open to "catch on" to all that was going on around him. During his term, nearly every free pike in the county and a great many of the public ditches were made. Mr. Bronnenberg was opposed to the law on general principles, because he thought it was a burden

upon the people; that it was severe in its mode of taking from the tax-payers, the assessments, without a sufficient scope for redress. The people, generally, understood his position on the question, and looked to him to help them out. One of his neighbors, Whitmill Stokes, an old man with only forty acres of ground, had two assessments against him at the same time—one for a pike and the other for a ditch; both were up for hearing. The old man was the picture of despair, when the lawyers brought the case up. His heart sank within him when he thought of the monstrous bills he would have to pay on his little farm. He took his place beside Mr. Bronnenberg, sitting as close as he could get to him, from the time the case was commenced until it ended. He watched every move that was made. The pike assessment was finally passed upon, Mr. Bronnenberg took exceptions as to the amount against Stoke's land. "That's right, 'Squire," chimed in Whitmill. Finally the ditch case came up. Stokes kept his seat as close as he could, keeping an eye on every move that was made. The assessment was duly fastened onto Stokes, whereupon he raised up in open court, with fire in his eyes, and clinched fists, and proceeded to lacerate every one in the whole outfit, from petitioners down to court and attorneys, winding up by saying: "If you d—d rascals take my land for that infernal pike assessment, I'll be damned if ever I'll ditch it. Would you, 'Squire?" He looked at Bronnenberg and brought his fist down on the table, upsetting a large bottle of ink in Uncle Jake's lap. The assessments, however, were made just the same. While it was a hardship at the time, it has added many hundred dollars to the little farm in value.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

One of the most horrible murders and suicides that has ever taken place in Madison county occurred in Richland township on Monday, the 22d day of November, 1886, in which Ethan A. Maynard was the principal actor, William H. Biddle being his victim. Maynard, after shooting Biddle four times, left him in a field to die, and returned to his own home, where he was met by his wife, who had heard the pistol shots, and after embracing her told her to give the alarm by ringing the bell, after which he bade her good-bye, saying that he was going to Anderson. He went to the barn as though he was getting his horse, but instead of that he was on altogether a different mission. Mrs. Maynard had hardly time to gather

her wits, after the first shock of the shooting, until a sharp report rang out from the stable. She knew too well what it meant, and hastened to the spot, where her fears were realized. There, weltering in his own blood, was the lifeless body of her husband. She hastened to the house and rang the farm bell, and in a short time the whole community was aroused. The news soon spread, and it was but a short time until newspaper reporters, doctors, lawyers and business men from Anderson were on the scene of the crime. The Coroner, Dr. William A. Hunt, was soon on the ground, and an inquest was held. Biddle was very poor, and his wife had left him through the connivance of Maynard, and the sight that met the view of those who beheld the scene will never be forgotten by them. Biddle was lying on the bare floor with his little orphaned children surrounding him, they being only half clad, and with the appearance of being poorly fed, some of them too young to realize their condition. This atrocious crime was the result of an illicit love affair between Maynard and Mrs. Biddle that had been going on for some time before the crisis came. Maynard left a young and handsome wife, who is yet living, but has since remarried. This is another instance of there being "no telling for taste," as there was absolutely nothing prepossessing about the Biddle woman, while Mrs. Maynard was rather handsome, and is said to have been very kind to her husband. Biddle's children were taken to the Orphans' Home, and afterwards provided with homes. Biddle was forty-two years old. His remains were buried at Wesley chapel. Maynard was buried in the Anderson cemetery.

CHAPTER LXXVII.

Stony Creek Township.

This township derives it name from Stony creek, a small stream that flows through the north-west part of the township. It has an area of twenty-eight square miles, and, notwithstanding the axe and saw have been busy in the forests since its first settlement in 1823, there is yet considerable timber left, more, perhaps, than in any other township in the county. The township is bounded on the north by Jackson township, on the east by Anderson township, on the south by Fall Creek and Green townships, and on the west by Hamilton county.

In 1823 D. E. Studley, Thomas Busby, John Anderson, George Reddick and two or three others settled along Stony creek, near the present site of Fishersburg. They were followed by Benoni Freel and Henry Studley, the former settling on Section 21, near the present home of David Conrad, and the latter on Section 28, on what has since been known as the Hoffman farm. Each built a log cabin and began the arduous task of clearing up a farm. Mr. Freel came from Ohio and first settled in Jackson township, opposite the present site of Perkinsville, in 1828, when he moved to the vicinity of the present site of Lapel. He had in the meantime married the widow of Benjamin Fisher, who had been killed by the Indians, while chopping down a tree, near where Strawtown now stands. Besides his wife, he left several children, among whom was Charles Fisher, who is still living and a resident of Lapel. Mr. Fisher is the oldest resident of the township and one of the oldest in the county, having been born in Ohio in 1819.

In 1831 John Fisher, of Clermont county, Ohio, settled on the tract of land lying between Fishersburg and Lapel, that is now owned by Charles Fisher. About the year 1835 James and Jesse Gwinn, of Virginia, settled on section 23, and in 1836 W. A. Aldred located in the same neighborhood. About this time Arbuckle Nelson located on what is now

known as the Bodenhorn farm. Other early pioneers were Peter Ellis, Newton Webb, Isaac Milburn and Noah Huntzinger. Many of the descendants of these men reside in the township and cultivate large farms.

THE FIRST ROAD.

The first public road through the township was laid out in 1832. This road was laid out from Strawtown to Pendleton, and that portion of it passing through the township afterwards (1865) became the Fishersburg and Pendleton pike. It was purchased by the county in 1888, and is now a free gravel road.

CHURCHES.

The Methodists in this, as in the other townships of the county, were the first to organize a society. It is thought that the first religious society in the township was organized about the year 1836, and afterwards became a part of the Noblesville circuit. The first meetings were held at the homes of the membership, but after the erection of a school house at Fishersburg the meetings were held there until 1843, when the society built a small building. This place of worship was occupied for about thirteen years, when a more pretentious building was erected and dedicated, free from debt. Among the early ministers were Mr. Miller in 1838, Lucien Berry in 1840, W. Smith in 1842, and James Scott in 1846. This church is in a prosperous condition.

Rev. Nathaniel Richmond organized a Baptist society here in 1843 and a year afterwards built a small house of worship in Fishersburg. The society was never strong in numbers and after a period of about twenty years passed out of existence.

In 1860 Forest Chapel Christian church was organized with a membership of sixteen and in the following year a neat little place of worship was erected on Section 32. Rev. B. F. Gregory was pastor here for sometime, but the society did not prosper and regular services were discontinued.

THE SCHOOLS.

The first schoolhouse in the township was built in 1835, and was situated near Stony creek, a short distance southeast of the present site of Fishersburg. There are at the present time nine schoolhouses in the township, including Lapel, and a total school enumeration of 633. The school at Lapel is

graded, and three teachers are employed. The principal of the school is Absalom Knight.

TOWNS AND VILLAGES—FISHERSBURG.

This village was laid out in May, 1837, by Rev. Fletcher Tivis. It is situated on Section 28, on the west bank of Stony creek and near the Hamilton county line. Z. Rogers built the first house in the village. It was constructed of logs and stood near the point where the Anderson road joined the Pendleton and Fishersburg pike. William and Benjamin Sylvester were the first merchants in the place, having brought a stock of goods here in 1844. They afterwards sold out the stock to Charles Fisher, who increased it and conducted a general merchandise business for about ten years. In 1853 a post-office was established here and Charles Fisher was appointed postmaster. He was succeeded by W. A. Fisher; he by J. W. Fisher; he in turn by J. W. Taylor and he by George Dunham in 1867, who held the office for a number of years. Christopher Bodenhorn is the present postmaster. Considerable business was done here previous to the completion of the Chicago & Southeastern railroad to Lapel in 1876, since which time its trade has been absorbed by the latter place. At this time there is but one store in the village, that of Bodenhorn & Son. Among the professional men who have lived here have been Drs. Daniel Cook, J. M. Fisher, J. A. Aldred and L. P. Ballinger. Dr. Cook is the only physician now in the village. Dr. Fisher resides between Fishersburg and Lapel and cannot be said to be a resident of either place.

LAPEL.

This town was laid out April 27, 1876, by David Conrad and Samuel E. Busby, and incorporated January, 1893, the first officers being O. C. Shetterly, James Armstrong, E. R. Rambo, Trustees, and J. C. McCarty, Clerk. It is situated three-fourths of a mile southeast of Fishersburg, on the Chicago & Southeastern Railroad, and is one of the prettiest towns in the county, the residences of a number of its citizens being as fine and neat as can be found on the fashionable thoroughfares of any of the cities in the county. For several years after it was laid out the town consisted of a few scattering houses, but since the discovery of natural gas it has grown rapidly, having an estimated population at the present time of 1200.

INDUSTRIES.

Lapel is supplied with two large flouring mills, a flint bottle factory, planing mill, tile works, pump and gas regulator factory, and several other industries of minor importance. These manufactories give an air of thrift and enterprise to the little city such as but few places of equal population can boast. It is surrounded by a fertile country, its people are moral and industrious, and there is no reason why the place should not continue to grow and prosper.

RELIGIOUS SOCIETIES.

There are three churches in Lapel, the Methodist, United Brethren, and Friends. The Methodists have a large congregation and a handsome place of worship. The membership is growing and the church is in a prosperous condition. This may also be said of the United Brethren society.

FRATERNAL ORDERS.

The following fraternal societies have been instituted at Lapel: White Oak Camp, No. 29, Woodmen of the World; Knights of Pythias; Onaway Tribe, No. 50, I. O. R. M.; also a Pocahontas Council. Besides these orders there is Hiram G. Fisher Post, G. A. R., with a membership, at this time, of twenty-five.

Among the leading professional and business men are Drs. Jones and Moore; Woodward & Woodward, millers; G. E. Bird & W. J. Huffman, hardware; Oliver, Thomas & Shetterly, millers; David Conrad, general business; N. W. Clepfer, grocer and postmaster.

STATISTICAL MATTERS.

The population of Stony Creek township in 1850 was 291; in 1860 it was 597; in 1870 it was 1,082; in 1880 it was 1,483, and in 1890 (including Fisherburg and Lapel) it was 1,483. The last assessment made for taxes shows the value of lands to be $527,880; lands and improvements, $588,995; total amount of taxables, $798,495.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The first marriage in the township was that of Samuel Shetterly and Jane Freel. The event occurred on the 8th of July, 1834, and was solemnized by Ancil Beach at the residence of the bride's father, Benoni Freel. The first death in

the township was that of George Shetterly, who died about the year 1880.

A TRADITION.

There is a tradition that the lands of Stony Creek township were once the favorite hunting grounds of the Indians, not only of the county, but of the tribes living to the north along the Mississinewa, Wabash and Eel rivers. Excavations made in recent years have discovered bones and other remains indicating that the red men were at one time numerous in this part of the county. It was in this township that the "Dismal" was situated, a tract of land several miles in extent that was noted for its dense underbrush and dark, dismal appearance. During the early settlement of the county and for many years after Anderson had become a town of considerable importance, the "Dismal" was esteemed the best hunting ground in this part of the county. This locality that was once so forbidding is now one of the fairest and most productive portions of the county.

BURNING OF WOODWARD'S MILL.

On Tuesday morning, the 16th day of August, 1886, the large flouring mill owned by Woodward Brothers, of Lapel, was discovered to be on fire, and before assistance of any kind could be rendered was entirely burned to the ground. The fire was discovered by Mrs. Margaret Woodward, wife of William Woodward, who alarmed her husband and he sprang to the window in time to see one of the incendiaries calmly standing by watching the result of his work.

Upon examination a one-gallon stone jug was found near the mill, which contained about a quart of coal oil that had been left after the remainder had been used to pour on the building before applying the match. The loss on the mill and its contents was estimated to be $15,000, covered by $3,000 insurance. There were nearly five thousand bushels of wheat in store, one car load of bran and five hundred bushels of flour; in the cribs were about one thousand bushels of corn that belonged to the owners of the mill.

Soon after the fire the Woodwards commenced a systematic effort to ferret out and convict the parties guilty of the crime. They employed a detective by the name of Thomas McMillan, of Indianapolis, who called to his assistance a man by the name of Lloyd, and also one by the name of P. A. Randall. After the detectives had examined the premises

thoroughly they started on their trail. The first place they visited was Pendleton. Here they learned that John Cottrell, who was under suspicion, was stopping there in the house of a friend. Cottrell was found, placed under arrest, brought to Anderson and lodged in jail. Suspicion also pointed to Thomas Ford, son of James Ford, and to George Ford, his nephew. James Ford was a very prominent farmer in that neighborhood. A warrant was sworn out for the arrest of Thomas Ford and Detective Randall went to the residence of James Ford, on the Anderson and Fishersburg turnpike, and arrested Thomas Ford. In the meantime a warrant had also been sworn out for the arrest of George Ford and it was put in the hands of another officer, and his arrest was effected. Thomas ford was released on $1,000 bail the next day; his father, James Ford, went security for his appearance at the preliminary trial. George was released on the evening of the following day. James Ford and William Ford became his sureties to appear before 'Squire E. M. Jackson the next day in a preliminary examination.

Young Cottrell was taken before 'Squire Jackson Tuesday morning and a court of inquiry was held, which resulted in binding him over to the Madison Circuit Court.

At the preliminary trial of George and Thomas Ford much interest was manifested in the proceedings, there being a large number of witnesses present from all over the western section of the county. The defense offered no testimony, and there was no argument made in the case. 'Squire Jackson rendered a decision of guilty, and, in accordance with the testimony and with the law in such cases, bound them over to the Circuit Court at the October term in the sum of $2,500. Thomas Ford gave bail, while George, failing to give the necessary security, was returned to jail. A change of venue was taken to Hamilton county, and at the December term, 1886, of the Hamilton Circuit Court, these cases came up for trial and held the attention of the court for one week. They were hotly contested on both sides. Judge Winburn R. Pierse, Hon. Charles L. Henry and Hon. D. C. Chipman appeared for the defense, while Colonel M. S. Robinson and J. F. Neal, the Prosecuting Attorney, conducted the State's side of the case. After a hard legal fought battle it was given to the jury, and after a few hours deliberation they found a verdict of guilty against the prisoner, George Ford. His sentence was fixed at nine years in the State's prison, and he

was fined $1,000. One incident of the trial was that young Cottrell swore that he had burned the mill himself, turning State's witness and testifying against the Fords. This testimony created considerable doubt in the minds of the people as to the guilt of the Fords, and many doubted their connection in any way with the crime.

James Ford was an old and respected citizen of the county, and he spent almost his entire fortune in the defense of this case. He had the sympathy of a large portion of the community. The Woodwards, who owned the mill, were also residents of the county. They are yet living at Lapel and are engaged in business there. Their uprightness and honesty has never been brought into question.

The only incentive that could probably be assigned as the cause of this incendiary fire was a rivalry in business. There were two mills in the village, one of which was owned by the Woodwards, and the other by James Ford. And as a result, the mills were both desirous of doing a large business and became active competitors. Nothing, however, occurred to arouse any suspicion, nor had there been any such feeling between the proprietors of the two mills. The Woodwards continued to do business and had the confidence and respect of their patrons, and had secured some customers from the other mill. This fact is said to have caused some ill-feeling on the part of Thomas Ford, but this did not come to light until after the burning of the mill.

At the March term, in the Hamilton Circuit Court, at Noblesville, Thomas Ford was convicted as an accessory to the crime and sentenced to four years in the State's prison, he having taken a change of venue from this county. Hon. David W. Wood was the Prosecuting Attorney who conducted the case for the State, and gained for himself quite a reputation as a lawyer. He was ably assisted by Colonel M. S. Robinson.

Young Cottrell having been promised immunity in consideration of "turning State's evidence," was not tried or convicted for his connection with the crime.

Cottrell testified that at a meeting between him and the Fords, a conspiracy was formed whereby he was to fire the mill; that he was merely a tool of the Fords.

P. A. Randall, who acted as a detective and did some very fine work in this case, is yet a resident of Lapel, and was formerly a grain merchant of Anderson. He has almost

a national reputation from the fact that he publicly denied the statement made by General Abel D. Straight that he (Straight) was the moving spirit in the escape of the prisoners from Libby prison during the war. He wrote many newspaper articles on this question that were copied and commented on from Maine to Mexico.

THE KILLING OF YOUNG HERSHBERGER.

A most distressing accident occurred on the Bee Line Railway about four miles south of Anderson, at the crossing of the railroad and the Pendleton and Anderson State pike, whereby a boy by the name of Hershberger, son of J. W. Hershberger, of Stony Creek township, was instantly killed, on the 1st of October, 1887, particulars of which are about as lows: The young man was, in company with his father, employed in hauling heading to a factory in Anderson, and they were on their way home when the accident occurred. The father was driving the foremost team and was somewhat in advance of his son, and had succeeded in passing the crossing in safety, but the son, however, owing to the growing darkness and the woodland that fringed the track at that point, was not aware of his peril until the team was on the track and the engine was within a few feet of him. Before he could think, the team was struck by the pilot of the locomotive and scattered on either side of the track. One of the horses was instantly killed. The wagon was shattered into fragments, and the other horse was stripped of his harness, though unhurt. The train was stopped as soon as possible, and the passengers got off to render such assistance as they could. A search for the body of the driver was instituted along the track, but no sight of it could be had for some time. At last one of the passengers found the boy lying upon the pilot of the engine, dead. The position in which the body was found was an easy and natural one. But for a small pool of blood on the iron, he might have been thought to have been asleep. The lad was evidently struck on the head, thrown onto the pilot, and met instant death. His remains were brought to Anderson on the fatal train and sent to Pendleton on the next train. This was a great blow to the father, who suffered great distress, but bore up under it like a philosopher.

Mr. J. W. Hershberger is yet living in Madison county, and is now one of the most prosperous and highly respected men in Stony Creek township.

SHOOTING A BURGLAR.

Mr. C. C. Bodenhorn has been for many years operating a country store at the village of Fishersburg, and in a quiet way has gained for himself a snug competency, and has become one of the leading merchants in that locality.

On the 11th day of May, 1885, a bloody tragedy took place in his store that will be remembered by the participants therein, as well as by the people in the immediate vicinity.

In the month of September prior to this occurrence, Mr. Bodenhorn's store was broken into, the safe blown open and rifled, several hundred dollars in money and notes taken, and a considerable amount of clothing was stolen from the stock. After that time, Mr. Bodenhorn employed a night watchman, a young man by the name of William Stanford, who, in company with the clerk, James A. McCarty, slept in the store.

On the night above referred to, a party of three men made a descent upon the store. They effected an entrance by taking out the west front window of the building, removing both sash and glass. The store consisted of two apartments connected by a wide doorway. The west room was filled mostly with clothing, boots and shoes, the east room with dry goods and groceries. Stanford and McCarty slept on a cot in the east room, and were both armed, one with a shot gun and the other with two revolvers. The burglars after effecting an entrance had stacked up nearly two hundred dollars worth of clothing, and carried it to the front part of the store, and piled it up ready to take away. There was but one man at work on the inside of the store, the other two stood guard on the outside. After the clothing had been carried into the room, the burglars started into the east room, and stopping at the doorway they struck a match, by the light of which they distinguished Stanford and McCarty, who were aroused by his light. The burglars immediately opened fire upon them. One ball passed through the sleeve of Stanford's coat, and burned his arm, another buried itself in the walls of the building. McCarty immediately responded with two shots, but neither of them took effect. About this time Stanford, who had secured his shot gun, took deliberate aim and fired with the result that about seventy-five number three shot took effect in the burglar's head and face. After receiving the injury he walked to the center of the store room and fell. He soon recovered his footing, and then in a dazed condition walked to

the rear of the store, climbing over on the inside of a counter that stood there, and then walked back the full length of the room to the front of the store, where he was dragged through the door by his confederates. They helped him across the street north to an alley, about two hundred feet from the store, where he was deserted and probably left for dead. He lay in this condition until near daybreak, when he was discovered by some passers-by. The condition of the ground indicated that there had been a fierce struggle during the night. The wounded burglar was carried into Searle's drug store near by, and Dr. George N. Hilligoss, who was then a resident physician of the village, dressed his wounds.

Sheriff Thomas Moore and Marshal Coburn were notified of the affair by telephone, and immediately left for Fishersburg.

The burglar was placed in care of the officers and taken to Anderson, where he was placed in the hospital cell of the county jail. Dr. Charles Diven, county physician, was called to make an examination, and found that his forehead had been filled with shot, some of which had penetrated to the top of the skull. The sight of both of his eyes was permanently destroyed. It was thought that the wounded man could not possibly recover; his left arm was paralyzed, and hung limp at his side. No clue could be obtained for a time as to his name, or whence he came. The only thing found upon his person in the shape of writing was a song that had been written upon a piece of foolscap paper in lead pencil, on the back of which was the name of Walter Ellston. He, however, subsequently revealed his real name, and gave it as John Kathman, and requested that his mother, who resided in Cincinnati, be notified of his condition.

On the Sunday following the occurrence, Mrs. Kathman, the mother of the wounded man, came to Anderson to visit her son, in obedience to the summons of the Sheriff of Madison county, who had notified her of the happening. The meeting between the mother and her wounded boy was affecting in the extreme. After Mrs. Kathman had recovered her strength sufficiently she related her story. She attributed her son's recklessness largely to the fact that her husband, an ill-natured and vicious man, would not allow him to remain at home with any satisfaction, and thus compelled him to abandon the paternal roof. She seemed to know but little of her son's

whereabouts or his doings after he had left home about two years before this occurrence.

In another interview young Kathman related to his mother in the presence of the officers a brief history of his wanderings and some of the thrilling incidents in connection therewith, in which he stated that after he had left his home in Cincinnati he started out to peddle trinkets with a partner by the name of Shive, near the city. They made considerable money, frequently as much as five dollars a day. One day when they were at a place called "Devil's Gulch," a woods about three miles from Cincinnati, they had a dispute over the division of some money, when he (Kathman) drew a revolver and shot his companion twice in the head, killing him instantly. He said he left his body where it fell, and three days afterwards it was found. No one had seen the murder committed, and no one had suspected him. After this he went to Louisville, Ky., and engaged to work on a farm. He subsequently stole $300 from his employer. He was shortly after that placed under arrest on suspicion, and was placed in the House of Refuge.

An affidavit was filed before the Mayor of Anderson, charging Kathman with burglary, but was withdrawn, with the consent of the Prosecuting Attorney, D. W. Wood, based upon a certificate of Drs. C. E. Diven and B. F. Spann, who stated it as their opinion that the prisoner could not recover from the effects of his wounds. Upon this Sheriff Moore gave his consent to have the young man removed to his home, for which they started on the following Monday night.

Rev. Father Weichman visited the wounded man and his mother at the county jail, and gave them such consolation as was in his power.

It has been reported with some authority that after being taken to his home he recovered sufficiently to be able to travel about, and that he is yet living, for the accuracy of which statement the writers do not vouch.

C. C. Bodenhorn is yet a merchant in Fishersburg. The whereabouts of the two young men who were in the store at the time of this event is unknown.

A GAS EXPLOSION.

On the 3d of January, 1895, an explosion of natural gas took place in the extensive tile works of D. B. Davis, situated in Stony Creek township, whereby the kilns were destroyed

and Davis narrowly escaped losing his life. It seems that the fire had been turned out in the kilns and that the gas was escaping through some broken joint or valve unknown to Mr. Davis, who was in the factory at work. Being used to the odor of the fluid, which escaped about the place, he went about his work not noticing the danger he was in. After a sufficient amount of gas had accumulated in the furnace it came in contact with a lighted burner and in an instant the whole structure was blown to pieces. Mr. Davis was hurled a considerable distance through the flying debris and was badly burned about the head and face, but fortunately received no fatal injuries.

The explosion was heard for quite a distance in the neighborhood, and large crowds of people from the surrounding country hastened to the scene expecting to find Mr. Davis killed. This unfortunate affair worked quite a hardship on Davis financially. But, like the brave man that he is, he immediately went to work, rebuilt his kilns, and is still at this writing doing a large and lucrative business, being one of the most successful tile makers in this section of the country.

NATURAL GAS ACCIDENT.

On Saturday, July 6, 1890, while an engineer by the name of Whetzel was running a traction engine over an exposed gas pipe, that supplied the heading factory at Fishersburg, the pipe snapped in two and the escaping gas ignited from the flames in the furnace of the engine and enveloped it as well as the engineer, Whetzel, and Eddie Bodenhorn, a fourteen-year-old son of Christian Bodenhorn, a merchant at Fishersburg. Young Bodenhorn was riding on the platform of the engine at the time, and escaped with a few severe, but not dangerous burns. Whetzel was burned in a most shocking manner, and it was thought for a while that he could not possibly recover. Several others who assisted in the rescue of the unfortunates from their perilous position were more or less burned.

BOY SHOT AT LAPEL.

Two boys, sons of James and William Woodward, about thirteen years of age, were playing together near the residence of their parents on the 5th day of February, 1890, when the son of James Woodward picked up a revolver that was laying on the table, and playfully pointed it at his little cousin, who was sitting in a chair. As he extended the revolver it was

accidentally discharged, shooting the boy and inflicting a dangerous wound. Both families were very much distressed over the unhappy occurrence, and much excitement was caused in the neighborhood.

SUICIDE OF JOHN M. ANDERSON.

John M. Anderson, a farmer of Stony Creek township, committed suicide on the 31st day of April, 1894, by hanging himself to a beam in his barn by the means of a plow line tied about his neck. Soon after his death his wife discovered his body and gave the alarm. The neighbors immediately gathered in; Samuel Huntsinger and Cole Garrett were the first to respond, and cut his body down. There was no seeming cause for the act, as Mr. Anderson's home relations were said be pleasant, and he was fairly well to do in the world; he was looked upon as being a kind and generous man, a good neighbor, and an upright citizen, being well liked by those with whom he associated.

WILLIAM HUNTZINGER ROBBED.

William Huntzinger, an unpretentious farmer, who for many years lived in Stony Creek township, about eight miles south-west of Anderson, was the victim of a daring robbery on the 27th of March, 1889. About eight o'clock at night his residence was entered, the door being opened by two men who had large clubs in their hands. As it happened, no one was at home except Mr. Huntzinger and his wife. One of the men stood guard with a bludgeon held over Mr. Huntzinger's head, while the other made a rapid search of the house. They succeeded in finding $100 in money and a silver watch, with which they departed. No clew was ever obtained as to their identity. Mr. Huntzinger was quite an old man and infirm, and the nervous shock resulting from this affair came near causing his death. He did not recover his sensibilities until some time after the robbers had departed with their booty, and he was too feeble to go after them and have them arrested.

SHOOTING OF JOHN J. JOHNSON BY COLEMAN HAWKINS.

Coleman Hawkins was for many years a resident of Stony Creek township, in the vicinity of Johnson's Crossing, on the Midland Railway. He was one of the wealthiest and most highly respected citizens in that neighborhood. Near by his residence was a neighbor by the name of John J. Johnson,

with whom the best of relations had always existed. This lasted up to the year 1883, when a very bitter feeling was aroused between them over the construction of a large ditch running through the neighborhood.

Mr. Johnson was postmaster of the village, and on the evening of the 5th of December, 1883, took a mail pouch to the station to place on the train. He met Mr. Hawkins on the platform at the depot. When the train had left, Hawkins, arising and stepping alongside of Mr. Johnson, asked him "what he had to say about the ditch matter, if there was not some way by which its construction could be stopped and a compromise effected." Johnson answered that he had told Mr. Hawkins on a former occasion what he was willing to do and that that was the end of it. At this remark Hawkins drew a revolver and Johnson told him to put it up, that he did not want any trouble with him. Johnson then walked away, when Hawkins fired upon him, the shot taking effect in the back just left of the spinal column and below the shoulder blade. Johnson ran into the stationhouse and closed the door after him. As he shut the door another pistol shot was fired, the ball just passing the door. Hawkins then rushed to the window, about six feet from the door, broke out a pane of glass, and fired four or five additional shots, two of which took effect in Mr. Johnson's body, one on the left side of the face and the other in the forearm. One shot passed through the stove pipe in the room and another through the ceiling. Johnson now opened the door and ran out past Hawkins into a field that led to his residence. Hawkins, having emptied the chambers of the revolver, drew a second one and resumed pursuit of his victim. He fired four additional shots, one of which lodged in Johnson's right shoulder. Four bullet holes were found in his coat in different places where his body had escaped injury. Johnson ran until his strength was fast failing, when he turned upon his pursuer and clinched him, forcing him to the earth. At this moment Miss Rosa Johnson, a daughter, having heard the firing at the station, ran in that direction and came up to the two men as they locked arms in a hard struggle. She took hold of the pistol and wrenched it from the hands of Hawkins. John Hawkins, a resident of the neighborhood, was also attracted to the scene and separated the men. Upon getting up Hawkins remarked that if Johnson would let him go he would let go of him.

Hawkins then returned to the railroad track and walked

west a few rods and entered a field, which he traversed in a southerly direction, towards a barn on his farm. His wife also had heard the shooting, and, fearing something was wrong with her husband, as she had seen him going in that direction but a few moments before, started out to look for him. She saw him going towards the barn from across the field and started thither, in company with her son Rufus. Before they reached the barn the husband and father had entered a shed, hiding himself from their view. Just about this time the sharp report of a pistol was heard. Hastening to the spot they found Hawkins sitting upright against the side of the shed, with a splash of blood on his left cheek, just below the eye; in his hands he grasped the revolver with which he had committed the awful deed. He was unconscious when his wife and son arrived, and died within a few minutes.

Mr. John J. Johnson, his intended victim, lived for many years after this occurrence, having to all outward appearances fully recovered from the effects of the shooting, although he carried in his person four 32-calibre leaden balls up to the day of his death, which occurred at his home near the scene of the tragedy only a few years since.

As stated above, the cause of this act was due to what often happens in such cases where a bitter feeling arises over the construction of a ditch. Johnson's farm lay above that of Hawkins', and the natural drainage of the former was upon the latter. For three or four years Johnson had tried to prevail upon his neighbor to give him an outlet, so that he might drain his land. For some reason Hawkins steadily refused to grant the request, notwithstanding Johnson had been compelled to pay an assessment for the construction of the ditch through the property of Hawkins, and which could be of no value to him at all unless he was allowed to drain into it. Johnson, after all his persuasive powers had failed, had resorted to the courts to force an outlet through the land of Hawkins, which so wounded the latter's feelings that he committed this awful deed. The prominence of the parties and their good reputation in the community placed them above the suspicion of anything of this kind. It caused great excitement in the neighborhood and grief among the friends of both families.

The pistols with which Hawkins committed the crime were purchased of Nichol & Makepeace. Hawkins bought one of them on a certain day, and another on the day follow-

ing, saying that the one he had first bought was not a good one.

Johnson was sixty-one years of age and Hawkins about fifty-five when this tragedy took place. Hawkins was a man easily enraged, and was vicious for the time being with all about him, but generally was of a very pleasant disposition. Johnson, on the other hand, was one of those sympathetic, quiet, good-natured men, who scarcely ever become angry, and was highly respected by everybody who knew him.

The remains of Coleman Hawkins were interred in the Anderson cemetery, over which was erected a handsome granite shaft that can be plainly seen from the Alexandria road as the traveler turns to the right after passing out of the iron bridge crossing White river.

The widow of Coleman Hawkins yet resides on the old farm, and has earned for herself the reputation of being one of the best farm managers in the county, having carefully preserved the fortune left her by her husband.

SUICIDE OF HENRY DEWITT.

Henry DeWitt, a farmer about thirty-five years of age, a resident of Stony Creek township, took his own life by hanging, on the 18th of September, 1896. He was discovered by some one who was passing the barn where his dead body was found hanging to the end of a rope, and he in a half sitting position. No cause could be assigned for his commission of the deed as he was happily married, and seemingly in good health, and in fair circumstances in life. Coroner Sells was notified and rendered a verdict of suicide in accordance with the facts.

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

Union Township.

This civil jurisdiction contains nineteen and one-half square miles and is the smallest township in the county. It is bounded on the north by Richland township, on the east by Delaware and Henry counties, on the south by Adams township and on the west by Anderson township.

The township was organized by order of the Board of Commissioners May 3, 1830, the following being the order:

"Ordered that a new township be laid off from Anderson township to commence at the corner of Section 23, Township 19, Range 8, thence north to the north corner of the county, thence west three miles to the north-west corner of Section 4, Township 22, thence south to the south-west corner of Section 12, Township 19, Range 8, thence to the place of beginning, being known and designated as Union."

The township was originally covered with a dense growth of valuable timber, the principal varieties being black walnut, poplar, ash, sugar, oak, hickory, beech and elm. The township was named no doubt after the Federal Union, although it has been claimed that it derives its name from the circumstance of its being situated opposite the line where the counties of Delaware and Henry unite. The lands are generally level excepting along White river, which flows through the township from east to west, where bluffs and hills abound.

The celebrated mounds—a complete description of which is given in a previous chapter—are situated in this township, and near them, but across the river, on the land that was originally entered by Frederick Bronnenberg, the paternal ancestor of the numerous family of that name, was, no doubt, situated the burial ground of the mysterious people who built them.

William Dilts has the distinction of being the first white man to settle in the township. He came from Montgomery county, Ohio, in March, 1821, and located near Chesterfield, on what is known as the Willard Makepeace land. He

erected a cabin and cleared a few acres of land, but not having sufficient means to enter it and acquire a title, a man of the name of Joshua Baxter entered the land in 1824, and he moved to Delaware county. He returned, however, a few years later and entered 160 acres of land in the same section, but south of where he had first located. He built a double log house, where he furnished entertainment for travelers passing through the new country. This was the first tavern in the township. In 1835 Mr. Dilts erected a two-story brick house, near the same building, where he continued to entertain the public for many years. This building was the first brick house erected in the township and is still standing. The property now belongs to John Dusang and is the oldest house in the township, save one—the old frame Makepeace residence in Chesterfield.

The next settler in the township was Frederick Bronnenberg, Sr., who came to the township in June, 1821. Mr. Bronnenberg was on his way with his family to the "prairie country" of Illinois when one of his oxen gave out at "Stup Hollow," or what has since been known as "Shiner's Hill." Mr. Bronnenberg called upon Mr. Dilts for assistance and that gentleman prevailed upon him to go no farther west. An Indian trader of the name of McChester had built a cabin in the vicinity a year or two before, which he abandoned, and Mr. Bronnenberg took possession of it. He remained here until the following spring, when he built a cabin north of White river, on what is now known as "Larmore's Hill." This land was a school section and he soon after entered the land that is now owned by his son, Frederick, and cultivated by his grandson, Ransom Bronnenberg. The mounds are situated on this land.

Following Mr. Bronnenberg came David Croan, of Ohio; Isaac K. Errick, of New York; Daniel Noland, Joseph Carpenter, William Woods, John Martin, Jason Hudson, of North Carolina, and John Suman, of Maryland, all of whom were heads of families except the latter, who made his home with William Dilts. Amasa Makepeace, of Massachusetts, also settled in the township about this time, and in 1827 Bazil Neely, of Ohio county, West Va. (at that time Virginia), came to the township where, in 1833, he purchased eighty acres of land. This land was a part of Section 35. He cleared up a farm and resided here for a period of sixty years. Mr.

Neely's portrait and a sketch of his life, contributed by his daughter, Miss Hester A. Neely, are presented in these pages.

MILLS AND STORES.

From 1821 to 1825 the early pioneers of the township were compelled to take their corn to the Falls of Fall Creek to have it ground. But some time during the latter year Amasa Makepeace, with the assistance of the settlers, built a "corn-cracker" north of the present site of Chesterfield, on what was afterward called Mill creek. This mill was a great convenience to the pioneers of this part of the county.

In 1837 Frederick Bronnenberg built a saw-mill on White river where his son, Carroll, now lives. A run of buhrs for corn and wheat were soon after added to the mill, and subsequently a carding machine, the first and only one ever in the township. This mill was destroyed by fire in 1847 and never rebuilt. Soon after the completion of the Bellefontaine (Big Four) railroad to Chesterfield, Brazleton Noland erected a large flouring mill near the line of the road at that place. Afterward J. B. Anderson built a steam saw-mill, which was also located near the railroad. Both mills in their time did a large business, but are now things of the past. There is not a grist mill at the present time in the township, and but one saw-mill.

THE FIRST STORE.

Shortly after the Makepeace mill had been completed, in 1825, Allen, son of Amasa Makepeace, opened a store in a log cabin near the mill. His goods were of that character most needed by the pioneers and were hauled from Cincinnati in a wagon. Mr. Makepeace continued in active business for a great many years and accumulated a fortune that was estimated at the time of his death at a quarter of a million dollars. He left but two heirs to inherit his wealth, a son, Quincy Makepeace, who resides in the township, and Mrs. John E. Corwin, of Middletown, New York.

CHURCH SOCIETIES.

The first church organization in the township, perhaps, was that of the United Brethren in 1840. The society was organized in the neighborhood of Chesterfield by a Rev. Mr. Smith, who selected Henry Russell as class leader. The society at one time numbered about forty members, and built a brick church on what is now the poor farm, where religious

services were held regularly; but through deaths and removals from the township the society dwindled in numbers, services were discontinued, and the little house of worship, built by the contributions of citizens of the township, was abandoned to decay. A portion of the ground where this church stood was devoted to burial purposes, and many of the pioneers and early settlers of the township are buried here. This, it may be added, was the first public burial ground in the township. The late Allen Makepeace is buried here.

A Baptist society was organized at Chesterfield in 1869 through the activity of J. B. Anderson, who was chosen clerk of the organization. Rev. J. C. Skinner was pastor. The society did not prosper, and the members transferred their membership to the Baptist church at Anderson.

In 1870 a Methodist church was organized at Chesterfield by Rev. John Pierce, Robert Goodin and others. In 1871 a place of worship was erected, and for a time regular services were held therein once every two weeks. The society did not prosper, however, and the church was dropped from the circuit.

In 1890 the State Spiritualist society purchased of Carroll Bronnenberg thirty acres of land, situated just north of Chesterfield, for a camp ground. Workmen were at once employed to clear up and improve the grounds. A large auditorium, capable of seating five hundred people, was erected, together with several cottages for the use of mediums or others who desire to remain on the grounds during the meeting, which is held yearly and usually during the month of August. Spiritualists from every part of the State, and from almost every portion of the country, assemble here annually to confer with each other and enjoy a revival of their peculiar faith. The society is responsible financially, and is adding many substantial, as well as attractive, improvements to its property. Interest is also increasing in the meetings held here, and the society is rapidly growing in numbers and influence.

SCHOOLS.

There are several school houses in the township, and seven teachers. In 1858 there were 214 children of legal school age in the township; in 1874 the number was 288, and this year 237. The population in 1850 was 623; in 1860 it was 858; in 1870 it was 851; in 1880 it was 917, and in 1890 it was 897, showing a decrease for the past decade.

CHESTERFIELD.

This village is one of the oldest in the county, and at one time one of the most prosperous. It was laid out in 1830, by Allen Makepeace, and was originally known as West Union. At the September session, 1834, of the Commissioners' Court, the name of the town was changed. The petition for the change was signed by the citizens generally and was presented by Allen Makepeace. It set out an act of the Legislature on the subject, and other important reasons for such change. The Board, after due consideration of the matter, made the following order:

"It is ordered by the Board that the name of the town of West Union be changed, and that the same be henceforward known and designated as Chesterfield."

At the time of the completion of the Bellefontaine railroad to this point, and for many years afterward, considerable business was done by the mills and other enterprises located here, but owing to certain causes the place entered upon a decline about the year 1860, from which it has never recovered.

Prominent among the professional and business men who have resided here are: Dr. Henry, the first physician, Dr. Godwin, Dr. Ballingall, Dr. William Cornelius, Dr. J. W. Crismond, Dr. T. Kilgore, Dr. Kelly, Dr. M. H. Pratt, Dr. C. L. Armington. Dr. Downey is the present and only physician in the village. The merchants have been Allen Makepeace, Jacob Shimer, J. M. Dilts, J. D. Carter & Bro., Trueblood & Dusang, A. J. Cornelius. James K. Trimble for many years kept the only hotel in the village.

SLYFORK.

At the crossing of the State road and the Pan Handle railroad, one mile south of the residence of Daniel Noland, in Union township, there once stood what promised to be the metropolis of that locality.

It was commonly known as Slyfork station, but the United States gave it the name of Branson's Post Office.

This village sprang up after the building of the Pan Handle railroad, in 1855, and was for a while quite a little trading point for the neighborhood, Ballingall & Tucker being the merchants and in charge of the post-office. A saw-mill was also added to the industries of the town, and for a while did the neighborhood sawing.

There is not a vestige left now to tell where this hamlet

once stood, the old store building having long since been torn away, and the saw-mill gone to decay.

MISCELLANEOUS MATTERS.

The first distillery in the township was built by Samuel Suman. Frederick Bronnenberg, Sr., afterwards built and operated a still on his farm. This distillery was destroyed by fire.

There was a Masonic lodge at Chesterfield at an early day, but surrendered its charter long since to the Grand Lodge.

The county infirmary is located in this township, four miles east of Anderson and one mile west of Chesterfield.

The P. C. C. & St. L. railway passes through this township in a south-easterly direction, but has no station.

Among the prominent citizens of the township who have been elected to county offices, are Hon. William C. Fleming, Representative; Brazelton Noland, County Treasurer; William Noland, County Treasurer; Henry Bronnenberg, County Commissioner.

In 1894 the grade of the Chicago & Southeastern railway was constructed through the township. William Cronin was the contractor and superintended the work.

The late Michael Bronnenberg, of Richland township, was the first child born in the township and the second male child in the county. He was born on the 24th of November, 1821, and died of heart disease, either on the night of the 22d or early in the morning of the 23d of October, 1896, as he was found dead in his bed on that morning. He had been in Anderson on the 22d to attend a political meeting at which the Hon. William J. Bryan, Democratic candidate for the Presidency, spoke, and appeared unusually lively during the day. He returned home in the evening in his usual health, and retired without a premonition of his approaching dissolution. During the night he expired, but at what hour will never be known.

SUPERINTENDENT OF THE INFIRMARY ASSAULTED.

John W. Kinyoun, who for so many years served as superintendent of the County Infirmary, had a thrilling experience with an inmate of that institution on the 20th of April, 1886. James M. Willetts, a deaf and dumb inmate, whom he had punished for some misconduct, made a most vicious assault upon him. Willetts was armed with a table knife ground to

a sharp point, with which he struck Kinyoun a blow in the right breast, inflicting a gash that bled profusely, and making an ugly wound. About four inches of the blade of the knife was broken off, and was afterwards removed by a physician who dressed the wound. Dr. Spann, who attended the wounded man, was of the opinion for some time that the wound would prove fatal. Kinyoun was affected to such an extent that for several hours he had severe internal hemorrhages, but, being a vigorous man, he overcame his affliction and is yet living. Willetts was a man about thirty-two years of age, and had been an inmate of the institution at different times ever since 1860, and was sent there from Pipe Creek township when but a lad of six years of age. After this cutting affray he disappeared from the poor farm, and his whereabouts was never known.

BURNING OF A BARN.

William B. Bronnenberg, son of County Commissioner Henry Bronnenberg, had his barn consumed by fire on the 5th of October, 1887. About 11 o'clock at night the barn was discovered to be on fire, and was soon in ruins. The barn had just been rebuilt and overhauled, the carpenters having finished their work the day before the fire.

A number of persons attracted to the place saw a man running away from the building in the direction of the woods, but he could not be recognized, and no one ever knew who the guilty party was.

Mr. Bronnenberg, the owner of the barn, is one of the most prosperous young farmers of Madison county. He rebuilt his barn immediately, and is still a resident of that township. He is quite an inoffensive man and has no known enemies, and why the torch should have been applied to his property is a thing unaccountable to himself and his friends.

KILLED BY A TRAIN.

On Saturday night, the 9th of March, 1878, James Wesley Dagget, of Yorktown, was run over by a Bee Line train and his body was ground to atoms, near the village of Chesterfield. On the night mentioned the citizens of the village were on the streets discussing the results of the primary election, when the news came that a man had been run over by the cars and killed at the dirt road crossing of the Middletown and Bee Line Railway, half a mile west of the village. The

Coroner was notified and soon eight of the section men, under John Fitzgerald, left Anderson in a hand-car to go to the scene of the accident. On arriving at the crossing they discovered the dead body. From the crossing running east for a distance of a quarter of a mile, they found the scattered fragments of a human body and particles of his clothing along the track. They also found upon the deceased a number of letters fully identifying him as James Wesley Dagget, of Yorktown. The remains were gathered up as best they could be and placed, together with the shreds of clothing, in a box and conveyed to the passenger depot in Anderson. On Sunday morning the Coroner empaneled a jury and held an inquest over the remains. Facts were developed at the inquest that Dagget had been in Anderson on Saturday and that he was intoxicated. Samuel Pence had sold for him on the streets a rifle gun for the sum of $2.50. It is supposed that with the proceeds he purchased the liquor and became drunk, and either sat down on the rails and went to sleep or had fallen, and being unable to rise, was struck by the train. His remains were taken to Yorktown by his friends on the Sunday evening following the accident, where they were interred in the village cemetery.

AN INCENDIARY FIRE.

The venerable Frederick Bronnenberg, whose familiar face is every day seen upon the streets of Anderson, for many years resided on his magnificent farm in the edge of Union township, near the Mounds, upon which was located a large barn. On the 24th of June, 1864, this barn was destroyed by fire, it being the work of an incendiary, whose identity was never established. At that time politics was at fever heat. Mr. Bronnenberg, being an ardent Republican and very free in expressing his political convictions on all occasions, had many enemies in the opposite party. For years he has loudly proclaimed that the destruction of his barn was due to his political opponents, but cooler heads in the community discredit such an idea. While there was no doubt existing in the minds of many at that time that the fire was the work of a miscreant, there was no one who would believe that there was a Democrat in that locality mean enough to resort to such means to get even with a political enemy. All efforts to bring the guilty parties to justice failed. The citizens of the community, regardless of their party feeling, lent all assistance in

helping Mr. Bronnenberg find out who the guilty parties were, but they were unsuccessful, and the wretches escaped without punishment.

UNEARTHING OF A MONSTROUS SKELETON.

In the month of August, 1890, while a man of the name of Frank Martin was engaged in making an excavation for a cellar on the farm of Edwin Gustin, three miles south of Chesterfield, he unearthed the bones of what was supposed to be the skeleton of an Indian of gigantic size. The bones were in a good state of preservation, and judging from their size, it is estimated that the Indian, when alive and erect, must at least have been seven feet in height. The teeth were very much worn. There had been several skeletons found previously near the same place, at different times. The earth at that place appeared to be full of bones of those who had once inhabited this county, and the locality was, perhaps, at one time the seat of an Indian village, but it must have been long ago, as no history is given of it within the recollection of the oldest inhabitant. No account is given either of any cemetery or burying place for Indians ever having been established there.

KILLED BY A BEE LINE TRAIN.

On the 21st of August, 1890, Moses Decker and Lyman Preston went to sleep on the Bee Line railroad track, near the brick yards at Chesterfield, and were instantly killed by a passenger train. The engineer saw by his headlight the two men lying on the track, but the speed of his engine was too great to check in time to prevent it from running over them. The train was an hour behind time and was running at a fearful rate of speed. The men were both in a drunken condition. The train stopped at Chesterfield, which is only about sixty rods from the place where the accident happened. No one knew of the casualty except the engineer, and he said nothing about it. At Yorktown, the next station, he passed a westbound train, and there he informed the engineer of that train that he had killed a couple of men near Chesterfield. The Coroner was immediately notified, and after holding an inquest returned a verdict in accordance with the above facts. The bodies were found by Peter Bushaw, a farm hand in the employ of Thomas Bronnenberg, who while passing along stumbled over the corpse of Lyman Preston. A few feet further along he discovered the body of Moses Decker, whose

head was severed from his body and whose legs had been cut off at the knees. Preston's head was mashed to a pulp, and his features were unrecognizable. Young Preston was about twenty-one years of age and unmarried. He had relatives living at Chesterfield who took charge of his remains. Decker was about thirty-five years old and had no relatives living in this part of the country, and had been brought to Middletown when a lad, with a company of waifs from New York City. He was a quiet, peaceable fellow, but was very fond of intoxicating liquors. This was the fourth occurrence of this character at this fatal spot.

DISCOVERY OF A SKELETON.

While some workmen were digging a gas trench, near Chesterfield, on the 24th of August, 1889, they unearthed a skeleton that had been buried two feet under ground. It was in a sitting position with the head severed from the body. The arms occupied a space of two feet wide by three feet long, the lower limbs having been bent forward and the body curved to one side. The Coroner of the county was summoned, and on examination he pronounced the skeleton to be the body of a white female. The skeleton was remarkably well preserved, the skull indicating that the person was of more than ordinary intelligence. It was in a secluded spot, but none of the neighbors remembered anything about the mysterious disappearance of any woman. It was the supposition that a foul murder had been committed at some distant point from here and that the remains had been brought to this locality for burial. But who the principals in this dark tragedy were will probably never be known. It is an old proverb that "murder will out," but the saying in this case will probably never prove true.

A SUDDEN DEATH.

The first death to occur at the Spiritualists' camp grounds at Chesterfield, came suddenly to Professor F. M. Davis, on the 1st of August, 1896. He was a medium in attendance at the meeting, his home being in Iron Valley, New York, where his family was notified of his decease. He was found dead in his bed in a cottage on the grounds, and Coroner Sells, with an ambulance, took charge of the remains. A letter was found on his person addressed to Mary Brown, at Iron Valley, New York, and $200 in money was found in his clothing.

He was a composer of music, and was a man of more than ordinary intelligence.

A SUDDEN DEATH.

Wesley T. McDowell was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, who was left an orphan when quite young, and had to make his way through the world by his own labor. When he was quite a young lad he went to live in the family of James Forkner, and worked on the farm in summer time, and in the winter months attended school. After he had grown to manhood he had an ambition to become a telegraph operator, which he since commenced to learn in an office in Anderson, in the year 1871. He had to work out on the farm a part of the time to earn enough with which to pay his way. He, in due course of time, finished his chosen profession, but had no one to push him to the front, so he was not successful in getting employment, and he went back to the farm. In the meantime his old friend and benefactor, James Forkner, had died, and he took up his home with Alfred Forkner, a son, and lived with him until the 17th of July, 1876, when on that day while he was alone in the field he was suddenly stricken down with death. No one ever knew what was the cause of his sudden taking off, but it was the supposition of the Coroner, who held the inquest, that it was sunstroke. Wesley was a favorite with those who knew him, and his death was the cause of much grief among his friends. He was a quiet, inoffensive young man, and strictly honest in all his dealings.

AN AWFUL CRIME.

On the 20th day of December, 1854, one of the most foul murders in the history of the county took place at Chesterfield, in Union township. Two Irishmen, who were companions traveling together on what was then called the Bellefontaine Railway, got into an argument, which resulted in one of them, David Alexander, losing his life, by having his throat cut by his fellow traveler, Alexander Hays, near Chesterfield, after which he threw Alexander from the rear of the train for dead. The murdered man did not die immediately, but managed to crawl into a mill close by and remained there until morning. When the men who worked at the mill came in the morning, they met a horrible sight. The man's clothing was saturated with blood from head to foot, and a ghastly wound was in

his throat from which his life blood was slowly oozing out in their view.

He could not talk audibly, but managed to tell enough about the occurrence to inform those who found him, that he had been assaulted on the train the night before, and that his name was David Alexander; that he had a brother in Galena, Illinois; that he had recently landed in Philadelphia from Ireland, and was on his way to visit his brother at Galena. What led to this atrocious crime has never been fully explained, but it was reported at the time that it arose over a dispute about their religion. It was said that Alexander was an "Orangeman," and Hays was a Catholic. The feeling in those days being very bitter between those two sects, it did not take much to work up bad blood between them.

The community in which this occurrence took place was terribly wrought up, and when Hays was apprehended it took cool work and the exercise of the best judgment of the neighborhood to keep him from being lynched.

He was captured by Simon Landry, William Scott, and Henry Bronnenberg. Landry was for hanging him to the first limb without the form of a trial. It is said he procured a rope, and being a very resolute man it was difficult to keep him from swinging Hays up.

This dreadful murder took place so long ago that the facts are hard to ascertain for the reason that there are so many different versions of the affair, given by the few who yet live in the community where it happened.

We have in our possession a copy of the Anderson *Gazette* of the 28th of December, 1854, which gives a meagre account of the crime, which we reproduce as follows:

He said: "A stranger—a countryman—came on the cars at Union City who soon made his acquaintance and importuned him to drink. The conversation was disagreeable, and he tried to avoid it and changed his seat. Soon the stranger was at his side, and before reaching Chesterfield he became suspicious that he was not safe in the cars. As soon as they stopped at the depot he told the conductor he believed there was a man on board who purposed to kill him and thought he would get off. The conductor replied there was no danger—'Go back into the car and I will take care of you.' He then passed out onto the platform of the rear car, where he was violently shoved to the earth by his unwelcome acquaintance, his throat instantly cut, and the perpetrator jumped back upon

the moving train. He minutely described the dress and person of the miscreant, who, without provocation, had shed his blood. The foregoing was committed to writing. Early the next day the unfortunate man expressed a desire that, if possible, he should be kept unburied until the arrival of his brother from Galena, for whom he had previously telegraphed, and died with a calm serenity that bespoke a conscience at peace and a hope that brightened in prospect of immortality.

"On Monday following a person was observed to pass the depot where the murderous deed occurred. Some individuals, after the person had passed by, remarked upon the similarity of his appearance to that described by the dying man. Suspicion increased—he was followed and brought back. On comparing this description with his person and apparel the correspondence was so similar it was judged proper to detain him until the cars on which were the brakeman and conductor alluded to should again pass. The evening following a legal examination took place before Samuel Gustin, Esq., and the man who gave his name as Alexander Hays was fully committed to stand trial in the Circuit Court on a charge of murder."

Hays was convicted of murder and was sentenced to the State's prison for life.

Alexander's remains were removed by his brother to Galena for burial.

DIED UNDER THE SURGEON'S HANDS.

In the month of June, 1876, John Lemon, a highly-respected and influential farmer of Union township, ran a thorn into his foot, breaking it off and leaving a portion imbedded in the member. After suffering for several days, he came to the office of Dr. Horace E. Jones to have it removed, and he requested the Doctor to administer chloroform before undertaking the operation, which the Doctor declined to do, from the fact that he might not be a proper subject. Lemon insisted, and finally Dr. Jones informed him that if he would have Dr. Spann or some other reputable physician called in and that if, upon examination, they thought he could stand the treatment, he would administer the chloroform and perform the operation.

Mr. Lemon returned home, but the next morning came back again and made the same demand. Dr. Jones then sent for Dr. Spann, who responded to his call, and, after

an examination of Lemon, endeavored to dissuade him, but without effect. Then they proceeded with the operation. He was placed on a table, and had taken but a few inhalations, perhaps eight or ten, of the chloroform previously poured on a muslin rag, allowing time and free ventilation, according to modern methods, when Lemon rose up, struggling with the physicians for a while, as if trying to get off the table, and then fell back in a spasm dead.

The doctors immediately resorted to all the usual methods of resuscitation in cases of chloroform asphyxia, but failed to get any response.

An inquest was held by the Coroner of the county, and Drs. S. W. Edwins, B. F. Spann, V. V. Adamson, C. S. Burr and N. L. Wickersham all testified that Dr. Jones had used the necessary precautions in administering the anæsthetic, and that he was wholly blameless in the matter.

John Lemon was one of Madison county's solid farmers, and was highly respected in the community in which he lived. He was strictly honest, and always prided himself upon paying his obligation the day it matured, and not the day after. He left an interesting family, who yet survive him, and who live in the neighborhood in which the deceased resided at the time of his death.

Dr. H. E. Jones was then a young physician, just beginning what has since terminated in a large and lucrative practice, being now recognized as one the best physicians in Madison county.

A SUICIDE.

Suicides were of less frequency fifty years ago than at the present time, and when an unfortunate took his or her own life it caused great excitement in the community in which it happened, and was long talked of and remembered by the people. One of these sad occurrences took place in Union township.

On the 16th of March, 1853, Isaac Shimer, a man about fifty years old, hung himself on a dogwood tree on the "Shimer Hill," which is about three and a half miles east of Anderson and a little west of the Mounds. The tree stood about 200 yards north of the road. Mr. Shimer was living on his farm in Randolph county, near the present site of Parker, and was visiting his brother, Harry Shimer. No cause other than ill health was given for his self-destruction. He left a family, some of whom yet live in this county.

A SHOOTING AFFRAY.

At Chesterfield, on the 28th of November, 1876, Moses Crutchfield was shot in the arm by Charles Clatterbaugh, but not seriously wounded. The shooting was the result of a grudge of long standing between the Crutchfield and Clatterbaugh families, both being desirous of running the town, and a jealousy existed between them that culminated as above related. Crutchfield was the aggressor, and at a trial before Mayor Dyson, of Anderson, the verdict was self-defense, and and Clatterbaugh was acquitted.

A TERRIBLE MURDER.

On the 29th of February, 1872, one of the most horrible murders that ever took place in Madison county, occurred in Union township near the Delaware county line, at the residence of Josiah Remsberg, in which Willis Williamson killed his daughter, Melissa J. Williamson, by cutting her throat and otherwise stabbing her with a knife, from the effects of which she died almost instantly.

The facts in the case are as follows: Mr. Williamson, the murderer, lived about two miles north-east of Yorktown, in Delaware county. His oldest daughter, Melissa, was engaged to be married to a young man of the name of George Landry, of good reputation and a neighbor of Williamson. Williamson, from some cause, objected to her marriage with Landry, and endeavored to induce her to give up her determination, and threatening her if she did not. The daughter being stern in her intention to marry Landry, became tired of her father's threats, and finally, on the 28th of February, left her home and went to her uncle's, Josiah Remsberg, near Chesterfield, where arrangements were made for her marriage with Landry, who on that evening went to Anderson to procure a marriage license, but not having the written consent of the girl's father, and not having a disinterested person who could make the necessary affidavit as to her age, the license was refused by the Clerk of the Court, and Landry returned to Remsberg's residence the next morning to get some person to make the affidavit. On reaching Remsberg's place, instead of finding his expected bride in life and health, he was horrified to behold her corpse. Her life had been taken by the hand of her father. On the day previous to this event Williamson had been to Muncie and had purchased a knife with which he committed the crime. From Muncie William-

son went to Remsberg's in the evening, where he remained all night. During the evening he made supreme efforts to induce his daughter not to marry Landry, but she was firm in her purpose. Williamson became angry and boisterous. Remsberg told him he must desist in his course or leave the house. The next morning Williamson and Remsberg arose at the same time, and after building a fire Remsberg left the house and went to feeding his stock, while Mrs. Remsberg was preparing breakfast.

MELISSA J. WILLIAMSON.

Williamson went to the room where his daughter was sleeping and seated himself on the side of her bed, resumed conversation with her about the marriage. He asked her if she was still determined to marry Landry. "Yes," said she, "if I have to wade in blood to my knees." At this Williamson drew a knife from his pocket and stabbed her twice, once in the arm and once in the throat, severing the jugular vein and wind-pipe, from the effects of which she died.

Williamson then ran out into the yard and shot himself twice, once in the throat and once in the center of the fore-

head. The wounds he inflicted upon himself were not at first believed to be fatal. The bullet had entered his forehead, glanced, and was extracted from the top of his head, having passed between the skin and the skull. The Coroner of Madison county was called and an inquest over Miss Williamson's remains was held, and a verdict of murder returned against the father in accordance with the facts above mentioned.

David K. Carver was Sheriff of Madison county, and Stephen Metcalf, the present editor of the Anderson *Herald*, was his deputy. Williamson was arrested and placed in custody by Sheriff Carver, and was attended at the jail by physicians until, a few days after the murder, he died from the effects of his wounds.

It seems that Williamson had no serious objections to the character of Mr. Landry and really had no cause for the murder, but the daughter was dearly beloved by him and he could not bear the idea of her marrying and leaving home. This was the only reason that he assigned for the rash act. Miss Williamson was a young lady of more than ordinary beauty, and of good attainments for one having the limited opportunities of education given by the country schools. She was well liked by the people in her neighborhood.

Young Landry was a hard-working, frugal and honest young man. He was a brother of Mrs. Thomas J. Fleming, of Anderson, Mr. Fleming being at that time Clerk of Madison Circuit Court. After the murder Landry moved away from the county and became a resident of Missouri, where he now lives. He was subsequently married and raised a respectable family.

CHARLES M'LAUGHLIN KILLED.

On the 9th day of March, 1878, Charles McLaughlin, a sober and industrious laborer of Middletown, who was very deaf, was walking upon the Pan Handle railroad track near where the little station of Sly Fork once stood, was run down by an engine, to which was attached a heavy freght train, being instantly killed. He left a wife and quite a large family of small children who were dependent upon him for support.

The engineer, William Schultz, testified before the Coroner that he saw the deceased on the track while his train was going at the rate of thirteen miles an hour. The engineer stated that he had just stepped out on the engine to extinguish

his headlight, when on returning he discovered a man on the track, about forty-five rods in front of him. He immediately got into the cab and whistled down brakes. The man was inside the track, on the left side rail, when the engine struck him. The train passed over him and ran some distance before it could be stopped. The engineer went back and found him in the middle of the track. He was dead when they reached him, and his flesh was still quivering. He was going towards Anderson, the same way the train was running.

On investigation of the affair before the grand jury the engineer was held blameless.

THE FIRST CASE OF INSANITY.

A great deal of the early history of Madison county is traditional. Newspapers in those days were few and far between, and no records of events were kept, as in the present time.

The first insanity case that can be traced to any authentic source is related to us by Dr. William Suman, who is an old resident of Madison county, well posted on pioneer history, with a good knowledge of men of early times and a wonderful memory. We quote him as follows:

"The first case of insanity in this county was that of Isaac Van Matre, who committed suicide July 2, 1834. He was at the time living on his 'place,' east of Anderson about two miles, near the Larimore ford, now owned by Mrs. James Gray, of Anderson. The particulars of the incident are as follows: Van Matre had been visiting his son, William Van-Matre, who at that time lived north of Daleville. On the morning of July 2d, in company with another man, he started toward home. Both men were on horseback. After they had gone a considerable distance, Isaac Van Matre, who was demented at the time, struck his horse a terrible blow and left his companion far behind, who was unable to keep up with him, and saw him pass under a tree and was swept off the horse by a limb. Picking himself up he rushed wildly through the woods and was soon lost sight of by his pursuer. He was found two days afterwards, hanging to a tree within sight of his home, by William Dilts, one of his neighbors. His son William, whom he had been visiting, killed himself one year afterwards, while out hunting, by shooting himself accidentally."

MURDER OF WILLIAM AND ISAAC ISANOGLE.

One of the most atrocious crimes ever committed in Madison county occurred in Union township on the 17th of March, 1868, whereby William Isanogle, aged twenty years, and his brother, Isaac Isanogle, aged sixteen years, were stabbed to death by George Stottler.

Stottler had been to Anderson on the day of the murder, and late in the evening had gone to the Isanogle home in an intoxicated condition, where he demanded the use of a horse for a few hours and on being refused became engaged in a quarrel with the two young men, which terminated by Stottler stabbing them both to the heart with a knife that he had purchased at the drug store of Brandon & Hunt in Anderson on that day. Early on Sunday morning following the tragedy, news was brought to Anderson of the horrible deed that had been committed on the previous night. The excitement became very great, and knots of men gathered on the street corners discussing the particulars as they were gleaned from those who brought the news, and an intense feeling was expressed that no trial should be granted the murderer, but as soon as captured he should be hung on the nearest tree. A searching party was at once formed, headed by Cornelius Daugherty, who was at that time Marshal of Anderson. The roads were in a horrible condition from the fact that heavy rains and snow had fallen a few days previous, yet this did not deter the people from town and the country from engaging in the chase. A small company started out on horseback for Delaware county; others scoured the country in the direction of Daleville and other points, while crowds of people went through the country in every direction in quest of the murderer. There were fully five hundred people armed with shotguns, revolvers and clubs on that bright Sunday morning, looking for Stottler. Hay stacks, barns, out-houses and the woods — in fact every place for miles around was searched in hopes of capturing him. Finally, at the hour of 11 o'clock, about one-half mile west of the scene of the murder, lying asleep behind a log the murderer was discovered by Marshal Daugherty, A. J. Hunt and Ira Harpold, who were together. The signal was given and fifty persons surrounded the murderer within five minutes. The majority of the crowd was in favor of hanging him then and there and came very near carrying out their wishes; but a few determined men held them

at bay, and Stottler, in two hours after his capture, was safely lodged in the Madison county jail.

The murderer said that immediately after the killing of the two boys he had started on a long tramp, determining to get out of the country before daylight, but after two hours journey found himself only a mile from the scene of the tragedy. The fact was that the night was so very dark that he could not see his way and soon became bewildered and went around over and over the same ground until he became tired out and laid down to rest, having no idea at the time where he was. He said that it seemed to him afterward that there was something that held him to the fatal spot; that do what he might he could not retreat far from it although having several hours the advantage of his pursuers. Immediately after the tragedy a party was made up by those in the neighborhood to overtake him, but the darkness of the night enabled him soon to be beyond their reach.

Stottler was confined in jail several months before his trial and threats were made during his incarceration to pull down the jail and hang him, but owing to the stern determination of Sheriff James H. Snell such a scene was prevented. Finally Stottler's attorney, Hon. Alfred Kilgore, of Muncie, secured a change of venue to Delaware county and he was taken there for trial. After a hard fought legal battle, in which he was ably defended by the Hon. Alfred Kilgore, Hon. H. D. Thompson and Hon. C. D. Thompson, of Anderson, the State being ably represented by Mr. Brotherton, of Muncie, and the Hon. Jonathan W. Gordon, of Indianapolis, Stottler was convicted of the crime of murder and sentenced to imprisonment for life and was incarcerated in the Michigan City prison, where he is at this writing serving out his time. A visitor to the Northern prison not long since gave a brief account of Stottler as follows: "Sitting on a chair with his arms hanging by his side, his cold eyes fixed intently upon us as we gazed at him for a second, was George Stottler, the principal of the great tragedy in Union township in 1868. We did not interview him, as we had no desire to do so, but a man upon whom he fixed his eyes can never forget their expression. Being a life man Stottler takes things easy and is not compelled to work hard, but like the caged hyena, pants for freedom. Stottler has made several attempts through attorneys and friends to be pardoned or to get out on parole, but all his efforts up to this time have been without avail. He has been the longest in

confinement, with but two exceptions, of any prisoner in the Northern Penitentiary.

Since the election of the Hon. Claude Mathews as Governor of Indiana a strong petition was presented to him in Stottler's behalf, signed by a large number of the citizens of Madison county, and urged by the Hon. J. W. French, the warden of the Northern Prison, and the governor had about made up his mind to release Stottler from his confinement when opposition arose among the friends of the Isanogles, many of whom made threats of violence should Stottler be released, and upon these grounds the governor refused to pardon him.

Stottler was known during his residence in Madison county to be of a malicious disposition, reckless in his conduct, a man of undoubted courage in a combat, and when in an intoxicated condition a person to be strictly avoided. On the day of the hanging of Milton White, in 1867, for the murder of Hoppes, Stottler was present and climbed to the top of the highest tree near the place of execution in order that he might witness the awful scene, little expecting that within one year his own life would be in jeopardy for a like crime. Outside of the many friends of the Isanogles there has been for years a strong sentiment among some of the citizens that Stottler, having spent an ordinary lifetime behind the prison walls, and suffered sufficiently for his crime, ought to be released, but as long as those are living who are related to the Isanogles, it is not probable he will ever gain his freedom. The Hon. J. W. French, the ex-warden of the prison, gives Stottler the credit of being a model prisoner, although during the first years of his incarceration he was very unruly and hard to control, the guards having at all times a close watch upon him. At one time, while working in a cooper shop in the prison, in order to avoid his task he cut off two of his fingers with a broad-axe, but during his latter years an entire change has come over him, and he is altogether a different man in his demeanor. Since the above was written Governor Claude Mathews pardoned Stottler in January, 1897, and he is now in Illinois.

IMPRISONED ON AN ISLAND.

Max Miller, a German, who, for many years, has been a resident of Union township, had a thrilling experience on the 8th of August, 1896. He had gone to a field, situated on an island near the Spiritualist camp grounds, with a two-horse

team, in quest of a load of fodder. The heavy rains caused the river to rise rapidly, and whilst there, he was entirely surrounded by the waters, and attempted to drive his team out, when both horses were drowned and Miller narrowly escaped with his own life. He was a prisoner on the island, threatened with submersion for several hours, until a raft could be constructed and men went to his relief. This was one of the most sudden rises in White river that has been known for many years. It was caused by the bursting of a cloud near the head waters of the stream, and the heavy rains that followed.

FOUND DEAD.

On the 18th of July, 1894, William Wayts, a farm hand, was found dead at the roots of a tree, on the farm of James Gold, of Union township. He had been on a protracted spree, which he was accustomed to take, and had laid out all night, and died from exposure or from over stimulation. He was a harmless fellow, well liked by those who employed him. He was a slave to alcohol and could not resist it. He was at one time a resident of Anderson and was employed by A. J. Ross as a hostler, when Mr. Ross was Sheriff of Madison county.

BRICK FACTORY DESTROYED BY FIRE.

A disastrous fire occurred at Chesterfield on the night of the 19th of April, 1890, by which the extensive brick works of the Gold Brothers were totally destroyed. The loss was about $3,000, covered with insurance. The fire originated from a burning flambeau that was left in the building in the evening when labor was abandoned by the crew who did the work in the plant.

The works were rebuilt, and afterwards passed into the hands of the Chesterfield Brick Company, and is now one of Madison county's best manufacturing establishments. The Trueblood Brothers are the principal owners of the stock, and operate the factory.

They make large shipments of brick to Indianapolis and other points. Col. Roswell Hill, ex-State Treasurer of Indiana, was until quite recently a stockholder in these works.

REMINISCENCES—THE "MILLERITES."

We are furnished the following account of an episode in the history of our county, by Dr. William Suman, that is

interesting, especially to the old-timers who are yet living in the community and remember the occurrence :

"There was, during the '40s, a sect known as the Millerites, who were quite strong in Madison county, some of whom are yet living and hold to their faith. They were always looking and predicting the end of the world. On a certain day in January, 1844, it was prophesied by these people that the last day would come. That it would commence to snow on the day before. That it would turn to oil, catch fire and the elements would melt with fervent heat and all should be changed in the twinkling of an eye. Christ, with one foot on the sea and one on the land, proclaiming that time shall be no more.

" From the circumstances which followed, one is made to believe that the subject had been pondered over by everybody in the neighborhood, which was in Union township, and occurred at the 'Auterbine' brick church, one mile west of Chesterfield.

"Everybody began to wonder if it would snow on that day, and as the time approached greater concern was plainly manifested. The day before the end every appearance of the sky, clouds, wind and the condition of the atmosphere were anxiously observed.

"When the sky became overcast with snowy looking clouds, many times the question was asked "Will it snow?" and in this respect the prophecy proved true, for on that day snow fell to the depth of four or five inches. Now the people were amazed and began to observe among the animals on the farm to see if any strange or uneasy state among them could be seen.

"The day was one unusually dark and still, and not very cold. To complete the climax on this occasion, I will relate what took place at the 'Auterbine' church on the night of that day. The Protestant Methodist church had organized a society at the home of Willliam Free, just across the river from the church. They had asked the Trustees of the 'Auterbine' church the privilege of holding meeting in their house, which was granted. Some four weeks previous to this an appointment was sent and it, by co-incidence, fell on the night of the day in which the world would end. Now this added to the day still greater concern, and everybody for miles around went to church, trudging through the snow, not knowing how soon it might turn to oil, when the conflagration would set in, thinking one place as safe as another, possibly in the church

of God the safest. When time for services arrived the house was full, possibly four hundred people being present.

"The minister ascended the pulpit, announced the hymn: every one sang or tried to sing. With all this there was a more than ordinary solemnity. A prayer, a text, and the minister began to preach to a house full of people as still as death, possibly listening to hear the first crash of the world's ending. This state of the meeting went on for about fifteen or twenty minutes when all of a sudden two windows were crushed in, and a consternation then existed that is seldom seen. Nearly everybody jumped to his feet; women screamed and crowded to the middle of the house, many of them having been struck with the fragments of the glass; men were dumbfounded, waiting, seemingly, to see if the next crash would be the end of the world. The minister called out 'Be quiet, it is a mob. I will close the meeting, sing, "When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies."' A part of the congregation tried to help the preacher sing. The first stanza was completed, and just at the beginning of the second stanza, bang, jingle and crash came in two more windows, and each side of the pulpit where the preacher stood; glass flying all over the house.

"The scene was now terrible; women shrieking, some crying, the men all in a turbulent state, some calling out, 'a mob! a mob!' running to the door and picking up sticks of stove wood as they hurried out. The doxology ended abruptly with no benediction.

"As soon as the men were out of the church they began to search for the cause of the trouble and discovered men's tracks in the snow by the windows which had been broken in. The tracks were followed a short distance north of the church, when Frederick Bronnenberg, now of Anderson, with Brazelton Noland, recognized William Griffith and Richard Godwin as the perpetrators of the joke.

"The young men were very mad when they found that they had been discovered, and at once wanted to fight and whip somebody. In less time than it takes to tell it William Griffith was biting the snow, which had not turned to oil. The only sign of oil in the snow was where William had lain, and that was mixed with his own blood.

"Upon further investigation it was found that these two young men had become intoxicated in Chesterfield and said that they would make the people believe sure enough that the world was coming to an end. Their first intention was to

shoot an old 'swivel' cannon into the church through a window on the east side, where the women were sitting. They failed, however, in discharging the cannon, which caused them to break the windows. Had they been successful in discharging the gun it would have been a miracle if a number of women had not been killed, for those with their backs to the window were within fifteen inches of the cannon's mouth. Dr. George W. Godwin, father of Richard Godwin, at once went to see the trustees of the church and, if posssble, to settle the matter. The agreement was reached that the Doctor should repair the church and that William Griffith, with Richard Godwin, should come before the minister and trustees and confess that they had done wrong and would do so no more.

"Some time the following May a church full of people saw William Griffith and Richard Godwin go forward to the altar and confess their error. The minister took each by the hand, forgave them in an earnest prayer urging them to be good men.

"Thus ended one of the Millerism world-ending days incidents which was very near a tragedy."

BRAZELTON NOLAND, AN OLD TIME CITIZEN.

Brazelton Noland was one of the earliest settlers in Union township, having entered the land on which the Poor Farm is located, in December, 1824. Being a large, vigorous, and industrious man, he soon had the heavy forests cleared away and made it one of the pleasantest spots in the county. He was the father of a large family, some of whom became prominent in politics. His son, W. W. Noland, who died a short time ago at Riverside, California, was twice elected Treasurer of Madison county. It was at the residence of Mr. Noland that the first United Brethren Church Society was organized. They built a brick house for worship in 1840, on the farm of Mr. Noland. He served two terms as County Commissioner, and was elected Treasurer, assuming the office in 1844. Only one person who signed the official bond of Mr. Noland is yet living, the venerable Frederick Bronnenberg. The other signers were Christopher Z. Young, John Suman, William Free, William Dilts, Dr. George Godwin, and William B. Allen. The Board of County Commissioners who accepted Mr. Noland's bond was composed of William Sparks, William W. Wilson and Thomas L. Bell, who have also passed away. The following is a copy of a report that Mr.

Noland filed on the 5th day of December, 1844, with the Board of County Commissioners: "A true statement of the amount and kind of funds now remaining in my hands as Treasurer. Three hundred and fifty dollars in par funds, one hundred and forty dollars in scrip, making in all four hundred and ninety dollars. December the tenth, 1844."

"B. NOLAND, Treas."

He served two terms, retiring from the office with credit to himself and the general respect of the public. After the expiration of his term of office he engaged for a short period in the dry-goods trade, after which he removed to Chesterfield, and there built, in 1853, a large steam saw and flour mill, which he operated until 1855, when he sold it and moved to Illinois, where he remained until 1865, when he again removed to Indiana. In the year 1878 he removed to Riverside, California, where he resided until the time of his death. Mr. Noland at one time owned the farm on which the suburb of Shadeland, in Anderson, is now situated.

WONDERFUL CAREER OF A SLICK CITIZEN.

In the spring of 1861, about the time of the breaking out of the rebellion, a stranger appeared in Anderson hailing from the South. He was finely dressed and of very polished manners, and soon ingratiated himself into the confidence of those with whom he came in contact. He took up his abode with a prominent farmer of Union township, where he had rooms and board. He made daily visits to the city of Anderson, and gave his name as Henry V. Clinton. He will be well remembered by the older citizens. He was a finely educated man, being a graduate of Princeton College, New Jersey. He came from a good family in New Orleans. He was tall and slender, very stylish in appearance, and wore a moustache and "burnside" whiskers. He was reputed to be very wealthy, and expressed a desire to get away from the excitement of his southern home on account of the political feeling prevalent there.

He had not been in this locality very long before he gained the confidence of Mr. Berryman Shafer, the farmer alluded to above, and at whose house he made his home. His intimacy with the Shafer family resulted in his courting and marrying the eldest daughter. In the spring after this event, he and his young wife removed to Anderson and boarded among some of the best families in the city. He made many trips south during his residence in Anderson, ostensibly to visit his relatives.

Upon his return from these trips he would exhibit large sums of money which he claimed had been given him by friends at his old home. In the spring of 1862 his father-in-law, Mr. Shafer, became a candidate for the Democratic nomination for the office of Sheriff of Madison county. Mr. Clinton took charge of his campaign and spent many thousand dollars in his behalf. It is a fact that Mr. Clinton introduced into Madison county the first money campaign that ever took place for nominations, and educated the people in that line to such an extent that for many years it became an absolute necessity in making a successful race. This campaign placed him in close relation with many of the leaders in the Democratic party, notably with William W. Noland, who was at that time Treasurer of Madison county. He succeeded so very thoroughly in gaining the confidence of Mr. Noland that he and his wife were taken into the Noland family as confidants. During his stay with them he made many valuable and handsome presents to the Noland family, among which was a very fine silver set. His visits to the south took place as often as once or twice a month; upon his return each time he made Mr. Noland's office a place of deposit for his money and at times deposited as much as $15,000.00, taking Mr. Noland's receipt for the same. On one of these occasions it was noticed a few days after he had made a large deposit that a package containing $4,000 was missing from the treasury safe and suspicion pointed strongly towards Mr. Clinton, and it is said that he made the shortage good. When Mr. Noland retired from the treasurer's office he came out short in the sum of $17,000. It has always been believed by Mr. Noland's friends that the money was taken by Mr. Clinton, although no positive proof was ever introduced on the subject, nor did Mr. Noland openly accuse him of the same. Clinton was mixed up in many different crimes, prominent among which was one in Rochester, New York, in the year 1867, where a gang of robbers and burglars was organized. Prominent among this gang were George Wilkes, the famous forger; Philip Hargreave, Joe Randall, and Joe Chapman, who are now serving life sentences in Smyrnia, Turkey. George and Loftus Brotherton, McCay and Charles Moore were also in the band. The Brotherton brothers were placed in prison in Sacramento afterward for the term of twelve years. Peter Burns, of Philadelphia, had to pay several thousand dollars at one time on account of the men having obtained money on forged checks on the Philadelphia bank.

Clinton's wife clung to him through her earnest love and fidelity, having followed him all over the Union and in many foreign countries. She finally left him, obtained a divorce, and is now the wife of a prominent farmer in Delaware county. Clinton was arrested for negotiating a stolen bond, and it is said his friends bribed the prosecuting attorney and he was released on straw bail. After the organization of the band a plan was devised for robbing a bank in Sacramento, and Clinton was the one selected to do the job. On his way to that city he forged a check at a Danville, Ill., bank for $3,000, and secured the money upon it. In a few weeks afterwards the famous bank robbery of that year was accomplished and over $100,000 was secured. The whole party left the town for the Isthmus of Panama by way of a Pacific steamer. Mrs. Clinton, upon receiving a cipher dispatch from her husband, proceeded to New York and there took a steamer for Aspinwall, Panama, where she met him. Their plans were to get off on a vessel for France or South America, and to get away before a draft that he had forged could be protested and returned, and before the news of the California robbery arrived. This draft was cashed by a commercial agent at Panama, but the party missed the vessel they desired to get on and before they could get away the draft came back, dishonored. All the parties escaped, however, but Clinton and his wife. In the trunk of the latter was found packages of funds and bonds taken from the bank at San Francisco, and $2,000 in gold which she claimed as her own private funds, but which were confiscated. Clinton was tried, convicted and sentenced for two years on the chain-gang, but soon escaped and walked to Aspinwall, where he boarded a vessel for Maitland, Mexico, and there he boarded another vessel which came over to Florida. He soon tried to make a "raise" by forging another draft, but he was caught in the act and locked up. Information of his whereabouts reached Danville, Ill., and a detective by the name of Rittenhouse was sent after him armed with a requisition. He secured his prisoner and started with him and got as far as north-western Ohio on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, when during a temporary absence of the detective from his seat, Clinton opened the window and made a desperate leap for liberty. The night was dark and the train was flying at full speed. Fortunately Clinton fell in a swamp of marshy ground and thus saved him from instant death. He was too severely stunned to get up. The train

was stopped at once and backed to the place where he had jumped off. He was taken handcuffed to Danville, but the man upon whom he had committed the forgery, being an uncle of Mrs. Clinton, declined to prosecute him. He was afterwards arrested in Cincinnati for swindling a liquor firm out of a considerable sum of money, but his friends secured his liberation. From here he went to Philadelphia, where he was arrested on the charge of stealing a valise. In this transaction Clinton made the grandest mistake of his life. He was supposed to have shadowed a man who was said to have in his valise a large sum of bonds, and in getting off of the train Clinton snatched the valise in which he supposed the valuables were, and through a mistake he got hold of the wrong one, which contained an ordinary suit of clothes. Upon this charge he was incarcerated eighteen months in the Moyamensing prison, Philadelphia, and after the expiration of his term went to Baltimore, where he renewed his acquaintance with his former pals. They rented a room on the ground floor adjoining a national bank and opened a real estate office. A large map was hung on the wall next to the side of the safe of the bank and a high obstruction was erected in front to conceal the debris they took at night out of the wall behind the map.

One Sunday night they got to the safe and pried out one side of it, the lock was displaced, thereby giving them admission to the vaults, from which they purloined about $70,000 in currency and a large amount of securities, with which they made their escape. The bank officials upon entering the room found the safe door unlocked, but thought nothing of it at first as there was no outward indication of robbery. It was almost noon before they discovered that they had been the victims of a theft. This robbery was traced to Clinton, and he was again placed under arrest, but by some means got off without being imprisoned, the supposition being that he and his friends had refunded a large portion of the money upon a compromise for his release.

He was also at one time incarcerated in Sing Sing for some offense, but after having served a few months, through the influence of some friends a pardon was granted him by Governor Samuel J. Tilden. He was at that time known under the alias of Robert Clark. Tilden, in his comments upon the case in his report to the New York Legislature, stated that "Clark" had been granted a pardon, he being

represented as an erring and unfortunate, but really very worthy sort of person, whose pardon was recommended by Governor Letcher, and that Clark had a chance, if liberated, of becoming connected with one of the most influential newspapers of the South.

It is supposed that nearly all the letters of recommendation, and many of the petitions, sent to Governor Tilden, were the handiwork of Clinton.

We are indebted to the *Bulletin* for an article appearing in its columns several years ago for the facts contained in this statement. Mr. Clinton is said now to be a resident of Washington City. For many years he held the position of guard in one of the departments of the Capitol, and is, seemingly, thoroughly reformed. Whatever may be said of Mr. Clinton, there is no gainsaying the fact that he knew how to be a gentleman, for no more courteous, dignified or clever man ever lived in Madison county than he, and many of his charitable deeds to the poor who needed assistance will long be remembered by many of those who were the recipients of such favors.

DAVID B. SIMMS, ONCE CORONER.

David B. Simms, of Union township, late deceased, is on the list of old-timers. He was not a resident of Madison county all his life, but came from "in yonder" so long ago that he was always considered by the old settlers as one of their number. He was a son-in-law of old Uncle Billy Johns, who died a few years ago, near Chesterfield. Mr. Simms was a jolly, good fellow, large and portly, making rather a good appearance among men. He was one of Madison county's best and most prosperous farmers, which occupation he followed all his life, save a very short period which was diverted to politics. His political career was as brief as it was brilliant. David was naturally a Democrat, and always stood by the guns of that party in a fight, with one exception. In 1874 the Granger party came up like a mushroom in the night, bloomed like a big sunflower for a day, folded up its leaves and died in the twinkling of an eye.

Among the many Democrats who strayed away in that year and followed the new party, was David B. Simms; glib with his tongue and naturally a little slick in his ways, he soon became a "leader." The county convention came on and Simms was placed on the ticket for the high and responsible position of Coroner. The Democrats had previously met in

convention and placed W. W. Jackson on their ticket for this position.

The Republicans met soon afterward, and made no nomination, but indorsed David B. Simms and ordered his name to be placed on their ticket. This gave him double advantage over his opponent, and after a long struggle the votes, when counted, showed Simms to be the winner. He was the only one on either the Republican or Granger ticket who was elected. Soon after the election was over the Democrats concluded they would have a ratification meeting to properly ratify the grand triumph over the two other foes in the field. The time was set, the band engaged, bonfires were built, a store box was placed in front of where the National Exchange bank is now located for the speakers. All was in readiness, and the fun soon began. Colonel Pierse gave the crowd one of his most powerful and interesting addresses. Colonel W. C. Fleming for an hour held the audience in dilating upon the grand victory. Gus McCallister preached the funeral sermon of the Republican party, as only Gus could do. David B. Simms was present, and although it was not exactly his "funeral" he was glad to be "in it." His Democracy was stirred up by the oratory of his old comrade and friend who had just spoken. Stephen Metcalf, who was then editor of the Anderson *Herald*, the Republican organ, was in the crowd. He thought it would be a good joke to get Simms up to make a speech, supposing, of course, that as he was elected in opposition to the Democratic ticket, he would give the Democrats the devil and cause a rupture in the meeting. He urged Simms up to mount the box. Finally a time presented itself and Simms got up. His head towering away above the crowd, his long, flowing whiskers dangling in the wind, he sailed in. Stephen drew closer to the box to catch the words of oratory as they escaped from the speaker's lips. He didn't stay long. Simms took his text back in 1854, the time of the "bornin'" of the Republican party, giving the party and all its acts from that time up to date the devil. He spoke until the bonfires went out, the crowd wearied and Metcalf was home in bed. The band chimed in with a tune occasionally to shut him off, but a brass band was no place beside Simms' voice. He could be heard above everything.

When he subsided he was wringing wet with perspiration, and his face was as red as a turkey gobbler's wattle. During Simms' incumbency as Coroner, John W. McCallis-

ter, the Sheriff, died. By virtue of his office Simms became Sheriff until another could be chosen. It was in the times when the Sheriff's office was a "snap," there being many large foreclosures and sheriff's sales, the Sheriff being allowed five per cent. on all sales. The deceased had many sales advertised before his death that the Coroner and *ex-officio* Sheriff had to complete, thereby entitling him to the per cent.

The day of sale came around. Simms knew about as much about what he was to get for his services as a ten-year-old boy. He got one of the Deputy Sheriffs under the deceased Sheriff to help him out. The sales were made, and the returns properly filed with the Clerk. His assistant, coming into the Clerk's office, handed Mr. Simms the magnificent sum of $65.00.

"What is this for?"

"Your fees."

"Fees! What do you mean, young man?"

"Why, your fees for making those sales."

"See here, young man; I want you to understand that I will have no crooked business about this matter. I am an honest man and won't stand any robbery in this business."

"Well, sir; that is your legitimate fees for your services to-day."

"Great God! You don't tell me; $65.00 for a half day's work."

From that moment forward, as long as David B. Simms lived, he was a candidate for Sheriff, but died before he reached the goal of his ambition.

WILLIAM JOHNS, AN OLD-TIMER.

William Johns, late of Union township, was one of the old-timers who helped to make Madison county. He came here in an early day, locating in the neighborhood where he died in 1888. He was one of the men who lived for all life was worth. He came as nearly having a good time every day in the year as any man who ever lived in Madison county. He was an extraordinarily good story-teller, and always kept a lot of good "yarns" on hand.

It was his custom to come to town every Saturday to do his family trading and learn a new joke to take home with him. He was originally an old line Whig, until the formation of the Republican party, when he switched off and became a Democrat.

After attaching himself to the Democratic party, he became one of its leaders in his neighborhood. His counsel was always sought in every political campaign. He was one of the best workers in the party in Union township. While he never cared for office himself, he glorified in the success of his friends. Uncle Bill, as he was familiarly called, was one of the old-time fellows in his ways—built on about the same gauge as the late Colonel Berry, Joseph Howard, and such men as they, who came here about the time he did.

WILLIAM JOHNS.

He despised a dude or a fop; he was not opposed to neat and tidy dress, but any thing that bordered on foppishness disgusted him. He not only enjoyed joking others, but if it came on him it was all the same. He used to relate an occurrence that took place with him when he was a young man, that he would laugh over heartily.

According to his story, he was rather a wild young man, not very bad, but full of fun. Among the young people with whom he associated, was a dashing belle, with sparkling eyes and rosy cheeks, with whom he was in love. He was her escort to all the apple-cuttings, husking-bees, log-rollings and wool-pickings. His love was fully reciprocated by the fair one, but like all cases of true love, it did not run smoothly. Her father was a local preacher. He knew Uncle Billy's short-comings and wild disposition. He seriously objected to

his attentions to his daughter and so notified Billy. He was warned not to come about again, but the girl clung to him and they would meet at the gatherings in the neighborhood, in spite of the objections of the stern parent.

Things went on in this direction, until at last they reached a climax. One Sunday the two lovers met at a country meeting. After the services, Billy concluded he would boldly take his girl to her home, meet her angry father and take the consequences. So they strolled up the road, as lovers naturally would, until they came in sight of the house. They saw the preacher out on the wood-pile in front. Billy made up his mind that he would play the old man a big game of "bluff." He did not mention it to the girl, but marched squarely up to the preacher, staring him in the face and said:

"Now, sir, you have indulged in a great many inuendoes about me, and have forbidden me to come to your house. I am here to say that I am as good as you are in every respect. I owe you nothing. I care nothing for you, but I like your daughter. I have come to give you the d—dest licking you ever had."

Billy began to make motions to take off his coat, but he never got it off. Something like a cannon ball struck him between the eyes, and the stars immediately came in sight. When he came to, he was on the opposite side of the road, with the preacher rubbing him back to life. Billy said if a mule had kicked him it could not have killed him any deader for the time. If lightning had struck him he could not have been more surprised. He supposed that when he tackled the preacher for a fight, he would either knuckle to him and apologize, or run, but in this he was mistaken.

Billy's motto ever afterward was, "Never tackle a country preacher for a fight." Billy and the preacher afterwards became good friends, but he and the girl "fell out" and never married. All old-timers will remember Uncle Billy Johns.

A SKETCH.

Dr. Valentine Dunham was one of the old-fashioned country doctors, who lived in Union township for many years, and practiced the profession of medicine among his neighbors. Instead of going to a drug store and having his prescriptions prepared, he carried an old time pair of leather saddle-bags which he threw across the back of his horse, and rode astride of them through sunshine and storm, night and day, healing

the sick and afflicted, who appealed to him for medical service. He was not a graduate of any medical school, but had an extraordinary amount of old fashioned common sense.

His father, who was also a physician, died in 1850, and left his medical books and surgical instruments to his son, from which he gained all that he ever knew about the science of medicine, having no instructor whatever.

He died at his home in Union township, on the 22d of January, 1882, at the age of sixty years. Of a family of twelve brothers and sisters he was the last with but one exception, Ex-Mayor Dunham, who is now a resident of Anderson, and a Justice of the Peace. He was married in 1852 and raised a large family, his wife having died in 1878.

Dr. Dunham was engaged in the practice of medicine for nearly forty years, and in his neighborhood was looked upon as being the father of medicine. Although he was not an educated man, his general good sense gave him about the right idea what to do in any ordinary case of sickness. He was quite successful in his practice, and enjoyed the esteem and confidence of his brother physicians throughout the county, who upon the occasion of his death met and passed resolutions of respect to his memory, the committee consisting of Drs. William A. Hunt, Horace E. Jones and Jonas Stewart.

Dr. Dunham was a frugal man in his habits and had amassed quite a fortune, being one of the largest land owners in his locality, and at his death left his family a snug competency, which they at this time fully appreciate and enjoy.

DEATH OF A PIONEER.

In the Anderson *Standard* of June 24, 1858, we find the announcement of the death of one of the earliest settlers of Madison county, as follows:

"Died in Chesterfield in this county, of an affection of the heart, Betsey Makepeace, wife of the late Amasa Makepeace, aged seventy-four years.

"The subject of this notice was born in Norton, Massachusetts, June 3, 1774, where she was married about the year 1800, and shortly afterward, with her husband, moved to Chesterfield, N. H., where they remained until the year 1818, when, being unfortunate in business, they concluded to seek a home in the far West. Accordingly they packed up their goods and with a large family started for the headwaters of the Ohio river, which they reached after a long and tedious journey.

They made the journey by means of their horses, traveling in a wagon until they reached the Ohio river, when they constructed a raft, making their way to Cincinnati, which was then but a mere village. From Cincinnati they went to Lebanon, Ohio, where they remained two or three years, when they removed to Madison county, Indiana, where they remained until the time of their death. The husband's death preceded that of his wife by ten years, having lived together nearly fifty years. Mrs. Makepeace had therefore shared the toils and troubles of a pioneer's life. She was one of the first settlers of the county, the red man holding possession of the forests when she first beheld them.

"May her memory be still fresh in the hearts of those who have received many a kind word and encouraging counsel from those lips that are now cold in death."

The Mrs. Makepeace above referred to was the mother of the late Allen Makepeace, who for many years lived at Chesterfield, and died there in the year 1872. Chesterfield was a mere Indian trading point at the time of the arrival of this worthy couple at that place. Mr. Allen Makepeace was a merchant in that village for nearly half a century, and amassed an immense fortune, which he left to two children who survived him, the eldest of whom is Elvira J. Corwin, wife of John E. Corwin, former President of the Madison County Bank, but now residing at Middletown, N. Y., and their son, Quincy Makepeace, who yet resides near the old homestead in Chesterfield.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

Van Buren Township.

This township was organized March 4, 1837, and named in honor of the eighth President of the United States at the suggestion of George Moore, one of the earliest residents of the territory comprising the township.

The township originally contained all of the territory lying in Congressional Township 22, Range 8 east. The record for its organization is as follows:

"On petition filed, and due deliberation thereupon had, it is ordered by the Board that Congressional Township No. 22, north of Range 8 east, in Madison county, be organized into a township, to be known and designated by the name of Van-Buren township. And it is also ordered that they hold an election in said township at the house of Hiram Palmer, therein, on the first Monday of April next, for the purpose of electing township officers and one Justice of the Peace. And it is ordered that the elections in said township be held at the house of said Hiram Palmer until otherwise directed. And it is ordered that Hiram Palmer be and he is hereby appointed Inspector of Elections for said township until a successor shall be chosen and qualified."

The township contains twenty-five square miles and is situated in the north-east corner of the county. It is bounded on the north by Grant county, on the east by Delaware county, on the south by Monroe township, and on the west by Boone township. The topography of the township is similar to that of the other northern townships of the county, being generally level, well watered and originally heavily timbered. The soil is principally black loam and well adapted to the cultivation of cereals, particularly corn and wheat, large crops of which are produced annually, especially of corn.

According to the best information obtainable the settlement of the township began about the year 1830, when Thomas Gordon, Jacob Davis and Hiram and John Palmer emigrated from Virginia and settled in the county just north of the pres-

ent site of Summitville, on Section 20. Between the years 1830–36 quite a number from Virginia settled in the township, among whom were John and William Kelsey, who located on Section 8; Thomas Cartwright and James Blades, who located on Section 31; John Cree, who located on Section 17; Samuel Fenimore, who located on Section 20. The latter came from Ohio, and chose as a location for his future home a spot on the Fort Wayne trace, where he erected a log house, which he subsequently converted into a tavern for the accommodation of hunters and travelers over the trace. This was the first inn, or tavern, in the township. The locality was afterwards known as "Old Wrinkle." In the fall of 1836 John Moore, of North Carolina, settled in the same neighborhood, also Robert Robb, of Johnson county, Indiana. They were soon after followed by Ephraim and Madison Broyles, John Shields, David Culberson, John M. Zedeker, Harrison Allen and Zachariah Robinson. Many of the first settlers afterwards removed to Illinois and Iowa, particularly the latter, when those states were organized, believing that better opportunities awaited them in the "prairie country." This disposition to follow the "star of empire" was not peculiar to the early settlers of this township alone, it may be observed, as many of the first comers to nearly all of the townships in the county afterwards "pulled up stakes" and went farther west. Occasionally one would return and settle permanently, but not often. They preferred a country where it did not require so much labor to prepare the land for a crop.

From 1839 immigration to the township increased year after year. School-houses were erected and churches organized. In every township but this it has been an easy matter to ascertain when and where the first school-house was erected. But in this township there is so much diversity of opinion on the subject among the old-timers and their descendants that but little definite or satisfactory information can be learned about the matter. It is sufficient to say, that a small log school-house was erected at an early day, about a mile and a half north of where Summitville now stands. The name of the school teacher was George Doyle. In 1858 the number of school children in the township was 256; in 1874 it was 386, and at the present time the school enumeration shows that there are 516 children eligible to the privileges of the public schools. There are eight school buildings in the township, including Summitville, and ten teachers are employed. The

Summitville schools are graded and compare favorably in every respect with the schools of other towns in the county.

CHURCHES.

The early settlers in the township enjoyed religious services, without regard to their denominational predilections, long before a religious society had been organized. Itinerant preachers, during the pioneer period, would visit the township from time to time, when word would be sent out to the settlers that religious services would be held at a certain private cabin or log school-house. During the winter of 1859–60, a Christian minister of the name of George Newhouse visited the township and held a number of meetings, which resulted in the organization of a society composed of about sixty members. A log church was afterwards erected, about one mile north of the present site of Summitville. Samuel Moore, Pleasant Victory, John Beck and Philip Cramer were among the most active members of the society.

STATISTICAL.

The population of the township in 1850 was 406; in 1860 it was 672; in 1870 it was 874; in 1880 it was 1,691, and in 1890 it was 1,979, including the town of Summitville.

The total value of lands, as taken from the tax duplicate of the present year, is $416,595; value of improvements, $975,065; total value of taxables, $639,930.

SUMMITVILLE AND VICINITY.

The original name of this town was "Skipperville," but was afterwards changed on account of its proximity to the "cone," or summit level, of the State, a point two miles north of the town, from which the waters of Mud creek and Black creek flow in opposite directions, the former emptying into Pipe creek and the latter into the Mississinewa. Aquilla Moore, the oldest living inhabitant of the township, came to this part of the county and settled in the neighborhood of where Summitville now stands in 1836.

On his seventy-seventh birthday, the writer sat beneath the shade of a spreading cherry tree in the grounds surrounding his residence, and elicited from him much information in relation to the town and its surroundings.

Mr. Moore is an exceptionally bright gentleman, and has a wonderful memory for a man of his advanced years, being

able to go into the minutest details of the happenings of the long ago.

John Palmer and Isaiah Davis were the first settlers, and came to this vicinity in the year 1835, and located about two miles north, having removed from the State of Virginia.

Robert Robb, the father of Mrs. Aquilla Moore, came here from Johnson county in the year 1837, and started the first store in this part of the country, north of Summitville about two miles.

Aaron M. Williams was among the early settlers, and erected the first and only tannery in this neighborhood, which he operated together with his farming interests for a good many years, and was for a long while engaged in the dry goods and merchandizing business, and kept a place to lodge the weary traveler. He sold the first town lots in the place, and was really the founder of the village. No regular plats of the lots were laid off, but when a man purchased one, Mr. Williams would stake off the amount and size of an ordinary town lot and describe it by metes and bounds. This manner of proceeding has since given the assessors and county officials much trouble in assessing the real estate in the place.

Summitville proper was laid out in 1867, by Aaron M. Williams. Henry Roby was the first merchant in the town, and opened business in November, 1867, and did quite a thriving trade, and was succeeded by Aquilla Moore & Son.

Samuel Fenimore was an early settler and lived about two miles north of Summitville, being one of a number of large land owners and thrifty citizens of that locality. Prior to the laying out of Summitville as a town, and before a settlement was made there, there was an old staging station kept near that place by Aquilla Moore, where the stage that ran from Anderson to Marion made a change of horses and stopped for feed and dinner. William Pittsford, Richard and A. J. Hunt, the Anderson liverymen, were among the prominent stage drivers of that day. The first stage coach that passed over the line was driven by the late Colonel O. H. P. Carey from Marion to Anderson. He owned the stage line for a number of years, and operated it until he volunteered his services in the army during the late war. The last one was driven by Walker Winslow in 1876.

When Aquilla Moore first settled in these parts, there was no mail route between Summitville and Anderson or Alexandria, the mail came there via Strawtown, being carried on

horseback over roads blazed out through dense forests. Daniel Dwiggins was the first mail boy to deliver mail in this section, and Elijah Williams was the next; both are long since deceased.

One of the first physicians in these surroundings was Dr. S. B. Harriman, who died in Richmond, Indiana, a few years since. He was succeeded by C. V. Garrett, John Wright, W. V. McMahan, M. L. Cranfill, S. T. Brunt and T. J. Clark. The first doctor in Summittville, after it became a town, was Dr. Cyrus Graul, who established himself here in 1867.

William Wellington and John S. Moore started the first grist mill in the township in 1854. It was a small corn cracker with a saw mill in connection with it. They did a very thriving business for a number of years. Farmers came for quite a distance from the surrounding country to have their sawing done, and have their grists ground.

The first flouring mill was built in Summitville by Columbus Moore in the year 1868. It was of an improved pattern and for many years enjoyed an extensive business.

The first ministers of the gospel in this locality were William Brunt, a brother of the late Thomas Brunt and Peter Casteel. The old timers are not able to agree as to which of the two was the first.

In the year 1868, Columbus Moore was appointed the first postmaster in Summitville, receiving his commission from Andrew Johnson, President of the United States. George Moore, the father of Aquilla Moore, was one of the first Board of Trustees of Van Buren township, and died at the residence of his son about eighteen years ago.

At the time he was an incumbent in this office, each township had a Board consisting of three Trustees.

At an early day Aquilla Moore and his neighbors hauled wheat raised upon their farms to Hamilton, Ohio, the nearest market, and sold it for thirty-seven cents per bushel.

The first railroad agent in Summitville was J. P. Smith, who came to this place on the completion of the C. W. & M. railroad in 1876. The first grain warehouse was built by James H. Woolen about the time of the building of the railroad. Harrison and Reuben Allen were also early settlers in the immediate vicinity of Summitville, having moved here from North Carolina in the early '40s.

The only newspaper published in this place is the Summitville *Wave* by George P. Louiso, which was established in 1890. It is independent in politics and enjoys a large circulation in

the town and surrounding country. In 1888 the Summitville *Times* was published here by J. A. Wertz, lately connected with the Anderson *Bulletin* and other Anderson publications. The first paper published here was by a young man of the name of Pinkerton, in 1885.

Summitville from the time of its first location as a village grew very slowly and made but little progress until the time of the perfecting of the C. W. & M. Railway, when it took on an air of prosperity for a short time, and remained stationary until the discovery of natural gas, when it at once entered upon another season of rapid growth, and it is at this writing one of the liveliest and most enterprising towns in Madison county, having many industries, fine school buildings, brick paved streets and handsome residences, and many fine brick business blocks erected on its main thoroughfares.

It was incorporated as a town on the 31st of December, 1881. The first Board of Trustees was elected on the first Monday in May, 1882, and took the oath of office before Miles F. Wood, a Justice of the Peace, on the 3rd day of the same month. The first Trustees were Moses Stone, George W. Fear and Joseph A. Allen. The Board organized by electing Mr. Stone, President; Frank Hernley was the first Clerk, and W. H. Williams, the first Treasurer, and J. M. Williams, the first Marshal of the town.

The present officers are William Howard, Clerk; Vincent R. Love, Treasurer, and Jeremiah Simons, Marshal. A. F. Kaufman, Eddie E. Thomas and William J. Peale are the present Trustees. The School Board is composed of Robert McLain, John M. Gordon and George W. Green.

A question was raised as to the legality of the incorporation of the town, and therefore an act was passed by the Legislature of 1895, through the influence of Hon. J. M. Hundley, legalizing the same.

The following industries are located at Summitville: The Central Glass Company; the Crystal Window Glass Company; the Rothschild Glass Company; W. C. Fear & Co., saw, lumber and planing mill; W. W. VanWinkle, saw mill; and L. R. Webb, flouring mill; the Summitville Brick Factory; and last, but not least, the Summitville Tile Works, owned solely by Samuel C. Cowgill, being the largest manufacturer of farm tile in the United States. It was erected in 1880, commencing in a small way, but has grown at the present writing to be of huge dimensions. Mr. Cowgill employs

on an average about one hundred men all the year around, and has a weekly pay roll of $500. L. R. Whitney is the general book-keeper and business man of the institution, to whom we are under obligations for valuable information, and for having shown us through this establishment. We are also indebted to Mr. George Whitney and J. A. Allen for much information in reference to this place.

Summitville enjoys the distinction of being the home of several secret societies. The Knights of Pythias lodge, No. 361, was organized on the 5th of May, 1892. It has a large membership and is in a flourishing condition. J. D. Armstrong is the Chancellor Commander, and A. H. Jones, Keeper of Records and Seals.

The Improved Order of Red Men, Lodge 149, Neoskaleta Tribe, has a membership of one hundred, and was organized in the year 1893. James Farmer, Sachem.

The Independent Order of Odd Fellows, Summitville Lodge No. 475, was organized in the year 1875, and has a membership of seventy-five. It owns a handsome lodge property, built in the year 1892.

The Methodist Episcopal church, the Presbyterian church, the Baptists and the Wesleyan Methodists, each have congregations here and own their own houses of worship.

Summitville has two banks, both of which are on a sound financial basis, and enjoy a large patronage in the community and the surrounding country. The Citizens' bank has a capital of $25,000. J. T. Sullivan is president, and A. B. Hardgrave, cashier.

The Summitville bank has a capital of $24,000. William Warner, president; Maurice Warner, cashier, and O. E. Gordon, assistant cashier.

The person familiar with the appearance of Summitville twenty-five years ago, and who has waded through its muddy streets during its early existence, could hardly imagine that it would in so short a time become the handsome, thrifty business center that it now is, and from all indications we predict a great future awaiting it. Many accidents and incidents that have occurred in its early history are detailed elsewhere.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS—KILLED WHILE CUTTING A TREE.

Mr. Jesse Buller, a young man about twenty-three years of age, working in Van Buren township, near Summitville, was instantly killed the 15th of January, 1878, while cutting

trees in the woods. He was in the act of felling a tree, when it lodged against another one near by, and in trying to dislodge it a falling limb struck him on the top of the head, crushing his skull, from the effects of which he almost instantly died. Young Buller was working for a Mr. Eli Neal, who was with him at the time, and seeing the falling limb called to him to get out of the way, but it was too late,—the limb struck him before he could make his escape. Mr. Neal ran for assistance, which was near at hand, but the unfortunate man had breathed his last before aid could reach him. He was a young man, well liked and respected. His home was in Fairmount, Grant county, a few miles north of Summitville. The Coroner of Madison county held an inquest, and a verdict of accidental killing was rendered.

BURNED TO DEATH.

In the month of February, 1878, a little six-year-old daughter of John J. Said, of Summitville, was terribly burned, from the effects of which she died a short time afterward. She, with her oldest sister, was playing around a fire when her clothing became ignited, and before it could be put out there was scarcely a spot left on her body that was not burned until the flesh peeled off. She lived in great agony for a few days, but died from the effects of her burns. Mr. and Mrs. Said had the sympathy of the entire community in their sad affliction. It is said that the child was a bright little girl, and a general favorite in the community where this terrible accident occurred.

Mr. Said is now a resident of Anderson, and has been employed at different times by the Pennsylvania Glass Company, as watchman.

FIRE AT SUMMITVILLE.

The hardware store of E. B. Vinson, at Summitville, was destroyed by fire on the night of the 23d of August, 1889. It was discovered about eleven o'clock and nothing could be done to check the devouring flames, which soon consumed the building, and also a millinery store belonging to Mary E. Wertz, adjoining. The loss on the hardware store was $3,500, covered by $2,500 insurance; on the millinery store the loss was estimated at $400, with $300 insurance. The residence belonging to Mr. Vinson, the proprietor of the hardware store, was also damaged to a considerable extent. The origin of the fire

was unknown, but was thought to have caught from a gas jet which was left burning in the store.

A DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.

Turry, the three-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Jenny, was burned to death near Summitville on the 28th day of February, 1896, by having her clothing ignited while lighting the fire with some scraps of paper. She ran out of the house to where her father and mother were, but before reaching them she was enveloped in the flames and burned in a most horrible manner. An uncle of the name of Curtis Diltz was attracted to the place by her screams and hastened to her relief and taking the child in his arms carried her to the house, where her parents soon came, but too late to render her any assistance. Her little body was burned to a crisp, the flesh falling from her bones.

A physician was summoned, but no medical aid could relieve her suffering, and she died soon afterward, remaining conscious to the last moment.

The funeral was largely attended, which took place at Epworth church, the services being conducted by the Rev. J. A. Rudy. The body was interred at Mt. Pisgah cemetery.

AN OLD-TIMER KILLED.

Moses Simonson, an old resident of Madison county, was killed by being run over by a train of cars on the C. W. & M. Railroad near Summitville, while on his way home from Alexandria on the night of May 19th, 1894. He was in an intoxicated condition and had fallen asleep on the track.

Moses Simonson was one of the last of a generation that has passed away. He was one of the early settlers of the county, who in pioneer times made a greater part of the living for the family by hunting and trapping. He at one time lived in the neighborhood of Anderson, and there is not an old resident of that city who does not remember of seeing Mose Simonson on the streets with a hunting shirt on and a pack of hounds at his heels.

At a shooting match he was at home, and a good marksman he was. "It's many a quarter of beef he has won at a shooting bee."

Simonson's besetting sin was his love for liquor, and although he drank to excess he never harmed a living soul.

No better hearted man ever lived. He would suffer himself, in order to make others happy.

He at one time owned a good farm in Pipe Creek township, near Dundee, and while not rich was considered in comfortable circumstances.

The rifle, the shot-pouch and long-eared hound are now things of the past in Madison county. They have given way to the steps of progress, and in a few years there will be none living who can tell of having ever seen them. Tradition alone will tell of the exploits of the noble pioneer.

The powder-horn and the bullet-moulds hanging over the cabin door, as they once did in the humble home of Moses Simonson, is a scene that many men and women, now of mature years, who have been reared in Madison county, have never beheld.

Whatever may have been the faults of Moses Simonson in his days among men, let us cover them with the mantle of charity, and remember him, along with the many other hardy men who lived in the wilderness of our county and helped to make its meadows bloom like the sweet fields of Eden.

A STORE BURGLARIZED.

Vinson & Hughes for several years operated a general store at Summitville. On the night of April 27, 1876, they were the victims of burglars. There was a McNeale & Urban safe in the store, which was cracked and rifled of its contents, consisting of $148 in money and some valuable papers. The robbers also took away with them twenty gallons of whiskey and many articles of merchandise.

The noise of the blowing of the safe aroused Mrs. A. S. Dobson, who was sleeping in an adjoining building, but being timid was afraid to make any stir, so the burglars worked at will without molestation and made good their escape. No one ever knew who the perpetrators of the deed were. They were evidently professionals, as their work was done in a neat and handsome manner.

BARN BURNED.

A large frame barn owned by William F. Hughes, one and one-half miles west of Summitville, was destroyed by fire on Monday, the 9th of August, 1880, together with all the contents, including two horses, wagons, buggies and several tons of hay, two hundred bushels of wheat, two hundred bushels of corn, his farm implements, several sets of harness and other articles of value. The contents were partially cov-

ered by insurance to the amount of $500, but there was no insurance on the building. It was evidently the act of an incendiary, but who the guilty party was has never been ascertained.

The loss fell very heavily on Mr. Hughes. He had the sympathy of the entire community. Mr. Hughes was a prominent farmer, having held the honorable position of Township Trustee, and being prominent in business circles in that community. He has long since passed away, but a number of his family are still residing in Madison county, one son being engaged in the grocery business in Anderson at this writing.

KILLING OF SOLOMON PARSONS.

On Monday, the 28th of April, 1890, the body of Solomon Parsons was found on the right-of-way along the C., W. & M. Railway track half a mile north of Summitville, his right leg and side being fearfully bruised, and with a deep cut in his head. Life was extinct when he was discovered. A small boy who happened to be standing near by saw the accident and gave the alarm. Neighbors came and conveyed his remains to his home which was only a short distance from the scene. Dr. Armington, Coroner of the county, was notified and held an inquest. The facts elicited were that Parsons, who was an old man about eighty-two years of age, had gone up the railroad in search of a cow and evidently having not heard the approaching train was run down and killed. John Torrence, the engineer in charge of the engine, testified that he knew nothing about the matter until he had reached Anderson, when he was apprised of the accident by telegram. He insisted that he saw no one on the track and seemed greatly surprised when informed that his engine had killed a man at Summitville. It was a very singular circumstance that he did not discover Mr. Parsons, who was walking before the engine. The Coroner returned a verdict of accidental killing without laying any blame on the company.

A YOUNG WOMAN BURNED TO DEATH.

Miss Sallie Mittong, a young woman about nineteen years of age, who was employed as nurse in the family of Mr. George Reeder, about three and a half miles east of Summitville, was burned to death on Friday, February 28, 1879. She had been at a social gathering during the evening, and about 10 o'clock,

on returning home, took a position in front of the fireplace for the purpose of reading.

Becoming drowsy, it is supposed, she fell asleep, and while in that condition her clothing caught fire. Upon awakening, she ran into the yard, and finally extinguished the flames by rolling in the mud and water. No one was present in the house at the time but Mrs. Reeder, who, being sick, was unable to help her. The agonizing cries of the unfortunate girl eventually attracted the neighbors, who kindly cared for her.

While assisting her into the house some of the burned flesh actually dropped from her body. She lived only fifteen hours after the accident, during which time she endured great agony. Her remains were buried at Summitville on the following Sunday.

DISASTROUS FIRE.

On the 27th of March, 1885, a destructive fire visited the town of Summitville, burning the business room occupied by R. A. Menefee & Co. and Aquilla Moore, together with the office of Dr. Judd Swallow. The fire originated in the east end of Moore's store, at 3 o'clock in the morning, and in a few minutes the flames had reached Dr. Swallow's office, which stood just across the alley, and also Menefee's drug store. The flames spread so rapidly that within an hour from the time the alarm was given the three buildings were in ashes. It was by good management and hard work that further progress of the fire up the street was checked and that further damage was averted. The loss to Mr. Moore was about $4,000, partially insured. Menefee's building and stock of drugs, valued at $2,500, were insured for $1,600. It is supposed that the fire was the work of an incendiary, but no clew was ever found that would lead to the conviction of the guilty party. Dr. Swallow has since died. Mr. Menefee and Mr. Moore are yet residents of Summitville, being prominent in business affairs.

KILLING OF SARAH DAWSON BY NANCY SWOPE.

One of the bloodiest tragedies in the history of Madison county occurred on the 21st of July, 1887, in which two women were the actors, one of them being a colored women. Nancy Swope, during an altercation between herself and Sarah Dawson, a colored woman, plunged a butcher knife into the body of Mrs. Dawson, causing almost instant death.

About a year before this event, Mrs. Swope, accompanied by her little child, had gone to Summitville and had taken employment at a hotel as a domestic. Mrs. Dawson was also employed at the same house in the capacity of washer-woman. These two females did not get along together very amicably. For some time prior to the killing, Mrs. Dawson alleged that Mrs. Swope had circulated slanderous reports against a Miss Cartwright, a daughter of the proprietor of the hotel. On the evening of the tragedy, the colored woman, as was her custom, took the washing she had finished to the hotel, and while there became involved in a quarrel with Mrs. Swope, who was in the kitchen, ironing. Mrs. Dawson had started to leave the place, when Mrs. Swope, who was almost beside herself with rage, hurled an iron which she had in her hand at Mrs. Dawson, but without effect. Then Mrs. Swope, still white with rage, grasped a large butcher knife that lay on the table and started for the colored woman, overtaking her near the door, when she plunged it with deadly effect into the body of her victim. The weapon penetrated the abdomen and caused the death of Mrs. Dawson in a very few minutes. A boarder at the hotel entered the room just as the fatal thrust was made, and, springing forward, threw Mrs. Swope to one side of the room, and then helped the injured woman into an adjoining hall.

Immediately after the commission of the crime, Mrs. Swope left the hotel and went to the residence of 'Squire Fenimore, where she remained until she went to the Anderson jail. Here she was incarcerated to await the result of the Coroner's investigation and the action of the grand jury. Mrs. Dawson had come from Tennessee to Summitville five years previously. She was a hard working woman, and was generally respected by the people. Her remains were interred in Vinson cemetery after the Coroner's inquest.

In an interview with Mrs. Swope at the jail by an Anderson reporter she said in justification of the act that the negress had been circulating stories about her, damaging to her character, and also about Miss Cartwright. She also stated that the woman had come in where she was working and began to abuse her, and finally threatened to do her bodily harm.

An affidavit was filed by Constable W. R. Blake, of Anderson township, before William Roach, a Justice of the Peace, charging Mrs. Swope with murder. A preliminary examination was held and the prisoner was bound over to the

Circuit Court to answer any indictment that might be brought against her by the grand jury. Judge Richard Lake acted as her counsel.

She was remanded to jail, where she was detained for a considerable time. In the trial of her case a disagreement by the jury resulted, and she was subsequently acquitted at the March term, 1888. She died near the scene of the tragedy about two years afterwards.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

On the 21st of September, 1885, a large barn belonging to Joshua Vinson, a few miles west of Summitville, was destroyed by fire. It was evident from the first that it was of incendiary origin, but no clew to the party committing the deed was obtained until several days afterward, when a lad about twelve years old, who lived with Mr. Vinson, inadvertently dropped the remark that he "would not have to go to that barn any more." Acting upon the theory that the boy had fired the building, Vinson accused him of it, and he, being pressed, finally admitted his guilt. He was placed under arrest and was lodged in the Madison county jail. He was quite small in statue, and evidently not a bad boy at heart. Upon being questioned upon the subject he fully admitted that he had set fire to the barn, but said in justification of his act that he was mad at Mr. Vinson for making him follow a wheat drill when he had a sore foot and could not walk. He further said that Mr. Vinson had sent him to the barn for an oil can and then sent him back again for something else, and then again; that in all he had made three trips, and that he then concluded to just set fire to the barn.

At the time of this occurrence the young man had been living with the Vinson family for three years; his mother was dead, and his father had remarried and gone to North Carolina. The lad was convicted, but was let off with a light sentence. The loss on Vinson's barn was about $1,500, with but small insurance.

FOUND DEAD IN A BUGGY.

Near the town of Summitville, on the 22d day of May, 1895, William Snelling was discovered at the roadside, dead in a buggy by some passer-by, and it was supposed that a murder had been committed. The Coroner was notified and

an investigation was held, at which it was found that Snelling had been to Summitville on that day and had been drinking heavily, and had started home, and had in some manner fallen forward out of his buggy, lighting upon the horse, which had kicked him in such a manner as to cause his death. No one saw the occurrence and it was only conjecture as to how it happened.

FOUND DEAD IN BED.

On the morning of April 26, 1893, the citizens of Summitville were thrown into a state of excitement by the finding of the dead body of James Wood, a cripple, who was in the employ of S. C. Cowgill's tile factory. He had both legs off and was therefore a confirmed cripple, but not wholly incapacitated from labor, and had employment in the factory at light work such as he was able to perform. From the use of opiates to kill the pain he often suffered, he became a confirmed victim of the morphine habit, and it is supposed that the use of this drug caused his death. He lived at Pendleton.

DEATH OF AN OLD CITIZEN.

No citizen of Madison county ever died who left behind him a more lasting memory than that of Isaac U. Cox, of Van Buren township. His death took place at his home on the 6th of June, 1881. Mr. Cox was above the average farmer in the county as to enterprise and in a general knowledge of the business of the country. He was looked up to as an encyclopædia of information by his less fortunate neighbors by whom he was surrounded. He was at one time quite a prominent politician in the Democratic ranks, and on several occasions aspired to the office of County Treasurer, but was never successful in receiving enough votes to gain the nomination.

He was born in Tennessee in December, 1821, and came to Union county, Indiana, in 1839, and from thence to Huntsville, in this county, in 1843. In the year 1845 he was married to Mary C. Smith, who survived him and lived for some time after his death. In 1849 he purchased a tract of land, on which he was living at the time of his death, about seven miles north-east of Alexandria. Mr. Cox was scrupulously honest in all his dealings with his fellow-man. He was a very kind father, and was particularly devoted to his wife. There was no more hospitable home in Madison county than that of Isaac U. Cox. No person from Anderson, or, indeed,

from any part of the county, ever visited the home of Mr. Cox who was not generously welcomed. He and his wife were both genial, hospitable people, and it was a real pleasure for them to entertain friends at their home. Mr. Cox's death was long lamented, and his memory will long be green in the recollections of the old citizens of Madison county.

MISCELLANEOUS.

The first election held in the township occurred November 1, 1837, at the house of Hiram Palmer. It is related that Samuel Fenimore and Hiram Palmer were opposing candidates for the office of Justice of the Peace. Each candidate had his "wires" in proper order and thought that he had things "fixed," or at least Mr. Fenimore did. The voting population of the township at that early day did not exceed ten or fifteen voters, so that it required but a few votes to elect, and consequently not so much effort on the part of candidates as at present. On the morning of the election Mr. Fenimore, with three of his friends, appeared at the polls and cast their votes for Fenimore. They lingered around the polls until it was nearly time for them to close, and, as Palmer and his friends had not made their appearance, they were congratulating themselves over their success. But just before the hour fixed by law for the closing of the polls Palmer and his "force," consisting of four voters besides himself, emerged from the brush and voted for Palmer, much to the chagrin of Fenimore and his following. Palmer was elected by one vote, and re-elected subsequently a number of times.

The first Trustee of the township was George Moore.

The first saw mill in the township was built and operated by Moore, Wellington & Harold.

The first postmaster in the township was John Kelsey.

The first blacksmith was Jasper Webb.

The first druggist was J. D. Marsh in 1874.

The first shoemaker was R. Snelling.

PROMINENT CITIZENS.

Among the prominent citizens of the township who have been specially honored by the people of the county is Calvin H. Allen, at this time a resident of the city of Anderson. Mr. Allen was elected Auditor of the county on the Democratic ticket in 1890, and served one term. In 1894 James M. Hundley was elected Joint Representative for the counties of Madi-

son, Tipton and Clinton, and served one term. A sketch of Mr. Hundley will be found elsewhere.

JAMES M. HUNDLEY.

While the subject of this sketch is not a pioneer of the county, he may, on account of his long residence, be classed among the old-timers. Mr. Hundley was born in Clinton county, Ohio, July 6, 1848, and came with his parents to Grant county, Indiana, in 1852, where he resided until 1863, when he enlisted in the army. During his absence his father

JAMES M. HUNDLEY.

moved to Van Buren township, this county, and located. James served his country faithfully until July, 1865, when he was discharged, and, not being of age, returned to the home of his father, thus becoming a resident of Madison county. He was educated in the common schools of the county, with the exception of two terms in the high schools of Anderson and Marion. After leaving school he engaged in teaching in Van Buren and Monroe townships for a number of years. His efforts in this vocation were earnest and painstaking and highly

satisfactory both to pupils and patrons. While teaching he devoted much of his spare time to the study of the law, and on the 17th of March, 1883, was admitted to the Madison county bar, since which time he has been actively engaged in the practice.

Through the partiality of his fellow-citizens Mr. Hundley has held a number of local offices and in 1894 was elected Representative to the State Legislature from the district composed of the counties of Madison, Tipton and Clinton, serving one term with credit to himself and his constituency. He has always taken an active interest in politics and is prominent in local affairs generally. Although an ardent Republican, he is not offensive in expressing his views of measures or men. He is unostentatious both in manner and method, but firm in his beliefs, whatever they may be, and always ready to defend them. Whatever of success he has achieved in life he attributes to his mother, who induced him to attend school and take a course of study, although limited, after his return from the army. He takes pride in the fact that he has seen his township and county make such rapid strides in the arts of peace —has seen the wilderness disappear and the waste places become the abodes of industry and learning. No native contemplates the present proud position of the county with greater satisfaction than he, and no one is more enthusiastic over the possibilities of its future.

Mr. Hundley is a resident of Summitville, where he has an office and attends to the duties of his profession. These duties frequently require his presence at the county seat, particularly during the sessions of the courts, where he is held in the highest esteem, not only by the members of the bar, but by all who know him.

Mr. Hundley was married October 21, 1874, to Miss Sarah F. Fenimore, a member of one of the most prominent and highly respected pioneer families of the county.

LIST OF COUNTY OFFICIALS.

SENATORS.

Owing to the proportions this work has assumed the names only of citizens of the county who have served as Senators and Representatives in the State Legislature are given. From 1823 to 1835 Madison county was represented in the Senate by citizens residing in other counties comprising the Senatorial district of which it was a part. The names of Madison county citizens who have been elected to the Senate are as follows: Thomas Bell, Andrew Jackson, Dr. John Hunt, Andrew Jackson (again), Hervey Craven, M. S. Robinson, R. H. Cree, Charles T. Doxey, Charles L. Henry, A. E. Harlan, Lafe Johnson.

Madison county by an act of the Legislature of 1896-7 was made a district by itself, and is now entitled to one Senator and one Joint Senator, also two Representatives and one Joint Representative.

REPRESENTATIVES.

Thomas Bell, John H. Cook, Henry Wyman, Willis G. Atherton, Thomas McCallister, John Davis, R. N. Williams, Evan Ellis, William Young, Townsend Ryan, William Crim, Andrew Shanklin, W. C. Fleming, Thomas King, Thomas G. Clark, Thomas N. Stilwell, W. A. Thompson, John Hayes, Richard Lake, D. E. Croan, Frederick Black, J. F. Mock, Dr. G. F. Chittenden (joint representative), J.W. Sansberry, Dr. T. N. Jones, J. O. Hardesty (joint representative), G. W. Harris, Edgar Henderson, J. T. Smith (joint representative), Dr. Stanley W. Edwins, H. P. Shaffer, Dr. C. N. Branch, Sr., Frank P. Foster, A. J. Behymer (joint representative), J. M. Farlow, James M. Hundley (joint representative), J. H. Terhune, E. E. Fornshell,

CLERKS.

The following in their order have been clerks of the county: Moses Cox, William Curtis, Ansel Richmond, R. N. Williams, Andrew Jackson, James Hazlett, P. H. Lemon, Joseph Peden, W. C. Fleming, T. J. Fleming, R. H. Hannah, Jesse L. Henry, C. A. Henderson, J. J. Netterville, Edmund Johnson.

AUDITORS.

Moses Cox, William Curtis, Ansel Richmond, R. N. Williams, Andrew Jackson, Joseph Howard, J. W. Westerfield, W. H. Merchon, Joseph Sigler, J. M. Dickson, George Nichol, John L. Forkner, J. E. Canaday, Calvin H. Allen, W. N. Heath.

SHERIFFS.

Samuel Cory, William Young, John C. Berry, Andrew Jackson, Joseph Howard, W. B. Allen, John H. Davis, William Roach, Benham Nelson, Burket Eads, Lanty Roach, David H. Watson, Benjamin Sebrell, William A. Nelson, J. H. Snell, D. K. Carver, A. J. Ross, J. W. McCallister, A. J. Griffith, T. J. McMahan, Randle Biddle, Thomas R. Moore, A. I. Makepeace, James Etchison, W. W. VanDyke, John Starr.

TREASURERS.

Thomas Pendleton, Bicknel Cole, Allen Hiatt, Alfred Makepeace, Jesse Wise, J. A. Kindle, James Hazlett, B. Noland, Seth Smith, I. P. Snelson, Joseph Howard, Armstrong Taylor, Nineveh Berry, John Hunt, W. W. Noland, Joseph Pugh, J. W. Thomas, Weems Heagy, D. F. Mustard, George Ross, N. T. Call, H. C. Calloway, J. R. Page, William Boland, C. F. Heritage.

RECORDERS.

Moses Cox, William Curtis, R. N. Williams, Isaac T. Sharp, Nineveh Berry, A. Taylor, Samuel B. Mattox, Burket Eads, Joseph Howard, James Mohan, Jacob Hubbard, A. C. Davis, Amos T. Davis, D. W. Black, Moses Harmon.

Joseph Watkins, an Anderson barber, enjoys the distinction of being the first negro who ever sat upon a jury in Madison county. Mr. Watkins is one of the best informed and most progressive of his race in this county. To Sheriff John Starr belongs the credit of selecting Mr. Watkins as a juryman.

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